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THE
ILLUSTRATED
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CONTAINING SELECTIONS FROM

THE VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS

OF

PAINTING, SCULPTURE, ARCHITECTURE, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY,
ART-INDUSTRY; MANUFACTURES, SCIENTIFIC INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES,
LOCAL AND DOMESTIC SCENES, ORNAMENTAL WORKS,
ETC. ETC.

Alexander Montgomery
VOLUME III.

NEW YORK:
ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY, 17, SPRUCE STREET.

1854.

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THE third volume of the ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART, now completed, has peculiar claims to a favourable reception on the part of that numerous body of readers who honour the work with their patronage. Besides a fund of valuable materials upon almost every variety of topic, it contains several well-written and richly-illustrated articles upon subjects in which every citizen of the United States cannot but feel a special interest. Among others belonging to this class may be mentioned those on American Art, Bank-note Engraving in America, American Scenery, John James Audubon, the eminent naturalist, Cyrus Durand, the machinist and bank-note engraver, the highly-gifted but ill-fated Margaret Fuller, Hiram Powers, the great sculptor, William Seward, the distinguished statesman and lawyer, John Marshall, formerly Chief Justice of the United States, and M. Pierre Soulé, our present ambassador at the Court of Spain. In the present volume, as the reader will perceive, the interesting story, entitled "The School of Life," from the pen of the accomplished Miss Howitt, is brought to a close, and only a chapter or two is wanting to complete "The Dead Bridal," a tale in which one of the most popular writers of the day has managed to convey, in an attractive form, a large amount of information upon the history and manners of Venice in the fourteenth century. With regard to the future, it is unnecessary to say more than that the publisher hopes to make the ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART keep full pace with the rapid progress of the age in every department.

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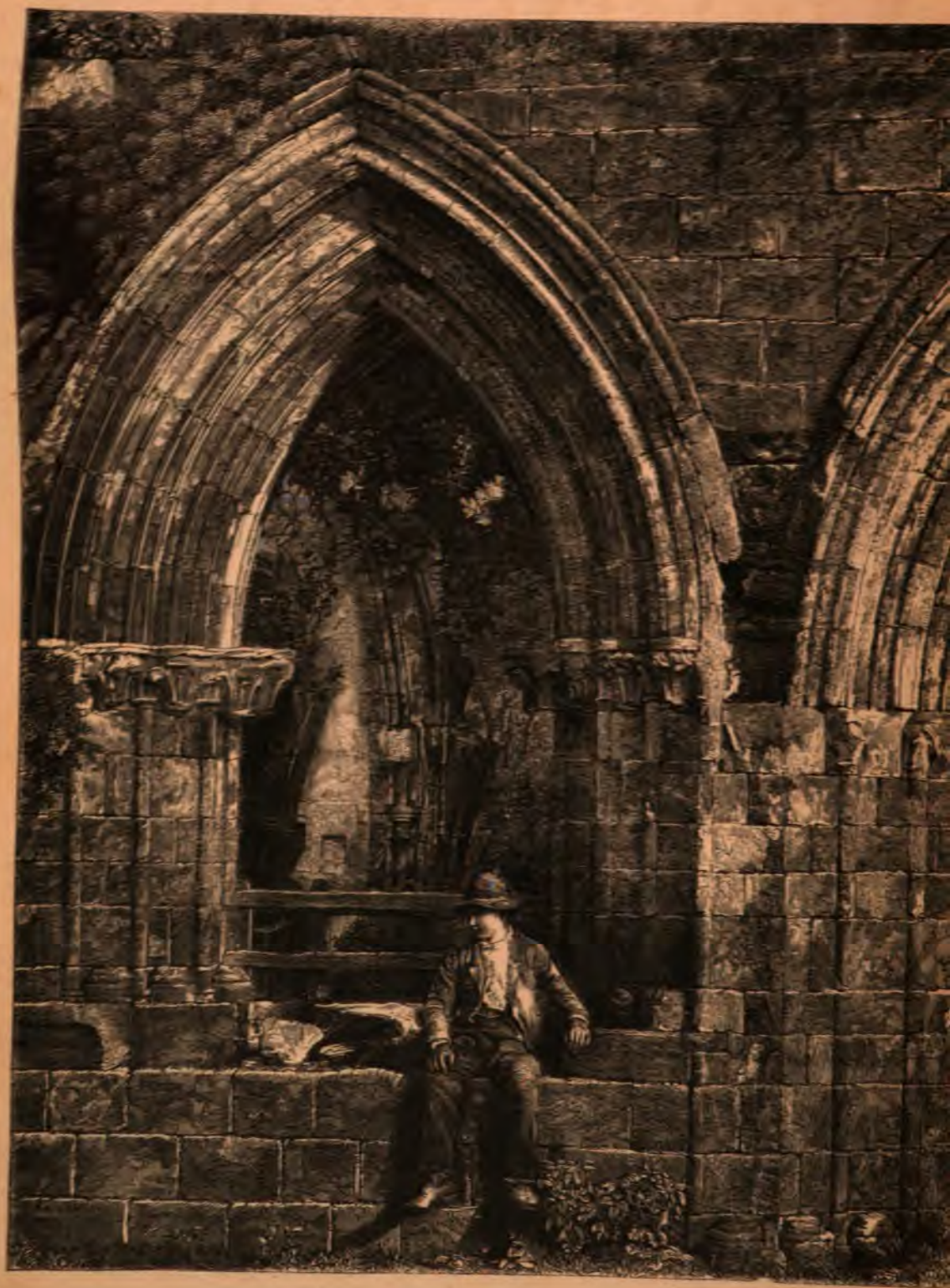
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THE BOY IN THE ARCH, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DELAMOTTE.

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A FINE ART.

LIMITED as the powers of photography are, at present, to the representation of form by the agency of light and shade only, photographic pictures possess a *severity of truth* which renders them invaluable as a means of accustoming the eye to accuracy of outline, and fidelity of light and shade. Colour cheats the eye to a great degree in its perception of form; therefore we hope that the so-much coveted discovery of the means of producing images in their natural colours, may be delayed until the more important result of training the eye to the appreciation of correct form has been accomplished.

The necessity for this education of the eye, both on the part of the artist and the public, must be evident to every one who can skillfully criticise the artistic productions which cover the walls of our exhibitions; it will be seen that amid the crowd of *painters* the good draughtsman is the exception rather than the rule. And this deficiency arises from the ordinary practice of young artists, who, in their eagerness to make pictures, rush to colour before they can produce a really finished drawing; hence it is that neither this country nor England show more than three or four eminent lithographers who can compete with the crowds of the same class of artists to be found in France and Germany. And thus the public, seldom having an opportunity of seeing accurate drawing, accepts the bad with so much favour, because its falsehood is glossed over by meretricious colour: and further, it is incapable of detecting the gross distortions presented to view even in the pictures of many artists of note. A correct eye for the appreciation of form, as well as colour, is seldom found combined in the same individual; the former is capable of great improvement, while the latter, like an ear for music, cannot be acquired, although, when latent, it may be more or less correctly developed.

It will at once be evident that this art must come into antagonism with the pencil of the artist, and great has been the fear and consternation that the draughtsman's and painter's occupation was gone. It is said that photography is hated by artists, but if so, it can only be by those who are unworthy of their calling: an inferior mechanical artist may be jealous of such a rival, since it must compel him to be more faithful in his representations; but the artist with a true genius for his calling welcomes photography as a friend and ally; he will find scope enough beyond the limits of mechanical reproduction for the full play of his genius. Photography takes no liberties with nature, it never sacrifices truth to tricky effect. The light and shade in a photograph are not the less effective for being nature's own, and in nothing is this fact more evident or striking than in architectural views, when compared with an ordinary artist's sketch of the same structure. In the latter it is frequently difficult or impossible to make out the details of the ornamentation, in consequence of the conventional manner in which the artist delineates them; while, in the former, every variation of surface, the most delicate chiselling, and even the qualities of texture, are given with wonderful truth, which an examination by the microscope even confirms.

We are led to these remarks by an examination of the interesting collections of photographs now exhibiting both in this country and in England. Here we have collected into a focus the choicest productions of this wonderful art, contributed by practitioners of various countries, and fully representing the great state of perfection at which photography has arrived. Every department of art and nature is laid under contribution, and each adequately represented. Nature, animate and inanimate (the animals "taken unawares"); the leafless tree with its perplexing anatomy of branches and twigs, or crowned with its luxuriant foliage; the corn-field, the rural lane, the

copse and dell, the lofty battlemented castle or lowly cottage, the bridge, the stream, are mirrored before us with picturesque effect and microscopic fidelity. But the happiest sphere of its operations appears to us to be architecture. How striking the countless details of the Gothic cathedral, or the crumbling ruin, or distant city with its spires, turrets, and domes, or the nearer view with the portraiture of public buildings. Some of these views present charming pictures, the effect of which it would be impossible for art to improve. One of these views, simple in its subject ("The Boy in the Arch," photographed by Mr. Delamotte, an English artist), but most brilliant in effect, from its pleasing variety of light and shade, has so much merit that, by permission of the photographer, we have had it engraved for this Magazine, for which purpose it is extremely well suited; for while lacking those minute details which give so much value to certain representations, yet are so difficult to render by the artist's pencil, it has a sufficient breadth of *chiaroscuro* to form a good picture. The boy, too, with his natural easy attitude, immediately attracts the eye, and imparts life to a scene which, without him, would lose much of its interest.

Among other architectural photographic views which we have seen, there are two, at least, which we cannot pass by without special mention: a view of "The Cathedral of Notre Dame," at Paris, and "The Hotel de Ville," in the same city. There are, doubtless, others of equal merit, but in them we recognise *all* the conditions we require to be fulfilled in admitting photographic pictures to the rank of works of art; for, be it observed, that there are two classes of photographers, the *mechanical* and the *artistic*: and the same object taken by two individuals will be insipid or interesting according to the amount of artistic feeling employed in taking the view. It is needless to observe that during almost every hour in the day the pictorial aspect of a building varies, owing to the state of the atmosphere, and to the play of the sun's rays upon its principal or lateral façades. The artistic photographer will select the hour for taking his view when the building is most picturesque; the mechanical photographer will take his view at any hour indifferently; but the resulting photograph will loudly proclaim by which of the two it was taken. It is just the same in the art of painting; the majority of pictures exhibit merely mechanical or technical skill: all the higher qualities demanded in a truly artistic production are to be found only in the works of the few; hence the majority of pictures pass through three periods or stages of existence—production, exhibition, oblivion; or, as has been quaintly remarked, through hell, purgatory, and paradise.

But to return to photography; beside its suitability for representing objects of the kind already named, there are also its applications to the delineation of sculptured works and portraits from life, and a wide field of usefulness in its power of reproducing *fac simile* copies of rare etchings and engravings, drawings, manuscripts, &c. In portraiture it has many advantages over the daguerreotype, and has nearly superseded it. In the multiplication of *fac simile* copies of etchings, we have some very choice specimens, in a portfolio of examples obtained from Rembrandt's works: indeed, almost every day yields its surprise in new applications of this magical art.

Although photography dates its existence but fourteen years back, its progress has been wonderfully rapid, considering upon how delicate and refined a series of observations its development is based. Continental photographers were far outstripping those of the land of its birth: within a few months its progress has been incredibly rapid; and this progress dates from the abandonment of Mr. Talbot's patent rights.

EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

AMONGST many anecdotes told of the "Duke," in the multitudinous biographies published after his death, there is one which we do not recollect having seen, and which is certainly far more worthy of notice than many of them. The sum and substance of it is, that he, on one occasion, towards the close of the Peninsular war, had an extraordinary narrow escape from being seized by the French, and carried off bodily to the camp of Marshal Soult. This would, certainly, have brought the campaign to a very ignoble end, and though it would not have saved Napoleon from downfall, would have prevented the battle of Toulouse, and thus saved the lives of many gallant men for the time. What might have been the ultimate effects of such a catastrophe upon the lives and liberties of the inhabitants of Europe, it is impossible now to say with any certainty, and useless to conjecture. But to our story:

We all know, that after the great and crowning victory of Vittoria, the British army marched straight to the frontiers of France, but—to do the French justice—not without finding every inch of the route vigorously contested. In January, 1814, the boundary was crossed, and the invaders encamped close to Bayonne, and threatened the town. The main body of the army was posted in the village of Anglet, the outposts lay on the left bank of the Adour, while the French under Marshal Soult occupied the right. The Duke of Wellington fixed his head-quarters in a pretty cottage, crowning one of the wooded hills which overhang Anglet, and from which the view took in Bayonne, the Atlantic, and the great road from Spain. The cottage was called Salha, and was but a short distance from the bay of Blanc Pignon, in which the Adour widens out, as if to gain strength for its final plunge into the ocean. In the middle of this bay, for the protection of the port, there were moored at that time a small armed vessel, called "La Mouche," and several gun-boats, the whole under the command of a lieutenant of the French navy, named Bourgeois, who was burning with a desire to distinguish himself, as might be expected of a naval officer whom the English cruisers had kept from showing his nose out of the harbour for many years; for since the battle of Trafalgar the French were not favoured at sea, nor intended to have dominion over it. This individual was a native of the village of Anglet, and his relatives still lived there, and he was consequently daily put in possession of all the movements which took place in the English camp. A message was brought him, that on a certain day named, the Duke of Wellington was about to reconnoitre the enemy's position on the right bank of the Adour. His informants even went so far as to mention the precise time, the exact point of the river, and the number of officers who would accompany him. Upon hearing this, Bourgeois resolved to attempt a surprise. There were pine woods upon the sandy flats on the left of the Adour, completely cutting off the view of the river from the plain at Anglet, and admirably adapted for an ambuscade to be directed against any one who approached the river from the south. A small body of men concealed in the wood, might, in the opinion of Bourgeois, in case the Duke came without escort, carry him off without being perceived till it would be too late to think of rendering assistance.

However, he did not like to take upon himself the responsibility of such an act without consulting his superior officer, who was stationed at Bayonne. He therefore wrote to him, telling him the information he had received, and asking his permission to attempt a *coup-de-main*. He sent his letter by a sailor on the morning of the 22nd of January, with orders to wait for an answer. The Duke was expected to arrive at noon, so that no time was to be lost. During the absence of his messenger, Bourgeois selected twelve of the best men of his crew, armed them to the teeth, and placed them in the boat, ready to start at a moment's notice. He now began to be very fidgetty, and several times made reference to the "name of thunder," a "thousand devils," a "plague," and the

"vestry-room of a church," or else "the church plate;"—which of them he contemplated, we cannot take upon us to say; and his dissatisfaction reached a climax, when his messenger returned, bringing word from his chief (every man in France has a chief), that his proposal would be taken into consideration. M. Bourgeois considered this rather cool, and not a little provoking, particularly as he had the mortification of witnessing six English officers, on the afternoon of the 22nd, ride slowly along the river, and make their observations at their leisure. The opportunity was lost, and M. Bourgeois took the affair so much to heart, that he had no sleep for the next two nights, and ate but little during the day, and he did not know whether to laugh or cry, when on the 22nd the "chief" wrote to him officially as follows:—

"Monsieur,

"I have communicated your letter to the governor [of Bayonne], and he has replied, that there is no occasion to make any expedition on the left bank of the Adour; but if the enemy should come within range of your guns, you are at liberty to fire upon him."

Considering how unlikely it was that the enemy would ever be such fools as to do anything of the kind, M. Bourgeois did not find much consolation for his disappointment in this permission.

However, he brightened up a little when, just after receiving this letter, a messenger arrived from Anglet with the intelligence that the Duke was about to pay another reconnoitering visit on that very day and in the same place. This time Bourgeois resolved to act upon his own responsibility, and sent word to the chief merely that he was gone to make some soundings in the harbour, and that he had armed his boat's crew for the purpose of guarding against accidents, considering the near vicinity of the enemy's outposts. He took with him twelve picked men, and rowed leisurely down the middle of the river as if he was merely following the current; but as soon as he got into the shelter of the trees, and was hidden from the view of the sentinels on the heights, he suddenly pushed towards the bank and landed. The party made their way through the pine wood, until they arrived at the foot of Blanc Pignon, where they posted themselves in a thicket on both sides of the road along which the Duke would have to pass.

Having stationed his men, Bourgeois went to the top of an eminence at the extremity of the downs, where he posted himself, with a look-out man, in a position whence he could see the English quarters, and the road which led from them, without being seen himself, at least by the enemy. It was not very long before he heard the bugle sounding in the British camp, and saw the troops turning out and falling into their ranks upon the level ground on the heights of Salha. They then passed in review before Wellington, and M. Bourgeois had full opportunity to contemplate their discipline, dexterity, and martial air. Just at this moment he chanced to glance towards the town of Bayonne, and was surprised to see four men on the tower of the cathedral watching either him or the English intently—he knew not which. This rather alarmed him, but his spirits rose on seeing the Duke and six officers on horseback, as soon as the review was over, take a direct road towards the wood. In a few minutes they were within five hundred yards of the ambuscade. Bourgeois took up a stone and flung it amongst his men as a warning to be ready, and waited the result in dread suspense, his hand upon his sword, ready for a rush. At that moment a signal was given from the cathedral tower, and a cavalier darted out from the French advance guard at full gallop, and took his post at the entrance to the wood. This movement aroused the attention of the English; they stopped and deliberated together as to what course they should take. The lookers-out on the cathedral disappeared. M. Bourgeois hastened to the entrance of the wood and assembled his men; but Wellington had already turned his horse's head, and was far on his way to Salha. The chagrin of poor Bourgeois at this frustration of his magnanimous project may be easily imagined.

THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.

ONCE upon a time there stood a town in Italy, at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, which was to Rome what Brighton or Hastings is to London,—a very fashionable watering place, at which Roman gentlemen and members of the senate built villas, to which they were in the habit of retiring from the fatigues of business or the broils of politics. The outsides of all the houses were adorned with frescoes, and every shop glittered with all the colours of the rainbow. At the end of each street there was a charming fountain, and any one who sat down beside it to cool himself had a delightful view of the Mediterranean, then as beautiful, as blue and sunny, as it is now. On a fine day crowds might be seen lounging here, some sauntering up and down, in gala dresses of purple, while slaves passed to and fro bearing on their heads splendid vases, like those which still excite our admiration at Marlborough House or the British Museum; others sat on marble benches, shaded from the sun by awnings, and having before them tables covered with wine, and fruit, and flowers. Every house in that city was a little palace, and every palace was like a temple, or one of our great public buildings. Any one who thinks a mansion in Belgravia the acme of splendour would have been astonished, had he lived in those days, to find how completely the abodes of those Roman lords outshone "the stately homes of England." On entering the former, the visitor passed through a vestibule decorated with rows of pillars, and then found himself in the *impluvium*, in which the *lares*, or household gods, kept guard over the owner's treasure, which was placed in a safe, or strong box, secured with brass or iron bands. In this apartment guests were received with imposing ceremony, and the patron heard the complaints, supplications, and adulations of his great band of clients or dependants, who lived on his smiles and bounty; but chiefly on the latter. Issuing thence, the visitor found himself in the *tablinum*, an apartment paved with mosaic and decorated with paintings, which contained the family papers and archives. It contained a dining room and a supper room, called the *triclinium* and the *convicinium*, and a number of sleeping rooms, hung with the softest of Syrian cloths, a cabinet filled with rare bijoux and antiquities, and sometimes a fine collection of paintings; and last of all a pillared peristyle, opening out upon the garden, or *viridarium*, in which golden fruit hung temptingly in the golden light of a golden sky, and fountains, which flung their waters aloft in every imaginable form and device, cooled the air and discoursed sweet music to the ear; while from behind every shrub there peeped out a statue, or the bust of some great man, carved from the purest white marble, and placed in charming contrast with bouquets of rare flowers springing from stone vases. On the gate there was always the image of a dog, and underneath it the inscription, "*Cave canem!*" (Mind the dog.) The frescoes on the walls represented scenes in the Greek legends, such as "The Parting of Achilles and the beautiful maid Briseis," "The Rape of Europa," "The Battle of the Amazons," &c., many of which are still to be seen in the museum at Naples. The pillars in this peristyle of which we have just spoken were encircled with garlands of flowers, which were renewed every morning. The tables of citron wood were inlaid with silver arabesques; the couches were of bronze, gilt and jewelled, and were furnished with thick cushions and tapestry, embroidered with marvellous skill. When the master gave a dinner-party, the guests reclined upon these cushions, washed their hands in silver basins, and dried them with napkins fringed with purple; and having made a libation on the altar of Bacchus, ate oysters brought from the shores of Britain, kids which were carved to the sound of music, sea-eels fattened on the blood of slaves, and fruits served up in ice on the hottest days of summer; and while the cupbearers filled their golden cups with the rarest and most delicate wines in all the world, other attendants crowned them with flowers still moist with the dew, and dancers executed the most graceful and voluptuous *pae*, and *ingers*, accompanied by the lyre, poured forth an ode of

Horace, or of Anacreon, the song of the flowers, or a hymn to Eros. After the banquet, a shower of scented water, scattered from invisible pipes, spread perfume all over the apartment, and everything around, even the oil, and the lamps, and the jets of the fountains, shed forth the most grateful odour; and suddenly, from the mosaic of the floor, tables of fresh dainties, of which we have at the present day no idea, rose, as if by magic, to stimulate the palled appetites of the revellers into fresh activity. When these had disappeared, other tables succeeded them, upon which senators, and consuls, and pro-consuls, gambled away provinces and empires by the throw of dice; and last of all the tapestry was suddenly raised, and young girls, lightly attired, their snowy bosoms wreathed with flowers, and bearing lyres in their hands, issued forth, and charmed sight and hearing by the graceful mazes of the Panathenaic dance.

One day, when festivities such as these were in full activity, Vesuvius sent up a tall and very black column of smoke, something like a pine tree; and suddenly, in broad noonday, darkness black as pitch came over. There was a frightful din of cries, groans, and imprecations, mingled confusedly together. The brother lost his sister, the husband his wife, the mother her child; for the darkness had become so dense, that nothing could be seen but the flashes which every now and then darted forth from the summit of the neighbouring mountain. The earth trembled, the houses shook and began to fall; and the sea rolled back from the land as if terrified; the air became thick with dust; and then amidst tremendous and awful noise, a flood of seething, hissing lava, poured over the town and blotted it out for ever. The inhabitants died just as the catastrophe found them—guests in their banquetting hall, brides in their chamber, soldiers at their post, prisoners in their dungeon, thieves in their theft, maidens at the mirror, slaves at the fountain, traders in their shops, students at their books. Some few attempted flight, guided by some blind people who had walked so long in darkness, that no thicker shadows could ever come upon them; but of these, many were struck down on the way. When, a few days afterwards, people from the surrounding country came to the place, they found naught but a black, level, smoking plain, sloping to the sea, and covered thickly with ashes. Down, down, beneath, thousands and thousands were sleeping the sleep that knows no waking, with all their little pomps, and vanities, and frivolities, and pleasures, and luxuries buried with them. This took place on the 23rd day of August, A.D. 79, and the name of the town thus suddenly overwhelmed with ruins was Pompeii. Sixteen hundred and seventy-six years afterwards, curious persons began to dig and excavate on the spot, and lo! they found the city pretty much as it was when overwhelmed. The houses were standing, the paintings were fresh, and the skeletons stood in the very positions and the very places in which death had overtaken their owners so long ago. The marks left by the cups of the tipplers in the taverns still remained on the counters; the prisoners still wore their fetters, the belles their gold chains and bracelets; the miser held his hand on his hoarding, and the priests were lurking in the hollow images of their gods, from which they uttered responses and gulled the worshippers. There were the altars, with the blood dry and crusted upon them, the stables in which the victims of the sacrifice were kept, and the hall of mysteries, with its symbolical paintings. The researches are still going on; new wonders are every day coming to light, and we soon shall have almost as perfect an idea of a Roman town in the first century of the Christian era, as if we had walked the streets and gossiped with the idle loungers at the fountains. Pompeii is the ghost of an extinct civilisation rising up before us.

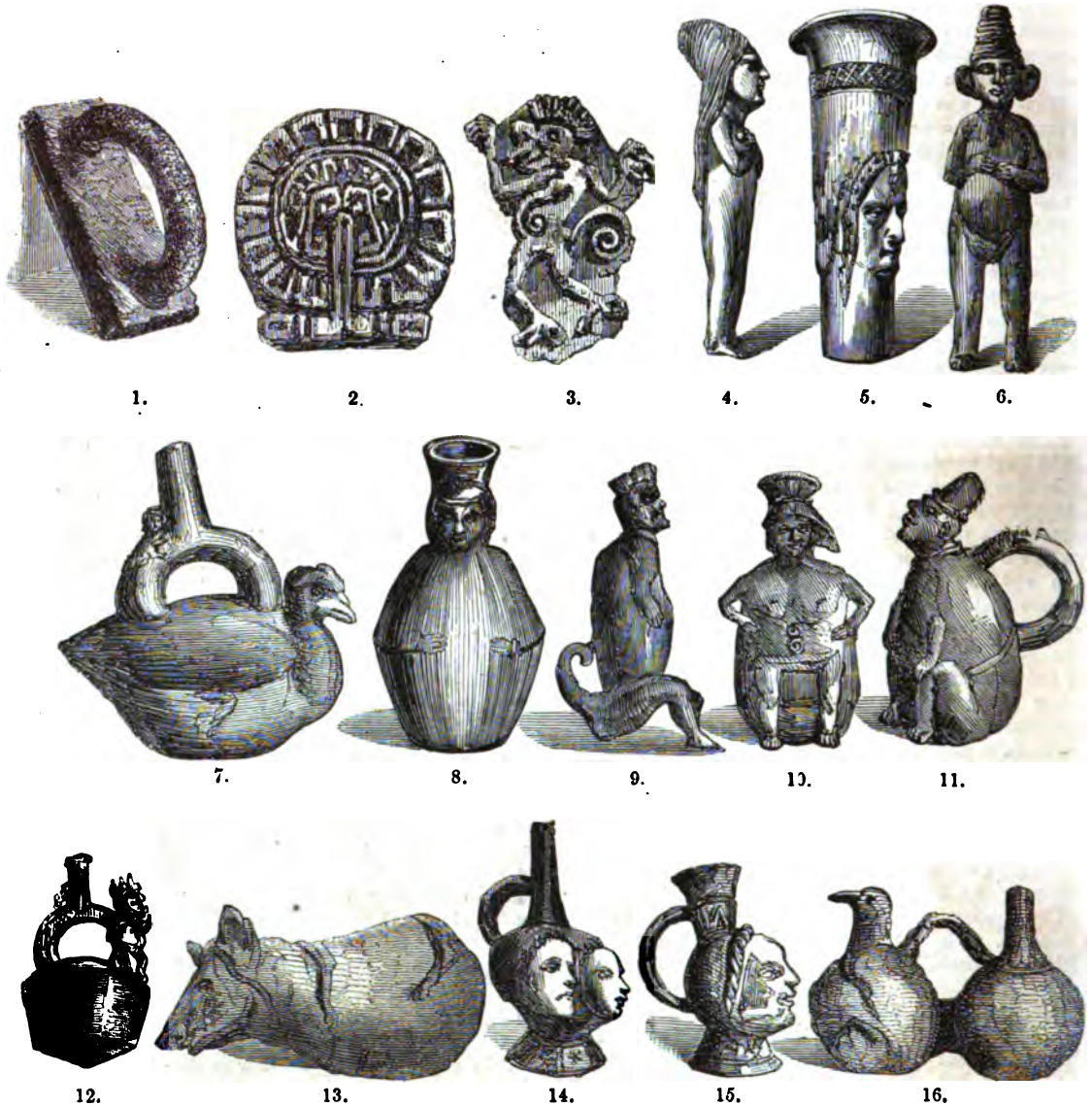
It is right to observe that, according to some authorities, the destruction of Pompeii was much less sudden, and attended with far less fatal results than the account we have given above implies, and was the effect of several successive eruptions, which occurred at sufficiently protracted intervals to enable most of the inhabitants to save both themselves and their property.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES AT THE LOUVRE.

ON a former occasion,* we presented our readers with an account of some of the objects of curious interest in the Museum of American Antiquities at the Louvre, in Paris, accompanied by numerous illustrations. As the subject was not then by any means exhausted, we now recur to it for the purpose of further elucidation.

The people whom we vaguely denominate Peruvians, but who, strictly speaking, consist of two distinct races, derive their principles of art from a civilisation of which only tradi-

darkness. The deity Viracocha appears on the border of a lake on which a temple is about to be reared; and there, alone, on the borders of these consecrated waters, he dissipates the darkness and evokes the light. His first care is to people the place with statues, which he has cut out of the stone; then he animates them, gives them a civilising mission, and reserves only two to attend upon him as messengers. Viracocha is afterwards the divine ideal which Peruvian sculptors endeavour to embody in the temples. This legislative deity often



tions or traces remained at the time of the conquest of Peru. The ruins of Tihuanaco, or Tinguanuco, the prodigious massiveness and grandeur of which are still admired, are in no respect inferior to those of Uxmal and Palenqua; and the eye is confused by the strangeness of the ornamentation and the peculiar architecture which characterise the ancient temples of Yucatan. It is nearly the same with the sculpture, and, one might almost say, the poetry, of these early races.

Among the inhabitants of one portion of Peru, statuary had, so to speak, a divine origin. A legend of great antiquity represents the world in mysterious guise, but still plunged in

* Vol. i. p. 115.

assumes a visible form, while the Pacha Camac, the living principle of the world, has none, but reveals himself to mortals only by the blessings he confers. This is not the case with the subordinate deity, who formed, so to speak, the art of statuary, and in whose honour a temple is raised on a hill near Cuzco, with a golden statue on a pedestal of the same metal. Not only did statuary multiply certain effigies for the temples, but innumerable statues of domestic gods adorned the hearths of the Peruvians. They are designated by the various names, Canopas, Chancas, and Huacimayoc, according to the different localities. These names show that they were the presiding deities of the house; and, according to Calancha,

he father, on his death, divided these statues of protecting gods among his children, reserving the most venerated for the eldest son, the representative of the family.

The idols played an important part in the political life of the Peruvians; their presence was even indispensable in certain critical circumstances. As a single instance, we may mention that, when the emperor sought to obtain from the widow of Huayna Capac the hand of her daughter in marriage, he could not succeed in overcoming her obstinate resistance,

it, and this statue, for which he employed the most precious metal, was raised in a hall which was itself covered with gold. Francisco Xeres, one of the companions of Pizarro, informs us, that several cities in Peru preserved, in his time, the statue of Guayna Capac, and we think it would be easy to multiply instances of a similar nature in the vast empire of the Incas.

Even the foundation of museums, which seems to be reserved for the most civilised nations of Europe, was not



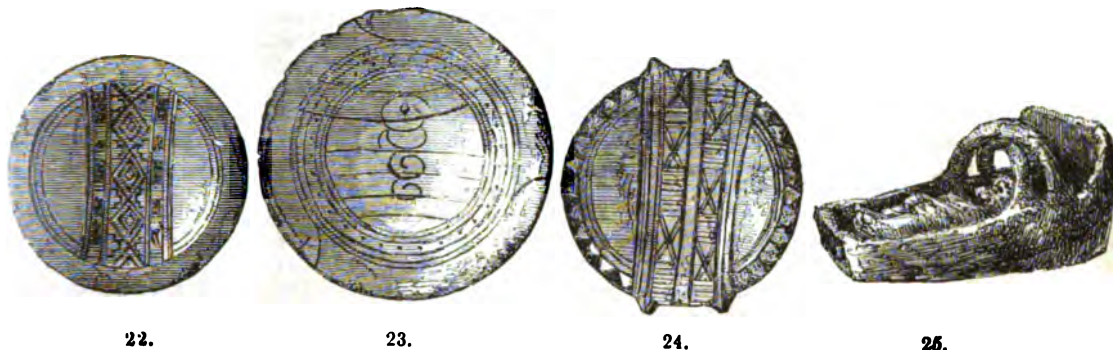
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except by having all the idols of a temple carried before him.

Art, among the Peruvians, was not confined, as was the case in Mexico, with one or two exceptions, to the reproduction of sacred effigies; it enriched the country with real statues destined to perpetuate the recollection of historical personages, and free from the excess of awkward ornament which is observable in the productions of the Mexicans. When Guayna Capac had finished his palace of Mullucancha, he had a statue of his mother, Mama Ragua Oello, erected in

altogether foreign to the Peruvians. As early as the fifteenth century, Yasca, the general of the armies of Guayna Capac, had ordered each of the tribes composing the empire to bring the great *guaca* of their country, that is to say, the most venerated idol; and when these statues had been collected, he formed a sort of pantheon out of them.

However numerous these idols were, the remains of Peruvian statuary are less numerous than those which have been preserved of ancient Mexico, for this simple reason, in our opinion, that though the statuary of Anahuac were well

acquainted with the various processes of founding, they preferred working their gods in granite or basalt, to casting them in gold or silver. The reverse of this took place among the Peruvians, and it was the intrinsic value of the statues or vases delivered by the Inca to the conquerors that caused their destruction. It is not surprising, therefore, that our museums are so poor in statuettes of the precious metals, or even silver vases. The only articles of this sort exhibited in the museum at the Louvre are the cylindrical bell-mouthed vase, represented in fig. 5, and the two silver statuettes represented in figs. 4 and 11. The vase exhibits two heads, back to back, in the form of a Janus, above which is a flowing headband. Although the size of this species of goblet, which was reserved, it is said, exclusively for the Incas, is larger than usual, it dwindles to insignificance in comparison with the accounts of the same sort of wealth possessed by Atahualpa.

However indisposed we may be to put undoubting faith in what is told of those famous gardens of the Inca, in which flocks of alpacas (animals of the Llama tribe) in gold were guarded by herdsmen of the same metal, who stood near strange animals, all combining intrinsic value of material with exquisite finish of workmanship; it is not the same with the works in gold which Pizarro sent off to Seville immediately after the conquest, and which were intended for Charles the Fifth, as an addition to the impost levied by the crown. Francisco Xeres, the private secretary of the conqueror, had abundant leisure to examine and admire them, for it was on board one of his vessels that they were conveyed to Europe; and he thus describes them: "On board the *Sancta Maria del Campo*, which arrived on the 9th of January, 1534, were thirty-eight golden, and forty-eight silver vases, among which was a silver eagle, containing upwards of two gallons of water. Two immense pans, one golden and the other silver, capable of containing a whole ox cut in pieces, recalled to the recollection of the devout conquerors the sea of brass in the temple of Jerusalem." We will spare the reader any account of the bars of gold, weighing altogether 53,000 ounces, and the 5,480 silver marks thrown carelessly in the middle of this splendid gold work of the Inca; we will only speak of a golden idol of the size of a child four years old, and the dimensions of which are given by Xeres without any other remark of importance. But it is quite certain that, if the vases and the idol had been subjected to the simple process of moulding on their arrival at Seville, the American museums in Europe would have presented much more curious specimens of Mexican art than are now found in them. France, no less than Spain, has failed to profit by the opportunities afforded her of enriching her collections at a moderate cost. Her conduct, in reference to the remarkable productions of Aztec art, is an illustration of our remark. These productions, consisting of vases, statues, and even gems (including an emerald of almost fabulous dimensions), were seized by Captain Florin near the Azores, when he spoiled Antonio de Quinones of the presents which the conqueror of Mexico was sending to Charles the Fifth. They were sent to Fontainebleau; but the crown jeweller or the Italian goldsmiths were the only persons who saw them in their primitive form; and it is suspected, not without reason, that perhaps the beautiful works of the Renaissance in the Museum at the Louvre, which are so much admired, have a closer relationship than is commonly supposed with the grotesque idols of the ancient Americans.

The art of working in gold as applied to ornamental vases or dress, and the various productions of pottery, are the principal sources from which a knowledge of Peruvian art can be obtained in the present day. The costliness of the materials employed by the artists of Cuzco has been fatal to statuary productions. On the contrary, in the guacas of Peru, as in the hypogæa of Etruria, vases are still to be met with, made of extremely fine clay, not, however, without a certain degree of solidity, in consequence of which they have greatly multiplied in cabinets of curiosities for some years past. The ornamentation of these vases, which is almost always borrowed from the animal kingdom, affords evidence, not only of a remarkable richness of invention in the semi-barbarous artist who produced them

but also of a delicate taste, reminding one in some measure of that elegance of form so prominent in Grecian antiquity. Thanks to the generosity of some travellers, the Museum at the Louvre possesses several valuable specimens of this class. Such, for example, is the vase in red clay (fig. 21); the arybal, conical at the bottom (figs. 17, 18, and 20), discovered at Yucay, near Cuzco; and the object represented by fig. 19, which was found in a child's tomb at Arica, and is equal, in the paintings with which it is adorned, to any other in the collection.

The guacas from the neighbourhood of Truxillo have enriched the Museum at the Louvre with several specimens of pottery, which were presented by M. Angrand, and which, if they exhibit no great elegance of appearance, give, by the very grotesqueness of their assemblage, a good idea of those fanciful forms which astonished the first conquerors, and made them discern the dreaded influence of demons even in the most simple articles of domestic use among the people with whom they were found. From man down to reptiles and fishes—in fact, all the strange objects in the animal kingdom—have been turned to account by Peruvian artists. If fig. 9, which represents an ape seated, whose tail forms a handle, was not at all out of place in the collection of grotesque demons furnished by Delancey, figs. 14 and 15 enable us to understand what the statuary of these countries could accomplish when it attempted to reproduce the regular features of man, and recognised its true mission, so to speak. The first of these objects, which is in red clay, was found at Cuzco; the hair and beard are painted black. The two others, which are heads joined together, and placed upon a conical pedestal, are in black clay; but there is no doubt as to their Peruvian origin. This vase, however, we are told, presents such an analogy with those found in Etruria, that M. Durand, though a very skillful connoisseur, has been deceived by it.

The vase in black clay, exhibited in fig. 7, simply has the form of a duck, with a little ape in relief on the neck; fig. 13 represents a wild boar. The human form appears in fig. 10 on the vase found at Borja; it is still perceptible in the grotesque vessel at the side (fig. 11). Fig. 8 represents an object sent from Quilca, on the top of which is seen a man's head; while on the body, made of black clay, are figured two arms in relief. Fig. 12 carries us back again to the neighbourhood of Truxillo; it is a truncated cone reversed, the neck of which, divided into two parts, serves as a handle; the small human figure on one side has a vase at its mouth. The object represented by fig. 16 comes from the same country; it is made of red clay, and presents one of those numerous specimens of double vases so often met with in American pottery, and especially in that of Peru.

Among the beautiful specimens in the collection must be placed fig. 28, which has borrowed its principal ornament from Peruvian ornithology: two birds, which may be supposed to be two doves, serve as the basis for two portions of a tubular quadrilateral handle, "upon each face of which are carved ten small birds in relief; in the middle of this handle rises a straight tube, at the foot of which is placed a small figure of a bird in relief." The vase is made of black clay, and presents a complete analogy with a specimen of the same kind found at Lima, and deposited at Sèvres. Figure 29, which is also in black clay, was taken from the ruins near Truxillo, bearing the name of Great Tchimu; it is a fish, the species of which would be difficult to name precisely, and the neck, which answers the purpose of a handle, is surmounted by a small ape in relief. If fig. 27 was found at Borja, it proves that this site was in no way inferior to other Peruvian towns in pottery. The figure of a man seated, which constitutes the handle, and has a vase in the right hand, is adorned with a head-dress; large gold earrings remind one of the strange custom of those celebrated *orejones*, whom the Spaniards (from the Spanish word *oreja*, an ear) designated by a name significative of the custom of wearing earrings. The spherical vase (fig. 26) has the head of an ape for its ornament, and comes, as is supposed, from Quilca.

All the historians of the conquest of Peru have mentioned with satisfaction the numerous utensils for changing the courses

it table, employed in the two great empires of the New World. Among the Incas, these objects were made of the precious metals; among the Aztec princes, clay, painted with elegance, was often employed, and the articles which had been once brought to table could never be used again. Figs. 22, 23, and 24 represent dishes made in the empire of Peru, in the

middle of which an Aztec dish is drawn. From their nature, being made of clay, and rather coarsely painted, these dishes could not have appeared at the splendid banquets which historians have described. Fig. 25 carries us back to some curious trifles, the products of Mexican art: it represents an infant asleep in a cradle.

NEW ZEALAND BIRDS.

THAT the frightful and disgusting habit of cannibalism should have been prevalent amongst so fine a race as the New Zealanders, has often formed the subject of wonder to the ethnologist. We think the circumstance may be attributable to the almost total absence in New Zealand of indigenous quadrupeds, and the scarcity of native vegetable productions. The only native quadruped whose existence is well attested, is a sort of rat; though Mr. Walter Mantell, the English Government Commissioner for the settlement of native claims, is inclined to believe in the existence of another, a sort of badger. At any rate, this animal, if not extinct, must be very rare, seeing that a large reward, offered by Mr. Mantell, failed to bring a specimen of this animal (termed by the natives *Kaureke*) to light.

But, if nature was sparing in her allotment of quadrupeds to New Zealand, she lavished on that far-distant isle a variety of extraordinary birds. Occasionally their bones turn up, startling the naturalist by their extraordinary size, or curious conformation. Most of these birds were, in one respect, like the ostrich; that is to say, their wings were only rudimentary—very useful as sails to catch the breezes, and assist the animal in running, but totally unavailable for the purpose of flying. Although the only evidence we possess of the former existence of all these birds, save one, is the discovery of their bones, yet circumstances favour the idea that they were not exterminated until comparatively recent periods. Popular native tradition still hands down their characteristics; the various native languages give them a name; which would scarcely have been the case if these animals had ceased for many centuries to exist.

The largest of these wingless birds is termed in native language the *Moa*; it must have been considerably larger than the ostrich; of this there can be no doubt, although the entire skeleton of the *Moa* has not yet been found.

Our drawing (p. 9) and present remarks do not relate to the *Moa*, but to an individual of a species, contemporary as is supposed with that gigantic bird, and for the discovery of which we are indebted to the son of that eminent English naturalist, unhappily now no more, the late Dr. Mantell. Mr. W. Mantell imbibed much of his father's love of natural history, and very soon after his appointment to an official capacity in New Zealand, applied himself to the collection of fossil bones of birds in which New Zealand is so rich. At length a fortunate chance enabled him to send to England the skin of a bird supposed to be extinct; and had it not been for the gluttony of a crew of sailors, the bird itself, alive and well, might probably have figured in the Zoological Society's gardens.

Before stating how this capture was made, it is necessary to premise that, according to native tradition, there lived, contemporary with the gigantic *Moa*, a bird also wingless, but far smaller, termed by the inhabitants of the northern island *Moho*, and by those of the southern island *Takahé*. All the natives who mentioned this bird concurred in stating, that formerly it existed in such numbers that their ancestors derived from the species their chief sustenance; the natives, moreover, were all unanimous in stating the bird to have been already for some time extinct. The species was not extinct four years ago, as we shall presently discover; but whether the species be now extinct—whether we are now about to describe the last of these birds—is more than can be averred.

To show how extremely rare the *Moho* must have been, it is sufficient to mention, that none of the natives with whom Mr.

Mantell conversed on the subject had ever seen it; moreover, the Rev. Richard Taylor, who has so long resided in the islands, had never heard of a bird of this kind being seen. In his "leaf" from the Natural History of New Zealand, under the head of *Moho*, is the following note:—" *Rail*, colour black, said to be a wingless bird as large as a fowl, having a long bill, and red beak and legs; it is nearly exterminated by the cat; its cry was '*keo, keo*.'"

Let us now inform the reader how a living specimen of the *Moho* came to light, was caught, killed, and eaten in the year 1849. A party of seal hunters, who were pursuing their avocations in Dusky Bay, having observed the trail of a large bird in the snow with which the ground was then covered, determined to give chase. Proceeding in the direction of the footsteps, they at last caught sight of the *Moa* or *Noturnis*, as naturalists have since denominated it. Their dogs at once gave chase, and finally after a long hunt the bird was captured alive, in the gully of a sound behind Resolution Island. It ran with great speed, uttered loud cries, and violently attacked the dogs. But, notwithstanding the long struggle, it was caught uninjured and taken on board ship, where, after having been kept alive for three days, it was at length killed and eaten, the sailors who partook of the meal describing the bird as most delicious food. Fortunately, these nautical epicures, who certainly were no great naturalists, did not pluck their bird, but skinned it, and Mr. Walter Mantell having secured the skin, confirmation of the correctness of native accounts was at length obtained.

It is a great pity that the seal catchers, having once determined to preserve a memento of their capture, did not set aside the bones as well as the skin. The external lineaments of a stuffed bird are sufficiently attractive to the general observer, but the skeleton is of infinitely greater value to the naturalist.

Our accompanying illustration (p. 9) represents the *Moho*, or *Noturnis* Mantelli. Its form is not very prepossessing, and its plump, well-rounded contour is so strongly suggestive of a delicate *bonne bouche*, that we do not wonder that the race is so nearly extinct; if, indeed, its extinction be not already consummated. The colours of the plumage are exceedingly fine. The beak and legs are of a deep crimson, the head, throat, and abdomen, purple, and the tail white.

We regret our inability to do by the larger as we have done by the smaller bird—present the reader with a perfect representation of it. However, in default of this, we append a representation (p. 8) of so much of its skeleton as may serve to convey an impression of its general configuration and enormous size. Our sketch has been copied from an anatomical preparation now to be seen in the Museum of the College of Surgeons, London—that unequalled collection, for the first germ of which the English are indebted to their illustrious countryman, John Hunter. Connected with this skeleton, there is a very interesting tale, of which we will give an outline, as it serves very forcibly to demonstrate the wonderful degree of perfection to which the science of comparative anatomy has now arrived.

When digging deep into the bowels of the earth, separating strata, and bringing to light the fossilised traces of animals now extinct, the naturalist refers them to this or that genus; when he confidently asserts that such or such a bone belonged to an enormous lizard to which the modern crocodile is but a pigmy; when he proclaims that in such a region there formerly

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if she sought to repress some violent internal emotion. She seemed to shrink from all contact with Leonard, and yet, her eyes watched him with an eager restlessness, with a searching, extraordinary gaze.

They descended the sloping banks of the stream—the swans approached, their plumage tinged with the glow of the departing evening, as the eternal snow of the Alps is tinted; but neither of the lovers observed this beauty upon the swans, nor their approach. Suddenly Leonard cast himself down upon the turf, burying his face in hands which trembled like aspen leaves, and bowed his head upon his knees. A vast spasm seemed to shoot through nerve and brain. Agnes watched him, like one turned to stone, except that her eyes became even brighter and keener, and her face seemed to sharpen in the approaching twilight.

"Leonard—you are Mordant's son—that poor man's was your mother!"—slowly, clearly, and sharply ejaculated Agnes—her voice seemed to come forth from her inmost being, and yet her lips scarcely moved; but her hands grasped each other tighter and ever tighter, and her face became more rigid.

"God, thou art merciful," murmured a faint, hoarse voice from between the clasped hands of Leonard; but he neither raised his head, nor ceased to shiver with his strange spasm.

"It was *base*—" spoke Agnes, with a voice clear, low, and sharp—"base to have concealed aught of such import from me; you have sunk deep, deep in my esteem; you should have mirrored yourself in my soul, as in a glass, as I have done and ever would do by you. What is your faith in me, Leonard, when you conceal matter of such vital import? But this will require much consideration on my part, and—reason with me is strong as love. But Leonard, Leonard," cried she, wildly flinging herself down beside him, and drawing his bowed head towards her and pressing it against her breast, and looking down upon the closed eyelids of her lover's white face, with an expression which must have wrung his soul for ever had he seen it, "Why, why, have you done what was base—unworthy of you, of me; of your father's memory?—speak, speak to me, clear yourself. I now know all—it is dreadful, sad; but worst, worst of all, is that cowardice, that baseness! But I love you, Leonard—Oh, God, oh, God, how much, how at times beyond reason, I knew not till this moment;" and Agnes burst into a fit of weeping.

Why did not Leonard take her in his arms, and with words of eloquent truth confess his weakness, unfolding his soul's sickness before this deep, strong love? He neither heard nor saw it. Agnes was a portion of the present—of the future—her words descended not into the dark, troublous Bethesda of his soul as the angel of healing. The wings of the mournful Past were around him—the Past held him chained with the letters of fatalism. Leonard, God had placed a strong, an energetic, a fervently loving soul beside yours, proffering to you a draught of Lethe; unveiling a new heaven and a new earth, and you turned aside, dashing the cup from her hands, and binding yourself yet tighter and tighter in your chains. You said to your soul, these are the chains springing from the graves and the dead lives of Augustus and Ursula Mordant; my life was their life—my death will be theirs. But love, Leonard, is life, is the fullness of life, the creative power, the consoler, the strengthener! Let love lay a hand of magic upon your bruised heart. But no electric thrill passes through you; yours is a death, a darkness, an annihilation!

When Leonard, as if by a violent effort, aroused himself out of his miserable paroxysm, he saw Agnes rapidly pacing up and down the side of the stream; her arms were tightly pressed upon her breast, her profile looked stern and hard. *As he approached her, she turned almost fiercely round, and said, "Leonard, I shall set off to Sweden,—I shall now do that which I have long intended to do; you must throw off also this sloth which has crept upon you—which, to a degree, has crept upon me. Now that I know the secret of your life,—which I had certainly every right to have known much earlier,—I shall look at your character from a totally different point of view. This sloth, this morbidness, is to a degree inherited—that is a serious, very serious matter in my eyes,

with my knowledge of physiological laws, an awful subject of importance. But you must arouse yourself,—Leonard! Leonard!" cried she with a momentary glow of that deep tenderness passing over and softening her features; "my pride will be bitterly wounded if you do not achieve all that, as my husband, you must achieve. I will not," and a fire flamed up through her whole being, and she stamped her foot violently upon the ground, "marry a man whom I must despise—who is a slave either to circumstance, to fate, to weakness! I will be great, and so must he! My eyes are unsealed, Leonard, you have a stern judge;" and with an indescribable pride she approached Leonard, and laying her quivering hand—a hand quivering with passion, not with weakness—upon his arm, she slowly said, "I never break my word—I have given my troth—I shall not withdraw it; but I shall be your judge—your task-mistress. You must be strong, free, and noble. I will tear out my very heart and trample it beneath my feet sooner than it shall swerve from the dictates of my reason!" And Leonard felt that she would do this. He had not seen the undying love which had looked out of her sad, strange eyes; he always had considered her one of those women in whom the intellect far overbalances the heart,—he had been fascinated, his intellect had delighted in intercourse with her—she had bound him with an irresistible spell—but love her he did not; at this moment this became clear to him—and he cast the fault of it upon her. "Where in her is the sympathy," said a cry of anguish in his soul, "before which I could unfold my misery,—she has no love, no pity in her nature,—love, which is the sole pulse, yet waking within me stops, as she with her pride, her stern merciless eyes approaches me!" Yet, why did he not then unbind the chains which bound him to this cold being? "Agnes," he said, in a tone cold as her own, "I am glad you know this *one* secret of my life. I was about to have told it to you when your lips spoke the words—the misery connected with it—the whole blight which it has flung over my life, you with your strong and powerful nature never would or could perceive; you do not conceive the tortures which it and its concealment have occasioned me, could you—even you, dear Agnes, might pardon. Now that you know this secret, and look into the one darkened chamber of my soul, have mercy—pardon I you can. You are right in your determination to pursue your career, and to put now into execution your journey to Sweden. I should bitterly regret to in any way have placed an obstacle in your path; your energy cannot fail to influence me. Ask anything now concerning my life, Agnes all lies before you. Publish my real name if you will, to Miss Pierrpoint, to the world; I no longer care. There was at first no more reason in assuming the name than to conceal myself from the pursuits of my poor, poor mother, and to shroud my success—miserable success—from the eyes of my uncle, until it should burst upon him with a perfectly blinding glory. Fool that I was! Then came habit and a hundred small entanglements that rendered it difficult for Leonard Hale to return into Leonard Mordant. But I detest falseness as much as you do. It will be well to have this ended."

"But this cannot so soon be ended, be set right," said Agnes, "yet the way will clear itself up to me—the way will open—but no more untruth—no more shadow of an untruth!"

"There are old friends of mine, kind, loving, and trusting friends, whom I have only too much neglected of late, Agnes, and whom I should like you to become acquainted with—Lucretia and Mary Gaywood, and their little nephew, Cuthbert. The Gaywoods have known me from a child; knew my unhappy parents, and yet they still respect and even, I believe feel affection for me—talk with them, Agnes."

"I shall wish to know them," was her brief reply.

Oh, Leonard and Agnes! a cloud, a phantom, a misery almost without a name has risen up between you! In Leonard was aroused pride, spite of his self-condemnation—and there was no love of the one who had wounded and aroused this pride, rather a terror of her, and disgust began to whisper within the secret and dim recesses of his soul.

In Agnes was aroused suspicion, which would never, never

rest, and which, with its lynx eyes, would pierce through long years past and long years to come, and a sense of justice and firmness seized upon this suspicion, making it their servant, their bloodhound, who must hunt out the *truth*, and then must come the final struggle of Love and Reason.

The two walked up and down by the dark margin of the brook,—twilight sank duskily over all,—and as they walked they conversed with a strange calmness, and as though no terrible shock had agitated their inmost souls and the whole course of their lives. Agnes had arranged the plan of her journey, she would start within a week.

A sudden gust of wind swept across the water, agitating its placid surface; the swans aroused by the approaching storm fluttered their wings, and uttering a wild cry dashed out into the stream from their lair beneath the reeds. The wind roared through the trees, and heavy rain-drops began to fall; the two returned towards the house where already Honoria was calmly reading aloud an article in the *Quarterly Review* to her father and the old lady by the brilliant light of the lamp. John was speeding away towards London.

Without one pressure of their hands or lips the lovers came out of the storm and the darkness into the warm and brilliant room, their faces had a ghastly and haggard look, and it seemed even to their own souls as though their lives were forever riven asunder.

Agnes spent the last evening of her stay with Leonard at the Gaywoods. It was a wretched evening, like the whole of this wretched time. Lucretia, spite of her earnest desire to like Agnes and believe her worthy of Leonard, could not forget her conviction of the hardness of her nature, and secretly disliking the idea of her, was cold and restrained. Agnes immediately set the Gaywoods down as women of the mere ordinary run, of whom in the bottom of her heart she had a decided contempt, and a proud and cold expression sat upon her countenance quite sufficient to authorise Lucretia in her present somewhat hasty judgment. The secret distrust of each other in the minds of Leonard and Agnes rendered their mutual affection no cement with which to unite these elements of repulsion.

Leonard wished the Gaywoods had not seen Agnes; and even little Cuthbert added to the discomfort and ill-omen of the visit, by drawing Leonard aside in the garden, where pulling down his head, he whispered into his ear:—

"Dear friend!" the child was in the habit of so addressing Leonard, "you don't then like *her*? She's not your wife. I'm *sure* then you don't like her!" And the strange child, either from a certain jealousy, or from some of his strange intuitions would not allow Agnes to touch him, and would not look at her.

Poor Agnes; poor Leonard! How those words, "But you don't like her!" rang like a demon's voice through his soul night and day, day and night for many months to come!

Agnes' letters were long and full of detail, her career seemed to be one of unclouded success, although not without its difficulties and its fatigues; but these, to a nature such as that of Agnes, only gave zest to her undertaking. The fresh world of thought opening up to her in the life of the north, and in the rich material for her work on the "Universal Faith," which she discovered in the libraries of Upsala and Stockholm, and in the conversations which she frequently enjoyed with one of the greatest of Sweden's learned men, a professor of Upsala, who had assisted her in her researches with a benevolent and fatherly interest, of which Agnes could never speak in sufficiently warm terms, fired Agnes' soul with a tenfold vigour. All details she communicated to Leonard with a scrupulous care, believing that they would be of scarcely less interest to him than to herself, his sympathies being especially Scandinavian. "I will not weary him," spoke Agnes often to herself, whilst she penned her letters, "with the deep yearnings which fill my heart towards him; my actions shall prove my deep, increasing love, which this great absence but reveals. His perhaps is a nature itself

undemonstrative where the deepest feelings are concerned, therefore, a nature pained and annoyed by demonstration in others—still it is a strange anomaly, his unbounded expression of love towards all in the universe, except toward his bride, his betrothed!—But strive unceasingly to arm and warn him against his morbid sloth—I must, whether it pain or not—candour and truth must go hand in hand with my deep love!"

Leonard reading these letters reasoned from his own point of view—"What a proof is here of her cold unsympathetic nature—at this great distance she alone writes of her work, of her success, of speculative intellectual matters—detailing, word for word, conversations with the old book-worm! The dazzling dream gradually vanishes! Where is the love, the tenderness, the sympathy which my soul cries for and nowhere finds! This unmeaning goad, too, of her words, 'how is your picture for Lord de Callis, progressing? Send me word, Leonard, what you are doing. I shall be a very hard task-mistress, and you must have such and such things completed by my return!' How little can that nature of steel and iron sympathise with the riven nerves and sickening brain! No, Agnes, ours has been a great mistake! Lucretia—who is charity itself—I have always felt did not like Agnes; *she* recognised her as cold and hard—I cannot be mistaken—Agnes is one of those strange and miserable women in whom the life of the heart has become withered up to nourish the brain!" And Leonard brooded and brooded, falling only deeper and deeper into his musing, and believing himself thwarted by fate on all hands.

Lucretia, spite of herself, did Agnes a bitter injustice—both in her own heart and in Leonard's—she spoke rarely to Leonard of Agnes, from many reasons; and Leonard was only too thankful to cease speaking of his betrothed with his old friend, for the thought of Agnes gradually deepened into a sharp pain. The old intercourse between Leonard and the Gaywoods returned, both Leonard and Lucretia tacitly feeling as though poor Agnes had been the enemy who had stepped in between their beautiful friendship—another unspoken thought which strengthened their injustice towards the poor girl. She became a perfect scape-goat with Lucretia for all Leonard's short-comings. "Ah!" sighed Lucretia to herself, "if that Agnes Singleton had only loved Leonard as such a nature deserves—if she had only possessed heart enough to comprehend such a being, what a change should not we have seen in him! But his life seems eating itself away with misery—she should never, never have left him—she *could* not, had she rightly loved! She it is who should have drawn him forth from his sad dreams, should have been the spur, the vigour of his existence! But she is eaten up by her vanity, and by her heartless ambition! Such beings do not deserve the noble name of woman!—they are even a thousand times, in my eyes, more disgusting than the woman whose whole existence is absorbed in warming her husband's slippers and mending her children's socks!" And Lucretia, with all her charity, in her inmost heart of hearts, gave vent to a vast indignation—and bitter injustice!

And thus month after month rolled on. Of John Wetherley the Gaywoods saw little—he was so very hard at work, he declared; and "He overworks himself dreadfully, we are sure," often observed they; "he is grown almost as thin and pale as Leonard—what can we do for him?" But their hearts could do him no good; neither could any friendly attention from Leonard, who frequently looked in upon him, always finding John frantically at his work. Leonard's keen sense divined John's secret; and the wonderful power which suddenly developed itself in John's present picture called forth even words of praise from Leonard, and first awakened respect within him both for John and his genius.

Spring came on, and with it the time for the completion of the picture. John, in his solitude, as he touched the termination of his labour, was seized with a sudden faintness—the world seemed to reel before him. Leonard one morning found him lying upon the floor, in what he at first supposed a fit. It was but a swoon, the forerunner, however, of a fierce

and all but fatal fever. With that womanly tenderness—such a peculiar attribute of Leonard's—he raised his friend and bore him to his bed, bathing his fevered brow; and when a melancholy consciousness dawned in John's vague eyes, Leonard quitted him for a few moments, and bringing a hackney coach conveyed him immediately to that benevolent institution, the Sanatorium. Leonard, prompt in action for another, though strangely careless of himself, had planned with rapid thought all that might be done for his friend. With his last guinea he paid the entrance fee, and only left him when laid to moan in miserable, delirious sleep, within a shaded and calm chamber of the Sanatorium. He hastened with his sad news to Lucretia, knowing her to be a ministering angel in all times of pain and sadness as well as in times of joy. Leonard's and Lucretia's tending of the sick man, their self-sacrificing exertions for his continuance in this peaceful house of the sick, were one of those poems not unfrequently inscribed by the recording angel,—thanks be to the divine germ implanted in humanity, some blessed day to bloom forth into a celestial blossom of unsurpassable beauty.

But ere long Lucretia's active exertions on poor John's behalf must cease, for little Cuthbert, their idol, was stricken with a great evil. In some mad frolic with the boys in the playground, the little fellow met with a fall, which, unregarded at first by him, through a generous desire to shield his companions from blame, showed at length stealthy signs of a fatal disease. The first terrible discovery of this great sorrow was one of those moments in life which the heart shrinks from describing. Lucretia's sympathies, however, were only the more keenly called forth for John, though little of her time could be given to him. Leonard was daily at the Sanatorium, and listening to the ravings of John's delirium, more profoundly entered into the sanctuary of his friend's soul—the flame of love casting fitful illumination upon the ark and cherubim within. Again were Leonard's nights spent in designs for the publisher as of old,—for the desire to maintain his friend in his haven of peace lent a long forgotten spur to his sluggishness; and each day he painted upon the beautiful picture of his friend, whilst his own commission for Lord de Callis lay neglected in a corner of his room.

"His work is noble," said Leonard to himself, "it is wrought in his bloody sweat; such work must accomplish its mission in the world. Honoria must see it as Wetherley's emblem among the crowd of insipidities which will furnish the walls of our exhibition." It was a relief to Leonard to escape from his own thoughts, and for a time to absorb himself in the life of his friend.

Upon such an hour of labour Honoria herself intruded, as we have seen in a former chapter. Her emotion was profound, and its flood of intense feeling carried along with it a certain indignation, which for months had smouldered in her breast against Leonard,—she having equally with Agnes divined Leonard's secret, and having despised him for what she imagined deceit and baseness; besides which his sloth and weakness irritated and bitterly disappointed her, and her anxiety for Agnes had augmented in proportion. A certain coldness even had arisen between her and Agnes upon this subject, Agnes warmly defending her beloved at Honoria's first word. But Honoria's heart was touched by Leonard's devotion to his friend,—an account of which the benevolent physician of the Sanatorium had given her, when through him she first learnt of John's danger,—and now the artist's beautiful act of love had the effect of still further increasing her kindly feeling towards him.

"Mr. Hale, I honour, I respect your devotion to your—to our friend; God bless you for it. I have been angry with you these months past, Mr. Hale; you know this, and the reason. I have been pained on Agnes' account,—but she knows you better than I do,—she must be right. I see how impossible it would be for such a noble soul to love one that was less noble than her own,—pardon me!" stretching forth her hand; "permit me to aid you in your acts of love. But let our friend never know that my hand is in the work, at least, not yet—not yet. This sad wonderful picture is mine. I will

send you a draft upon my banker,—he must want for nothing. Oh, Mr. Hale, should, should he even now die, it will be better to die *thus*," looking, with streaming eyes and an exultant joy in her face, towards the picture—a joy strangely akin to that in the martyr's face, "than to have vegetated in a turnip field—than to have remained a clod of the earth, though his portion had been content and peace. But he will *not* die; life shows itself strong through this very struggle; it is the new birth within him. The higher life is arising—is arisen within his soul—he has passed into a higher class of the great School of Life." And with beaming eyes Honoria gazed upon the picture, and gathering her veil about her face, passed out.

The draft upon the banker was for a munificent sum, and a few words accompanying it to Leonard, desired him to induce his friend upon his recovery to go abroad to Italy and to Spain. "This *must* be done," ran the note; "this money will suffice,—all that devoted friendship will accomplish must be accomplished by us."

Honoria's were words of prophecy when she said he will not die. Gradually having passed through the crisis of the fever, and through its attendant state of exhaustion, John returned to a consciousness of life and the world.

He was, therefore, leaning back upon the pillow, and was gazing around him with listless eyes, listening to the chirp of sparrows upon his window-sill, and counting the folds of the white drapery of his bed, when Dr. S— entered. Having talked cheerfully to his patient and listened with a quiet smile to his inquiry of who it was who had sent him a lovely bouquet of wild flowers, midsummer flowers from some rich hay-field, and which stood now upon the window-sill,—Dr. S— remarked—

"Probably, my dear sir, some admirer of your picture in the Academy; you've created quite an excitement in certain circles—you, there now lying so feeble in your bed."

"My picture in the Academy!" gasped out poor John with a strange excitement. "Oh no, no, it cannot be—surely not; it was so far from finished;—you laugh at me, sir?" And the sick man trembled and grasped with nervous excitement at the quilt. "It ought not to be—"

"My dear Mr. Wetherley, be calm. I regret I have mentioned this, if it agitates you so much; but will you believe the voice of the *Athenæum*—of the *Literary Gazette*—of all the papers in fact? Here, for example, is one notice of Mr. Wetherley's picture in the *Athenæum*: 'this picture, full of an earnestness rare in art of the present day, 'an inspiration,' 'a marvellous finish and delicacy of touch;' will you believe now, sceptic that you are? and your picture has been purchased at a marvellous price.'

"Oh, sir, you bewilder me! you bewilder me!" said John in a low voice, and closed his eyes and sank his head back upon the pillow.

"He speaks only the truth, and scarcely all the truth, about the success of your picture, Wetherley," said another voice; it was Leonard's, who had quietly entered. "Your picture was noble and grand in intention. It required but a little mechanical finish, which I felt it an honour to be able to give to it; it can do no man discredit; let us congratulate you upon its success, and upon your restoration to art and to us."

The sick man stretched forth his arms, and in the weakness of a great illness, and of a great joy mingling with a great grief, pressed his throbbing temples upon Leonard's breast and shed quiet tears. Time had been when a keen jealousy would have gnawed and envenomed his heart at the bare thought of owing aught to Leonard's skill; but John had been in the presence of death, and life and the aims of life lay before his soul, shone upon by a power more celestial by it. The reader will imagine how John recovered, surrounded as he was by such an atmosphere of love, and how, though at a distance, Honoria vivified him with her warm rays, the sun of his system. He set forth upon his travels, and Leonard became once more the attendant of the sick. Little Cuthbert lay now extended upon the couch of the Gaywood's sitting-room, a confirmed invalid; his body daily wasted away,

whilst his intellect developed with marked rapidity. His was the mind of a philosopher and poet, bursting the husk of a child's frame. Leonard and the child clung with an indescribable tenderness to each other; and thus, accompanying the child in his excursions into the beautiful country about Highgate, where he was drawn in a little invalid's carriage, and planning beautiful surprises for the child, in reading and conversing with him, in sketching for him, in playing soft and lovely music upon the piano, to soothe the gnawing pain which at times assailed the little tortured frame,—Leonard passed the days and weeks and months of Agnes' absence. Where were his thoughts of love for her? the work to be accomplished during her absence? They did not exist. Strange are those problems of character where all duties, except the sternest and most immediate ones, are fulfilled with ineffable grace, where the life would be a one perfect hymn of beauty and praise, were but *primary* instead of *secondary* duty served and sacrificed to. Leonard unconsciously followed in the footsteps of his father,—the curse was handed down through his devoted being. At the great Judgment Day will the pleading voice of imperfect organisation, mental as well as physical, raise its lament, and turn aside the sword of the Angel of Judgment? Our Father in Heaven judgeth not as man judgeth; and let us take courage in the thought of His mighty compassion when this cry shall reach His throne.

And thus time rolling on brought near the return of Agnes.

However cold in the eyes of Leonard the letters of Agnes might appear, the love within her soul only burnt the brighter the longer she remained away,—the longer she restrained the expression of her love. It impelled her in the eager search after materials for her literary work, which should win her renown, not alone for her own sake and her work's sake, but as an assurance to Leonard, that she was an object worthy of love, and lived out that which she commanded him to live out also. Stern with him she was, yet sterner with herself. Her every thought and action were purified through the knowledge that she had to *live* as well as to write in an exalted manner; she *would* arouse him, her beloved, out of his lethargy; she would be proud of him before her own soul and before the whole world. Never had she failed in an object, and in him she would not fail; love her he must, and with a mighty love, and their lives should be worthy of the doctrines they would teach. And her woman's tenderness shot forth with rapid growth. She planned ways in which to surprise Leonard with tokens of her love, and a scheme, which gradually ripened within her, was to bring back with her to England the reconciliation of his Uncle Stamboyse,—the acknowledgment from the stern old man that Leonard had done right in the independent choice of a career. All that Agnes had heard of the old merchant had seized upon her imagination, and she felt herself in many points akin to him. "I understand his character better than Leonard does," she said to herself; "he was right, right to a certain degree; truth is many-sided; his vision is narrow,—he saw but *one* side of the truth—but it *was* truth and not falsehood that he recognised in the life of Leonard's father. He must acknowledge through Leonard—through *us*—that principle and ideality may be united." Agnes pondered and pondered upon her scheme of reconciliation with the old merchant, and without mentioning her intention to Leonard, determined to remain a day or two at Hamburg on her return from Sweden, and have an interview with him.

The commencement of May found Agnes arrived at Hamburg with her precious MSS., the result of her eager labour—her most precious treasures packed within her trunk. A miser could not have watched with more anxiety the conveyance of his money-bags than did Agnes watch the conveyance from steamer to hotel of these beloved papers. These papers once safely locked within her chamber of the — Hotel on the Alter Jungfernstieg, Agnes breathed freely, and began to consider how she should commence her quest.

The name of Stamboyse was one of much note even in that

city of great merchants. The English landlord of the hotel was loud in sounding the praises of his wealth; but when Agnes expressed a desire to see him, inquiring where she should probably find him, a very peculiar expression crossed the landlord's face, and a dry smile. "Oh, the young lady would be sure to find Mr. Stamboyse at his offices; he lived there, transacted business there, slept there, never went out from there to public gardens, theatre or church. Yes, yes, there was no doubt he would be *found* there, but whether he would see *her*, that was another question! There were strange rumours abroad about him. It was supposed he had had some great family affliction; but, sure enough, he was an eccentric man—some people called him a bear, others, a misanthrope—but such a thing as a lady, and a *young lady* to call upon merchant Stamboyse! That was a novelty!" And the stout landlord laughed, and rubbed his dimpled hands, and pushed towards Agnes the *carte* of the table d'hôte, and requested, still smiling, to know at what hour she would dine, and whether she would dine in her own room or at the public table.

Agnes, undaunted by this description, set forth in the direction of the old merchant's abode. The tall warehouses, the cranes busily at work hauling up bales of goods, the busy traffic, the self-absorbed and prosaic character of countenance of the crowds in the narrow streets, all filled Agnes with an uneasy feeling; she, the woman, the scorner of all but moral and intellectual wealth, felt out of harmony with the world around her. She recognized how impossible it would be for Leonard and his uncle ever to be aught but antagonistic, and how she herself has, by subtle degrees, felt her kinship of soul with Leonard to increase, with Stamboyse to decrease. "Yet, truth is truth in all circumstances; principle, principle; Stamboyse, Leonard, you *both* are right, yet, both are wrong. I am clairvoyante of both spheres. I must be the mediator. True, thou art weak if thou dost not now drive forth these childish fears."

To various clerks, going in and out of the dusky offices, did Agnes address herself, both in English and German, but they either were too busy to listen to her inquiry after the merchant, or shook their head dubiously. "He never saw any one during business hours, except upon business. The lady could not possibly see Mr. Stamboyse till evening: it was impossible," testily replied a little man with a large flabby face, a pen stuck behind his ear, and a huge ledger underneath his arm. "It *was* upon business she desired to speak with Mr. Stamboyse," urged Agnes; "but would he give the few lines written upon her card to Mr. Stamboyse, she would call again to learn his answer, and at what hour she might have an interview. Of course," she pursued in a mollifying tone, "she would on no account trespass upon Mr. Stamboyse's time unnecessarily." "I know he will see no lady—never does," returned the man, rubbing his nose with the card; "and so you had better not give yourself the trouble of calling again."

"I will thank you to give the card to Mr. Stamboyse," very calmly observed Agnes turning away, "and I *shall* call again." And so Agnes did in the course of a couple of hours, when she found the clerks yet more uncourteous, and the flabby-faced man so highly indignant, that she felt firmly persuaded the card had never been delivered. Agnes' determination only rose, however, with the opposition she encountered. Leaving the office she walked slowly along a narrow street, or rather lane, the one side of which for many yards was made by the blank walls of the great Stamboyse warehouses; on she sauntered, pondering upon some stratagem by means of which to beard the lion Stamboyse in his den, and raising her eyes they fell upon a name, painted in white letters, upon the entrance to a passage—"Stamboyse, *Zweiter Stock Links Hand*." There is the nocturnal den!" ejaculated she; "now will I of a certainty achieve my object. At what hour does the *Herr Kaufman* Stamboyse sup?" asked Agnes carelessly of a woman who was just entering the passage with one of the quaintly-shaped Hamburg marketing baskets upon her arm. "Sup? *Fräulein*, Kaufman Stamboyse?" returned the woman, suddenly stopping and eyeing Agnes from head to foot, "seven o'clock certainly. *Köchin*—Seven o'clock your master sups,

does he not?—There's a lady inquiring. I suppose your master is going to have visitors."

"Visitors—my master—a lady—a lady indeed—sup do you say? That's no business of yours, or of hers," screamed and scolded a remarkably harsh voice from a higher landing, and there was a sound as if a broom were most unceremoniously flung down the stairs, and a loud sound of scouring intermingled with angry ejaculations followed.

Agnes, however, had obtained the information she required, and sauntered on: she wandered through the town, now noticing the busy traffic and the many vessels lying at anchor, and the barges bearing along the many canals the merchandise from these vessels to the warehouses of the great Hamburg merchants; now amusing herself with the gay costumes of the women of the humbler class; now pondering and pondering upon her scheme, and Leonard's, and her own intermingling fates.

Half-past six found Agnes with her hand upon the bell-handle hanging beside the door of Merchant Stamboyse. The sound of the bell resounded through the ghastly passages and up the ghastly public staircase, but no one answered to its summons. Again and yet again she rang. Growing impatient, she rang a fourth time, giving a peal fit to have awakened the seven sleepers. Slowly a little sliding shutter in the door slid back, and a sour-faced old servant-woman, wrinkled like one of Denner's portraits, showed herself.

"And who is then there?" growled an old voice, in German, as ill-humoured as the face. "Oh, I see, the *Frauenzimmer*—the lady, I take it, who wanted to know when the Merchant Stamboyse ate his evening's bread. I'll have none of your impertinent inquiries!" And before Agnes could reply, the shutter was pushed violently back. Agnes, smiling at this extraordinary reception, and wondering whatever sort of a monster must be the master of this house, guarded by such a Cerberus, heard heavy footsteps ascending the stairs with slow and solemn tread. "Stamboyse!" said her heart, and involuntarily her lips felt parched and a great weakness came over her frame. A tall and powerful old man, whose grizzled locks hung in thick masses upon the collar of his coat—that blue coat of the peculiar cut so familiar to her in Leonard's descriptions of his uncle—stood before her. Out of his waistcoat pocket he took a key, and whilst he placed it in the lock Agnes read his strong countenance with a rapid glance. He had not observed her, as she stood somewhat back from the door; he might have thought her merely passing towards some other dwelling in the house.

"Mr. Stamboyse," suddenly spoke Agnes, stepping forward, and her words coming forth without reflection, for a great nervousness was upon her soul. He turned suddenly round—the light in his cold, grey eyes flashed upon her a stern lightning.

"Madam?—I have the honour—?"

"Mr. Stamboyse, I am very anxious to have an interview with you; it is upon business. I have found it next to impossible to gain admittance to you—I am here in Hamburg on purpose; when may I have a few moments'—half an hour's conversation with you?" And Agnes felt that the blood spire of herself, rushed up to the very roots of her hair.

"Business?" slowly repeated Stamboyse, and his keen eyes perused her face—"business?—you, a *young lady*, with business to the Merchant Stamboyse?" Agnes imagined a shadow of satire upon his face and in his words: it stung her.

"Yes, business, sir. A woman, as I take it, may have business, sir, as well as a man; *important business!*" proudly, and with a certain anger in her manner, replied Agnes.

"You are, perhaps, too much of an English *young lady*," pursued the old merchant, "to call here at so early an hour as seven to-morrow morning. If not too early for a young lady, before I go to *my* very important business I can then attend to *your* very important business. Madam, good evening."

The old merchant had entered his door, leaving Agnes standing alone upon the landing. Was she indignant, amused, wounded? She did not know; but this she knew, that all shadow of sympathy seemed impossible between her and

Leonard's uncle. "Yes, yes, how could Leonard have endured the slavery of such a master? Her very mission seemed to lose its object; what had she come for? for what did she now desire an interview? She felt as though the whole attempt were an absurd piece of stupidity. She seemed to have lost her anchorage. Who has not known such a miserable, perplexing, mortifying mood of mind? A quiet night's rest, however, had wonderfully calmed her, and at half-past five o'clock the next morning, her interview with Leonard's uncle assumed a more hopeful aspect.

When ready-dressed by six, she flung open her chamber-window, and with a joyous hope within her heart, leant out and watched the bright rays of the newly risen sun gilding the Lombard's Brücke, the masts of the various craft lying in the basin, and the groups of early holiday people passing along the broad public walks of the Alter and Neuer Jungfernstieg, for this was Ascension Day. The bells of the churches were already pleasantly sounding in the clear air, and an unusual peacefulness seemed with the early morning to arch over the busy sea-port town.

Agnes was ushered into the presence of the merchant by the cross old woman, cowed, however, it seemed to Agnes, at some command issued by her stern master, relative to this visit. She entered his presence precisely as the neighbouring church-tower tolled seven. Stamboyse was reading the "*Allgemeine Zeitung*," as he sipped his coffee, wrapt in his morning-gown. The face had become harder than when she last saw him, and more than ten years seemed to have laid their stamp upon him.

"You are come, madam," said he, laying down the paper, rising, offering her a chair at the breakfast table, and perusing her countenance with a peculiar mixture of dry humour and contempt. "Bring in another cup of coffee, Martha," he pursued, addressing the old woman who lingered in the doorway, scowling and sticking out her under lip till she looked more like some corbel in a church than living, to Agnes. "I did not expect so early a lady visitor—you see—Madam, your important business—if you will favour me!"

Agnes sat for a few moments with a strange feeling of petrification creeping over her; those cold searching eyes of the old man, all the time of her silence, reading her perplexed and distressed countenance. "Now I am here," she continued suddenly, and raised her eyes, fixing them boldly upon his, "my business becomes difficult."

"Humph," remarked Stamboyse.

"Difficult, because I feel how completely you and I are guided, or rather influenced by such opposite views in life."

"What does all this lead to, madam?" growled the merchant, impatiently, taking up his paper.

"It leads, Mr. Stamboyse, to the very heart of my business."

"Heart!" growled the merchant, "of course, a young lady can only have *business of the heart*." And he continued to glance over his paper.

"Mr. Stamboyse," cried Agnes, starting with impatience from her chair, and stamping her foot with irrestrainable irritation upon the floor, "for once listen to a woman as though she were a human being. Drop, for heaven's sake, the word *young lady*. I am a human being, who demand a fair and candid hearing from another human being."

Stamboyse looked up with an expression of less contempt: his interest was aroused. Agnes' words now flowed unimpeded; she had lost all self-consciousness and embarrassment. "I am Agnes Singleton, who have chosen as my future husband your nephew Leonard Mordant, the son of that unhappy and misguided man, Augustus Mordant, and of your most unhappy, most to be compassionate sister. I am acquainted with the whole misery of the marriage; of your hatred of Leonard's father—a just hatred; of your anger with Leonard; of your utter abandonment of him; of the disappointment you have had in him. Restrain your angry words, Mr. Stamboyse, what I have to speak now I *must* speak. Pardon me that I touch upon subjects so painful, so forbidden; but at times

words must be merciless as the knife of the surgeon. I desire only truth to exist between you and me, between Leonard and you."

"You wish to make up matters. That sneaking young coward has sent you, as his miserable father of old sent my befooled sister, to whine and wring her hands and play off a woman's fooleries before me!" burst in Stamboyse with a force of anger and contempt which must have silenced any one less resolute than Agnes Singleton. But she, proudly approaching the irate man as he paced with angry steps the room, said with a voice of such convincing truth and noble pride, that it quelled even Stamboyse's anger,

"No; Leonard is utterly unconscious of my being here—he would be the very last person in this world to desire so mean, so base a thing. All blame be upon my head. It is because I have perceived in Leonard's soul a secret yearning after a reconciling word from you, as balm to heal the unhealed wound of that great misery, that bitter curse hanging upon him from the wretched marriage of his parents; it is for this that I am come. His is a gentle, noble, yet proud spirit, incapable of base meanness. It is because I recognise, on your side, Mr. Stamboyse, justice—to a certain point—because I regard moral principle as highly as you can do—because I regret, ay, a thousand times more deeply than you can do, the spectacle of glorious mental gifts being dragged down into the mire and trampled upon by coarse brutal feet, through lack of *honesty*—yes, because I consider moral principle of higher importance than intellect, yet worship intellect with the whole powers of my being—that I am come as a mediator between you and your nephew. Let not the additional curse of your displeasure cling to him and darken his life—"

Whilst Agnes still spoke, the old woman burst in wringing her hands and crying aloud, "A fire! a fire in Deich-strasse! the flames are curling up through the roofs at the back of the houses across the canal. You can see them. The engines are coming—don't you hear them? Lord of heaven, preserve us! The warehouses, *Herr Kaufmann*, the warehouses!" And whilst they listened the tolling of the alarm-bells was heard, the thundering along of fire-engines, the shrieks of people in the streets. Stamboyse and Agnes flew simultaneously to the window and flung open the casement. Thick volumes of smoke were hurried along by a brisk wind, sparks were falling in showers upon the barges moored in the canal beneath the windows, people were seen hurrying along or flinging furniture into the street from the windows. A sudden panic seized upon the city this bright holiday morning. The old woman had fallen upon her knees, praying. "We are safe, Martha," said Stamboyse; "don't be such an old fool! I must see, however, that the people are on duty." And he hurried off without apparently remembering the presence of Agnes, and leaving the old woman still sobbing and praying. Agnes gazed out of the window towards the burning houses; the flames flared and leaped up through the roofs, windows and chimneys, white and livid in the glare of the bright early morning sun. Now was heard the sudden crash of a stack of falling chimneys, now the shouts of the distant crowd—the roar of fire-engines, the galloping of soldiers arriving to drive off the crowds of gathering spectators, the rumbling along of waggons and carts carrying away madly heaped together furniture; barges suddenly were unmoored and glided down the canal loaded with furniture and people; men, women, and children bearing the most heterogeneous articles—bedding, books, clothes—were seen hurrying along the quays; the sick, the dying, were borne in litters or in the arms of their friends; children were lost in the crowd uttering loud shrieks of despair. Whilst Agnes yet gazed out, her eyes swimming with tears of excitement and sympathy, a barge just opposite the windows suddenly burst into flames; the shrieks of the people upon it yelled fearfully above the more distant roar of terror—there were people seen leaping into the water, boats putting out to snatch up the sufferers, masses of burning merchandise and furniture falling hissing into the canal. In a moment Agnes had rushed down upon the quay—she was

carrying on shore a terrified child whose mother lay fainting upon the stones.

Agnes suddenly felt an extraordinary strength and energy enter into her. Every interest of her being seemed absorbed by the great misery around her. Helping, suggesting, cheering, she was carried along through a dozen dangers, which at the time appeared no dangers to her.

It was at the foot of a flight of wide steps leading up from a wharf into great warehouses, that she had constructed an asylum for a group of children, terrified women, and sick persons. And here with water in front, and on either hand, seemed to be a place of entire safety; besides which, the wind carried the flames towards another quarter of the city. Still, fire-engines came thundering along the wharf, and were stationed in readiness with their long leathern pipes curling like serpents up the walls and over the roofs, and everywhere men were vigilant—for these were the warehouses of the great house of Stamboyse.

The group of people who under Agnes' guidance had sought shelter upon the steps, felt, in resting over-shadowed by the walls of this great house, an assurance of protection. It was such a rich, such an important house, that ill-luck could not befall it—at least, they knew that all that the power of man could do to avert the flames would be done. But together with the engines came men who ruthlessly sought to drive away the fugitives from the broad steps. Agnes pleaded with an unconscious eloquence for the little band; she caught a glimpse of the tall figure of old Stamboyse himself. The brisk wind which so unluckily for the doomed city was abroad that morning, blowing through his gray locks, and fluttering his long green morning-gown. "Oh, sir!" she cried, stretching forth her hands and seizing upon its folds, as he stood at the top of the steps commanding the men to drive off the fugitives; "I conjure you, have pity upon these miserable women and children—upon these sick—these aged! See, see, the wind carries the flames in the contrary direction—your great warehouses stand surrounded by this canal; oh, may not this be an asylum for this handful of the afflicted! May not heaven for their sakes guard, preserve your merchandise!" And she clung to his skirts, looking up at him with such an eager, pleading, and extraordinary look in her excited young face, that Stamboyse was strangely affected.

"Yes, yes; perhaps you are right—let them be brought in. Within the court there is space sufficient; only let these steps be cleared—let there be room for the engines to work, if need be!" And Agnes had the great joy of seeing Stamboyse himself aid in the conveyance of the weak and fainting within the area of the great court-yard.

"What are you here for?" the old man said hurriedly to her, after they had made a temporary shelter for the sick. "You should not be here—go home. Are you alone here in Hamburg—quite alone? This is no scene for you. Heaven alone knows what may be the termination of this fire. I will send you under safe escort to your hotel. You must return directly to England!"

"I cannot go yet," returned Agnes in a low, firm tone, grasping Stamboyse's hand. "I must stop with you—I must. God will bless you for your action to these miserable people. I shall be no burden to you. I feel it within me to remain here." The old man returned no answer, except a momentary glance of surprise and inquiry at the delicate white profile which was turned away from him and which was arrested as if intently listening to some distant sound. "Hark! hark!" she exclaimed; "do you not hear that cry! It is from the brigade in the street: they command that water be made to play upon the roofs of the houses; the cry is that the flames are rushing in this direction."

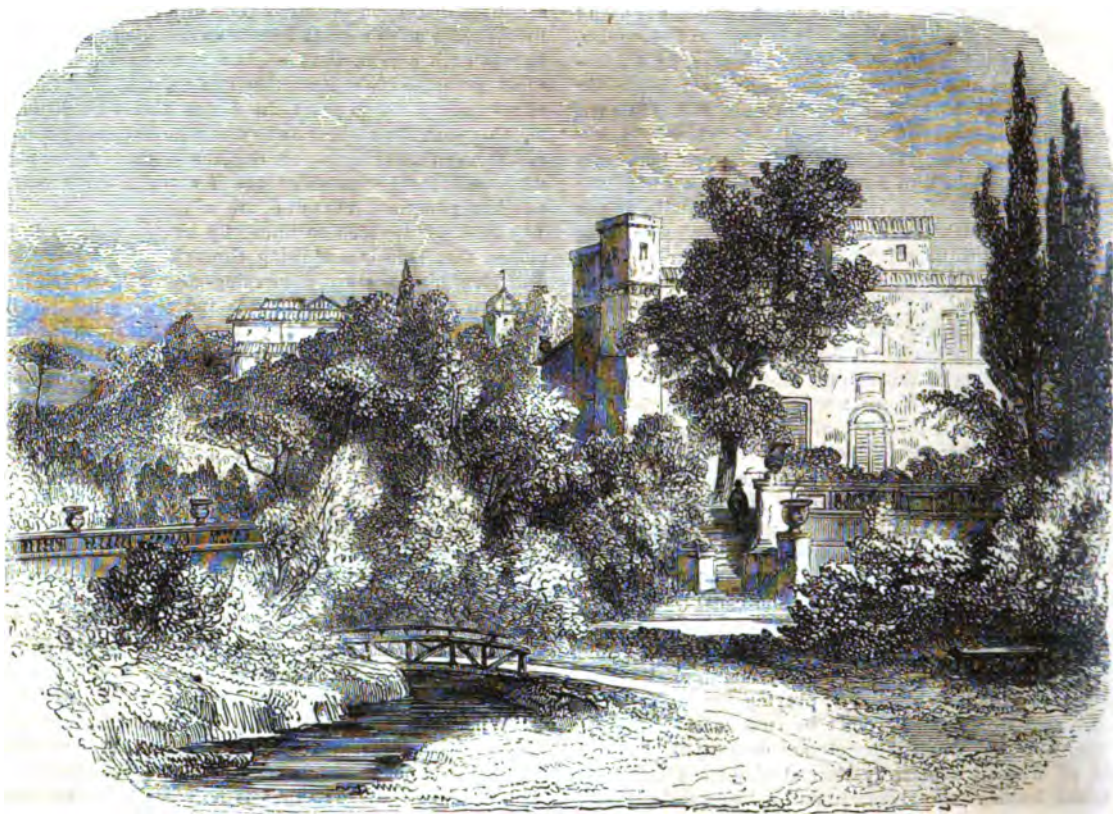
She and Stamboyse now were out upon the quay. A chain of busy hands was formed to pass along buckets of water, in order to saturate the bales of goods lying within the court-yards, whilst the engines played vigorously upon the roofs. Across the canal, in thick volleys, flew flakes of fire; the wooden bridge spanning the canal was wreathed with flame.

KING RENE'S GARDEN.

RENE, called the Good, Duke of Anjou, King of Naples and Sicily, and Count of Provence, was born at Angers, on the sixth of January, 1408. He was the son of Louis II., King of Naples, and Yolande, daughter of John I. of Arragon. He received at his baptism the title of Count of Guise. But few particulars are known of his early life, except that he was educated under the eye of his mother, and in his youth acquired that taste for the study of the beautiful which distinguished him in after days. While still young he obtained the hand of Isabella of Lorraine, and at the age of thirty succeeded to the title and estates of that dukedom. His right to this high dignity was disputed, and the question referred to a council of peers, who, however, decided in favour of René. From the council the new claimant appealed to the sword. Civil war devastated the land, but without the desired result. Soon after René proceeded to Naples, as lieutenant-general, to take possession of the throne on behalf of his wife, vacant by the

one of their rambles they remarked an elevated spot, a rock about sixty feet high, formerly called the Camp of Cæsar; at the summit they discovered a grotto, once the abode of a saintly recluse. The situation delighted Isabella; there was an air of quietness and of romance about the place that afforded a charming contrast to the noise, bustle, and excitement of the court. René occupied himself in attempts to render this spot, so wild and so uncultivated, a pleasant and agreeable retirement, by making its barren steeps bloom and flourish with all the glories of floriculture. Great obstacles had to be overcome, but patience works wonders, and patience overcame them all. The ground was clothed with the richest verdure, cool and shady arbours were picturesquely arranged, flowers shed their fragrance, and the locality soon presented an entirely new aspect. Nothing was talked of but the glories of King René's garden, and all praised his assiduity and love.

When René had completed his work, a chapel was erected



VIEW OF THE GARDEN OF KING RENE, NEAR AIX.

death of Joan II. There fresh troubles assailed him; a competitor was ready to dispute with him for the crown, backed by the Duke of Milan and the Pope himself. He struggled hard, but the fortune of war was against him: for six years he remained a close prisoner, and then had to pay a heavy ransom before he was permitted to return to his own domains.

Forced by the troops of Alphonso of Arragon to abandon the kingdom of Naples, René returned to his own duchy of Lorraine. There, surrounded by a brilliant court, he passed his time in the midst of the utmost magnificence, fêtes and tournaments being matters of daily occurrence. Knights and troubadours gathered around the monarch, his court became the centre of all grace and beauty, and the fame thereof spread over the face of all fair France. But this ceaseless round of pleasure was but ill adapted for the failing health of Isabella: the bloom had passed from her cheek, and the brightness from her eyes; time and trouble had marked her brow. With her René took many a solitary ramble, and together they traversed the quiet hills and valleys about the old town of Angers. In

on the rock, richly ornamented with frescoes and pictures and poetical devices. Adjoining the chapel was a small hermitage, where he often tarried with his beloved queen. From this spot a stupendous and noble panorama was to be seen. To this hermitage the monarch gave the name of *La Beaumette*.

Surrounded by all that could charm the fancy or elevate the taste, the poor queen lingered out her few remaining days, and when René was left alone, the garden, the chapel, and the hermitage, became doubly dear to him, suggestive as was every spot of her who was in very truth his second self. Afterwards, indeed, by the advice of his vassals, he again married, but never loved with the same deep earnest tenderness as he had loved before.

He devoted himself almost entirely to agricultural pursuits. When driven from his beloved Anjou by political intrigue, and forced to take refuge in Provence, he there made most extensive and admirable alterations. His memory was long cherished, and the melancholy which overhung his life added fresh interest to his history.

ART IN GREECE.—THE CONVENTS OF MOUNT ATHOS.

MOUNT ATHOS lies to the south of Macedonia, between the gulfs of Contessa and Monte Santo, at the extremity of a peninsula connected with the continent by an isthmus about a mile and a half long. It is a round and almost conical mass, rising to a height of about three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and casting an immense shadow in the setting sun almost across the Archipelago. Little mention is made of it in the works of Grecian historians beyond the record of two facts—the one, that Xerxes caused a canal to be cut across the isthmus to give a passage to his fleet; and the other, that a Greek sculptor, Dinocrates, proposed to Alexander the Great to cut the mountain into the form of a statue with outstretched arm, and holding in its hand a town containing ten thousand inhabitants.

The hill is called at the present day by many of the Greeks Hagion Oros, or the Holy Mountain, and it is rendered remarkable by the fact, that its population now consists of about six thousand monks, forming a separate and almost independent community, and inhabiting several convents built along the slopes. These convents were the cradle of Byzantine art fourteen hundred years ago, and now, after a thousand storms of war, and change, and revolution have rolled over Greece, they form its last refuge.

Concerning the origin of this religious community, we have no certain information. In the persecutions with which the Christians were pursued in the first centuries of the Christian era, many faced martyrdom without hesitation, and even with joy; others, less confident in their own strength of nerve, sought security in desert fastnesses, and adopted the life of anchorites. It was thus that the seeds of Christianity were scattered over the solitudes of Nubia and Syria. Many more fled to Mount Athos, and took up their abode along its sides, hoping that the seclusion of the place, and the difficulty of access, would afford them safety, however precarious, from the rage of their enemies. When Constantine removed the seat of the empire to Constantinople, and avowed his adherence to the new faith, the population of Mount Athos rapidly increased, and convents were built, such, in all probability, as we now see them. It is right to mention, however, that this is mainly conjecture; history is entirely silent regarding this retired but interesting corner of the Byzantine empire. We have said that these convents are the last refuge of Greek art; we may add, that they contain some interesting relics of old Byzantine civilisation, and manners, and forms of faith, and are by no means an uninteresting subject of study for those who seek to lift up the pall which for four centuries has shrouded the remains of Greek greatness. They number in all twenty-three, lying around the mountain, none of them at any great distance from the sea. The most ancient to which our attention will principally be directed, are the *Aghia Labra*, or holy monastery, Vatopedi, Iviron, and Xilandari. The first, which at present contains about four hundred monks, was founded by St. Athanasius about the beginning of the fourth century, and to this circumstance owes its pre-eminence over all the others. While they are simply dedicated to some saint, it is entitled the holy monastery *par excellence*. Vatopedi was the one to which John Contocuzine, whose romantic story has been so well told by Gibbon, retired to spend the remaining years of his life, when, disgusted with power, he abdicated the imperial throne.

On the highest point of the mountain rises the little Church of the Transfiguration, and scattered around are a town and some little villages; and in the centre of the peninsula lies the *protalon* or metropolis of Mount Athos, Karies—all inhabited by a shifting population of monks, whose sole occupation is the importation of provisions and other necessaries from Salomen for their brethren in the convent. The monks are divided into two classes, brothers and fathers, or *papas*, and are made up of an indiscriminate mixture of Slaves, Greeks, Wallachians, and Armenians, all reduced to the same state of torpor, both physical and mental, under the rigidity of

the monastic rule. The convent buildings present for the most part great uniformity of appearance, generally an irregular and confused mass, with no evidence of unity of design in the arrangement of the different parts. A single door, which is always fastened at twilight, gives entrance to a square court-yard, around which the cells of the inmates are ranged in one or more stories; additions being made, upon a plan apparently dictated solely by caprice, when any increase took place in their number. In the centre stands the church, surrounded by a crowd of small chapels, but all built of brick, and so imperfectly, that frequent repairs have effaced all traces of the primitive style. On all the walls appear stiff, sad-looking, and austere pictures, which form a singular contrast to the easy, indolent, and *insouciant* appearance of the monks.

Mount Athos was in the earlier days of Christianity the great seat of intellectual activity—the hot-bed of theological and metaphysical discussion; but the state of listless indolence in which its inhabitants are now plunged is a strange satire upon its former glory. All the convents contain libraries of greater or less extent, filled with manuscripts and rare and valuable relics of the literature of antiquity; but the monks, far from studying them, suffer them to be lost or injured through carelessness, in utter and complete ignorance of the treasures of which they are the guardians. They read nothing but their offices, write but rarely, and are for the most part plunged in complete ignorance, not only of everything that is passing in the outer world—but of the very rudiments of literature and science. There is hardly a doubt that a diligent search by competent persons would bring to light many valuable works of classical authors hitherto supposed to be lost, or known to the western world only in a mutilated state. Some of the monks who visit Salomen to transact business for the convents, take advantage of their stay, to pick up a smattering knowledge of medicine and the Turkish language, but this is the only effort towards self-improvement that is ever made. The rude daubs by which Byzantine art is now represented amongst them, furnish additional proof of their mental degradation when we remember that, during the first two centuries after the establishment of the convents on Mount Athos, they were the chief seats of religious art in the world, and students resorted thither from all parts of Europe to receive instruction from the inmates.

In these times such names as those of St. Athanasius and Peter the Athonite figured in their annals, in no very striking contrast with many others of scarce inferior zeal and learning. The church of Aghia Labra, founded by Athanasius in the early part of the fourth century, was endowed richly A.D. 965 by the emperor Nicephorus. The gates, which probably belong to that period, are composed of wrought copper, and display great beauty of execution. They remind one of those of the church of Ravello near Amalfi, as well as of many other religious monuments of Apulia. The portico is covered with Turkish ornaments. The general arrangement is that of the church of St. Mark at Venice. The altar is covered with a great deal of rich gilding, as also most parts of the ceiling, which is covered with carved and fretted work, and encaustic paintings in great abundance; and the body of the church contains desks, pulpits, and other articles of a similar nature of great richness. The monks have substituted these for the massive pulpits of the ancient Latin church. Nearly all are the gifts of the Russian government.

The Byzantine school, which was a school of transition from ancient art, that sought the beautiful merely for the form itself, to Christian art, which uses the form only to veil an idea, devoted itself from the very first to preparing for the transformation which inevitably followed the adoption of this new aim by the cultivators of art. In this point of view the Byzantine artists were successful in arriving at a unity such as has never been attained by those of the Renaissance, and from which they are still very far indeed. The Italian mosaics, executed by Italian artists, can alone give us a right idea of the laborious changes which Byzantine art underwent before it assumed its definitive form from the teachings of the

slip this opportunity of enlarging his style—and we were going to say his thoughts—proves beyond doubt that he perceived from the first that his true road to success lay in the track of his old master, Gerard Douw. He, therefore, returned to the studio of the latter, and continued to labour under his eye with all a pupil's modesty, often taking his advice when he was himself far more competent to judge. However, there were at Leyden several amateurs, who admired him greatly, and frequently expressed to him their surprise that he did not begin to work upon his own account and shake off the dust of the school, since he had already surpassed his master. As they were warm friends who held this language to him, he would probably have put it down to pardonable partiality, and have continued his old course, if one of them, Professor Silvius, had not volunteered, in proof of his sincerity, to purchase every painting that came from his pencil.

So flattering a proposal had the desired effect. Miéris left Gerard Douw, and began to work for himself, and, thanks to the friendship of Silvius, he was soon enabled to make a striking display of his talents. The archduke Leopold William was passionately fond of painting: Silvius persuaded him, without difficulty, to give Miéris an order, assuring him that he would receive a *chef-d'œuvre*. The artist did honour to his friend's recommendation. It was, in fact, upon this occasion that he executed the famous work so well known in Germany as "Die Seidenhändlerinn," *The Silkmercer*. It is, in truth, a gem of art. In it Miéris put into practice everything that Gerard Douw had taught him; he was perfectly competent to render the rich fabrics in all their varieties of shade and hue, lustring, satin, and velvet; he knew how to arrange the light so as to throw out the figures and the most remarkable objects into strong relief, leaving all else buried in deep but transparent shade. By tricks of the brush he was able to render the nature of each substance evident at a glance—the down upon feathers, the polish of steel; it seems as if we could touch with our finger the silky hair of a spaniel, as well as the rich woof of a Turkey carpet. Miéris knew how, in short, to lend to the actors in a scene borrowed from ordinary life all the *finesse* of expression necessary to relieve the simplicity of such a subject, and give piquancy to a matter of such slender interest.

The painting executed for the archduke represented a silk-mercer's shop, attended by a young woman of passing beauty. A nobleman, elegantly dressed, with feathers in his hat and a sword at his side, has entered, and, struck by the charms of the fair owner of the shop, cannot resist the temptation of touching her lightly under the chin with his fingers, with all the polite impertinence of a gay man of the world. The lady blushes, smiles, and continues to turn over the pieces of silk; but the gentleman is far less occupied with the richness of the articles he has come to purchase than the charms of her who shows them. At the further end of the shop, before a large fireplace, sits a man, most likely the jealous husband of the fair mercer. He has caught the stranger's movement with the corner of his eye, but not daring to give vent to his feelings before so dashing a customer, contents himself with shaking his finger ominously at his wife, as if threatening a curtain lecture of no ordinary severity. The archduke was delighted. He paid Miéris a thousand florins, and offered him a pension of a thousand rix-dollars if he would consent to go to Vienna, and work there for the court, in which case his labours would be liberally recompensed. But the artist politely declined, alleging as an excuse the disinclination of his wife to leave her native country.

Henceforward the painter of Leyden found himself eagerly sought after by the amateurs. All strove which should have his works at any price. Cornelius Praats, whose son was alderman of the town of Leyden, and who had himself taken some lessons from Francis Miéris, entered into an agreement to pay him a ducat of gold for every hour it might take him to execute a painting representing the "Swooning of a Young Girl." Miéris discharged his task in Praats' house, and received not less than fifteen hundred florins. The grand duke of Tuscany having come to Leyden, on seeing this painting

was so charmed with it, that he offered Praats three thousand florins for it, but the latter would not part with it upon any terms, nor with a portrait of Madame Praats, painted also by Miéris. The same thing has probably never occurred with regard to any family portrait as with regard to this. Attempts were made to purchase it while the original was still living, as if the excellence of the work itself was sufficient to supply the want of any interest in the subject.

Not being able to meet with any amateur who would sell him a Miéris, the grand duke paid a visit to the painter himself, and amongst the works which he found in his studio in an unfinished state, was a very fine sketch, which he begged of him to complete—"An Assemblage of Ladies." Houbraaken somewhere calls Metzsu a painter of fashions. This singular appellation might, in this instance at least, be applied to Francis Miéris, but not in a bad sense; though there is no doubt that here the dress, or the materials of which it is composed, has an undue importance given it. If his figures were not so handsome, we might imagine that they were but a pretext for making a gorgeous display of velvet jackets, of satin petticoats, and furs. In fact, every conceivable device of luxury, every grace and elegance of fashion, appear in this work. In the background, in a sort of gallery, magnificently decorated, appear a lady and cavalier promenading up and down, and evidently engaged in agreeable chit-chat. Here a young girl, in a rich mantle of purple velvet trimmed with fur, is raising to her head a glass of some delicate wine, while a page stands before her with a silver salver; there a lady in white satin stands up with a lute in her hand, as if about to play. Opposite these splendidly attired ladies, Miéris painted a young man, wearing a short cloak of black velvet. Splendid carpets, glittering plate, a dish of bonbons, which a mischievous little monkey is eating by stealth, half-hidden under the folds of a curtain of lustring, complete the composition, which certainly displays no great depth of imagination; but the rendering of each object is marvellous, and if the hands had not been drawn in the style of Metzsu and Vandyke, and had there been less distinction in the choice of the heads, one might have thought that Francis Miéris himself kept a silk-shop, like the pretty woman of his first painting, and that, unlike the gentleman in the same composition, he was more occupied with the beauties of dress than beauty of face or figure.

The search after the beautiful is one of the points in which Miéris distinguished himself, and it is upon this that his renown rests. Certainly the art of imitating dress, of polishing it by the aid of the pencil, is not sufficient to lend lustre to a painter's name, unless, indeed, he were to reach such a pitch of perfection in it as has never yet been witnessed. Paintings live only upon condition of being well executed and well touched, just as books live only on condition of being well written. But this mere excellence in form or outline is not sufficient; there must be food for the mind, and something to excite some emotion in the heart. Sometimes, we admit, when the form is exquisite, and the style of the book is piquant, though it treats of nothing—when the painter's touch is charming, and, if we may use the expression, intelligent, as in the case of a basket of strawberries, or a simple glass of water glittering with purity and freshness—it may happen that mere form will supply the want of other qualities. Thus Chardin and Metzsu knew how to lend interest to the simplest scenes and incidents; but we must confess that their style is so charming, that the subtlest portion of their ability, the very essence of their character, seems to have passed into their painting; and it is in this sense that we may attribute to them great talent in execution. But if the artist has not reached this stage in his art, at which the most refined feelings of his heart drop from the point of his pencil, it is difficult for his works to survive him in the absence of some happy, animating thought. Why, then, are the works of Miéris valued as much and more at the present day than they were two hundred years ago? Because of that endeavour after the beautiful of which we just now spoke. Amongst so many Dutch painters who have chosen to copy nature at random, it is pleasant to find one who thought it not beneath him to

select models, and who, preferring grace to ugliness, has preferred painting handsome women, elegantly dressed, to sketching grotesque country wenches. This is the great secret of Miéris' success, as of that of Gaspar Netscher, of Schalken, and some others.

The grand duke of Tuscany gave a thousand rixdollars for "The Assembly of Ladies," but was not content with this alone. He wanted also, not his own portrait by Miéris, but that of Miéris by himself. The artist executed it with a good will. He painted himself showing one of his works, representing one of those subjects with which he was most familiar, "A young Girl taking her Lesson at the Harpsichord." This portrait of Miéris, which was in reality the mirror of his person and the coloured definition of his talent, was looked upon as an able work; but, according to Houbraken, the price was not this time proportioned to the value. The grand duke, at the instigation of some of his courtiers whom Miéris had offended, sent so small a sum, that the artist took umbrage at it, and refused to execute any works ever after for the Tuscan court.

Campo Weyermann relates, in the same way as Arnold Houbraken, the story of Miéris' rupture with the grand duke; but Gerard de Lairese, in his "Great Book of the Painters," explains it differently. He says, "He who has executed works on a large scale, may afterwards execute them on a small scale if he wish; whilst those who are always occupied with little things, cannot pass to great ones but with difficulty. Miéris, who was so justly celebrated for works on a small scale, has lost all the esteem in which the grand duke of Tuscany, his Mæcenas, held him, through attempting to paint portraits in life size; and it is the same with many others." It is not difficult to believe Gerard de Lairese in this matter, not only because he was a man of distinguished abilities, who made no assertion lightly, but because he was on terms of intimacy with Miéris. He had, in fact, undertaken the education of one of the artist's sons, John Miéris, who went to practise painting in Italy, where he died. By a fortunate, but curious contradiction in his character, Francis, whom the example of Jan Steen had led into habits of tippling, detested the vice in others. So Gerard de Lairese, grave and solemn in his looks, was a bit of a libertine in his manners, and for this reason Miéris removed his son from his care, lest his example should corrupt the youth's morals.

This contrast between their lives and their works is a comparatively rare feature in the history of painters. Miéris, who devoted his whole talents to search after beauty, or to the delineation of the interior of the luxurious abodes of the middle classes of Holland, then the richest and yet most austere in the world, was—we are sorry to say it—a drunkard. He was on terms of close intimacy with a painter of Leyden, the famous Jan Steen, an amusing philosopher and a professed tippler. Steen's lively conversation, his jovial disposition, his witty sallies, his careless, joyous way of living without a thought of the morrow, had a seductive influence upon Miéris, who, at last, was so fascinated that he could never tear himself away from his company. Steen having become a tavern-keeper, Miéris became one of his best customers, and the two often passed the night drinking and carousing with John Lievens, Ary de Voys, and some others. Steen was soon ruined and obliged to take down his sign, and then Miéris accompanied him to other taverns, and the two artists and their old comrades often protracted their revels far on in the night.

Houbraken tells a curious anecdote regarding one of these merry-makings. One night, after a very jovial meeting, Miéris set out to come home alone, and in crossing a narrow bridge fell off it into a deep drain. He was quite fuddled, and as it was not likely that there was any one near at such a late hour, there was every prospect of his career coming to an inglorious end. However, he roared lustily, and as good luck would have it, there was a cobbler living close at hand, and was still at work, singing and hammering away. His wife heard Miéris' cries, and having called her husband's attention to them, they both took a light and ran in the direction from which the sound came. There they found our painter, gor-

geously dressed, with gold buttons on his coat, stuck fast in the mud. They dragged him out, took him to their house, and, having dried his garments, sent him home. Miéris was thoroughly sobered by the time of his release, but was so much ashamed of the adventure that he concealed his name.

Being, however, very kind-hearted, the painter determined to reward the poor people for the kindness they had shown him, and what better token of gratitude could an artist bestow than one of his paintings. He, accordingly, set to work upon one, the subject of which has not reached us, but as he could only labour at it at intervals, it was not finished for two years. As soon as he had given it the last touch, he went one evening to the cobbler's, with his canvas concealed under his cloak. He found nobody there but the wife, and having entered into conversation with her, found that she really did not know the name of the man whom they had rescued. He then produced the picture and presented it to her, telling her to keep it as an acknowledgment of the service she had rendered him in getting him out of the drain. "But if," he added, "you would prefer money, take it to M. Praats." He then disappeared abruptly, without saying who he was. The woman showed the present to several of her neighbours, all of whom assured her it was very valuable. Her curiosity was at last thoroughly roused, and she took the picture to Jacob Vandermaas, burgo-master, residing in the Hoygraft, in whose house she had lived as a servant, who was surprised to see an article of such value in her possession, and at once recognised it as the work of Miéris, and valued it at one hundred ducatoons. "I would give that sum myself, but first go to so and so," said he, mentioning the names of some of the amateurs, "and ask eight hundred florins, and you will be sure to get them." She did as he directed, and was successful.

We have many times heard connoisseurs, in talking of painting, place Gabriel Metsu above Miéris. It seems to us that Miéris' touch is sometimes painful, and even scraped and dragged, when compared with the light and intellectual touch of Metsu. There is a picture of the former in the Dresden Gallery, which well illustrates the excellences of Miéris' style, and proves beyond doubt that the works of every artist, however great his genius, vary vastly in quality. In this, of which we present our readers with an engraving, (p. 24) a young girl, of light character, is listening to the proposals of an old matron. The subject is in itself rather gross, but the painter has treated it with great delicacy. The thought is clearly indicated, and yet there is nothing to shock us in the expression of it. The careless attitude of the young woman is so *distingué*, if we may be allowed the word, that it atones for the plainness of the meaning, and there is an indescribable air of voluptuous modesty about it, which interests us in the highest degree. Without showing her handsome face, except in profile, to save her the embarrassment which a little stretch of fancy will induce us to believe the full view of the spectator at such a moment would cause her, she leaves her beauty to our imagination, but lets us see her grace. The light falls upon her ear, and extends slightly upon her cheek, leaving the greater part of it in transparent shadow. Nothing can be more charming than the turn of her neck, and the knot in which her auburn hair is fastened, with pearls intermingled with the tresses. She wears a satin robe, and a sort of jacket, embroidered with gold. Her fine head leans languidly upon her left hand with a sort of lascivious indolence, the other falls gracefully over the back of the chair, and between her fingers she crumples a letter, which she has just been reading. Upon the table, on which her elbow is resting, we see a book and a mandolin. In the background appears the exterior of a palace, but within the apartment, a little to the left, may be seen a piece of furniture in the shape of an altar, on which is written the word *Amor*. The whole is finished with such exquisite delicacy, that one might fancy it was executed upon ivory. As it is considered very valuable, it is placed under glass, which gives it the appearance of a large miniature. No lover of painting could gaze on this picture without feeling the fascinating influence of female charms stealing over him.

accuracy, and facility. The efforts of copper-plate engravers, in more recent times, have chiefly been directed to the illustrations for books; steel having generally taken its place for all larger and more important works, owing to its greater durability.

In the year 1785, Alderman Boydell conceived the idea of establishing a Shakespeare Gallery, in London, for the exhibition of works of art, upon a grand scale. Designs were opened up to competition, a prize of one hundred guineas being offered for all accepted by the committee. They were painted by some of the most eminent artists of the day. The first engravers in England were employed to transfer them to copper; amongst others, Sharpe, Bartolozzi, Barlow, Shaw, Simon, Middimann, Watson, Tytler, Wilson, and many others. Probably no plates ever had the same pains bestowed upon them. As many as five years were expended upon a single plate, and proof impressions were taken at every stage of the work for the subscribers. It was not completed till 1803, a period of twenty years from its commencement.

France has always been celebrated for her triumphs in this branch of engraving. The precision of copper-plate has always suited the character of French art better than the vagueness of dot engraving. During the eighteenth century the burin bore the sway, but there was always much to be desired in the drawing. The influence of David and Regnault, however, caused greater attention to be bestowed upon it, and its effects were soon perceived in engraving. The imperial epoch was remarkable for the extreme purity of style. It was at this period that Bervic executed those celebrated engravings known as the "Education of Achilles" and "Dejanira," and classical engraving was restored to the post of honour. To all the processes of the revolutionary period, to the fine point of Duplessis-Bertaux, to the stippling of Gesta, and the aqua-tinta which popularised the fine caricatures of Karl Vernet, succeeded the perfection of the academic lines, renewed from Edelinck, and Drenet, and Polly. The "Trust of the Centaur," by Nessey, was copied by Bervic, the author of the "Laocoon," by means of very curious and delicate labours, which please the eye by their elegance and their symmetry, as well as by the skill which displays throughout the flatnesses of the flesh and the presence of the lines and sinews. Such excellence in the mechanical portion of the process was never before exhibited in combination with so much refined feeling.

The triumphs of the graver continued under the Restoration; at one time they were slightly interrupted by the movement known as *Romanticism*. The "Shipwreck of the *Moloss*" was engraved in the dotted style by Reynolds, and soon after the "Patrol of Smyrna" revived the recollection of Rembrandt; but the methods of this great master were far sooner learnt and understood than his genius. Innovations, variations, expeditious modes and plans became all the rage, but, nevertheless, the tradition of the old masters was upheld by Desnoyer, Tardieu, and Richomme. The first applying himself to Raphael, translated him with great feeling in the "Belle Jardinière;" the second raised himself to the rank of master by his fine portrait of the Earl of Arundel, after Vandyke, and by the "Communion of St. Jerome," in which he preserved all the power and expression of Domenichino; and the third had courage to measure himself against Edelinck in his rendering of one of Raphael's *chefs-d'œuvre*.

After this rapid historical sketch, it may not be amiss to give a short outline of the observations which professors, books, and academies have made the code of engravers.

Generally the burin should follow in its course the hollows and the cavities of muscles and folds, and widen the cuttings as it approaches the light, and narrow them as it enters the shade, and finish the outlines without hardness. The various series of lines should be in union, although each line should be treated in its own style. It often happens, for example, that the line which is first in an open space may serve in returning to form the second, when in place of developing the muscle or fold, the engraver has only to strengthen the tone. He must neither indulge in odd and

capricious turnings, nor adhere too closely to straightness of line, which though doubtless easier to make, has always a stiff and monotonous aspect.

With regard to draperies, care must be taken to distinguish them by the nature of the manipulation; in engraving linen, for example, it should be closer and more delicate than in the case of other cloths, and in most cases should be made by a single line; white cloth by two lines only, and with a breadth proportioned to the texture of the material; in shining substances, such as silk, the work should be straighter, and the folds should be imitated by abrupt breaks, and also by an interline, slipped into the intervals of the main lines; woollen and silk velvet with an interline also, but with the principal lines strongly marked, and the second lighter, but still well sustained. The interline, which answers the purpose of producing a shining appearance so well, may also be employed with success in rendering metals, gold and silver vases, and armour and weapons of polished steel.

In architecture the lines must obey the laws of perspective and help to create the necessary optical illusion; that is, the lines which cover receding or diminishing objects must concentrate in the point of view; they must conform also to the direction in which the objects present the greatest dimensions. Entire columns, for example, are engraved by perpendicular lines, to avoid the discord which would arise between the lines of the capital and those of the base. In sculpture care must be taken not to do too much. The work should be light, and appear reflected, as that in white marble and stone always does. There should be no point of light placed in the pupil of the eye; and the hair should not be represented, as in nature, in detached fibres, but in a mass. Landscape should be commenced by careful and discreet etching, so that, when giving it the finishing touches, the coarseness may be removed without totally destroying, in every place, the picturesque roughness. In earth, walls, trunks of trees, mountains, and rocks, the lines should be broken, interrupted abruptly, trembling, and should cross almost at right angles, to imitate the cold smoothness of the rocks; and should have a nibbled appearance, to imitate the rugosity of bark, and the inequalities of the ground or walls. The intervening air must also be taken into consideration, and allowance made for its influence by making objects close to the horizon very soft and delicate; and the aerial perspective found in the painting or drawing should be reproduced.

Water, if calm, should be represented by right lines parallel with the horizon, and with light interlines, and some breaks, which express very well the glitter and polish of the surface. By perpendicular seconds, the form of objects reflected in the water, and overhanging its banks, may be rendered, taking care to make their shape apparent, and to mark their relative distance from the spectator. If they are trees, their form can be best produced by a light outline, particularly if the water is quite clear. When the waters are agitated like the waves of the sea, the principal lines should be like the movement of the wave, and the interlines should be lozenge-shaped, as they best express the transparency of fluids. In cascades or waterfalls, the lines should follow the course of the fall, with interlines, and a good deal of abruptness in the lights. Clouds are rendered by horizontal lines; if they are those light, hanging vapours that lose themselves insensibly in the blue of the sky, care must be taken that the line, instead of forming a distinct edge all round the cloud, should verge towards the extremity, and disappear there gradually. If the clouds are tempestuous, murky, and agitated, the graver should give itself up to their forms without reserve. The crossings of the lines should be made lozenge-shaped, because this gives transparency and an appearance of motion; but the first should in every case be more prominent than the second. The lines must not be too wavy, because they give the cloud the appearance of a fleece of wool or a bundle of tow. The blue of the sky is rendered by straight, horizontal lines.

Care must be taken to engrave the flesh of women and children different from that of men, and to make the first part of the work close and thick, so as to represent the softness and

entire gallery in a space twelve feet square. To satisfy him you must give him the incidents and characters of the outer world, condensed, as it were, into the smallest possible dimensions, the heroes of everyday life (some of them might readily be comprised within a frame of twelve inches square); and, if this be true, what becomes of Lairesse's theory? Would the fortunate owner of these masterpieces in miniature be content to see these figures, which he wished to have within easy eye-reach, fading dimly in the shifting hues of the atmosphere, and flying altogether from the tranquil but confined abode in which he wished to retain them, that he might feed his eyes

Molière, Richelieu, Louis XIII., and other "glasses of fashion" at that period. He has painted himself under various aspects—sometimes as a soldier, at others as a simple citizen. The Museum at the Hague exhibits him in the interior of his own house, in his everyday dress, leaning over his wife, and amusing himself by pulling the ears of a little spaniel that his wife holds upon her knees. (See our engraving, p. 20.) The Dresden Gallery contains not less than three pictures, in which Miéris has given his own portrait with great complaisance. In one we find him in his studio conversing with a handsome girl, of whom we, however, see



THE PHILOSOPHER. FROM A PAINTING BY MIÉRIS.

upon them? These observations of Gerard de Lairesse are all the more surprising as coming from the pen of a painter, for it would be impossible to execute a picture in accordance with them, since it would have no foreground except the frame. Think of a picture without a foreground! It must be confessed that if Miéris did not know how to execute works upon a large scale, Lairesse did not know how to talk of pictures on a small one.

If we may judge by the portraits which Miéris has left us of himself, he had a handsome face, gay-looking, but the expression slightly sensual, a brilliant eye, a prominent mouth, overhung by a soft moustache worn in the style adopted by

nothing but her back, who has come to sit for her portrait, but her face appears on the canvas as in a mirror. Both the painter and the model are dressed with a richness and coquettishness which happily the graver is able to render almost with as much accuracy as the colours of the master himself, as may be seen by the example which we furnish (p. 32). Miéris is dressed in black velvet, with tight silk breeches of bright blue, fastened below the knees with garters ornamented by rosettes, and ribbon shoe-ties. Nothing can be more elegant or *recherché* than his appearance. Stultz could not surpass it. While the model is resting, a servant is bringing in refreshments. In another Miéris has evidently made him-

self rather the subject for a painting than the original of a portrait. It is evidently himself whom we see dressed as a trumpeter in the picture bearing that name. (See our engraving, p. 28.) This was, no doubt, executed to have the pleasure of painting himself in the magnificent uniform worn by the Spanish soldiers who were sent into the Low Countries to suppress the insurrection. The costume certainly is very picturesque. If the head were not in this instance full of life and vigour and intelligence, one would think that "The Trumpeter" was chosen merely for the display of a dashing uniform. A tight blue jacket, covered with trappings, and furnished with yellow sleeves, a mezzotint cap of the same colour as the jacket, green gaiters with golden fringes, and a sword with glittering hilt—such is the uniform. And whether Miéris exhibit himself in warlike panoply or by the side of his easel, he is still ever in the midst of luxury. All the objects which make up the learned confusion of a studio contend, we will not say for the spectator's attention, but for whatever of it he has to spare after having bestowed sufficient upon the principal figure. A violoncello resting against a piece of furniture, covered with a curtain, announces the fact, that the painter solaces his labours by occasional performances upon it.

One would imagine that if Miéris displayed in his house as much luxury and magnificence as he affects in his paintings, he would soon have been ruined, in spite of the high price which he put upon his works. Add to this, that owing to the extraordinary delicacy of finish which he bestowed upon all his pictures, he could execute comparatively a small number only, not to speak of the indolent habits which he acquired from his friend Steen. Accordingly we find in many works in which he is mentioned, and notably in the "Catalogue de Lorangère," by Gersaint, his conduct was anything but orderly. His habits were expensive, and involved him in a number of debts, for which he was several times put in prison. One of his creditors kept him there a long time, and when his friends urged him to paint something that would procure his release, he replied, "that the sight of the bar and the sound of the bolts rendered the imagination sterile." Gersaint travelled a good deal in Holland, and while there picked up much information regarding the painters; and it is, therefore, not unlikely that he learnt some of these details from Miéris' own friends. Certainly neither Houbraken nor Campo Weyermann make mention of this circumstance.

Francis Miéris died in 1681, at the age of forty-six, leaving two sons, John and William; the last of whom imitated his manner with considerable ability, and maintained the celebrity of the name. Francis exhausted life rapidly. As a painter his sentiment of the beautiful was lively; as a man he was ever tending towards the bad and degrading. He loved what was tasteful and distinguished, but lived in a public-house; he loved luxury and ruined himself by it. By dint of admiring Steen's wit, he came to imitate his joyous indolence, and his wicked and dishonest carelessness; laughing, glass in hand, at the amount of his debts. But in spite of this gross existence, Miéris always preserved enough love of the beautiful and elegant to impel him to the choice of fine features, delicate complexions, handsome heads, graceful attitudes, and tasteful dress, and those splendid fabrics which were indispensable in his painting, since he never dared to paint the naked figure.

It is not difficult to decide what rank Miéris should assume among painters of familiar scenes. The distinction between the various masters, Terburg, Metzu, Gerard Douw, and Miéris, consists rather in shades of talent than degrees of merit. If we examine them closely, we shall find that Miéris is rather below his three rivals. As compared to his master, Gerard Douw, he has, without doubt, a more brilliant colouring, and is more delicate than he in the common features. His celebrated picture, "The Strolling Tinker" in the Dresden Gallery, proves, beyond doubt, that he was able to give great delicacy to the most vulgar physiognomies. It is not easy to forget, when once seen, the expression on the face of this tinker, as he raises a kettle between him and the light, to enable him to see the cracks, with an air worthy of a

learned antiquary who is trying to decipher a precious manuscript, or to verify the enamelling of a piece of old armour, while the woman who owns the article stands at the door of her tavern, shaded by a vine-branch, and awaits the result of the investigation with anxious impatience. But though delicate as Douw, Miéris has not the same nobility and elevation of mind. He could never have painted pictures so full of pathos and simple dignity as "The Dropsical Woman," and "The Reading of the Bible." His works, in short, always make us desire more sentiment and less satire.

Miéris always ably availed himself of the resources of *chiaro-scuro* to subordinate the accessories, and give full prominence to the principal objects. He could soften down unpleasant details by great masses of shadow. He was skilled also in the proprieties of *chiaro-scuro*, if we may be allowed the expression; as, for example, when he painted a facile nymph buried in sleep, her head resting on cushions, and disclosing through her open corset a bosom of snowy whiteness, at the farther end of the room an old duenna, who is receiving money from a cavalier, with his hat pulled down over his eyes; he reserves all the light for the sleeping beauty, and casts the act of the old woman into the shade, as if he saw some connexion between the *chiaro-scuro* of morality and of art. But as regards touch, Terburg and Metzu seem to us superior to Miéris. Without doubt, the execution of the latter painter is valuable. He impresses his character on each object; he renders the flesh, the silk, the ermine, the velvet, the marble, the ebony, all the drapery, the substances, and it seems at first as if it was perfection itself. At the same time, if we compare Miéris with Terburg, and, above all, with Metzu, we perceive all at once that there is still a degree above merit of this sort.

We have stated that Miéris was, *par excellence*, the painter of the Dutch middle classes. Accordingly, many of his subjects are drawn from scenes in their life, and illustrate their costume and manners. "A Young Woman feeding her Parrot" (p. 29), now in the collection of Sir Robert Peel, is one of the best, and decidedly the most celebrated of this class. There is an air of pleasant and abstracted reverie about her face as she feeds her favourite. In the dress Miéris displays all his great powers of imitation. The painting first became celebrated as the "Red Corset."

In "The Philosopher," which we have engraved, Miéris gives evidence of a much higher kind of talent than he has displayed in his other works. In this the elaboration of details, though still carefully attended to, occupies only a secondary position. The main interest of the piece is centred in the principal figure. The old man's head is a fine expression of the idea of calm clear-headedness, of deep thought, and of a life far removed from the petty passions, tumults, and turmoil of the world without.

Finishing is not the great difficulty in painting, if we understand by this term the mixing of colours, and the polish obtained by patience and a scraper, the extreme care bestowed upon all the details, and a certain propriety of pencil which never errs through negligence or oversight. Many Dutch masters have given what was then called the *fine finish*; but the real finish is that which is not perceptible, giving the work the final touches without suffering the trouble bestowed on it to be visible—those expressive touches, we mean, which lend it an air of freedom and boldness. Finishing, in the right acceptance of the word, is rubbing out by a light, graceful, and eloquent touch that wearisome propriety, that solemn uniformity, as fatiguing for the spectator to see as for the painter to create. To finish is to give character to a plan, shading to an outline, and to the essentials of a painting—to the flat parts of the face, for example, or the rendering of a hand—that last emphasis which is life.

Considering that he lived only forty-six years, and finished all his works with extraordinary care, it was impossible that Miéris could have produced a great number. Smith, in his "Catalogue Raisonné" of the most eminent Dutch, Flemish, and French painters, enumerates one hundred and fifty-six works known to be Miéris'. We shall proceed to mention the

principal galleries and collections in Europe in which they are to be found.

In the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna.—“A Sick Girl,” a doctor feeling her pulse. Small figures as far as the knees, signed Franz Miéris, f. 1666.

“The Silkmercer”—of which we have previously spoken at length—a young woman exhibiting her wares, and a cavalier with his hand on her chin, signed F. Van Miéris, 1660. The Pinacotheca of Munich contains sixteen of Miéris' works, amongst which may be seen his portrait, in which he represents himself wearing a red cap with ostrich feathers; “A Lady playing with her Parrot, and another Lady with her Dog;” “A Breakfast of Oysters;” and, last of all, the celebrated painting known as “The Sick Woman,” one of his masterpieces. It represents a lady fainting away in the presence of her physician. This was a favourite subject with Miéris, as well as that of the woman with the parrot and dog.

In the Dresden Gallery we find twelve of this master's works. Of these we shall mention “Tempting Proposals,” a splendid work, to which we have already alluded at some length. This is sometimes called “The Teller of Good Fortune,” but from what we have said above it will be seen that this title is hardly appropriate. “The Tinker,” a composition containing several figures. “A Young Soldier smoking his Pipe.” “The Painter's Studio” (p. 32): in this Miéris is represented with a young lady, whose portrait appears on the canvas. Another “Painter's Studio:” in this the artist, with his palette in his hand, is standing beside a visitor showing him a picture which he has just commenced.

The Museum of Amsterdam.—“A Lady seated before a table writing, and a Servant awaiting her orders.” “A Lady playing the Guitar by lamplight.”

Royal Gallery at the Hague.—“Miéris and his Wife,” (p. 20). “Portrait of Horace Schuil,” Professor of Botany at Leyden. “A Child blowing soap bubbles.”

The Hermitage at St. Petersburg.—“The Dutch Rising,” a lady rising and playing with her little dog.

The Leuchtenburg Gallery.—“A Woman holding a cage open upon the table, and giving liberty to a bird.” “A Lady walking on a garden terrace,” accompanied by a cavalier, who holds his hat in his hand, and followed by a little dog; painted on wood, and signed F. Van Miéris, 1675: these two paintings have been etched by Muxel.

The Florence Gallery.—“The Sleeper,” “A Young Man with a Bottle,” “An Old Man offering Money to a Young Woman,” and a “Portrait of the Painter.”

The Montpellier Collection.—“The Pearl Stringer,” a young girl seated before a table covered with a rich cloth; to the left, in mezzotinto, a young waiting woman.

In the Louvre there are four of Miéris' works.

“A Lady at a Toilette waited upon by a Negress.” Under the Empire this was valued at 1,000 francs, under the Restoration it rose to 5,000.

“Two Ladies, dressed in satin, taking tea in an apartment ornamented with statues.” This is a painting of exquisite finish.

“The Interior of a Household.”

“Portrait of a Man,” signed Franz Miéris.

In Sir Robert Peel's collection, “A Young Woman feeding her Parrot” (p. 29), a work of great beauty, of which we give an engraving. It was purchased by Sir Robert for the sum of 305 guineas.

The Bridgewater Gallery.—“A Young Woman at her toilette, dressed in a blue satin jacket, and having her cap tied under her chin.”

“An Interior; a Girl laughing, and an Infant at her side.”

“Portrait of the Painter.” This is taken from the St. Victor and Pourtales collections. It is a little doubtful, however, inasmuch as the same painting appears at Munich, and Waagen makes no mention of it.

In the possession of Queen Victoria, in Buckingham Palace, there are four of Miéris' works.

“A Child playing Frolics,” dated 1663; a repetition of the painting which may be seen at the Hague.

“A Woman with a Parrot;” in this the same red corset appears which we see at Munich and in Sir Robert Peel's collection.

“A Smoker, and a Young Girl presenting him with a glass of water.” Figures half length.

“Miéris and his Wife.” The painter is pulling the ears of a little dog which his wife is holding on her knees; in the foreground is the mother of the animal. We have engraved this picture (p. 20).

Mr. T. Hope's collection.—“A Gentleman wearing a brown cap with blue feathers, in a coat of olive green;” before him is a bottle of wine, and a violin resting against the window. A young woman with her back to the spectator writes down the bill. The painting is dated 1660. This is one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the master.

Gallery of the Marquis of Bute at Sutton House.—“The Discovered Letter.” A mother reproaching her daughter, who stands in tears with a letter in her hand.

Miéris' drawings are very scarce. They are extremely delicate. There are some studies of heads, sketched with black lead, known to be his, executed with the utmost care. They are often washed in Indian ink; the truth of the flesh and the excellent rendering of the draperies are as remarkable in the drawings as in the paintings.

Miéris had under his tuition Peter Lermans, Karel de Moor, and his two sons, John and William Miéris; the last was known as the younger Miéris. In the last century, a grandson of Francis was still living, who had been the pupil of his father William, and who was the author of many works, a list of which he himself gave to Argenville, from whom we borrow it:—“A Description of the Episcopal Seals and Coins of the Bishops of Utrecht.”

“History of the Princes of the Houses of Bavaria, of Burgundy, and of Austria, who have reigned over the Low Countries,” 3 vols. folio; with more than a thousand medals drawn by the author from the originals.

“Chronicle of Holland,” Leyden, 1740—1744.

“Chronicle of Antwerp,” Leyden, 1743, 1744.

“Dissertations upon Feudal Law in Holland,” Leyden, 1748. 8vo.

“The Great Book of the Charters of the Counts of Holland,” Leyden, 1748. 8vo.

“The Great Book of the Charter of the Counts of Holland,” Leyden, 1753. 4 vols. folio.

“The Privileges and Customs of the Country of Delfsand.”

Great numbers of engravers have reproduced Miéris' works. Amongst those best known are—

Bary—“The Drunken Woman Asleep.”

Basan—“The Dutch Rising.” “The Dutch Breakfast.”

“The Lace-worker” of the old gallery of Bruhl. “The Fair Gardener.” “The Dutch Nap.”

Bloteling—“The Portrait of Miéris.”

Greenwood has engraved “The Portraits of Miéris and his Wife, and the Little Dog,” in the same style.

Igonnet—“The Flemish Market-woman.”

Migneret—“A young Girl giving alms.”

Haid—“The Trumpeter awaiting orders,” a painting in the Burghauss collection. “The Surgeon,” in the Kieson collection at Augsburg.

Villain—“The young Man with Bottle,” in the Florence Gallery.

Wille has engraved us one of Miéris' works, “The Dutch Knitter,” which, however, has been attributed to Kelscher. “The Absent Observer,” from the Paten Cabinet, which we have engraved: a boy looking out of a window at something passing outside with an abstracted expression. “The Dutch Cook.”

In England, it has been more than once observed, there are rarely large sales of pictures—an evidence of national prosperity which has seldom been remarked. There can be no surer sign of increasing wealth and stability, than the immobility of moveable property. To obtain any idea of the market value of pictures, therefore, we are obliged to resort to the great continental sales, where the overthrow of proud houses

will shortly be adopted, for sums not exceeding five pounds. But for the example set by Captain Chisholm in forwarding remittances to this country, and the great success attending his efforts, this arrangement would probably never have been entered into.

In this sketch of Mrs. Chisholm's labours, we have been obliged to limit ourselves to a mere glance at her numerous practical endeavours. To enter into details would fill a goodly volume. In the spring of next year, the subject of our sketch will embark for Australia, which may justly be termed the country of her adoption, and whose people will no doubt one day do homage to the genius and philanthropy of their foster-mother. But in proportion as Australia will be benefited by her presence, so will English emigrants of every grade (but working people's wives and daughters especially), find that they have lost the kindly aid of one whose place it will be difficult indeed to fill. The testimonial at present in course of subscription will doubtless prove that Englishmen can duly appreciate her worth, but English women can never sufficiently reward their champion in every position in which it has been Mrs. Chisholm's lot to find them placed. Thanks to that enterprising lady, English mothers can now safely trust their young and innocent daughters in ships for Australia, without any fear of their falling, as too many have before now, an easy prey to bad, designing men.

As many of our readers would doubtless deem this account incomplete without a sketch of Mrs. Chisholm "at home," we will very briefly describe, in his own words, the visit of a friend in June of last year, just before the departure of the "Scindian," "Frances Walker," and "Nepaul," freighted with the society's emigrants.

"The exterior of Mrs. Chisholm's residence at Islington was unprepossessing as bricks and mortar could possibly make it. Street architecture was evidently in its infancy when Charlton-crescent was thrown together—not built. An assemblage of humbly-clad but clean-looking persons saved us the trouble of seeking the particular house we wanted. It had no distinguishing feature from its neighbours, save that the street-door was adorned with a very small brass plate, inscribed 'Captain Chisholm,' which had evidently done years of good service in the East on some bullock-trunk or travelling-chest. Such an unpretending name-plate would be repudiated by most suburban residents of the present 'fast' school, even for their carpet-bag during their annual week's vacation at Gravesend or Margate. The passage was crowded with intending emigrants, each more eager than the other for an interview with the object of our visit. After considerable jostling and squeezing, we at length contrived to send up our name by a venerable female attendant, who expressed a fervent wish that we 'might see her missus that night,' but she was sure she didn't know *when*! Our fair companion's curiosity was, of course, awakened at this aspect of affairs, and she, at any rate, resolved not to be disappointed. 'Patience is a virtue,' and we had a tolerable lesson in its acquirement. At its termination we were ushered up the narrow uncarpeted stairs into the audience-chamber upon the first floor. We had been at many 'receptions,' but this was the strangest of them all. Mrs. Chisholm was seated behind a large sea-chest, raised upon a couple of benches. The chest was covered with writing materials and baggage-papers, which she was distributing to the various emigrants, whilst at the same time answering every possible inquiry, and endeavouring to satisfy almost every impossible complaint. After witnessing for five minutes what Mrs. Chisholm had to endure, we felt heartily ashamed at having lost our patience on the stairs. The room (but dimly lighted by two or three candles hung in tin candlesticks against the wall) was furnished with a model of the sleeping-berths allotted to emigrants on board the society's ships. Though doubtless very well adapted for the purpose intended, their appearance certainly did not imbue us with a desire immediately to seek

and repose in our own time-honoured four-poster. Attached to the sides of these sleeping-berths were sundry utensils required by those indulging in a voyage to the antipodes, such as tin plates, hook-pots, and water-cans. These were evidently constructed by some one having most severe notions of economy, combined with a vast regard for durability. One of the bed-places was occupied by a filter, snugly ensconced in a wicker-basket of snowy whiteness, looking altogether so provokingly cozy and comfortable by comparison with its neighbours, that it almost seemed to say, 'Won't you find me useful, my friends?' A model emigrants' medicine-chest, made of plain deal wood, unencumbered with all decoration save a printed label, together with a life-buoy, 'capable of sustaining seven persons,' complete alike the ornaments and utilities of the room.

"The 'group-meeting' over, and the emigrants dismissed, we were (at ten o'clock at night) favoured with a private interview by the Emigrants' Friend—for such, indeed, is Mrs. Chisholm. Most of our readers have doubtless seen many portraits of this lady. We have not had the good fortune to see more than one good likeness—poor Fairland's lithograph from Hayter's painting. To describe a lady's personal appearance is an ungracious task at best, and we will therefore not attempt it save in a negative manner. Those of our readers who have seen Mrs. Chisholm depicted (by a certain enthusiastic artist, as yet, happily, unknown to fame) as being mounted on a coal-black steed, attired in an elegant riding-habit (with the prescribed length and insufficiency of waist), and with her whip beckoning her emigrants across a colonial river, in a decidedly 'Come on!' style of attitude, worthy of Astley's best tableaux,* may rest perfectly assured that they do not, from such a picture, form a very accurate notion of the Emigrants' Friend, as she really appears when rendering them assistance. Let them imagine a sedate, matronly lady, with eyes well set under a very capacious forehead—orbs that seem to 'look you through' whilst addressing you—and withal a fascinating manner which at once seizes upon you, and induces you to prolong your stay, and they will have a tolerable portrait of Mrs. Chisholm. After a very brief interview, we took our leave, convinced that we had seen by no means the least remarkable personage of these practical and wonder-working times."

Although future English emigrants will shortly be deprived of Mrs. Chisholm's counsel before they quit their native shores, still the results of her labours will remain. These results have been obtained in despite of an opposition such as few would be willing to contend against—an opposition that could only have been defeated by one who was prepared to bring into the contest the same amount of stern determination, unflinching industry, and disinterested philanthropy, as Mrs. Chisholm. But it is the women of England who should ever bless her name, for many indeed are the almost broken hearts of the gentler sex that have been healed by her. Mothers have been united to children whom they hardly dared to hope ever again to see in this life; wives have joined their husbands, after years of painful separation; and scores of British maidens, shielded alike from injury and insult during the long sea voyage, have been safely deposited at their brothers' Australian firesides. These facts should not, and we feel assured will not, be speedily forgotten. Whilst they are remembered, then also will the woman be borne in mind by whose undaunted energy such glorious results were achieved. Every English parent, for ages yet to come, whose children, either from necessity or inclination, may be induced to seek the Australian shores, will have good reason to bless the day when emigration was reformed, its glaring and infamous abuses remedied, and its difficulties and dangers lessened, by the energetic genius and daring moral courage of CAROLINE CHISHOLM.

* A picture recently published in a panoramic form, entitled, "Adventures of Mrs. Chisholm," contains the above portrait. This singular production has been sold by thousands both in London and the northern provincial towns of England.

'A life on the ocean wave,'

but rather strengthened our determination

'To take our stand on solid land,'

Song Interrupted;" a lady in a morning dress of red velvet, holding a music-book upon her knees, another figure offering her a glass of wine. Price £112.

Clos sale, 1812. "A Young Girl brought back by a Gipsy Woman." She is on her knees asking pardon of her mother; her father is in the background. Price £88.

Leprieux sale, 1817. "The Registrar Fagel," a painting mentioned by Descamps. Price £64.

Erard sale, 1832. "A Young Lady studying a Piece of

of pearls in her hair. From the famous Braamkamp collection at Amsterdam; also purchased by M. Demidoff for £200.

Perregaux sale, 1841. "The Song Interrupted." This painting, which we have just seen figuring in the Solirens sale, where it brought only £112, in 1841 rose to £880.

Giroux sale, 1851. "A Young Lady," elegantly dressed, and holding a mandolin in her hand, offering bread to a spaniel; beside her a gentleman leaning on a table covered with a rich cloth. Price £42.



DIVERTED ATTENTION. FROM A PAINTING BY MIERIS.

Music." A mandolin lies before her on a table decorated with sculpture. She wears a satin robe, but without neckerchief or head-dress. Price £69.

The Duchess de Berri's sale, 1837. "Portrait of a Magistrate," half-length, beneath a peristyle, through which appears the entrance to a park. This was purchased by M. Demidoff for £240. "The Lady of Quality." She is descending a staircase, which leads to the avenue of a park. She is dressed in white satin, with red ribbons and loose trimmings; a cluster

The following are facsimiles of Mieris' monograms and signatures:—



F. van Mieris
Fran Mieriz
1675

COPPER-PLATE ENGRAVING.

ENGRAVING is an art essentially popular. It diffuses the beauties of painting without lessening them. It prevents their remaining exclusively in the possession of the wealthy and the fortunate, and places them within the reach of the poorest. It elevates the masses by making them participate in the ennobling thoughts which arise out of the contemplation of the masterpieces of great minds. What printing has done for science, engraving has done for art. These two splendid discoveries, which have shed abroad beauty and enlightenment, ideas and forms, have this peculiarity—that we cannot conceive them separate, and that they seem to be born, if we may use the expression, of one another. Thus printing, which seems to owe its origin to wood engraving, in its turn produced engraving on metals, by the facilities which it exhibited for the production of prints.*

There are several kinds of engraving: copper-plate, etching, aqua-tinta, dotted, stippling, outline; but it is copper-plate engraving alone which may be called classical; and with it we shall occupy ourselves here.

Most people know that copper-plate engraving consists in cutting the copper with a sharp instrument called the *graver*, or *burin*, and thus tracing upon it clean, regular, and divided lines, which, on being impressed on paper, after receiving a coating of ink, not only produce the sum of black and white sketched in the drawing, but, by their direction, their turn, their form, their thickness or attenuation, indicate the character of the objects they represent—the shading and morbidezza of the flesh, the polish of metal, the softness of drapery, the airy lightness of feathers, the weight and hardness of marble. Stroke engraving, or rather the art of taking proof impressions from engraved steel or copper-plates, only dates from about the middle of the fifteenth century; and it is somewhat surprising that the ancients, who understood die-sinking and cutting reliefs both on stone and metal so well, should never have thought of taking impressions of their works upon paper, or parchment, or papyrus. What treasures would have come down to us if the art of engraving had been known in the time of Pericles! Although its origin is rather obscure, it appears to be tolerably well ascertained that engraving, or rather the idea of printing engravings, first saw the light in the workshop of a Florentine goldsmith, Maso Finiguerra, who first learned to take impressions from *niello*—that is, of the little ornaments placed on gold and silver plate by stamping; but the word *niello* properly signifies *black enamel* (*nigellum*), which was melted and poured into the hollows of the engraving, to make them stand in higher relief.

There are many curious stories told of the origin of the invention. According to one, a laundress, having by chance placed some wet linen upon a vessel which Finiguerra had just engraved, was surprised to find on removing it that it bore a distinct impression of the ornaments upon which it had been resting, and upon her master's hearing of it, it furnished him with the key to the new branch of art, that of taking impressions of engravings. We say of taking impressions, because there is no doubt that the art of engraving, of damascening, of inlaying, was known to the ancients; and previously to his discovery, Finiguerra himself, according to Vasari, had engraved for the church of St. John the Baptist, at Florence, little figures of the Passion upon those silver patens, then called *peaces*, because upon them the faithful bestowed the kiss of peace at religious festivals. In the year 1452, also, the same year in which Guttenberg and Faust printed their first Latin Bible at Mayence, Finiguerra having engraved the *peaces* of which we have just spoken, and wishing to ascertain the state of his plate, having poured the *niello* upon it, took an impression of it with plaster, in accordance with the usual custom of goldsmiths. Upon this plaster, the lines of which were in relief, he poured sulphur, and in the hollows of the sulphur he passed smoke black, which produced the same outward appearance as *niello*.*

* Of *niello* some account is given in the ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR AND MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. i. p. 200, when describing a vase in that style now in the British Museum.

But in order that he might see the effect upon a clearer ground, and thus judge of it better, he bethought him of taking proofs upon moist paper, as was the custom with engravers on wood. This experiment was repeated with more durable ink upon the silver paten as the work advanced, and the impressions thus obtained were the first engravings. One of these proofs, a relic of inestimable value, is preserved in the Cabinet des Estampes in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, where it was discovered about half a century ago, by the Abbé Zani, who, after diligent research and careful comparison, at last put his hand upon the earliest productions of the art.*

He also found by a happy accident that the *peaces* engraved and enamelled by Finiguerra for St. John's Church at Florence were still there, as also the register in which the sum paid to the artist is recorded, and which enabled him to fix the date of the work with accuracy—1452. There are extant, also, besides this proof on paper in the Cabinet des Estampes, two proofs in sulphur, which belonged to the famous amateurs, Serrati and Durazzo, so that there is no gap in our knowledge regarding this curious process.

The invention had hardly issued from the laboratory of its author, when it began to spread abroad; but still its progress was not rapid. The *peaces* of Finiguerra were remarkable for beauty of execution, delicacy of outline, and the expression of the figures, to the number of forty-two, symmetrically grouped according to the usage of the time, and representing the "Assumption of the Virgin." But Baldini and Sandro Boticello, to whom Finiguerra first confided the results of his discovery, were slow in following it up. The plates which the two artists produced, and which were drawn by Boticello and engraved by Baldini, representing principally scenes in Dante's "Divina Comedia," bear all the marks of inexperience and simplicity. Nevertheless, at the same time that Italy produced engraving, Martin Schongauer, a painter and goldsmith, and a native of Culmbach, in Germany, about the year 1460, produced some pieces displaying the utmost finish and delicacy, and great firmness and clearness in the lines,—and altogether so admirable, that it was almost certain that these were not the first results of the kind obtained in Germany; and their beauty has been adduced as a proof that Germany, and not Italy, was entitled to the honour of having first produced the new art.

The second half of the fifteenth century saw a number of engravers appear, who, with better materials and greater experience, would have risen to sublimity. We do not here speak of Pollajuolo only, who foreshadowed historical engraving in those large plates in which he imitated the easy play of the brush; but, above all, of Andrew Montegna, who, with a process which was still but rudimentary, revived the Greek style in those gems of his which breathe all the fragrant odour of antiquity. The truth is, however, that the glories of engraving did not begin until the sixteenth century, the age in which Albert Durer, Lucas de Leyden, and Mark Antony flourished. If we take, for example, the engraving of "St. Jerome," we must acknowledge that in it Albert Durer has pushed both variety and precision to their limits. What originality, what harmony, what delicacy there is in every line of this work, though traced more than three centuries ago! A bright light enters by two glass windows into the anchorite's chamber, and throws the trembling shadow of the frame upon the embrasures. The saint, whose head displays great character, is seated before his pulpit, and appears buried in the study of the Scriptures. A multitude of objects enter into the composition, and yet, for the first time perhaps, each of them preserves its own physiognomy. A fir plank is rendered with marvellous truth. A lion and a fox crouching in the foreground are treated in such a manner as to express well the fine hair of the one, and the coarse and shaggy covering of the other. The lines are throughout delicate and close without meagreness, and so drawn as to mark the perspective, the form, and the nature of the thing delineated; and the copper is cut with a

* The history of this discovery of Zani may be found in a work which he published at Parma, in 1802, entitled, "Materiali per servire alla storia dell' Incisione in rame e in legno."

clearness and propriety which charm the eye. We might mention a great many other works of the same master, in which we know not which to admire most—the gloomy and fantastic genius which has suggested them, or the exquisite feeling which presided at their execution:—"The Armoury with the Death's Head," "The Cavalier and the Lady," and "Melancholy," in which, without mentioning the sublimity of the thought, he has so happily rendered substances so different—the polish of metals, the lightness of feathers, the hair of a sleeping dog; "The Prodigal Son," so remarkable by the exquisite rendering of the swine eating from the trough; "The Arms with Cock's Head," which in execution are perhaps amongst the highest efforts of art; "The Satyr," in which he has displayed so much talent in landscape; "St. Hubert;" and lastly, the "Death's Horse," all unite, numberless but different beauties, and the proofs of them, already so scarce, will soon be priceless.

As an engraver, Durer failed in aerial perspective. Lucas of Leyden, his contemporary, was the first who rightly applied its principles to the practice of the new art. From the age of fifteen he engraved with facility etchings on copper-plate—compositions admirable not only for richness of arrangement and the expression of the figures, but also for the distribution of the light; and he first discovered the method of indicating the respective distances of objects by greater lightness or heaviness of touch. In valuable engravings, such as the "Ecce Homo," "Jesus on the Cross," "The Prodigal Son," in which great delicacy of execution is combined with the charming simplicity of the gothic style, Lucas gives some lessons that painters themselves might learn with profit. "The varied colours of painting," says Vasari, "could hardly display in the different stages of a picture so much harmony and truth." During this time Mark Antony, although so fascinated by Durer's engravings as to be tempted to imitate them, attacked the designs which he purposed reproducing, whether his own or those of Raphael, with a ruder and more robust hand. Far from seeking to render, by nice or curious labour, the character of each object, the lightness of the hair for instance, the variety of dress and drapery, the softness of ermine, the brilliancy of steel, he contented himself with carrying the shade in great thick masses to the edge of the light, suppressing all minor tints, and scattering over the plate large patches of pure white, which gave the work an appearance of bold and energetic relief, and produced a very powerful effect. When applied to admirable designs, which could easily dispense with the niceties which Lucas de Leyden and Albert Durer introduced into the accessories, this decided manner of Mark Antony dealing with a few forms of almost godlike beauty, was the means of introducing into the history of art one of its most brilliant phases, and at the same time first showed the capital importance of good drawing to the engraver.

Before passing to the most flourishing periods in the history of the art, we must not forget to name here those wonderful artists known as *little masters*;—Albert Aldorfer, so clever in wood-engraving, Jacob Binck, Sebald Beham, George Pens, and Theodore de Bry, who put so much character, so much grandeur, and so much pure and masculine drawing into their diminutive works. Side by side with Lucas de Leyden, Durer, and Mark Antony, or rather under their influence, there grew up a school of engraving in the Low Countries, the principal members of which were Dietrich, Van Staren, the Breughels, Jerome Cock; in Italy, Mark of Ravenna, the favourite pupil of Marcus Antonius, Augustino Venetiano, Eneas Vicus, Martin, who attempted to engrave on a small scale the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo, &c.

The second half of the sixteenth century witnessed several important revolutions in the art of engraving. A Dutchman who went to Venice to study painting was fortunate enough to labour under the eyes of Titian himself in reproducing the works of that great master. Colour was born of itself under his graver by the breadth, the freedom, the swelling or attenuation of the lines, or some strongly marked touch, or by able distribution of the light. Then came Augustino

Carrachi, who, surpassing Cornelius Cort, whose pupil he was, executed real pictures with the graver, principally the "Virgin appearing to St. Jerome," after Tintoretto, an admirable work, the proofs of which are now very scarce, and which would almost lead us to believe that engraving had even then reached its limits. Augustino was, however, an exception. If painting could ever inspire engravers with a taste for richness of tone and finish, it would be the painting of the Venetian colourists, Giorgione, the Palmi, Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese; and it must nevertheless be acknowledged that in the engravings which were made of them, the prominent characteristics of these great masters were not preserved. The air and expression of the head were no doubt faithfully rendered, but the general effect of the picture was lost; that is to say, the effect produced by the relation of tones and the distribution of light and dark colours. The time was not yet come in which the Wostermans and the Bolswerts, inspired by the genius of Rubens, invented a complete gamut of hues between pure white and extreme black.

It was reserved for Rubens to give engraving its last and greatest impulse. This extraordinary man, of whom it might so truly be said that *nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*, and who seemed to display equal ability in all branches of art, personally directed the labour of Pontius Wostermann, the two Bolswerts, Witduck, Peter de Jode, and taught them that proper colour contributes to the general effect of the chiaroscuro, because a light colour carries with it a mass of light, a dark colour a mass of shade. He taught them that they should not neglect local tone, which in his own paintings always played so prominent a part. He showed them, for instance, that Naples yellow, being a lighter colour than cinnabar, should be rendered in the engraving by a high stage of white. From this arose the colourist engravers, and a complete revolution in the art. Pontius and Wostermann became warmer and more brilliant, and instead of showing outlines by a stroke merely, they merged them in the surrounding objects. Sometimes they revealed the colour by scattering here and there large lights, and at others by vigorous and bold lines. Sometimes, even, when the graver wrought in obedience to strong feeling, it imitated the picturesqueness of etching. Bolswert was passionately fond of painting, and followed all the movements of the muscles, the form of the bones, and varied folds of drapery. As soon as the unbroken line became unsuitable, he substituted rough fragments of lines, and rows of dots and points; and by degrees, as he became more and more inspired by the fire of his model, he tarnished his work without hesitation, confused it, and made it contradictory by bold, firm touches, always intent not upon the graces of the burin, but the beauties of the plate.

The art had not yet reached its perfection, when, and in Germany above all, it began to manifest symptoms of decline. Henry Goltzius, an engraver of great talent, would have carried it to perfection, if perfection had consisted in the dexterous management of the burin. What boldness, what lightness, and yet what energy there was in his style! Unfortunately, however, his exploits in the use of the graver led him to neglect more important matters. He was a mannered imitator of Michael Angelo, sufficiently skilled in anatomy, but too fond of showing it, and being devoid of taste he gives to all the painters whom he copies his own stiff and barbarous style. He could never bring himself to represent the drawing, style, and expression of the painting he was reproducing. He forgot the character of the original, and became intent only upon showing his own dexterity. This great master—for great master undoubtedly he was, but he set a very bad example—had taken the mechanism of art for art itself. John Müller, his pupil, carried the audacity of engraving to the highest degree, and at the same time the great defect of long parallel lines. Lucas Kilian, agreeable in his little works, exhibits the same vanity and the same defects in his larger ones. These two artists, following the example of their master, often employ but a single cutting, and this gives their works an agreeable transparency; but as soon as

great masters of the school. At a later period, to preserve the established forms from the influences of time or caprice or fashion, a monk named Denys collected the acknowledged and established principles of the school, and compiled them in a code. His manuscript was distributed through the various convents and carefully copied, and thenceforward became the text-book of the painters; and so powerful has been its influence, that it is impossible to fix the date of a Byzantine painting by its style. So closely have its rules been attended to, through a long lapse of time, so intimate, too, has been the connexion between Greek painting and the Greek worship, that the former has everywhere followed in the march of the priests, and we find it prevailing almost to the exclusion of every other in Russia, in Greece, in Asia Minor, and in the regions bordering on Mount Sinai, where Greek convents are numerous. The church, Aghia Labra, contains the best specimens of it extant. The cupola is entirely occupied by a colossal figure of Christ, with that air of purity and dignity which the painters of the Renaissance have adopted. The complexion is *straw-coloured*, as the monks there express; one hand is extended towards St. John, as if in the act of instructing, and the other is laid on his heart. The hair is fair, but the beard is black, as also the eyebrows, which give the half-closed eyes an air of mingled simplicity, sweetness, and firmness. The Byzantine artists indicated the importance of the personage they painted by the size of the figure. The saints increase in height as they increase in holiness, while Christ is taller than them all by the head and shoulders.

At the base of the cupola stand a row of archangels in shining robes, holding huge sceptres in their hands, surmounted by images of the Redeemer. The brilliant colours of their garments stand in dazzling contrast to the sombre black of the ground, and in their faces and attitudes there is an air of lofty, calm majesty. Over their heads an innumerable multitude of cherubs flutter round Christ as a centre, and as if typifying the spirits of the blest, they seem to grow more and more ethereal the nearer they approach him. There is nothing human in their figures except the head. The rest is composed of a great number of wings, pointing in every direction, and looking like stars in the deep blue firmament of the vault above; while on a golden ground, and on a grand scale, the image of Christ looks down from the midst of them all, so that in whatever part of the building the worshipper kneels, he seems to have his eye upon him.

The pendentives represent the four evangelists writing at the dictation of an apostle, and the walls of the rest of the church are covered with subjects drawn from the Old or New Testament. On the two arms of the cross we see the saints of the church militant, who shook off the dust of the schools, and defended their faith on the fields of force, standing upright upon a black ground, in an attitude of vigilant repose. The churches of the other convents present precisely the same aspect, though on a more diminutive and less perfect scale, in accordance with the Medo-Persian laws of the Byzantine school, which treated all subjects in the same manner, with the same figures, in the same attitudes. Towards the end of the principal nave, to the left, appears a painting with an inscription, now illegible, evidently representing one of the Latin chiefs of the Crusades, who fixed their abode in Greece on their return from the Holy Land. His head-dress is that of the Merovingian kings, and his robe, as well as his crown, is sprinkled with *fleurs-de-lis*, and in his hands he holds a model representation of the façade of a church, probably of one which owed its existence to his pious munificence; in front of him appears his son, wearing the same costume.

Under the external portico we find figures of the ancient *asceti*, or anchorites, in an attitude of prayer, who, in imitation of the fathers of the desert, lived in grottoes and caverns in the mountain side. They appear to have been reduced to the last extremity of hunger, and are clothed in a simple and primitive garment of leaves, while their beard descends almost to their knees. Beside them an inscription informs us, "Such was the life of these anchorites." These ascetics themselves travelled from convent to convent, painting those vivid repre-

sentations of their own unhappy lives, and also sculptured numerous little crucifixes in wood, many of which are still preserved.

The monks attribute the paintings which adorn the church of Aghia Labra to a brother of their order, named Manuel Panselinos (*the moon in all its splendour*), but they are unable to say at what period he lived. The figures are executed in fresco, in very low relief, which disappears at the distance of the floor; the tone is very light, and certainly betrays no attempt at imitation, and the whole is rather coloured than painted. Fresco-painting is very ancient, and is not due to the Byzantine school, but to a Roman artist, named Ludius, who, in the reign of Augustus, substituted it for the encaustic.

The only means of arriving at a near estimate of the date of these works, is by comparing them with others of the same character in Italy, the date of which is known. They may be safely referred in chronological order, we should think, to the mosaics of Santa Pudenziana, executed at Rome in the second century of the Christian era, in which the artist, with his pagan notions still running in his head, has given Christ the features of Jupiter; and those of St. Paul outside the walls of St. John of Lateran, in the fourth century, a period in which the Byzantine art shared in the complete triumph of Christianity. The parallel might be followed out in several instances of a still later date, did our space permit.

Compared with the Italian mosaics, the Byzantine art resembles them in the amplitude of outline of those which certainly belong to the earlier periods of the Christian era, when Greek art was still in its prime. This amplitude disappeared totally after the ninth century, and was not seen again till the period of the Renaissance, and the return to antique forms was plainly due to Michael Angelo. So that we must either attribute these Byzantine paintings at Aghia Labra to a very early date, or suppose them to have been executed since the Renaissance under the influence of the Vasari school. The latter supposition is, however, inadmissible, owing to the historical accuracy displayed in the rendering of the details. The armour, the little chains, the helmets, all warrant us in believing that the artist was the contemporary of the knights and nobles whom he represents, and whom he must have seen at the court of the Paleologi and the Comneni. The perfect state of preservation in which the works appear is accounted for by the fact, that Mount Athos has remained intact for ages from all political storms and agitations.

The mode of instruction in painting pursued by the monks, whatever be its effectiveness, has certainly the merit of extreme simplicity. Those of the pupils who exhibit most ability are placed on a platform behind those who have been promoted to the rank of masters, and there watch them while at work. After a few years of this, they are themselves permitted to practise. Before commencing, the wall is entirely laid bare, and then covered with a coating of plaster, which is carefully smoothed by the trowel. The ablest of the monastic artists then indicates to his subordinate the nature of the design to be executed, the size of the principal figure or figures, and the legend which is to accompany it. The latter then sketches the outline in a brownish-red, and hands the brush to one still less advanced, who gives the figure some local tones, and makes some attempt at shading. The finishing is done by the same hand which traces the outline, but the execution is in most instances extremely rude.

It is a trite remark, that there is no unmixed evil under the sun; and yet this is a truth which, like many others equally obvious, is too often lost sight of by hasty disputants and headstrong innovators. The subject of which we have been treating supplies a case in point. Nothing is more common than to hear people denounce the monastic system as an unmitigated curse to society. Convents are described as mere nests of corruption, or, at best, cradles of absurd superstition, and monks as lazy worthless drones, whose existence is scarcely to be tolerated. Yet, from what has been stated above, it appears they may be, and history tells us they have been, of great service to literature and art, not to mention their many deeds of charity.

relief, and force, not to be found anywhere except perhaps in Vandyke's etchings. Jonas Suyderhoef, also, neglecting the cold regularity of lines, and occupied solely with painting his engravings, if we may use the expression, scratched and nibbled his plates, and reproduced the impastments and proud retouched lights of Rembrandt, the free manner of Huls, the touch of Ostade; whilst another artist, also superior to acquired rules, Wenceslaus Hollar, imitated with the fine point of the burin and with etching, splendid plates much sought after by amateurs, and the finest of which represent churches,

skilful and bold style which has since made his works classical. He was a man of genius, possessing in the highest degree both ability in drawing and skill in cutting, the art and the dexterity of hand; he expresses in different ways the various beauties of Raphael, of Leonardo da Vinci, of Correggio, of Philip de Champagne, of Guido, of Lebrun, and of Jouvenet, and from the manner in which he translates the qualities of these great masters, one would imagine that he possessed them himself. What a fine time for engravers! While Rembrandt shut himself up in his studio, there to



A YOUNG WOMAN FEEDING HER PARROT. FROM A PAINTING BY MIERIS.

landscapes, animals, furs, insects—for instance, "Antwerp Cathedral," "Westminster Abbey," "Hunting," "Fishing," after Barlowe, "The Dead Mole," "The Hare," "The Muffs."

The seventeenth century was a brilliant era in the history of engraving. In it Cornelius Bloemart displayed talent previously unknown in managing the insensible transition from strong light to deep shade, and varying the tones according to the distance of the plans. In it Gerard Edelinck, invited to France by the great Colbert, taught there that

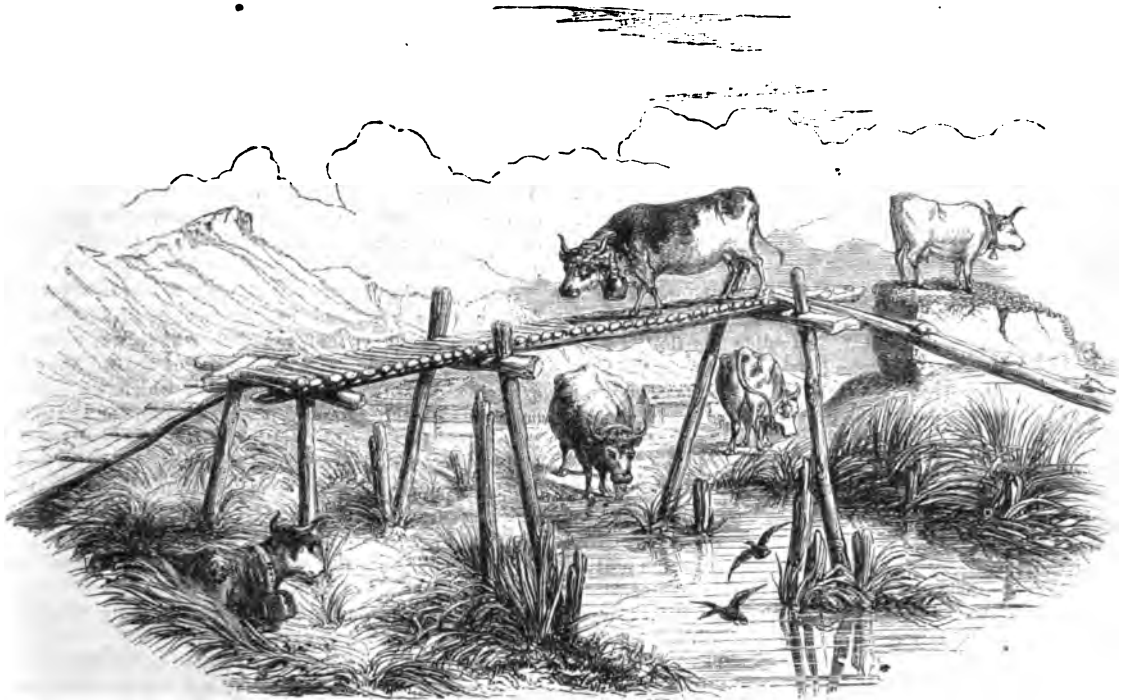
dream over his mysterious and fantastic etchings, and while Prince Rupert, the nephew of Charles I., made his debut in the manipulation of the mezzotinto, of which it might be said he was the second inventor, copper-plate engraving pursued its slow and solemn march. Nanteuil, with a correct, ingenious, and delicate hand, gave a second life to the portraits of all the great men of that great age—made intellect, benevolence, and dignity shine out through their eyes—made their mouths breathe and smile, folded their collars neatly, and curled their flowing hair. Masson renewing, and even going

where he has just left his family. He can still see the smoke issuing from the roof, and thinks how they will miss him at the frugal meal. But he proceeds on his way, and now the projections of the rocks shutting out these cherished objects from his view, he finds himself alone with his flocks among the grand and towering Alps.

The athletic man, represented on the opposite page, carries upon his broad shoulders his household furniture, holding in one hand his milk-pail, in the other a thick staff, pointed with iron, upon which he leans, and which would be a formidable weapon in his powerful hand. A large basket on his back contains his milk-strainer, some straw, a one-legged milking-stool, a cheese mould, the stand on which the cheeses are placed

to drain, and the great kettle in which the milk is collected, heated, and made into curds.

The Swiss herdsman's is, in reality, not so idle a life as it is often described to be; he has to collect eighty or ninety cows twice a day to be milked, many of which have often strayed away in different directions. Besides this he has to make the cheese, and keep all his utensils scrupulously clean. Hardy, robust, and indefatigable, inured to exposure from earliest childhood, his weather-beaten frame is indifferent to the vicissitudes of climate. He is wild, uncultivated, and ignorant of the usages of other people, but simple and uncontaminated by the vices, unfortunately, too common among the labouring population of most other districts.



PASTURES OF THE VALLEY OF MEYRINGEN.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER XI.

"Les lagunes offrirent alors le singulier spectacle d'une troupe se hasardant sur des barques construites avec des debris de maisons, et qu'on était obligé de soulever pour les faire passer par-dessus une enceinte de pieux; les Génois, tantôt dans l'eau, tantôt dans leur bateaux, et l'infanterie de Zeno s'avancant dans ces marais pour les charger."—*Daru.*

"Come, bring forth the prisoners."—*Richard III.*

It was a spectacle worthy of the hand of a painter to commemorate, or of a historian to describe—that moment when Zeno directed the attention of the Venetian army to the strange flotilla moving slowly downwards from Chioggia. The cheers and shouting which a moment before ran along the camp were now hushed to the profoundest silence. The tumultuous mass of troops, partially armed, in all variety of costumes, and speaking in different dialects and tongues, surging like the waves of the sea when the wind drives them to and fro, were now motionless and mute as that sea in a summer calm. They gazed in speechless astonishment at this evidence of a sudden and desperate courage on the part of the Genoese, and felt that a deadly struggle was near at hand. The general felt that the crisis was at hand, and promptly and skilfully he availed himself of it.

"Look, soldiers," exclaimed Zeno, "while ye are wasting

your energies in causeless complaints, the prize of all our toils, that which should crown our patient perseverance, is about to escape from us. See, the Genoese are bearing away all their riches, the spoil which should soon have been yours by the right of war—the pillage which I would have given to you when we should enter Chioggia. But it is not yet too late. The admiral will aid us. See, he is ready." And pointing to where the Venetian fleet lay, he showed them Pisani steadily bearing down so as at the same time to intercept the vessels of the Genoese admiral, Muraffo, from forming a junction with the rafts, and to prevent the latter getting out of the lagunes.

The words of the general, added to the sight which the troops beheld, produced a change in the feelings of the soldiers as sudden as it was complete. They felt that if they now refused to act cordially under the command of the

delicacy of their skin. The square which expresses hardness must be avoided, as also the lozenge. In general, flesh should be produced by dots; that of men by long dots, such as are put at the end of lines or lozenges, intermingled with round

that the thickness of the coating of wax deceives, from some cause or other, it sometimes happens that when the plate is duly bitten, in spite of all the regularity observed, they come out badly arranged, and if any attempt be made to set them



THE PAINTER'S STUDIO. FROM A PAINTING BY MIERIS.

dots, and that of women with round dots, prepared by etching, in order to avoid that rough labour produced by elongated dots. "The dots," says Abraham Bosse, "should be arranged like bricks in a wall; above all, great order and regularity should be observed in disposing them, for whether it is

right with the graver, the flesh will appear as if covered with some cutaneous eruption." When the aquafortis produces them in the right place, however, and they are afterwards mingled with the long dots produced by the burin, the effect is excellent.

MRS. CAROLINE CHISHOLM.

THE lady whose portrait adorns this number of our publication was born at Northampton, in May, 1808. Mr. Jones, her father, belonged to that respectable class of yeomen of whom England has for centuries had reason to be proud. At an early age the subject of this sketch had to deplore her father's loss, and thenceforth she was indebted to the example and

When about twenty-five years of age, Caroline Jones was married to Captain Archibald Chisholm, a native of Scotland, in the East India Company's military service. It was for a long time imagined that Mrs. Chisholm's husband was connected with the navy, and even now that notion prevails very generally; but it is quite a mistake. This error has doubtless



PORTRAIT OF MRS. CHISHOLM.

energy of her maternal parent for many of those characteristics which have so singularly marked her career, and placed her in the first rank among the practical reformers of this enlightened age. Mrs. Jones is still living, enjoying more health and strength than falls to the lot of most people; and she doubtless feels an honest pride in witnessing the position which her daughter has so deservedly attained in the estimation of the British public.

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will shortly be adopted, for sums not exceeding five pounds. But for the example set by Captain Chisholm in forwarding remittances to this country, and the great success attending his efforts, this arrangement would probably never have been entered into.

In this sketch of Mrs. Chisholm's labours, we have been obliged to limit ourselves to a mere glance at her numerous practical endeavours. To enter into details would fill a goodly volume. In the spring of next year, the subject of our sketch will embark for Australia, which may justly be termed the country of her adoption, and whose people will no doubt one day do homage to the genius and philanthropy of their foster-mother. But in proportion as Australia will be benefited by her presence, so will English emigrants of every grade (but working people's wives and daughters especially), find that they have lost the kindly aid of one whose place it will be difficult indeed to fill. The testimonial at present in course of subscription will doubtless prove that Englishmen can duly appreciate her worth, but English women can never sufficiently reward their champion in every position in which it has been Mrs. Chisholm's lot to find them placed. Thanks to that enterprising lady, English mothers can now safely trust their young and innocent daughters in ships for Australia, without any fear of their falling, as too many have before now, an easy prey to bad, designing men.

As many of our readers would doubtless deem this account incomplete without a sketch of Mrs. Chisholm "at home," we will very briefly describe, in his own words, the visit of a friend in June of last year, just before the departure of the "Scindian," "Frances Walker," and "Nepaul," freighted with the society's emigrants.

"The exterior of Mrs. Chisholm's residence at Islington was unimpressive as bricks and mortar could possibly make it. Street architecture was evidently in its infancy when Charlton-crescent was thrown together—not built. An assemblage of humbly-clad but clean-looking persons saved us the trouble of seeking the particular house we wanted. It had no distinguishing feature from its neighbours, save that the street-door was adorned with a very small brass plate, inscribed 'Captain Chisholm,' which had evidently done years of good service in the East on some bullock-trunk or travelling-chest. Such an unpretending name-plate would be repudiated by most suburban residents of the present 'fast' school, even for their carpet-bag during their annual week's vacation at Gravesend or Margate. The passage was crowded with intending emigrants, each more eager than the other for an interview with the object of our visit. After considerable jostling and squeezing, we at length contrived to send up our name by a venerable female attendant, who expressed a fervent wish that we 'might see her missus that night,' but she was sure she didn't know *when*! Our fair companion's curiosity was, of course, awakened at this aspect of affairs, and she, at any rate, resolved not to be disappointed. 'Patience is a virtue,' and we had a tolerable lesson in its acquirement. At its termination we were ushered up the narrow uncarpeted stairs into the audience-chamber upon the first floor. We had been at many 'receptions,' but this was the strangest of them all. Mrs. Chisholm was seated behind a large sea-chest, raised upon a couple of benches. The chest was covered with writing materials and baggage-papers, which she was distributing to the various emigrants, whilst at the same time answering every possible inquiry, and endeavouring to satisfy almost every impossible complaint. After witnessing for five minutes what Mrs. Chisholm had to endure, we felt heartily ashamed at having lost our patience on the stairs. The room (but dimly lighted by two or three candles hung in tin candlesticks against the wall) was furnished with a model of the sleeping-berths allotted to emigrants on board the society's ships. Though doubtless very well adapted for the purpose intended, their appearance certainly did not imbue us with a desire immediately to seek

and repose in our own time-honoured four-poster. Attached to the sides of these sleeping-berths were sundry utensils required by those indulging in a voyage to the antipodes, such as tin plates, hook-pots, and water-cans. These were evidently constructed by some one having most severe notions of economy, combined with a vast regard for durability. One of the bed-places was occupied by a filter, snugly ensconced in a wicker-basket of snowy whiteness, looking altogether so provokingly cozy and comfortable by comparison with its neighbours, that it almost seemed to say, 'Won't you find me useful, my friends?' A model emigrants' medicine-chest, made of plain deal wood, unencumbered with all decoration save a printed label, together with a life-buoy, 'capable of sustaining seven persons,' complete alike the ornaments and utilities of the room.

"The 'group-meeting' over, and the emigrants dismissed, we were (at ten o'clock at night) favoured with a private interview by the Emigrants' Friend—for such, indeed, is Mrs. Chisholm. Most of our readers have doubtless seen many portraits of this lady. We have not had the good fortune to see more than one good likeness—poor Fairland's lithograph from Hayter's painting. To describe a lady's personal appearance is an ungracious task at best, and we will therefore not attempt it save in a negative manner. Those of our readers who have seen Mrs. Chisholm depicted (by a certain enthusiastic artist, as yet, happily, unknown to fame) as being mounted on a coal-black steed, attired in an elegant riding-habit (with the prescribed length and insufficiency of waist), and with her whip beckoning her emigrants across a colonial river, in a decidedly 'Come on!' style of attitude, worthy of Astley's best tableaux,* may rest perfectly assured that they do not, from such a picture, form a very accurate notion of the Emigrants' Friend, as she really appears when rendering them assistance. Let them imagine a sedate, matronly lady, with eyes well set under a very capacious forehead—orbs that seem to 'look you through' whilst addressing you—and withal a fascinating manner which at once seizes upon you, and induces you to prolong your stay, and they will have a tolerable portrait of Mrs. Chisholm. After a very brief interview, we took our leave, convinced that we had seen by no means the least remarkable personage of these practical and wonder-working times."

Although future English emigrants will shortly be deprived of Mrs. Chisholm's counsel before they quit their native shores, still the results of her labours will remain. These results have been obtained in despite of an opposition such as few would be willing to contend against—an opposition that could only have been defeated by one who was prepared to bring into the contest the same amount of stern determination, unflinching industry, and disinterested philanthropy, as Mrs. Chisholm. But it is the women of England who should ever bless her name, for many indeed are the almost broken hearts of the gentler sex that have been healed by her. Mothers have been united to children whom they hardly dared to hope ever again to see in this life; wives have joined their husbands, after years of painful separation; and scores of British maidens, shielded alike from injury and insult during the long sea voyage, have been safely deposited at their brothers' Australian firesides. These facts should not, and we feel assured will not, be speedily forgotten. Whilst they are remembered, then also will the woman be borne in mind by whose undaunted energy such glorious results were achieved. Every English parent, for ages yet to come, whose children, either from necessity or inclination, may be induced to seek the Australian shores, will have good reason to bless the day when emigration was reformed, its glaring and infamous abuses remedied, and its difficulties and dangers lessened, by the energetic genius and daring moral courage of CAROLINE CHISHOLM.

* A picture recently published in a panoramic form, entitled, "Adventures of Mrs. Chisholm," contains the above portrait. This singular production has been sold by thousands both in London and the northern provincial towns of England.

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'To take our stand on solid land,'

will shortly be adopted, for sums not exceeding five pounds. But for the example set by Captain Chisholm in forwarding remittances to this country, and the great success attending his efforts, this arrangement would probably never have been entered into.

In this sketch of Mrs. Chisholm's labours, we have been obliged to limit ourselves to a mere glance at her numerous practical endeavours. To enter into details would fill a goodly volume. In the spring of next year, the subject of our sketch will embark for Australia, which may justly be termed the country of her adoption, and whose people will no doubt one day do homage to the genius and philanthropy of their foster-mother. But in proportion as Australia will be benefited by her presence, so will English emigrants of every grade (but working people's wives and daughters especially), find that they have lost the kindly aid of one whose place it will be difficult indeed to fill. The testimonial at present in course of subscription will doubtless prove that Englishmen can duly appreciate her worth, but English women can never sufficiently reward their champion in every position in which it has been Mrs. Chisholm's lot to find them placed. Thanks to that enterprising lady, English mothers can now safely trust their young and innocent daughters in ships for Australia, without any fear of their falling, as too many have before now, an easy prey to bad, designing men.

As many of our readers would doubtless deem this account incomplete without a sketch of Mrs. Chisholm "at home," we will very briefly describe, in his own words, the visit of a friend in June of last year, just before the departure of the "Indian," "Frances Walker," and "Nepaul," freighted with the society's emigrants.

"The exterior of Mrs. Chisholm's residence at Islington was unimpeachable as bricks and mortar could possibly make it. Street architecture was evidently in its infancy when Charlton-presents was thrown together—not built. An assemblage of humbly-clad but clean-looking persons saved us the trouble of seeking the particular house we wanted. It had no distinguishing feature from its neighbours, save that the street-door was adorned with a very small brass plate, inscribed 'Captain Chisholm,' which had evidently done years of good service in the East on some bullock-trunk or travelling-chest. Such an unpretending name-plate would be repudiated by most suburban residents of the present 'fast' school, even for their carpet-bag during their annual week's vacation at Gravesend or Margate. The passage was crowded with intending emigrants, each more eager than the other for an interview with the object of our visit. After considerable jostling and squeezing, we at length contrived to send up our name by a venerable female attendant, who expressed a fervent wish that we 'might see her missus that night,' but she was sure she didn't know *when*! Our fair companion's curiosity was, of course, awakened at this aspect of affairs, and she, at any rate, resolved not to be disappointed. 'Patience is a virtue,' and we had a tolerable lesson in its acquirement. At its termination we were ushered up the narrow uncarpeted stairs into the audience-chamber upon the first floor. We had been at many 'receptions,' but this was the strangest of them all. Mrs. Chisholm was seated behind a large sea-chest, raised upon a couple of benches. The chest was covered with writing materials and baggage-papers, which she was distributing to the various emigrants, whilst at the same time answering every possible inquiry, and endeavouring to satisfy almost every impossible complaint. After witnessing for five minutes what Mrs. Chisholm had to endure, we felt heartily ashamed at having lost our patience on the stairs. The room (but dimly lighted by two or three candles hung in tin candlesticks against the wall) was furnished with a model of the sleeping-berths allotted to emigrants on board the society's ships. Though doubtless very well adapted for the purpose intended, their appearance certainly did not imbue us with a desire immediately to seek

and repose in our own time-honoured four-poster. Attached to the sides of these sleeping-berths were sundry utensils required by those indulging in a voyage to the antipodes, such as tin plates, hook-pots, and water-cans. These were evidently constructed by some one having most severe notions of economy, combined with a vast regard for durability. One of the bed-places was occupied by a filter, snugly ensconced in a wicker-basket of snowy whiteness, looking altogether so provokingly cozy and comfortable by comparison with its neighbours, that it almost seemed to say, 'Won't you find me useful, my friends?' A model emigrants' medicine-chest, made of plain deal wood, unencumbered with all decoration save a printed label, together with a life-buoy, 'capable of sustaining seven persons,' complete alike the ornaments and utilities of the room.

"The 'group-meeting' over, and the emigrants dismissed, we were (at ten o'clock at night) favoured with a private interview by the Emigrants' Friend—for such, indeed, is Mrs. Chisholm. Most of our readers have doubtless seen many portraits of this lady. We have not had the good fortune to see more than one good likeness—poor Fairland's lithograph from Hayter's painting. To describe a lady's personal appearance is an ungracious task at best, and we will therefore not attempt it save in a negative manner. Those of our readers who have seen Mrs. Chisholm depicted (by a certain enthusiastic artist, as yet, happily, unknown to fame) as being mounted on a coal-black steed, attired in an elegant riding-habit (with the prescribed length and insufficiency of waist), and with her whip beckoning her emigrants across a colonial river, in a decidedly 'Come on!' style of attitude, worthy of Astley's best tableaux,* may rest perfectly assured that they do not, from such a picture, form a very accurate notion of the Emigrants' Friend, as she really appears when rendering them assistance. Let them imagine a sedate, matronly lady, with eyes well set under a very capacious forehead—orb that seem to 'look you through' whilst addressing you—and withal a fascinating manner which at once seizes upon you, and induces you to prolong your stay, and they will have a tolerable portrait of Mrs. Chisholm. After a very brief interview, we took our leave, convinced that we had seen by no means the least remarkable personage of these practical and wonder-working times."

Although future English emigrants will shortly be deprived of Mrs. Chisholm's counsel before they quit their native shores, still the results of her labours will remain. These results have been obtained in despite of an opposition such as few would be willing to contend against—an opposition that could only have been defeated by one who was prepared to bring into the contest the same amount of stern determination, unflinching industry, and disinterested philanthropy, as Mrs. Chisholm. But it is the women of England who should ever bless her name, for many indeed are the almost broken hearts of the gentler sex that have been healed by her. Mothers have been united to children whom they hardly dared to hope ever again to see in this life; wives have joined their husbands, after years of painful separation; and scores of British maidens, shielded alike from injury and insult during the long sea voyage, have been safely deposited at their brothers' Australian firesides. These facts should not, and we feel assured will not, be speedily forgotten. Whilst they are remembered, then also will the woman be borne in mind by whose undaunted energy such glorious results were achieved. Every English parent, for ages yet to come, whose children, either from necessity or inclination, may be induced to seek the Australian shores, will have good reason to bless the day when emigration was reformed, its glaring and infamous abuses remedied, and its difficulties and dangers lessened, by the energetic genius and daring moral courage of CAROLINE CHISHOLM.

'A life on the ocean wave,'

but rather strengthened our determination

'To take our stand on solid land,'

* A picture recently published in a panoramic form, entitled, "Adventures of Mrs. Chisholm," contains the above portrait. This singular production has been sold by thousands both in London and the northern provincial towns of England.

KHOSROVAH.

KHOSROVAH is a town situated in the middle of a beautiful plain near the lake of Ommyah, within three days' journey of Tabriz, the capital of Azbaidjan, one of the ten provinces of Persia. The inhabitants number nearly twelve hundred, and are of Chaldean origin. They were formerly Nestorians, but have lately adopted the Roman Catholic faith. At Khosrovah the houses are large, convenient, and well built, many of them have very beautiful gardens attached, but the cultivation of the earth does not say much for their owners' knowledge of agriculture; and in this they are not distinguished from their neighbours, who are but indifferent husbandmen. A recent traveller says that when he for the first time saw Khosrovah, the peasants who used carts, employed a team of buffaloes; from a sketch which he then made our engraving is taken. At a short distance from the town an ancient bas-relief is found upon a rock, representing two horsemen attended by

is exposed, or sometimes the point is surmounted by a nest.

The peasants for the most part erect their own dwellings, and manufacture their own materials for the building. Collecting a great quantity of earth in a trough, they moisten gradually by adding water till the whole is reduced to a thick paste, they then press this moistened earth into the wooden brick-mould with rapidity and exactness. One man may thus produce prodigious quantity of bricks in one day, generally between two and three thousand. The bricks having taken the desired form are hardened in the sun, and are then considered fit for use. Nearly all the houses are built of these materials.

In Persia, as well as in America, agriculture sustains the chief part of the public expenses, and is a source of considerable revenue. The state claims a certain duty upon its products; but money being extremely rare in the villages and



CART OF A HUSBANDMAN, KHOSROVAH, IN PERSIA.

champions on foot: it is very large, and after a remote style of art, probably sculptured during the monarchial period of the Sassanides.

Persian villages generally resemble each other in nearly every particular; there is the same earthen wall, and row of trees, and breaches in the wall, occasioned by some trivial accident, for the Persian builds but slightly, and his fortification is a merely imaginary defence, that a fox might break down—the same mud hovels, and here and there picturesque old houses, with gilded cupolas of different heights; together with the same extensive caravansaries—simple as of old. If the village is rich and populous, the houses of the principal inhabitants are garnished with various carvings and coloured glass; some of the dwellings are built of brick. From any other habitations, by its peculiarity of material or architectural decoration, may be recognised the dwelling of the Ket Khoda, chief of the village. The Mosque is generally indicated by a brick dome, upon the point of which a plume of stork's feathers

country districts, most of the peasants pay the greater part of the government imposts in grain or cattle. This is a great alleviation to the husbandmen, who are generally poor. Agriculture in Persia, is the same now as it has been for many centuries. They have a stereotyped system of husbandry—good old way—from which it would be difficult to induce them to depart. In the labours of the fields, as we have before remarked, bullocks or buffaloes are employed. Every thing in Persia reminds the traveller of the old time—the things seem to have remained as they were from the beginning the Persian makes his bricks and builds his house as of yore the ox-drawn cart rumbles over the marshy soil; but while every social arrangement maintains its old character, one looks in vain for the glory and power of the country, the bygone magnificence buried in unaccountable oblivion even by their own historians. Scattered fragments here and there give indication of the condition of ancient Persia, and the caves in the rock still remain where the Persian kings are buried.

ART IN GREECE.—THE CONVENTS OF MOUNT ATHOS.

MOUNT ATHOS lies to the south of Macedonia, between the gulfs of Contessa and Monte Santo, at the extremity of a peninsula connected with the continent by an isthmus about a mile and a half long. It is a round and almost conical mass, rising to a height of about three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and casting an immense shadow in the setting sun almost across the Archipelago. Little mention is made of it in the works of Grecian historians beyond the record of two facts—the one, that Xerxes caused a canal to be cut across the isthmus to give a passage to his fleet; and the other, that a Greek sculptor, Dinocrates, proposed to Alexander the Great to cut the mountain into the form of a statue with outstretched arm, and holding in its hand a town containing ten thousand inhabitants.

The hill is called at the present day by many of the Greeks Hagion Oros, or the Holy Mountain, and it is rendered remarkable by the fact, that its population now consists of about six thousand monks, forming a separate and almost independent community, and inhabiting several convents built along the slopes. These convents were the cradle of Byzantine art fourteen hundred years ago, and now, after a thousand storms of war, and change, and revolution have rolled over Greece, they form its last refuge.

Concerning the origin of this religious community, we have no certain information. In the persecutions with which the Christians were pursued in the first centuries of the Christian era, many faced martyrdom without hesitation, and even with joy; others, less confident in their own strength of nerve, sought security in desert fastnesses, and adopted the life of anchorites. It was thus that the seeds of Christianity were scattered over the solitudes of Nubia and Syria. Many more fled to Mount Athos, and took up their abode along its sides, hoping that the seclusion of the place, and the difficulty of access, would afford them safety, however precarious, from the rage of their enemies. When Constantine removed the seat of the empire to Constantinople, and avowed his adherence to the new faith, the population of Mount Athos rapidly increased, and convents were built, such, in all probability, as we now see them. It is right to mention, however, that this is mainly conjecture; history is entirely silent regarding this retired but interesting corner of the Byzantine empire. We have said that these convents are the last refuge of Greek art; we may add, that they contain some interesting relics of old Byzantine civilisation, and manners, and forms of faith, and are by no means an uninteresting subject of study for those who seek to lift up the pall which for four centuries has shrouded the remains of Greek greatness. They number in all twenty-three, lying around the mountain, none of them at any great distance from the sea. The most ancient to which our attention will principally be directed, are the *Aghia Labra*, or holy monastery, Vatopedi, Ivirôn, and Xilandari. The first, which at present contains about four hundred monks, was founded by St. Athanasius about the beginning of the fourth century, and to this circumstance owes its pre-eminence over all the others. While they are simply dedicated to some saint, it is entitled the holy monastery *par excellence*. Vatopedi was the one to which John Contocuzine, whose romantic story has been so well told by Gibbon, retired to spend the remaining years of his life, when, disgusted with power, he abdicated the imperial throne.

On the highest point of the mountain rises the little Church of the Transfiguration, and scattered around are a town and some little villages; and in the centre of the peninsula lies the *protalon* or metropolis of Mount Athos, Karies—all inhabited by a shifting population of monks, whose sole occupation is the importation of provisions and other necessities from Salomen for their brethren in the convent. The monks are divided into two classes, brothers and fathers, or *papas*, and are made up of an indiscriminate mixture of Slaves, Greeks, Wallachians, and Armenians, all reduced to the same state of torpor, both physical and mental, under the rigidity of

the monastic rule. The convent buildings present for the most part great uniformity of appearance, generally an irregular and confused mass, with no evidence of unity of design in the arrangement of the different parts. A single door, which is always fastened at twilight, gives entrance to a square court-yard, around which the cells of the inmates are ranged in one or more stories; additions being made, upon a plan apparently dictated solely by caprice, when any increase took place in their number. In the centre stands the church, surrounded by a crowd of small chapels, but all built of brick, and so imperfectly, that frequent repairs have effaced all traces of the primitive style. On all the walls appear stiff sad-looking, and austere pictures, which form a singular contrast to the easy, indolent, and insouciant appearance of the monks.

Mount Athos was in the earlier days of Christianity the great seat of intellectual activity—the hot-bed of theological and metaphysical discussion; but the state of listless indolence in which its inhabitants are now plunged is a strange satire upon its former glory. All the convents contain libraries of greater or less extent, filled with manuscripts and rare and valuable relics of the literature of antiquity; but the monks, far from studying them, suffer them to be lost or injured through carelessness, in utter and complete ignorance of the treasures of which they are the guardians. They read nothing but their offices, write but rarely, and are for the most part plunged in complete ignorance, not only of everything that is passing in the outer world—but of the very rudiments of literature and science. There is hardly a doubt that a diligent search by competent persons would bring to light many valuable works of classical authors hitherto supposed to be lost, or known to the western world only in a mutilated state. Some of the monks who visit Salomen to transact business for the convents, take advantage of their stay, to pick up a smattering knowledge of medicine and the Turkish language, but this is the only effort towards self-improvement that is ever made. The rude daubs by which Byzantine art is now represented amongst them, furnish additional proof of their mental degradation when we remember that, during the first two centuries after the establishment of the convents on Mount Athos, they were the chief seats of religious art in the world, and students resorted thither from all parts of Europe to receive instruction from the inmates.

In these times such names as those of St. Athanasius and Peter the Athonite figured in their annals, in no very striking contrast with many others of scarce inferior zeal and learning. The church of Aghia Labra, founded by Athanasius in the early part of the fourth century, was endowed richly A.D. 965 by the emperor Nicephorus. The gates, which probably belong to that period, are composed of wrought copper, and display great beauty of execution. They remind one of those of the church of Ravello near Amalfi, as well as of many other religious monuments of Apulia. The portico is covered with Turkish ornaments. The general arrangement is that of the church of St. Mark at Venice. The altar is covered with a great deal of rich gilding, as also most parts of the ceiling which is covered with carved and fretted work, and encaustic paintings in great abundance; and the body of the church contains desks, pulpits, and other articles of a similar nature of great richness. The monks have substituted these for the massive pulpits of the ancient Latin church. Nearly all are the gifts of the Russian government.

The Byzantine school, which was a school of transition from ancient art, that sought the beautiful merely for the form itself, to Christian art, which uses the form only to veil an idea, devoted itself from the very first to preparing for the transformation which inevitably followed the adoption of this new aim by the cultivators of art. In this point of view the Byzantine artists were successful in arriving at a unity such as has never been attained by those of the Renaissance, and from which they are still very far indeed. The Italian mosaics, executed by Italian artists, can alone give us a right idea of the laborious changes which Byzantine art underwent before it assumed its definitive form from the teachings of the

great masters of the school. At a later period, to preserve the established forms from the influences of time or caprice or fashion, a monk named Denys collected the acknowledged and established principles of the school, and compiled them in a code. His manuscript was distributed through the various convents and carefully copied, and thenceforward became the text-book of the painters; and so powerful has been its influence, that it is impossible to fix the date of a Byzantine painting by its style. So closely have its rules been attended to, through a long lapse of time, so intimate, too, has been the connexion between Greek painting and the Greek worship, that the former has everywhere followed in the march of the priests, and we find it prevailing almost to the exclusion of every other in Russia, in Greece, in Asia Minor, and in the regions bordering on Mount Sinai, where Greek convents are numerous. The church, Aghia Labra, contains the best specimens of it extant. The cupola is entirely occupied by a colossal figure of Christ, with that air of purity and dignity which the painters of the Renaissance have adopted. The complexion is *straw-coloured*, as the monks there express; one hand is extended towards St. John, as if in the act of instructing, and the other is laid on his heart. The hair is fair, but the beard is black, as also the eyebrows, which give the half-closed eyes an air of mingled simplicity, sweetness, and firmness. The Byzantine artists indicated the importance of the personage they painted by the size of the figure. The saints increase in height as they increase in holiness, while Christ is taller than them all by the head and shoulders.

At the base of the cupola stand a row of archangels in shining robes, holding huge sceptres in their hands, surmounted by images of the Redeemer. The brilliant colours of their garments stand in dazzling contrast to the sombre black of the ground, and in their faces and attitudes there is an air of lofty, calm majesty. Over their heads an innumerable multitude of cherubs flutter round Christ as a centre, and as if typifying the spirits of the blest, they seem to grow more and more ethereal the nearer they approach him. There is nothing human in their figures except the head. The rest is composed of a great number of wings, pointing in every direction, and looking like stars in the deep blue firmament of the vault above; while on a golden ground, and on a grand scale, the image of Christ looks down from the midst of them all, so that in whatever part of the building the worshipper kneels, he seems to have his eye upon him.

The pendentives represent the four evangelists writing at the dictation of an apostle, and the walls of the rest of the church are covered with subjects drawn from the Old or New Testament. On the two arms of the cross we see the saints of the church militant, who shook off the dust of the schools, and defended their faith on the fields of force, standing upright upon a black ground, in an attitude of vigilant repose. The churches of the other convents present precisely the same aspect, though on a more diminutive and less perfect scale, in accordance with the Medo-Persian laws of the Byzantine school, which treated all subjects in the same manner, with the same figures, in the same attitudes. Towards the end of the principal nave, to the left, appears a painting with an inscription, now illegible, evidently representing one of the Latin chiefs of the Crusades, who fixed their abode in Greece on their return from the Holy Land. His head-dress is that of the Merovingian kings, and his robe, as well as his crown, is sprinkled with *fleurs-de-lis*, and in his hands he holds a model representation of the façade of a church, probably of one which owed its existence to his pious munificence; in front of him appears his son, wearing the same costume.

Under the external portico we find figures of the ancient *asceti*, or anchorites, in an attitude of prayer, who, in imitation of the fathers of the desert, lived in grottoes and caverns in the mountain side. They appear to have been reduced to the last extremity of hunger, and are clothed in a simple and primitive garment of leaves, while their beard descends almost to their knees. Beside them an inscription informs us, "Such was the life of these anchorites." These ascetics themselves travelled from convent to convent, painting those vivid repre-

sentations of their own unhappy lives, and also sculptured numerous little crucifixes in wood, many of which are still preserved.

The monks attribute the paintings which adorn the church of Aghia Labra to a brother of their order, named Manuel Panselinos (*the moon in all its splendour*), but they are unable to say at what period he lived. The figures are executed in fresco, in very low relief, which disappears at the distance of the floor; the tone is very light, and certainly betrays no attempt at imitation, and the whole is rather coloured than painted. Fresco-painting is very ancient, and is not due to the Byzantine school, but to a Roman artist, named Ludius, who, in the reign of Augustus, substituted it for the encaustic.

The only means of arriving at a near estimate of the date of these works, is by comparing them with others of the same character in Italy, the date of which is known. They may be safely referred in chronological order, we should think, to the mosaics of Santa Pudenziana, executed at Rome in the second century of the Christian era, in which the artist, with his pagan notions still running in his head, has given Christ the features of Jupiter; and those of St. Paul outside the walls of St. John of Lateran, in the fourth century, a period in which the Byzantine art shared in the complete triumph of Christianity. The parallel might be followed out in several instances of a still later date, did our space permit.

Compared with the Italian mosaics, the Byzantine art resembles them in the amplitude of outline of those which certainly belong to the earlier periods of the Christian era, when Greek art was still in its prime. This amplitude disappeared totally after the ninth century, and was not seen again till the period of the Renaissance, and the return to antique forms was plainly due to Michael Angelo. So that we must either attribute these Byzantine paintings at Aghia Labra to a very early date, or suppose them to have been executed since the Renaissance under the influence of the Vasari school. The latter supposition is, however, inadmissible, owing to the historical accuracy displayed in the rendering of the details. The armour, the little chains, the helmets, all warrant us in believing that the artist was the contemporary of the knights and nobles whom he represents, and whom he must have seen at the court of the Palæologi and the Comneri. The perfect state of preservation in which the works appear is accounted for by the fact, that Mount Athos has remained intact for ages from all political storms and agitations.

The mode of instruction in painting pursued by the monks, whatever be its effectiveness, has certainly the merit of extreme simplicity. Those of the pupils who exhibit most ability are placed on a platform behind those who have been promoted to the rank of masters, and there watch them while at work. After a few years of this, they are themselves permitted to practise. Before commencing, the wall is entirely laid bare, and then covered with a coating of plaster, which is carefully smoothed by the trowel. The ablest of the monastic artists then indicates to his subordinate the nature of the design to be executed, the size of the principal figure or figures, and the legend which is to accompany it. The latter then sketches the outline in a brownish-red, and hands the brush to one still less advanced, who gives the figure some local tones, and makes some attempt at shading. The finishing is done by the same hand which traces the outline, but the execution is in most instances extremely rude.

It is a trite remark, that there is no unmixed evil under the sun; and yet this is a truth which, like many others equally obvious, is too often lost sight of by hasty disputants and headstrong innovators. The subject of which we have been treating supplies a case in point. Nothing is more common than to hear people denounce the monastic system as an unmitigated curse to society. Convents are described as mere nests of corruption, or, at best, cradles of absurd superstition, and monks as lazy worthless drones, whose existence is scarcely to be tolerated. Yet, from what has been stated above, it appears they may be, and history tells us they have been, of great service to literature and art, not to mention their many deeds of charity.

beyond the fancies of Goltzius, gave his burin capricious and singular but expressive movements. Cornelius Wischer, though differing so widely from Edelinck, disputes the first rank with him; the Audrans produced masterpieces of art. One of them, Gerard, copied both on copper-plate with the burin and in etching, the splendid "Battles of Alexander" by Lebrun, and with so much skill as to make us sometimes doubt whether the painter's or the engraver's art was the greater.

It was not until a comparatively late period that the art began to flourish in England. The first engravings worthy of note which appeared in this country were those which accompanied an edition of "Vesaluri's Anatomy," about the year 1645, which were engraved by Thomas Geminus. They were, as might be expected, full of defects, but we can readily overlook these in consideration of its being a first attempt. The art was greatly patronised by Archbishop Parker, in the reign of Elizabeth, who constantly employed a painter and two engravers in his palace at Lambeth. One of the latter, Remigius Hogenbergh, engraved his head twice, and this is said to have been the first attempt at copper-plate engraving ever made in England. He was followed by Christopher Caxton, who undertook to make a complete set of maps of the counties of England and Wales; he engraved many of the plates himself, and they were the first set of county maps ever seen in England. But for nearly a hundred years after this, copper-plate engraving made no advance, but retained all its original coarseness and simplicity. Reginald Elstriche, who lived at the close of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries, seems to have introduced a little more neatness of finish into his works than his predecessors, but none of them ever displayed a particle of taste. The art received another impulse in advance from foreigners—the family of the Passes, from Utrecht, who settled in England early in the seventeenth century. Simon de Passe was a man of literary tastes, and displayed indomitable industry. His labours formed the commencement of a new era. They displayed great neatness, clearness, and judgment, and were ably followed up by his sons, Crispin, William, and Simon, as well as by his daughter Magdalen. The native artists of his day were all below mediocrity, and limited themselves to maps, cuts, and small portraits for books.

The first English engraver of note was John Payne, a pupil of Simon de Passe. He possessed great talents, as his works testify; but they are not numerous, as he led an irregular life and died early. The principal are frontispieces and other book-cuts and portraits; he also executed a variety of other objects,—landscapes, animals, flowers, fruits, birds; but several of his portraits are very fine, and by far the best of his works; these he executed entirely with the graver, and in a fine open style, and they have a very pleasing effect. He also engraved a large print of a ship, called the "Royal Sovereign," on two plates, which, when joined, were three feet long by two feet two inches high. He died about the year 1648.

Charles I. was the first English monarch who was sufficiently alive to the beauty of engraving to appoint an engraver royal, and Robert Vander Voerst was the man on whom the honour was conferred. He engraved a portrait of the king's sister, and a plate from a picture painted by Vandyke, to supply the place of one of Titian's "Cæsars," which by some accident had been lost or destroyed. He handled his graver in a bold, fine, and commanding style. The style of Vostermann, a rival and contemporary of Voerst, exhibits, however, more careful finishing and painter-like feeling, and must on the whole be allowed to be superior to that of his rival. He not only translated, but may be said to have stereotyped the great works of Rubens and Vandyke. His etchings, in particular, were excellent.

Faithorne is the next English engraver who merits our attention. He was a man of great genius, and being obliged to leave England during the civil war, he went to Paris, where he derived great advantage from the instructions of Nanteuil; and on his return to his native country, he executed a great number of portraits, and several historical

subjects, in an excellent manner. He worked almost entirely with the graver. In the early part of his life he imitated the Dutch and Flemish manner; but on his return from France he greatly improved it. His best portraits are admirable, and are finished in a fine but delicate style, with much force of colour. His drawing of the human figure is by no means correct, nor in good taste; but as he dedicated so much of his time to portraits, the few historical works he has left are not fair specimens of his talents. His portraits are numerous, but not of equal merit; his best ones are very valuable.

He was followed by Robert White, who was born in London in 1645. Besides many portraits on vellum in black-lead, in which he was very successful, he has left many engravings of portraits, frontispieces, and book-decorations. His portraits are excellent, as they are all strong likenesses; but his engraving was far inferior. He had a son, also an engraver, whose works display a good deal of merit, but nothing very striking. The palm was again destined to be carried off by a foreigner, Sir Nicholas Dorigny, a native of France, but educated in art at Rome. He there became known to several English noblemen and gentlemen, who persuaded him to come to England. On his arrival, he undertook to engrave the Cartoons, and presented two splendid sets of prints to George I. After having completed this great work, his sight began to grow dim, and he returned to France, where he was elected a member of the Academy, and died at the advanced age of eighty-nine. In copying Raphael's forms he has often lost much of their exquisite grace and chasteness, and has rendered the expression of the heads coarsely; yet there is a manly energy and freedom in his style bridled by simplicity: his shadows are full-toned, clear, and rich; the lines are often conducted over his draperies with great freedom and elegance, of which the figure of "St. Paul Preaching at Athens" is a good example; as also the same apostle in the cartoon of "Elymas, the Sorcerer, struck blind."

Vivares must be considered the founder of the English school of landscape engraving. He was a native of France, and learned the principles of his art from Chatelain, in London; but, being a man of great genius, he improved on the style of his master. He was followed by Woollett in the same department, whose works were models in beauty of execution and of style for landscape. Like Vivares, he carried his plates a considerable way with the point, and gave them the necessary depth with the graver, touching them up in the more delicate parts with the dry point. His works have all the delicacy and clearness of the French masters, with all the spirit and taste of Vivares. He likewise executed several historical plates and portraits with great success. His chief works are the large landscapes which he has engraved from R. Wilson and others; the death of General Wolfe, after West.

The next remarkable engraver we have to mention is Sir Robert Strange. He is greatly admired for the breadth of his effect, and the beauty of his execution; but his great excellency is the delicacy and softness of his female flesh. In this last he has seldom been equalled, and never surpassed, by any other master, as his engravings from the works of Titian, Guido, Correggio, and other painters of the Italian school, sufficiently show; but his drawing is extremely incorrect.

We shall pass over many junior celebrities and hurry on to Hogarth, whose works exhibit a walk of art untrodden before him by any. He made engraving an instrument of high moral teaching, and a vehicle for the keenest satire and the most brilliant humour. His execution was unrivalled for what it professed to be. Having on a former occasion spoken of him at considerable length, we shall not now dwell upon him any further. Since his time innumerable artists of the highest talents have appeared in every branch of engraving.

Some years ago a machine was invented by Mr. Lowry, of London, to facilitate the engraving of parallel lines. It has since undergone considerable improvement, and is now employed in most engravings, particularly in the sky, water, and the architectural parts. Wherever parallel lines are required, whether straight or circular, it executes them with elegance.

accuracy, and facility. The efforts of copper-plate engravers, in more recent times, have chiefly been directed to the illustrations for books; steel having generally taken its place for all larger and more important works, owing to its greater durability.

In the year 1785, Alderman Boydell conceived the idea of establishing a Shakspeare Gallery, in London, for the exhibition of works of art, upon a grand scale. Designs were opened up to competition, a prize of one hundred guineas being offered for all accepted by the committee. They were painted by some of the most eminent artists of the day. The first engravers in England were employed to transfer them to copper; amongst others, Sharpe, Bartolozzi, Earlom, Shaw, Simon, Middimann, Watson, Tyttler, Wilson, and many others. Probably no plates ever had the same pains bestowed upon them. As many as five years were expended upon a single plate, and proof impressions were taken at every stage of the work for the subscribers. It was not completed till 1803, a period of twenty years from its commencement.

France has always been celebrated for her triumphs in this branch of engraving. The precision of copper-plate has always suited the character of French art better than the vagueness of dot engraving. During the eighteenth century the burin bore the sway, but there was always much to be desired in the drawing. The influence of David and Regnault, however, caused greater attention to be bestowed upon it, and its effects were soon perceived in engraving. The imperial epoch was remarkable for the extreme purity of style. It was at this period that Bervic executed those celebrated engravings known as the "Education of Achilles" and "Dejanira," and classical engraving was restored to the post of honour. To all the processes of the revolutionary period, to the fine point of Duplessis-Bertaux, to the stippling of Cossia, and the aqua-tinta which popularised the fine caricatures of Karl Vernet, succeeded the perfection of the academic lines, renewed from Edelinck, and Drenet, and Polly. The breast of the Centaur, by Nessey, was copied by Bervic, the author of the "Laocoon," by means of very curious and delicate labours, which please the eye by their elegance and their symmetry, as well as by the skill which displays throughout the flatnesses of the flesh and the presence of the bones and sinews. Such excellence in the mechanical portion of the process was never before exhibited in combination with so much refined feeling.

The triumphs of the graver continued under the Restoration; at one time they were slightly interrupted by the movement known as *Romanticism*. The "Shipwreck of the Medusa" was engraved in the dotted style by Reynolds, and soon after the "Patrol of Smyrna" revived the recollection of Rembrandt; but the methods of this great master were far sooner learnt and understood than his genius. Innovations, variations, expeditious modes and plans became all the rage, but, nevertheless, the tradition of the old masters was upheld by Desnoyer, Tardieu, and Richomme. The first applying himself to Raphael, translated him with great feeling in the "Belle Jardinière;" the second raised himself to the rank of master by his fine portrait of the Earl of Arundel, after Vandyke, and by the "Communion of St. Jerome," in which he preserved all the power and expression of Domenichino; and the third had courage to measure himself against Edelinck in his rendering of one of Raphael's *chefs-d'œuvre*.

After this rapid historical sketch, it may not be amiss to give a short outline of the observations which professors, books, and academies have made the code of engravers.

Generally the burin should follow in its course the hollows and the cavities of muscles and folds, and widen the cuttings as it approaches the light, and narrow them as it enters the shade, and finish the outlines without hardness. The various series of lines should be in union, although each object should be treated in its own style. It often happens, for example, that the line which is first in an open space may serve in returning to form the second, when in place of developing the muscle or fold, the engraver has only to strengthen the tone. He must neither indulge in odd and

capricious turnings, nor adhere too closely to straightness of line, which though doubtless easier to make, has always a stiff and monotonous aspect.

With regard to draperies, care must be taken to distinguish them by the nature of the manipulation; in engraving linen, for example, it should be closer and more delicate than in the case of other cloths, and in most cases should be made by a single line; white cloth by two lines only, and with a breadth proportioned to the texture of the material; in shining substances, such as silk, the work should be straighter, and the folds should be imitated by abrupt breaks, and also by an interline, slipped into the intervals of the main lines; woollen and silk velvet with an interline also, but with the principal lines strongly marked, and the second lighter, but still well sustained. The interline, which answers the purpose of producing a shining appearance so well, may also be employed with success in rendering metals, gold and silver vases, and armour and weapons of polished steel.

In architecture the lines must obey the laws of perspective and help to create the necessary optical illusion; that is, the lines which cover receding or diminishing objects must concentrate in the point of view; they must conform also to the direction in which the objects present the greatest dimensions. Entire columns, for example, are engraved by perpendicular lines, to avoid the discord which would arise between the lines of the capital and those of the base. In sculpture care must be taken not to do too much. The work should be light, and appear reflected, as that in white marble and stone always does. There should be no point of light placed in the pupil of the eye; and the hair should not be represented, as in nature, in detached fibres, but in a mass. Landscape should be commenced by careful and discreet etching, so that, when giving it the finishing touches, the coarseness may be removed without totally destroying, in every place, the picturesque roughness. In earth, walls, trunks of trees, mountains, and rocks, the lines should be broken, interrupted abruptly, trembling, and should cross almost at right angles, to imitate the cold smoothness of the rocks; and should have a nibbled appearance, to imitate the rugosity of bark, and the inequalities of the ground or walls. The intervening air must also be taken into consideration, and allowance made for its influence by making objects close to the horizon very soft and delicate; and the aerial perspective found in the painting or drawing should be reproduced.

Water, if calm, should be represented by right lines parallel with the horizon, and with light interlines, and some breaks, which express very well the glitter and polish of the surface. By perpendicular seconds, the form of objects reflected in the water, and overhanging its banks, may be rendered, taking care to make their shape apparent, and to mark their relative distance from the spectator. If they are trees, their form can be best produced by a light outline, particularly if the water is quite clear. When the waters are agitated like the waves of the sea, the principal lines should be like the movement of the wave, and the interlines should be lozenge-shaped, as they best express the transparency of fluids. In cascades or waterfalls, the lines should follow the course of the fall, with interlines, and a good deal of abruptness in the lights. Clouds are rendered by horizontal lines; if they are those light, hanging vapours that lose themselves insensibly in the blue of the sky, care must be taken that the line, instead of forming a distinct edge all round the cloud, should verge towards the extremity, and disappear there gradually. If the clouds are tempestuous, murky, and agitated, the graver should give itself up to their forms without reserve. The crossings of the lines should be made lozenge-shaped, because this gives transparency and an appearance of motion; but the first should in every case be more prominent than the second. The lines must not be too wavy, because they give the cloud the appearance of a fleece of wool or a bundle of tow. The blue of the sky is rendered by straight, horizontal lines.

Care must be taken to engrave the flesh of women and children different from that of men, and to make the first part of the work close and thick, so as to represent the softness and

delicacy of their skin. The square which expresses hardness must be avoided, as also the lozenge. In general, flesh should be produced by dots; that of men by long dots, such as are put at the end of lines or lozenges, intermingled with round

that the thickness of the coating of wax deceives, from some cause or other, it sometimes happens that when the plate is duly bitten, in spite of all the regularity observed, they come out badly arranged, and if any attempt be made to set them



THE PAINTER'S STUDIO. FROM A PAINTING BY MIERIS.

dots, and that of women with round dots, prepared by etching, in order to avoid that rough labour produced by elongated dots. "The dots," says Abraham Bosse, "should be arranged like bricks in a wall; above all, great order and regularity should be observed in disposing them, for whether it is

right with the graver, the flesh will appear as if covered with some cutaneous eruption." When the aquafortis produces them in the right place, however, and they are afterwards mingled with the long dots produced by the burin, the effect is excellent.

MRS. CAROLINE CHISHOLM.

THE lady whose portrait adorns this number of our publication was born at Northampton, in May, 1808. Mr. Jones, her father, belonged to that respectable class of yeomen of whom England has for centuries had reason to be proud. At an early age the subject of this sketch had to deplore her father's loss, and thenceforth she was indebted to the example and

When about twenty-five years of age, Caroline Jones was married to Captain Archibald Chisholm, a native of Scotland, in the East India Company's military service. It was for a long time imagined that Mrs. Chisholm's husband was connected with the navy, and even now that notion prevails very generally; but it is quite a mistake. This error has doubtless



PORTRAIT OF MRS. CHISHOLM.

energy of her maternal parent for many of those characteristics which have so singularly marked her career, and placed her in the first rank among the practical reformers of this enlightened age. Mrs. Jones is still living, enjoying more health and strength than falls to the lot of most people; and she doubtless feels an honest pride in witnessing the position which her daughter has so deservedly attained in the estimation of the British public.

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arisen from Mrs. Chisholm's name having so long been associated with ships.

Two years after their marriage, Mrs. Chisholm accompanied her husband to India, he being connected with the Madras Presidency. Here may be said to have commenced Mrs. Chisholm's first public efforts. She found the poor young girls and orphans of the soldiers in an alarming state of ignorance and vice. Seeing the evil, she lost little time in

justified, by your silence, in holding that you concur with all those present?"

The condottiere bowed slightly, as if implying an assent which he dared not withhold; but Zeno still looked at him as if demanding a more unequivocal expression of his opinion. The condottiere was therefore forced to speak out.

"I do not dissent from the opinion of the court: the matter is as you say, signore, too plain to admit of dissent. Methinks, however, it might have been safely left to their own chief to deal with these offenders, as I would assuredly have done after I had aided in suppressing, for the time, the discontents which somehow manifest themselves amongst the troops but too often of late."

The look and tone with which these words were uttered did not escape the observation of Zeno; nevertheless, he seemed not to notice them, but continued,

"Well then, signori, the opinion of the court is unanimous, that these three men, belonging to the lances under the command of Sir Roberto di Recanati, have been guilty of mutinous language, and of having excited the troops to revolt against the republic. And now for the punishment to be awarded. With that I shall charge myself. Is the provost-marshal in attendance?"

The officer referred to stepped forward.

"Lead forth these men to the quarters of Sir Roberto di Recanati's band, and in the presence of their companions—for I shall look to you, Sir Roberto, that your troops are turned out—proclaim that they have been found guilty by their own captain and this whole council, of having excited the mutinous tumult of this morning, and then declare the sentence which the state awards—the loss of the right hand. And add that which thou findest written herein." So saying, Zeno wrote a few lines which he folded and delivered to the provost-marshal. The culprits were immediately removed, and the court rose.

"Aye, let it be so," muttered Recanati to himself, as he made his way to his quarters. "Fool that thou art! I will indeed do thy will in this matter. Ha! thou seest not how thou art playing my game. When thy provost-marshal chops off the hands of these three poor caitiffs, he shall have done more to forward my plans and to make the troops disaffected than I could have accomplished in days of plotting."

And the condottiere smiled and compressed his thin lips, and pursued his way homewards.

The troops of Recanati were drawn out in front of the fort, waiting in silence the scene that was about to be presented to them. Many, too, of the other mercenaries were present, and amongst them a number of the English archers of Sir William Cheke. Whether the appearance of these latter was casual or the result of some precautionary arrangement of Zeno's we shall not say. And now the three prisoners were led in front of the soldiery, bound and guarded by the men of the provost-marshal. This officer proceeded deliberately to state the crime of which the men had been found guilty, and then said in a loud voice—

"Hear the sentence which the state awards—that each of these men shall lose his right hand! But," he continued, reading from a scroll in his hand, during the breathless silence (a silence which Recanati knew was like the lull which precedes the whirlwind on a sultry day in summer), "the most Serene Republic, through her generalissimo, remits the punishment in consideration of the alacrity with which the soldiers returned to their duty and the bravery with which they fought to-day."

The effect of this unexpected pardon was electrical. Shouts rent the sky as the liberated men joined their comrades. "Viva Zeno! Viva il generale! Viva la Signoria!" resounded on every side; and one could scarce credit that they who now uttered these acclamations were the same fierce soldiery who, a few hours before, had assailed the same general with threats and intimidation. The dark eyes of the condottiere glittered with malignant passion at an issue so utterly different from

that which he had confidently calculated upon. Clenching his hands with suppressed rage, he said hissing—

"Sacro Diavolo! che cosa sciagurata! Who could have foreseen such an issue? Well, well, the wind takes many a turn; who knows how soon this breeze may chop about and blow from the opposite quarter? And then—aye, then—let our generalissimo look to himself. In the meantime pazienza."

CHAPTER XII.

King Henry. What tumult's this?

Warwick. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice.

Shakespeare.

AND how passed the days with Bianca and Giulio while we have been occupied with the war at Palestrina? You remember—so at least would we hope—how that at the end of Spring-tide we left them in Venice. After the sudden departure of the Sieur de la Mole, the intercourse between the maiden and her old playmate was renewed very much upon its former footing of by-gone days. The girl analysed her feelings, and pondered upon them, and so she knew and acknowledged to her own heart that she loved. The young man took not his heart to task; he cared not to define the nature of his feelings, happy in this, that he felt they were ministering to him delights, stronger, and tenderer, and fresher than the converse of woman had ever brought to him before. Daily his thoughts turned to the same object; daily his feet led him to the same presence. Enjoying the present, unheeding the future, the relations which had so long subsisted between him and his father's ward justified his warmest words and acts, while they caused him not to consider, perhaps not even to suspect, how far he was tampering with the most precious affections of another. Alas! this is a passage in the heart-history of our species too common to excite surprise. How often are the warm aspirations of human love drawn out from the heart and upwards to the beloved one by a warmth bright indeed, but yet not enduring—the admiration which is mistaken for passion—and then the light and the heat pass away, and the evening comes, and those aspirations exhaled from the heart fall back again upon it, like cold dew upon the earth, and turn into tears. "Amor che a nullo amato amar perdona," wrote the great Florentine—and he puts the sentiment into the mouth of woman;—with her we believe the proverbial paraphrase of the Italian sentiment, "Love begets love," is oftener a truth than with man.

Well, be this as it may, after a few weeks of such intercourse, a message from the Count Polani summoned the young man to join him at Palestrina. It aroused Giulio from his pleasant dream, somewhat as suddenly as a splash of cold water awakes a heavy sleeper. Perhaps, too, the shock was as good for him. He began to reflect that it was scarce becoming his manhood or his noble name to linger in the city, while so many of his peers were with the troops elsewhere. And so with a blush for his past neglect of duty, and a sigh over the pleasant hours that were now to be brought to a close, he communicated to Bianca that the next day he was to leave Venice and join his father. And that day passed as the other days had lately passed, marked, it might be, by a sense of sadness that cast its shadow over Bianca's brow, and left not Giulio's face undarkened. But it passed, and passed quickly, too; and the young man has bidden his last farewell, and touched the lips of his sister-friend, and they have parted. He to mingle again in the stirring scenes of life, and give his heart and his thoughts to things that energise and brace the spirit. She to the solitude and contemplation of that habitual seclusion which had been disturbed for a short space—even as a lake is troubled by the passing breeze, and then smooths its surface that it may reflect all the more faithfully the image of the heaven that has looked down upon it.

And thus did these young people part for the second time in their lives, each loving the other, yet neither having sought or made an avowal of that love to the beloved. We believe that this is more frequently the case in real life, especially

will shortly be adopted, for sums not exceeding five pounds. But for the example set by Captain Chisholm in forwarding remittances to this country, and the great success attending his efforts, this arrangement would probably never have been entered into.

In this sketch of Mrs. Chisholm's labours, we have been obliged to limit ourselves to a mere glance at her numerous practical endeavours. To enter into details would fill a goodly volume. In the spring of next year, the subject of our sketch will embark for Australia, which may justly be termed the country of her adoption, and whose people will no doubt one day do homage to the genius and philanthropy of their foster-mother. But in proportion as Australia will be benefited by her presence, so will English emigrants of every grade (but working people's wives and daughters especially), find that they have lost the kindly aid of one whose place it will be difficult indeed to fill. The testimonial at present in course of subscription will doubtless prove that Englishmen can duly appreciate her worth, but English women can never sufficiently reward their champion in every position in which it has been Mrs. Chisholm's lot to find them placed. Thanks to that enterprising lady, English mothers can now safely trust their young and innocent daughters in ships for Australia, without any fear of their falling, as too many have before now, an easy prey to bad, designing men.

As many of our readers would doubtless deem this account incomplete without a sketch of Mrs. Chisholm "at home," we will very briefly describe, in his own words, the visit of a friend in June of last year, just before the departure of the "*Scindian*," "*Frances Walker*," and "*Nepaul*," freighted with the society's emigrants.

"The exterior of Mrs. Chisholm's residence at Islington was unprepossessing as bricks and mortar could possibly make it. Street architecture was evidently in its infancy when Charlton-crescent was thrown together—not built. An assemblage of humbly-clad but clean-looking persons saved us the trouble of seeking the particular house we wanted. It had no distinguishing feature from its neighbours, save that the street-door was adorned with a very small brass plate, inscribed 'Captain Chisholm,' which had evidently done years of good service in the East on some bullock-trunk or travelling-chest. Such an unpretending name-plate would be repudiated by most suburban residents of the present 'fast' school, even for their carpet-bag during their annual week's vacation at Gravesend or Margate. The passage was crowded with intending emigrants, each more eager than the other for an interview with the object of our visit. After considerable jostling and squeezing, we at length contrived to send up our name by a venerable female attendant, who expressed a fervent wish that we 'might see her missus that night,' but she was sure she didn't know *when*! Our fair companion's curiosity was, of course, awakened at this aspect of affairs, and she, at any rate, resolved not to be disappointed. '*Patience is a virtue*,' and we had a tolerable lesson in its acquirement. At its termination we were ushered up the narrow uncarpeted stairs into the audience-chamber upon the first floor. We had been at many 'receptions,' but this was the strangest of them all. Mrs. Chisholm was seated behind a large sea-chest, raised upon a couple of benches. The chest was covered with writing materials and baggage-papers, which she was distributing to the various emigrants, whilst at the same time answering every possible inquiry, and endeavouring to satisfy almost every impossible complaint. After witnessing for five minutes what Mrs. Chisholm had to endure, we felt heartily ashamed at having lost our patience on the stairs. The room (but dimly lighted by two or three candles hung in tin candlesticks against the wall) was furnished with a model of the sleeping-berths allotted to emigrants on board the society's ships. Though doubtless very well adapted for the purpose intended, their appearance certainly did not imbue us with a desire immediately to seek

and repose in our own time-honoured four-poster. Attached to the sides of these sleeping-berths were sundry utensils required by those indulging in a voyage to the antipodes, such as tin plates, hook-pots, and water-cans. These were evidently constructed by some one having most severe notions of economy, combined with a vast regard for durability. One of the bed-places was occupied by a fluter, snugly ensconced in a wicker-basket of snowy whiteness, looking altogether so provokingly cozy and comfortable by comparison with its neighbours, that it almost seemed to say, 'Won't you find me useful, my friends?' A model emigrants' medicine-chest, made of plain deal wood, unencumbered with all decoration save a printed label, together with a life-buoy, 'capable of sustaining seven persons,' complete all the ornaments and utilities of the room.

"The 'group-meeting' over, and the emigrants dismissed, we were (at ten o'clock at night) favoured with a private interview by the Emigrants' Friend—for such, indeed, is Mrs. Chisholm. Most of our readers have doubtless seen many portraits of this lady. We have not had the good fortune to see more than one good likeness—poor Fairland's lithograph from Hayter's painting. To describe a lady's personal appearance is an ungracious task at best, and we will therefore not attempt it save in a negative manner. Those of our readers who have seen Mrs. Chisholm depicted (by a certain enthusiastic artist, as yet, happily, unknown to fame) as being mounted on a coal-black steed, attired in an elegant riding-habit (with the prescribed length and insufficiency of waist), and with her whip beckoning her emigrants across a colonial river, in a decidedly 'Come on!' style of attitude, worthy of Astley's best tableaux,* may rest perfectly assured that they do not, from such a picture, form a very accurate notion of the Emigrants' Friend, as she really appears when rendering them assistance. Let them imagine a sedate, matronly lady, with eyes well set under a very capacious forehead—orbs that seem to 'look you through' whilst addressing you—and withal a fascinating manner which at once seizes upon you, and induces you to prolong your stay, and they will have a tolerable portrait of Mrs. Chisholm. After a very brief interview, we took our leave, convinced that we had seen by no means the least remarkable personage of these practical and wonder-working times."

Although future English emigrants will shortly be deprived of Mrs. Chisholm's counsel before they quit their native shores, still the results of her labours will remain. These results have been obtained in despite of an opposition such as few would be willing to contend against—an opposition that could only have been defeated by one who was prepared to bring into the contest the same amount of stern determination, unflinching industry, and disinterested philanthropy, as Mrs. Chisholm. But it is the women of England who should ever bless her name, for many indeed are the almost broken hearts of the gentler sex that have been healed by her. Mothers have been united to children whom they hardly dared to hope ever again to see in this life; wives have joined their husbands, after years of painful separation; and scores of British maidens, shielded alike from injury and insult during the long sea voyage, have been safely deposited at their brothers' Australian firesides. These facts should not, and we feel assured will not, be speedily forgotten. Whilst they are remembered, then also will the woman be borne in mind by whose undaunted energy such glorious results were achieved. Every English parent, for ages yet to come, whose children, either from necessity or inclination, may be induced to seek the Australian shores, will have good reason to bless the day when emigration was reformed, its glaring and infamous abuses remedied, and its difficulties and dangers lessened, by the energetic genius and daring moral courage of CAROLINE CHISHOLM.

* A picture recently published in a panoramic form, entitled, "*Adventures of Mrs. Chisholm*," contains the above portrait. This singular production has been sold by thousands both in London and the northern provincial towns of England.

'A life on the ocean wave,'

but rather strengthened our determination

'To take our stand on solid land,'

KHOSROVAH.

KHOSROVAH is a town situated in the middle of a beautiful plain near the lake of Ommyah, within three days' journey of T'abriz, the capital of Azbaidjan, one of the ten provinces of Persia. The inhabitants number nearly twelve hundred, and are of Chaldean origin. They were formerly Nestorians, but have lately adopted the Roman Catholic faith. At Khosrovah the houses are large, convenient, and well built, many of them have very beautiful gardens attached, but the cultivation of the earth does not say much for their owners' knowledge of agriculture; and in this they are not distinguished from their neighbours, who are but indifferent husbandmen. A recent traveller says that when he for the first time saw Khosrovah, the peasants who used carts, employed a team of buffaloes; from a sketch which he then made our engraving is taken. At a short distance from the town an ancient bas-relief is found upon a rock, representing two horsemen attended by

is exposed, or sometimes the point is surmounted by a nest.

The peasants for the most part erect their own dwellings, and manufacture their own materials for the building. Collecting a great quantity of earth in a trough, they moisten gradually by adding water till the whole is reduced to a thick paste, they then press this moistened earth into the wooden brick-mould, with rapidity and exactness. One man may thus produce a prodigious quantity of bricks in one day, generally between two and three thousand. The bricks having taken the desired form are hardened in the sun, and are then considered fit for use. Nearly all the houses are built of these materials.

In Persia, as well as in America, agriculture sustains the chief part of the public expenses, and is a source of considerable revenue. The state claims a certain duty upon all products; but money being extremely rare in the villages and



CART OF A HUSBANDMAN, KHOSROVAH, IN PERSIA.

champions on foot: it is very large, and after a remote style of art, probably sculptured during the monarchial period of the Sassanides.

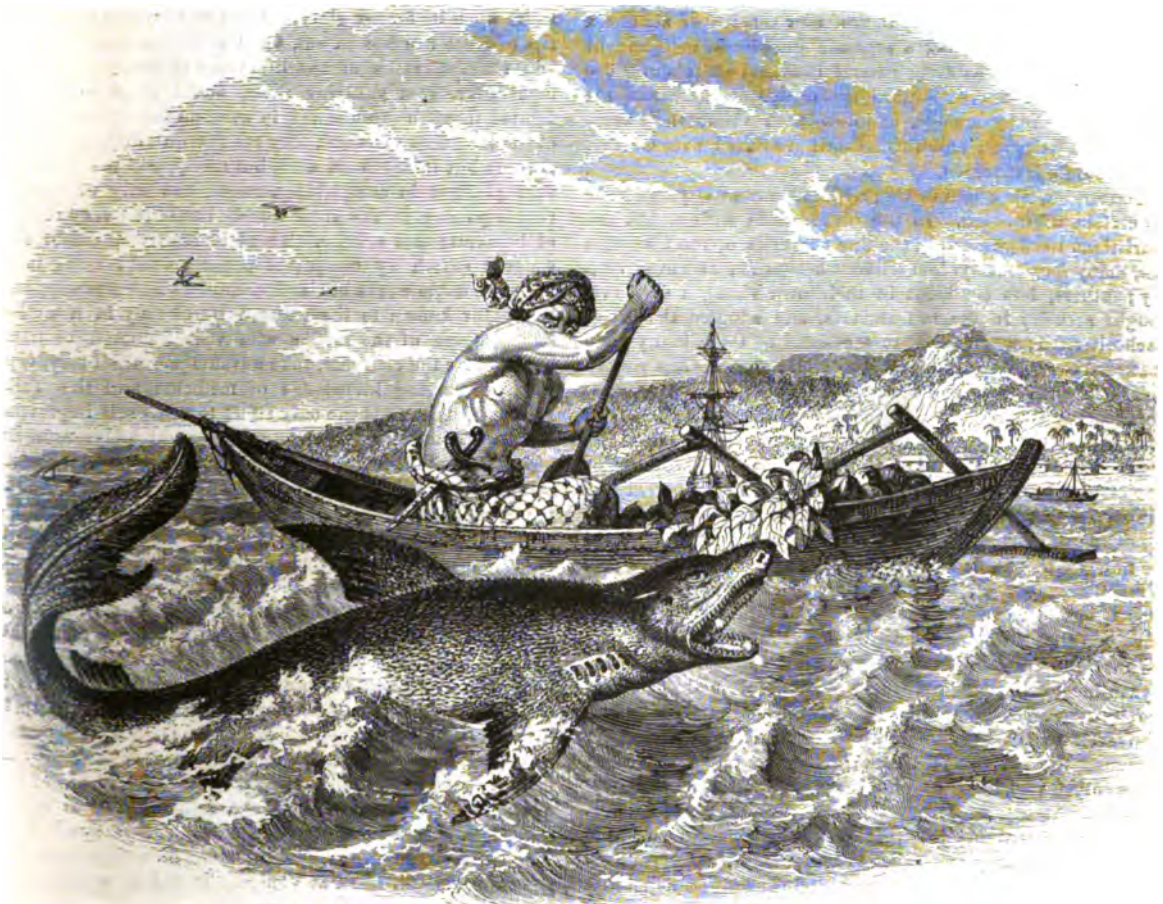
Persian villages generally resemble each other in nearly every particular; there is the same earthen wall, and row of trees, and breaches in the wall, occasioned by some trivial accident, for the Persian builds but slightly, and his fortification is a merely imaginary defence, that a fox might break down—the same mud hovels, and here and there picturesque old houses, with gilded cupolas of different heights; together with the same extensive caravansaries—simple as of old. If the village is rich and populous, the houses of the principal inhabitants are garnished with various carvings and coloured glass; some of the dwellings are built of brick. From any other habitations, by its peculiarity of material or architectural decoration, may be recognised the dwelling of the Ket Khoda, chief of the village. The Mosque is generally indicated by a brick dome, upon the point of which a plume of stork's feathers

country districts, most of the peasants pay the greater part of the government imposts in grain or cattle. This is a great alleviation to the husbandmen, who are generally poor. Agriculture in Persia, is the same now as it has been for many centuries. They have a stereotyped system of husbandry—a good old way—from which it would be difficult to induce them to depart. In the labours of the fields, as we have before remarked, bullocks or buffaloes are employed. Everything in Persia reminds the traveller of the old time—there things seem to have remained as they were from the beginning; the Persian makes his bricks and builds his house as of yore, the ox-drawn cart rumbles over the marshy soil; but while every social arrangement maintains its old character, one looks in vain for the glory and power of the country, the bygone magnificence buried in unaccountable oblivion even by their own historians. Scattered fragments here and there give indication of the condition of ancient Persia, and the caves in the rocks still remain where the Persian kings are buried.

THE JAVANESE AND THE SHARK.

SIR JOHN BARROW, who accompanied Sir George Staunton on his embassy to China, published a volume, in 1806, giving an account of his observations in Cochin China, which is full of interesting details regarding that as well as other countries of the southern hemisphere. Gifted, as he was, with nearly all the qualities which fit a man for travelling with profit to himself and the world at large, his descriptions of men and things could hardly fail to be interesting. The volume has been, however, so long out of print, that, in all probability, few of the young generation of readers are familiar with it. His statements respecting the Spice Islands of the Pacific, under Dutch sway, are particularly deserving attention. We have selected for engraving an incident which he describes as having occurred while lying off Java, and we shall let him describe it in his own words:—

appeared to be still more so, who happened at that moment to be astern of the ship, paddling his canoe, with a load of fruit and vegetables. His apprehension lest the wounded shark, in rolling and plunging, and lashing the water with its fins and tail, should overturn his little skiff, which was not much larger than the animal itself, his exertions to get out of its reach, and the marks of terror that were visible on his countenance, struck our fellow-traveller, Alexander, so forcibly, that, though of momentary duration, he caught with his pencil a spirited sketch, which, having the merit at least of being a true representation of a Javanese canoe, with its paddle and bamboo outrigger, was considered as not unworthy of being put into the engraver's hands. The shark, being killed with a harpoon, was then hoisted on deck and opened. The contents of its stomach formed a mass of



THE JAVANESE AND THE SHARK.

"In no other part of the world do I recollect to have observed such shoals of sharks as are constantly prowling near the shore at Anjerie, attracted, no doubt, by the offals that float down the river, or are thrown upon the beach. When on board the "Hindostan" at this anchorage, I hooked one of these voracious animals from the stern gallery, in doing which, however, I had a very narrow escape from being dragged by it into the sea. No sooner did the fish put the hook in its jaw, than, plunging towards the bottom, he drew his line to its full stretch, which, being entangled in the railing of the gallery, swept away at once a great part of the balustrade. In the rapidity with which the rope ran out, a coil of it got round my arm; but just as I was forced among the wreck, the shark, by darting back to the surface, slackened the rope sufficiently to enable me to disengage my arm and get clear. Greatly as I was alarmed at this accident, a poor Javanese

such magnitude and variety as can scarcely be conceived. It consisted, among other articles, of the complete head of a female buffalo, a whole calf, a quantity of entrails and of bones, and large fragments of the upper and under shells of a considerable-sized turtle. The length of the shark was ten feet eight inches."* Sir John gives a horrible account of the treatment of the Chinese settlers in Java by the Dutch colonists who ruled them. Finding it impossible to induce them to consume opium and other foreign products in quantities sufficiently large to fill the coffers of the importers, a pretended conspiracy was trumped up; in 1740, the Chinese chiefs were horribly tortured, and the whole of the Chinese population, including the women and children, to the number of twelve thousand, were massacred in cold blood.

* "A Voyage to Cochin China, in the years 1792 and 1793." pp. 162-3.

ART IN GREECE.—THE CONVENTS OF MOUNT ATHOS.

MOUNT ATHOS lies to the south of Macedonia, between the gulfs of Contessa and Monte Santo, at the extremity of a peninsula connected with the continent by an isthmus about a mile and a half long. It is a round and almost conical mass, rising to a height of about three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and casting an immense shadow in the setting sun almost across the Archipelago. Little mention is made of it in the works of Grecian historians beyond the record of two facts—the one, that Xerxes caused a canal to be cut across the isthmus to give a passage to his fleet; and the other, that a Greek sculptor, Dinocrates, proposed to Alexander the Great to cut the mountain into the form of a statue with outstretched arm, and holding in its hand a town containing ten thousand inhabitants.

The hill is called at the present day by many of the Greeks Hagion Oros, or the Holy Mountain, and it is rendered remarkable by the fact, that its population now consists of about six thousand monks, forming a separate and almost independent community, and inhabiting several convents built along the slopes. These convents were the cradle of Byzantine art fourteen hundred years ago, and now, after a thousand storms of war, and change, and revolution have rolled over Greece, they form its last refuge.

Concerning the origin of this religious community, we have no certain information. In the persecutions with which the Christians were pursued in the first centuries of the Christian era, many faced martyrdom without hesitation, and even with joy; others, less confident in their own strength of nerve, sought security in desert fastnesses, and adopted the life of anchorites. It was thus that the seeds of Christianity were scattered over the solitudes of Nubia and Syria. Many more fled to Mount Athos, and took up their abode along its sides, hoping that the seclusion of the place, and the difficulty of access, would afford them safety, however precarious, from the rage of their enemies. When Constantine removed the seat of the empire to Constantinople, and avowed his adherence to the new faith, the population of Mount Athos rapidly increased, and convents were built, such, in all probability, as we now see them. It is right to mention, however, that this is mainly conjecture; history is entirely silent regarding this retired but interesting corner of the Byzantine empire. We have said that these convents are the last refuge of Greek art; we may add, that they contain some interesting relics of old Byzantine civilisation, and manners, and forms of faith, and are by no means an uninteresting subject of study for those who seek to lift up the pall which for four centuries has shrouded the remains of Greek greatness. They number in all twenty-three, lying around the mountain, none of them at any great distance from the sea. The most ancient to which our attention will principally be directed, are the *Aghia Labra*, or holy monastery, Vatopedi, Iviron, and Xilandari. The first, which at present contains about four hundred monks, was founded by St. Athanasius about the beginning of the fourth century, and to this circumstance owes its pre-eminence over all the others. While they are simply dedicated to some saint, it is entitled the holy monastery *par excellence*. Vatopedi was the one to which John Contocuzine, whose romantic story has been so well told by Gibbon, retired to spend the remaining years of his life, when, disgusted with power, he abdicated the imperial throne.

On the highest point of the mountain rises the little Church of the Transfiguration, and scattered around are a town and some little villages; and in the centre of the peninsula lies the *protalon* or metropolis of Mount Athos, Karies—all inhabited by a shifting population of monks, whose sole occupation is the importation of provisions and other necessities from Salomen for their brethren in the convent. The monks are divided into two classes, brothers and fathers, or *papas*, and are made up of an indiscriminate mixture of Slaves, Greeks, Wallachians, and Armenians, all reduced to the same state of torpor, both physical and mental, under the rigidity of

the monastic rule. The convent buildings present for the most part great uniformity of appearance, generally an irregular and confused mass, with no evidence of unity of design in the arrangement of the different parts. A single door, which is always fastened at twilight, gives entrance to a square court-yard, around which the cells of the inmates are ranged in one or more stories; additions being made, upon a plan apparently dictated solely by caprice, when any increase took place in their number. In the centre stands the church, surrounded by a crowd of small chapels, but all built of brick, and so imperfectly, that frequent repairs have effaced all traces of the primitive style. On all the walls appear stiff, sad-looking, and austere pictures, which form a singular contrast to the easy, indolent, and insouciant appearance of the monks.

Mount Athos was in the earlier days of Christianity the great seat of intellectual activity—the hot-bed of theological and metaphysical discussion; but the state of listless indolence in which its inhabitants are now plunged is a strange satire upon its former glory. All the convents contain libraries of greater or less extent, filled with manuscripts and rare and valuable relics of the literature of antiquity; but the monks, far from studying them, suffer them to be lost or injured through carelessness, in utter and complete ignorance of the treasures of which they are the guardians. They read nothing but their offices, write but rarely, and are for the most part plunged in complete ignorance, not only of everything that is passing in the outer world—but of the very rudiments of literature and science. There is hardly a doubt that a diligent search by competent persons would bring to light many valuable works of classical authors hitherto supposed to be lost, or known to the western world only in a mutilated state. Some of the monks who visit Salomen to transact business for the convents, take advantage of their stay, to pick up a smattering knowledge of medicine and the Turkish language, but this is the only effort towards self-improvement that is ever made. The rude daubs by which Byzantine art is now represented amongst them, furnish additional proof of their mental degradation when we remember that, during the first two centuries after the establishment of the convents on Mount Athos, they were the chief seats of religious art in the world, and students resorted thither from all parts of Europe to receive instruction from the inmates.

In these times such names as those of St. Athanasius and Peter the Athonite figured in their annals, in no very striking contrast with many others of scarce inferior zeal and learning. The church of Aghia Labra, founded by Athanasius in the early part of the fourth century, was endowed richly A.D. 965 by the emperor Nicephorus. The gates, which probably belong to that period, are composed of wrought copper, and display great beauty of execution. They remind one of those of the church of Ravello near Amalfi, as well as of many other religious monuments of Apulia. The portico is covered with Turkish ornaments. The general arrangement is that of the church of St. Mark at Venice. The altar is covered with a great deal of rich gilding, as also most parts of the ceiling, which is covered with carved and fretted work, and encaustic paintings in great abundance; and the body of the church contains desks, pulpits, and other articles of a similar nature of great richness. The monks have substituted these for the massive pulpits of the ancient Latin church. Nearly all are the gifts of the Russian government.

The Byzantine school, which was a school of transition from ancient art, that sought the beautiful merely for the form itself, to Christian art, which uses the form only to veil an idea, devoted itself from the very first to preparing for the transformation which inevitably followed the adoption of this new aim by the cultivators of art. In this point of view the Byzantine artists were successful in arriving at a unity such as has never been attained by those of the Renaissance, and from which they are still very far indeed. The Italian mosaics, executed by Italian artists, can alone give us a right idea of the laborious changes which Byzantine art underwent before it assumed its definitive form from the teachings of the

great masters of the school. At a later period, to preserve the established forms from the influences of time or caprice or fashion, a monk named Denys collected the acknowledged and established principles of the school, and compiled them in a code. His manuscript was distributed through the various convents and carefully copied, and thenceforward became the text-book of the painters; and so powerful has been its influence, that it is impossible to fix the date of a Byzantine painting by its style. So closely have its rules been attended to, through a long lapse of time, so intimate, too, has been the connexion between Greek painting and the Greek worship, that the former has everywhere followed in the march of the priests, and we find it prevailing almost to the exclusion of every other in Russia, in Greece, in Asia Minor, and in the regions bordering on Mount Sinai, where Greek convents are numerous. The church, Aghia Labra, contains the best specimens of it extant. The cupola is entirely occupied by a colossal figure of Christ, with that air of purity and dignity which the painters of the Renaissance have adopted. The complexion is *straw-coloured*, as the monks there express; one hand is extended towards St. John, as if in the act of instructing, and the other is laid on his heart. The hair is fair, but the beard is black, as also the eyebrows, which give the half-closed eyes an air of mingled simplicity, sweetness, and firmness. The Byzantine artists indicated the importance of the personage they painted by the size of the figure. The saints increase in height as they increase in holiness, while Christ is taller than them all by the head and shoulders.

At the base of the cupola stand a row of archangels in shining robes, holding huge sceptres in their hands, surmounted by images of the Redeemer. The brilliant colours of their garments stand in dazzling contrast to the sombre black of the ground, and in their faces and attitudes there is an air of lofty, calm majesty. Over their heads an innumerable multitude of cherubs flutter round Christ as a centre, and as if typifying the spirits of the blest, they seem to grow more and more ethereal the nearer they approach him. There is nothing human in their figures except the head. The rest is composed of a great number of wings, pointing in every direction, and looking like stars in the deep blue firmament of the vault above; while on a golden ground, and on a grand scale, the image of Christ looks down from the midst of them all, so that in whatever part of the building the worshipper kneels, he seems to have his eye upon him.

The pendentives represent the four evangelists writing at the dictation of an apostle, and the walls of the rest of the church are covered with subjects drawn from the Old or New Testament. On the two arms of the cross we see the saints of the church militant, who shook off the dust of the schools, and defended their faith on the fields of force, standing upright upon a black ground, in an attitude of vigilant repose. The churches of the other convents present precisely the same aspect, though on a more diminutive and less perfect scale, in accordance with the Medo-Persian laws of the Byzantine school, which treated all subjects in the same manner, with the same figures, in the same attitudes. Towards the end of the principal nave, to the left, appears a painting with an inscription, now illegible, evidently representing one of the Latin chiefs of the Crusades, who fixed their abode in Greece on their return from the Holy Land. His head-dress is that of the Merovingian kings, and his robe, as well as his crown, is sprinkled with *fleurs-de-lis*, and in his hands he holds a model representation of the façade of a church, probably of one which owed its existence to his pious munificence; in front of him appears his son, wearing the same costume.

Under the external portico we find figures of the ancient *asceti*, or anchorites, in an attitude of prayer, who, in imitation of the fathers of the desert, lived in grottoes and caverns in the mountain side. They appear to have been reduced to the last extremity of hunger, and are clothed in a simple and primitive garment of leaves, while their beard descends almost to their knees. Beside them an inscription informs us, "Such was the life of these anchorites." These ascetics themselves travelled from convent to convent, painting those vivid repre-

sentations of their own unhappy lives, and also sculptured numerous little crucifixes in wood, many of which are still preserved.

The monks attribute the paintings which adorn the church of Aghia Labra to a brother of their order, named Manuel Panselinos (*the moon in all its splendour*), but they are unable to say at what period he lived. The figures are executed in fresco, in very low relief, which disappears at the distance of the floor; the tone is very light, and certainly betrays no attempt at imitation, and the whole is rather coloured than painted. Fresco-painting is very ancient, and is not due to the Byzantine school, but to a Roman artist, named Ludius, who, in the reign of Augustus, substituted it for the encaustic.

The only means of arriving at a near estimate of the date of these works, is by comparing them with others of the same character in Italy, the date of which is known. They may be safely referred in chronological order, we should think, to the mosaics of Santa Pudenziana, executed at Rome in the second century of the Christian era, in which the artist, with his pagan notions still running in his head, has given Christ the features of Jupiter; and those of St. Paul outside the walls of St. John of Lateran, in the fourth century, a period in which the Byzantine art shared in the complete triumph of Christianity. The parallel might be followed out in several instances of a still later date, did our space permit.

Compared with the Italian mosaics, the Byzantine art resembles them in the amplitude of outline of those which certainly belong to the earlier periods of the Christian era, when Greek art was still in its prime. This amplitude disappeared totally after the ninth century, and was not seen again till the period of the Renaissance, and the return to antique form was plainly due to Michael Angelo. So that we must either attribute these Byzantine paintings at Aghia Labra to a very early date, or suppose them to have been executed since the Renaissance under the influence of the Vasari school. The latter supposition is, however, inadmissible, owing to the historical accuracy displayed in the rendering of the details. The armour, the little chains, the helmets, all warrant us in believing that the artist was the contemporary of the knights and nobles whom he represents, and whom he must have seen at the court of the Palæologi and the Comneni. The perfect state of preservation in which the works appear is accounted for by the fact, that Mount Athos has remained intact for ages from all political storms and agitations.

The mode of instruction in painting pursued by the monks, whatever be its effectiveness, has certainly the merit of extreme simplicity. Those of the pupils who exhibit most ability are placed on a platform behind those who have been promoted to the rank of masters, and there watch them while at work. After a few years of this, they are themselves permitted to practise. Before commencing, the wall is entirely laid bare, and then covered with a coating of plaster, which is carefully smoothed by the trowel. The ablest of the monastic artists then indicates to his subordinate the nature of the design to be executed, the size of the principal figure or figures, and the legend which is to accompany it. The latter then sketches the outline in a brownish-red, and hands the brush to one still less advanced, who gives the figure some local tones, and makes some attempt at shading. The finishing is done by the same hand which traces the outline, but the execution is in most instances extremely rude.

It is a trite remark, that there is no unmixed evil under the sun; and yet this is a truth which, like many others equally obvious, is too often lost sight of by hasty disputants and headstrong innovators. The subject of which we have been treating supplies a case in point. Nothing is more common than to hear people denounce the monastic system as an unmitigated curse to society. Convents are described as mere nests of corruption, or, at best, cradles of absurd superstition, and monks as lazy worthless drones, whose existence is scarcely to be tolerated. Yet, from what has been stated above, it appears they may be, and history tells us they have been, of great service to literature and art, not to mention their many deeds of charity.

beyond the fancies of Goltzius, gave his burin capricious and singular but expressive movements. Cornelius Wischer, though differing so widely from Edelinck, disputes the first rank with him; the Audrans produced masterpieces of art. One of them, Gerard, copied both on copper-plate with the burin and in etching, the splendid "Battles of Alexander" by Lebrun, and with so much skill as to make us sometimes doubt whether the painter's or the engraver's art was the greater.

It was not until a comparatively late period that the art began to flourish in England. The first engravings worthy of note which appeared in this country were those which accompanied an edition of "Vesaluria's Anatomy," about the year 1546, which were engraved by Thomas Geminus. They were, as might be expected, full of defects, but we can readily overlook these in consideration of its being a first attempt. The art was greatly patronised by Archbishop Parker, in the reign of Elizabeth, who constantly employed a painter and two engravers in his palace at Lambeth. One of the latter, Remigius Hogenbergh, engraved his head twice, and this is said to have been the first attempt at copper-plate engraving ever made in England. He was followed by Christopher Caxton, who undertook to make a complete set of maps of the counties of England and Wales; he engraved many of the plates himself, and they were the first set of county maps ever seen in England. But for nearly a hundred years after this, copper-plate engraving made no advance, but retained all its original coarseness and simplicity. Reginald Elstriche, who lived at the close of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries, seems to have introduced a little more neatness of finish into his works than his predecessors, but none of them ever displayed a particle of taste. The art received another impulse in advance from foreigners—the family of the Passes, from Utrecht, who settled in England early in the seventeenth century. Simon de Passe was a man of literary tastes, and displayed indomitable industry. His labours formed the commencement of a new era. They displayed great neatness, clearness, and judgment, and were ably followed up by his sons, Crispin, William, and Simon, as well as by his daughter Magdalen. The native artists of his day were all below mediocrity, and limited themselves to maps, cuts, and small portraits for books.

The first English engraver of note was John Payne, a pupil of Simon de Passe. He possessed great talents, as his works testify; but they are not numerous, as he led an irregular life and died early. The principal are frontispieces and other book-cuts and portraits; he also executed a variety of other objects,—landscapes, animals, flowers, fruits, birds; but several of his portraits are very fine, and by far the best of his works; these he executed entirely with the graver, and in a fine open style, and they have a very pleasing effect. He also engraved a large print of a ship, called the "Royal Sovereign," on two plates, which, when joined, were three feet long by two feet two inches high. He died about the year 1648.

Charles I. was the first English monarch who was sufficiently alive to the beauty of engraving to appoint an engraver royal, and Robert Vander Voerst was the man on whom the honour was conferred. He engraved a portrait of the king's sister, and a plate from a picture painted by Vandyke, to supply the place of one of Titian's "Cæsars," which by some accident had been lost or destroyed. He handled his graver in a bold, fine, and commanding style. The style of Vostermann, a rival and contemporary of Voerst, exhibits, however, more careful finishing and painter-like feeling, and must on the whole be allowed to be superior to that of his rival. He not only translated, but may be said to have stereotyped the great works of Rubens and Vandyke. His etchings, in particular, were excellent.

Faithorne is the next English engraver who merits our attention. He was a man of great genius, and being obliged to leave England during the civil war, he went to Paris, where he derived great advantage from the instructions of Nanteuil; and on his return to his native country, he executed a great number of portraits, and several historical

subjects, in an excellent manner. He worked almost entirely with the graver. In the early part of his life he imitated the Dutch and Flemish manner; but on his return from France he greatly improved it. His best portraits are admirable, and are finished in a fine but delicate style, with much force of colour. His drawing of the human figure is by no means correct, nor in good taste; but as he dedicated so much of his time to portraits, the few historical works he has left are not fair specimens of his talents. His portraits are numerous, but not of equal merit; his best ones are very valuable.

He was followed by Robert White, who was born in London in 1645. Besides many portraits on vellum in black-lead, in which he was very successful, he has left many engravings of portraits, frontispieces, and book-decorations. His portraits are excellent, as they are all strong likenesses; but his engraving was far inferior. He had a son, also an engraver, whose works display a good deal of merit, but nothing very striking. The palm was again destined to be carried off by a foreigner, Sir Nicholas Dorigny, a native of France, but educated in art at Rome. He there became known to several English noblemen and gentlemen, who persuaded him to come to England. On his arrival, he undertook to engrave the Cartoons, and presented two splendid sets of prints to George I. After having completed this great work, his sight began to grow dim, and he returned to France, where he was elected a member of the Academy, and died at the advanced age of eighty-nine. In copying Raphael's forms he has often lost much of their exquisite grace and chasteness, and has rendered the expression of the heads coarsely; yet there is a manly energy and freedom in his style bridled by simplicity: his shadows are full-toned, clear, and rich; the lines are often conducted over his draperies with great freedom and elegance, of which the figure of "St. Paul Preaching at Athens" is a good example; as also the same apostle in the cartoon of "Elymas, the Sorcerer, struck blind."

Vivares must be considered the founder of the English school of landscape engraving. He was a native of France, and learned the principles of his art from Chatelain, in London; but, being a man of great genius, he improved on the style of his master. He was followed by Woollett in the same department, whose works were models in beauty of execution and of style for landscape. Like Vivares, he carried his plates a considerable way with the point, and gave them the necessary depth with the graver, touching them up in the more delicate parts with the dry point. His works have all the delicacy and clearness of the French masters, with all the spirit and taste of Vivares. He likewise executed several historical plates and portraits with great success. His chief works are the large landscapes which he has engraved from R. Wilson and others; the death of General Wolfe, after West.

The next remarkable engraver we have to mention is Sir Robert Strange. He is greatly admired for the breadth of his effect, and the beauty of his execution; but his great excellency is the delicacy and softness of his female flesh. In this last he has seldom been equalled, and never surpassed, by any other master, as his engravings from the works of Titian, Guido, Correggio, and other painters of the Italian school, sufficiently show; but his drawing is extremely incorrect.

We shall pass over many junior celebrities and hurry on to Hogarth, whose works exhibit a walk of art untrodden before him by any. He made engraving an instrument of high moral teaching, and a vehicle for the keenest satire and the most brilliant humour. His execution was unrivalled for what it professed to be. Having on a former occasion spoken of him at considerable length, we shall not now dwell upon him any further. Since his time innumerable artists of the highest talents have appeared in every branch of engraving.

Some years ago a machine was invented by Mr. Lowry, of London, to facilitate the engraving of parallel lines. It has since undergone considerable improvement, and is now employed in most engravings, particularly in the sky, water, and the architectural parts. Wherever parallel lines are required, whether straight or circular, it executes them with elegance.

accuracy, and facility. The efforts of copper-plate engravers, in more recent times, have chiefly been directed to the illustrations for books; steel having generally taken its place for all larger and more important works, owing to its greater durability.

In the year 1785, Alderman Boydell conceived the idea of establishing a Shakspeare Gallery, in London, for the exhibition of works of art, upon a grand scale. Designs were opened up to competition, a prize of one hundred guineas being offered for all accepted by the committee. They were painted by some of the most eminent artists of the day. The first engravers in England were employed to transfer them to copper; amongst others, Sharpe, Bartolozzi, Barlow, Shaw, Simon, Middimann, Watson, Tytler, Wilson, and many others. Probably no plates ever had the same pains bestowed upon them. As many as five years were expended upon a single plate, and proof impressions were taken at every stage of the work for the subscribers. It was not completed till 1803, a period of twenty years from its commencement.

France has always been celebrated for her triumphs in this branch of engraving. The precision of copper-plate has always suited the character of French art better than the vagueness of dot engraving. During the eighteenth century the burin bore the sway, but there was always much to be desired in the drawing. The influence of David and Regnault, however, caused greater attention to be bestowed upon it, and its effects were soon perceived in engraving. The imperial epoch was remarkable for the extreme purity of style. It was at this period that Bervic executed those celebrated engravings known as the "Education of Achilles" and "Dejanira," and classical engraving was restored to the post of honour. To all the processes of the revolutionary period, to the fine point of Duplessis-Bertaux, to the stippling of Cossia, and the aqua-tinta which popularised the fine caricatures of Karl Vernet, succeeded the perfection of the academic lines, renewed from Edelinck, and Drenet, and Polly. The breast of the Centaur, by Nessey, was copied by Bervic, the author of the "Laocoon," by means of very curious and delicate labours, which please the eye by their elegance and their symmetry, as well as by the skill which displays throughout the flatnesses of the flesh and the presence of the bones and sinews. Such excellence in the mechanical portion of the process was never before exhibited in combination with so much refined feeling.

The triumphs of the graver continued under the Restoration; at one time they were slightly interrupted by the movement known as *Romanticism*. The "Shipwreck of the Medusa" was engraved in the dotted style by Reynolds, and soon after the "Patrol of Smyrna" revived the recollection of Rembrandt; but the methods of this great master were far sooner learnt and understood than his genius. Innovations, variations, expeditious modes and plans became all the rage, but, nevertheless, the tradition of the old masters was upheld by Desnoyer, Tardieu, and Richomme. The first applying himself to Raphael, translated him with great feeling in the "Belle Jardinière;" the second raised himself to the rank of master by his fine portrait of the Earl of Arundel, after Vandyke, and by the "Communion of St. Jerome," in which he preserved all the power and expression of Domenichino; and the third had courage to measure himself against Edelinck in his rendering of one of Raphael's *chefs-d'œuvre*.

After this rapid historical sketch, it may not be amiss to give a short outline of the observations which professors, books, and academies have made the code of engravers.

Generally the burin should follow in its course the hollows and the cavities of muscles and folds, and widen the cuttings as it approaches the light, and narrow them as it enters the shade, and finish the outlines without hardness. The various series of lines should be in union, although each object should be treated in its own style. It often happens, for example, that the line which is first in an open space may serve in returning to form the second, when in place of developing the muscle or fold, the engraver has only to strengthen the tone. He must neither indulge in odd and

capricious turnings, nor adhere too closely to straightness of line, which though doubtless easier to make, has always a stiff and monotonous aspect.

With regard to draperies, care must be taken to distinguish them by the nature of the manipulation; in engraving linen, for example, it should be closer and more delicate than in the case of other cloths, and in most cases should be made by a single line; white cloth by two lines only, and with a breadth proportioned to the texture of the material; in shining substances, such as silk, the work should be straighter, and the folds should be imitated by abrupt breaks, and also by an interline, slipped into the intervals of the main lines; woollen and silk velvet with an interline also, but with the principal lines strongly marked, and the second lighter, but still well sustained. The interline, which answers the purpose of producing a shining appearance so well, may also be employed with success in rendering metals, gold and silver vessels, and armour and weapons of polished steel.

In architecture the lines must obey the laws of perspective and help to create the necessary optical illusion; that is, the lines which cover receding or diminishing objects must concentrate in the point of view; they must conform also to the direction in which the objects present the greatest dimensions. Entire columns, for example, are engraved by perpendicular lines, to avoid the discord which would arise between the lines of the capital and those of the base. In sculpture care must be taken not to do too much. The work should be light, and appear reflected, as that in white marble and stone always does. There should be no point of light placed in the pupil of the eye; and the hair should not be represented, as in nature, in detached fibres, but in a mass. Landscape should be commenced by careful and discreet etching, so that, when giving it the finishing touches, the coarseness may be removed without totally destroying, in every place, the picturesque roughness. In earth, walls, trunks of trees, mountains, and rocks, the lines should be broken, interrupted abruptly, trembling, and should cross almost at right angles, to imitate the cold smoothness of the rocks; and should have a nibbled appearance, to imitate the rugosity of bark, and the inequalities of the ground or walls. The intervening air must also be taken into consideration, and allowance made for its influence by making objects close to the horizon very soft and delicate; and the aerial perspective found in the painting or drawing should be reproduced.

Water, if calm, should be represented by right lines parallel with the horizon, and with light interlines, and some breaks, which express very well the glitter and polish of the surface. By perpendicular seconds, the form of objects reflected in the water, and overhanging its banks, may be rendered, taking care to make their shape apparent, and to mark their relative distance from the spectator. If they are trees, their form can be best produced by a light outline, particularly if the water is quite clear. When the waters are agitated like the waves of the sea, the principal lines should be like the movement of the wave, and the interlines should be lozenge-shaped, as they best express the transparency of fluids. In cascades or waterfalls, the lines should follow the course of the fall, with interlines, and a good deal of abruptness in the lights. Clouds are rendered by horizontal lines; if they are those light, hanging vapours that lose themselves insensibly in the blue of the sky, care must be taken that the line, instead of forming a distinct edge all round the cloud, should verge towards the extremity, and disappear there gradually. If the clouds are tempestuous, murky, and agitated, the graver should give itself up to their forms without reserve. The crossings of the lines should be made lozenge-shaped, because this gives transparency and an appearance of motion; but the first should in every case be more prominent than the second. The lines must not be too wavy, because they give the cloud the appearance of a fleece of wool or a bundle of tow. The blue of the sky is rendered by straight, horizontal lines.

Care must be taken to engrave the flesh of women and children different from that of men, and to make the first part of the work close and thick, so as to represent the softness and

delicacy of their skin. The square which expresses hardness must be avoided, as also the lozenge. In general, flesh should be produced by dots; that of men by long dots, such as are put at the end of lines or lozenges, intermingled with round

that the thickness of the coating of wax deceives, from some cause or other, it sometimes happens that when the plate is duly bitten, in spite of all the regularity observed, they come out badly arranged, and if any attempt be made to set them



THE PAINTER'S STUDIO. FROM A PAINTING BY MIERIS.

dots, and that of women with round dots, prepared by etching, in order to avoid that rough labour produced by elongated dots. "The dots," says Abraham Bosse, "should be arranged like bricks in a wall; above all, great order and regularity should be observed in disposing them, for whether it is

right with the graver, the flesh will appear as if covered with some cutaneous eruption." When the aquafortis produces them in the right place, however, and they are afterwards mingled with the long dots produced by the burin, the effect is excellent.

MRS. CAROLINE CHISHOLM.

THE lady whose portrait adorns this number of our publication was born at Northampton, in May, 1808. Mr. Jones, her father, belonged to that respectable class of yeomen of whom England has for centuries had reason to be proud. At an early age the subject of this sketch had to deplore her father's loss, and thenceforth she was indebted to the example and

When about twenty-five years of age, Caroline Jones was married to Captain Archibald Chisholm, a native of Scotland, in the East India Company's military service. It was for a long time imagined that Mrs. Chisholm's husband was connected with the navy, and even now that notion prevails very generally; but it is quite a mistake. This error has doubtless



PORTRAIT OF MRS. CHISHOLM.

energy of her maternal parent for many of those characteristics which have so singularly marked her career, and placed her in the first rank among the practical reformers of this enlightened age. Mrs. Jones is still living, enjoying more health and strength than falls to the lot of most people; and she doubtless feels an honest pride in witnessing the position which her daughter has so deservedly attained in the estimation of the British public.

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arisen from Mrs. Chisholm's name having so long been associated with ships.

Two years after their marriage, Mrs. Chisholm accompanied her husband to India, he being connected with the Madras Presidency. Here may be said to have commenced Mrs. Chisholm's first public efforts. She found the poor young girls and orphans of the soldiers in an alarming state of ignorance and vice. Seeing the evil, she lost little time in

uselessly deploring it, but immediately proposed a remedy. This was, to establish a school, and to teach the young girls domestic duties. After many disappointments and vexations, Mrs. Chisholm succeeded in firmly establishing the institution now known in Madras as the Orphanage.

In 1838 Captain Chisholm's health compelled him to remove his family to Van Diemen's Land, and he eventually settled at Sydney. In 1840 he rejoined his regiment, leaving Mrs. Chisholm and her family in Australia. Mrs. Chisholm soon found an ample field for her activity and philanthropy in endeavouring to improve the then infamous system of emigration, more especially with regard to the treatment of her own sex. Both want of space and disinclination to submit facts so unseemly to our readers, preclude us from detailing the sufferings and insults which hundreds of virtuous English girls had to endure, both during the Australian voyage and at its termination. Thanks to the subject of this sketch, those iniquities are at an end.

After a series of obstacles had been overcome—obstacles, too, that arose in quarters where they might have been least expected—Mrs. Chisholm succeeded in establishing at Sydney an Emigrants' Home. After she had procured them the shelter of the Home—brought them, as she termed it, "under her own roof," for she resided there herself, sending her children to the care of others elsewhere—her next object was to find them employment. Even now, when all the facts are so familiar to the public, it is almost difficult to conceive that we are not perusing some romance, so unusual and extraordinary was the course adopted to attain the much-desired end. Well knowing that Sydney was the last place where the girls could obtain respectable employment, although numerous "places" were vacant, Mrs. Chisholm resolved to take them into the bush. Journey after journey did Mrs. Chisholm take, at times accompanied by sixty or seventy girls, whom she left comfortably placed with the wives of respectable settlers. These "bush" excursions proved eminently successful for the female emigrants, and were productive of great good to the colony.

After Mrs. Chisholm had been employed in these arduous undertakings for more than eight years, she resolved upon returning to England, where she hoped still further to extend her sphere of usefulness. In February, 1846, the inhabitants of Sydney presented her with an address and testimonial, amounting to 150 guineas, all of which was collected on the eve of her departure. That money Mrs. Chisholm promised to devote to the service of the colony, by fulfilling two commissions with which she had been entrusted—one from the convicts, and another from the emigrant population of Sydney. And most nobly was that promise redeemed, under circumstances, too, that would have dismayed most persons, even of the sterner sex.

No sooner had Mrs. Chisholm landed in England than she commenced her work, which was nothing more nor less than laying siege to the Colonial Office! "Emigration and Transportation relatively Considered," a small pamphlet addressed to Earl Grey, was the first shot, which, of course, "fell short," and did not induce the besieged to exhibit any tokens of submission. But this was followed by such a continuous fire of petitions, statements, and appeals, from many hundreds of convicts (who, having long since paid the penalty of their faults in the colony, now called upon the home government to redeem the promises made to them, on condition of their good behaviour, and forward to them their wives and children), that "the enemy" capitulated, and government listened with an attentive ear to Mrs. Chisholm's plain and homely truths, and fulfilled the pledges they had broken at the suggestion of the "squattling interest," which had succeeded for a time in hindering a measure of both policy and justice. Thus was one of Mrs. Chisholm's colonial missions fulfilled.

The other commission was of a still more difficult kind to achieve, inasmuch as there was not the plea of injustice upon which to base her application at head-quarters. Among the emigrants at Sydney vast numbers had been compelled, by the then existing regulations of the government commissioners,

to leave their children in England. These children numbered several hundreds, and were, in many cases, a burden upon their respective parishes. To get these children sent out to their parents was now Mrs. Chisholm's object. At first all attempts were utterly fruitless; but perseverance always has its reward, and in this case there was no exception to the general rule. After numerous attendances, both at the Emigration Commissioners' and Colonial Offices—at both of which places Mrs. Chisholm presented herself almost daily, during the severest winter weather—success at last crowned her exertions, and government issued orders for the conveyance of the children to their parents in the colony, which orders were promptly carried out in the ensuing spring.

And now, Mrs. Chisholm having done with her colonial friends, thought there was something needed for the improvement of emigration and the protection of the emigrant at home. She imagined that the condition of emigrants, during a journey of sixteen thousand miles, was well worthy the attention of those who either felt, or professed to feel, an interest in the moral welfare of their fellow-creatures, but more especially of the tender sex, who, when once on board an emigrant ship—whether a "government" ship or not made little difference—were entirely at the mercy of men whose conduct was highly censurable. As Mrs. Chisholm truly observed, "these are trying situations for human nature, and a dangerous position for young women to find themselves in. The innocent and the helpless stand there exposed to the wiles of the snarer. Who has not been shocked by the frightful details we have read in the public papers; how orphan after orphan has been victimised on board emigrant ships by men calling themselves Christians; how modest maidens have been brutalised over and insulted by those whose peculiar duty it was to protect them during the long and tedious voyage?"

It was with a view to the suppression of these evils that Mrs. Chisholm resolved to establish the Family Colonisation Loan Society, through the medium of which she has of late years become so universally known in England. The aims and objects of that society have been made public through so many channels, that it is quite unnecessary here to recapitulate them. But too much importance should not be attached to this one result of Mrs. Chisholm's energy and perseverance. It is in the increased morality, the established propriety, the improved sanitary arrangements, and the better regulated dietary scales of every emigrant ship leaving a British port, that her beneficial exertions are universally acknowledged.

In 1851 Captain Chisholm sailed for Melbourne, where he has since been actively engaged in sending over remittances from parties in Australia who are desirous of seeing once more in this life those nearest and dearest to them. Right well has he seconded his wife's views; for since his arrival he has remitted upwards of ten thousand pounds, some of which has been expended in affording immediate relief to aged parents; but the great bulk of the amount has been disbursed as passage money for numerous relatives, who, but for these arrangements, would in all probability never again have met in this world. In less than two years, about eight hundred individuals have joined their relatives in Australia solely through the aid afforded them by the Family Colonisation Loan Society, in addition to the remittances sent through the medium of Captain Chisholm.

In connexion with Mrs. Chisholm's surprising career, we could state many facts alike creditable to that lady and new to the general reader; but our space compels us to refrain from their recital. It must not be thought for a moment, that when Mrs. Chisholm has seen her emigrants on board, she has done with them. Every matter connected with the emigrant's welfare and comfort has her hearty support. Thus the Colonial Postage Association has been favoured with her powerful assistance, and the Post-office authorities are at present engaged in making arrangements whereby the postage will be reduced to a uniform rate of fourpence to every British colony, instead of the present enormous charge. At the earnest request of Mrs. Chisholm, also, colonial money-orders

will shortly be adopted, for sums not exceeding five pounds. But for the example set by Captain Chisholm in forwarding remittances to this country, and the great success attending his efforts, this arrangement would probably never have been entered into.

In this sketch of Mrs. Chisholm's labours, we have been obliged to limit ourselves to a mere glance at her numerous practical endeavours. To enter into details would fill a goodly volume. In the spring of next year, the subject of our sketch will embark for Australia, which may justly be termed the country of her adoption, and whose people will no doubt one day do homage to the genius and philanthropy of their foster-mother. But in proportion as Australia will be benefited by her presence, so will English emigrants of every grade (but working people's wives and daughters especially), find that they have lost the kindly aid of one whose place it will be difficult indeed to fill. The testimonial at present in course of subscription will doubtless prove that Englishmen can duly appreciate her worth, but English women can never sufficiently reward their champion in every position in which it has been Mrs. Chisholm's lot to find them placed. Thanks to that enterprising lady, English mothers can now safely trust their young and innocent daughters in ships for Australia, without any fear of their falling, as too many have before now, an easy prey to bad, designing men.

As many of our readers would doubtless deem this account incomplete without a sketch of Mrs. Chisholm "at home," we will very briefly describe, in his own words, the visit of a friend in June of last year, just before the departure of the "Scindian," "Frances Walker," and "Nepaul," freighted with the society's emigrants.

"The exterior of Mrs. Chisholm's residence at Islington was as unprepossessing as bricks and mortar could possibly make it. Street architecture was evidently in its infancy when Charlton-crescent was thrown together—not built. An assemblage of humbly-clad but clean-looking persons saved us the trouble of seeking the particular house we wanted. It had no distinguishing feature from its neighbours, save that the street-door was adorned with a very small brass plate, inscribed 'Captain Chisholm,' which had evidently done years of good service in the East on some bullock-trunk or travelling-chest. Such an unpretending name-plate would be repudiated by most suburban residents of the present 'fast' school, even for their carpet-bag during their annual week's vacation at Gravesend or Margate. The passage was crowded with intending emigrants, each more eager than the other for an interview with the object of our visit. After considerable jostling and squeezing, we at length contrived to send up our name by a venerable female attendant, who expressed a fervent wish that we 'might see her missus that night,' but she was sure she didn't know *when*! Our fair companion's curiosity was, of course, awakened at this aspect of affairs, and she, at any rate, resolved not to be disappointed. 'Patience is a virtue,' and we had a tolerable lesson in its acquirement. At its termination we were ushered up the narrow uncarpeted stairs into the audience-chamber upon the first floor. We had been at many 'receptions,' but this was the strangest of them all. Mrs. Chisholm was seated behind a large sea-chest, raised upon a couple of benches. The chest was covered with writing materials and baggage-papers, which she was distributing to the various emigrants, whilst at the same time answering every possible inquiry, and endeavouring to satisfy almost every impossible complaint. After witnessing for five minutes what Mrs. Chisholm had to endure, we felt heartily ashamed at having lost our patience on the stairs. The room (but dimly lighted by two or three candles hung in tin candlesticks against the wall) was furnished with a model of the sleeping-berths allotted to emigrants on board the society's ships. Though doubtless very well adapted for the purpose intended, their appearance certainly did not imbue us with a desire immediately to seek

and repose in our own time-honoured four-poster. Attached to the sides of these sleeping-berths were sundry utensils required by those indulging in a voyage to the antipodes, such as tin plates, hook-pots, and water-cans. These were evidently constructed by some one having most severe notions of economy, combined with a vast regard for durability. One of the bed-places was occupied by a filter, snugly ensconced in a wicker-basket of snowy whiteness, looking altogether so provokingly cozy and comfortable by comparison with its neighbours, that it almost seemed to say, 'Won't you find *me* useful, my friends?' A model emigrants' medicine-chest, made of plain deal wood, unencumbered with all decoration save a printed label, together with a life-buoy, 'capable of sustaining seven persons,' complete alike the ornaments and utilities of the room.

"The 'group-meeting' over, and the emigrants dismissed, we were (at ten o'clock at night) favoured with a private interview by the Emigrants' Friend—for such, indeed, is Mrs. Chisholm. Most of our readers have doubtless seen many portraits of this lady. We have not had the good fortune to see more than one good likeness—poor Fairland's lithograph from Hayter's painting. To describe a lady's personal appearance is an ungracious task at best, and we will therefore not attempt it save in a negative manner. Those of our readers who have seen Mrs. Chisholm depicted (by a certain enthusiastic artist, as yet, happily, unknown to fame) as being mounted on a coal-black steed, attired in an elegant riding-habit (with the prescribed length and insufficiency of waist), and with her whip beckoning her emigrants across a colonial river, in a decidedly 'Come on!' style of attitude, worthy of Astley's best tableaux,* may rest perfectly assured that they do not, from such a picture, form a very accurate notion of the Emigrants' Friend, as she really appears when rendering them assistance. Let them imagine a sedate, matronly lady, with eyes well set under a very capacious forehead—orbs that seem to 'look you through' whilst addressing you—and withal a fascinating manner which at once seizes upon you, and induces you to prolong your stay, and they will have a tolerable portrait of Mrs. Chisholm. After a very brief interview, we took our leave, convinced that we had seen by no means the least remarkable personage of these practical and wonder-working times."

Although future English emigrants will shortly be deprived of Mrs. Chisholm's counsel before they quit their native shores, still the results of her labours will remain. These results have been obtained in despite of an opposition such as few would be willing to contend against—an opposition that could only have been defeated by one who was prepared to bring into the contest the same amount of stern determination, unflinching industry, and disinterested philanthropy, as Mrs. Chisholm. But it is the women of England who should ever bless her name, for many indeed are the almost broken hearts of the gentler sex that have been healed by her. Mothers have been united to children whom they hardly dared to hope ever again to see in this life; wives have joined their husbands, after years of painful separation; and scores of British maidens, shielded alike from injury and insult during the long sea voyage, have been safely deposited at their brothers' Australian firesides. These facts should not, and we feel assured will not, be speedily forgotten. Whilst they are remembered, then also will the woman be borne in mind by whose undaunted energy such glorious results were achieved. Every English parent, for ages yet to come, whose children, either from necessity or inclination, may be induced to seek the Australian shores, will have good reason to bless the day when emigration was reformed, its glaring and infamous abuses remedied, and its difficulties and dangers lessened, by the energetic genius and daring moral courage of CAROLINE CHISHOLM.

* A picture recently published in a panoramic form, entitled, "Adventures of Mrs. Chisholm," contains the above portrait. This singular production has been sold by thousands both in London and the northern provincial towns of England.

'A life on the ocean wave,'

but rather strengthened our determination

'To take our stand on solid land,'

in a few moments with the deputies from Chioggia. At the end of the redoubt, of which we have so often spoken, Cheke perceived that considerable bodies of the different mercenaries were collected, but whether merely to gratify their curiosity upon the subject of the recent interview of the ambassadors with the senate, or for other purposes, the English knight knew not. Interposing, however, his own band between the deputies and the troops, he signified to the former briefly, but peremptorily, that it was the order of the republic that he should see them safely beyond the precincts. The communication, though couched in terms of courtesy and respect, was too plainly a mandate to be declined, and accordingly the English company formed a guard of honour around the Genoese, and left them not till they were far on their way in the vessel that had brought them from Chioggia.

As Sir William Cheke and his company of archers were on their return, they again found the mercenaries standing in groups along the redoubt. It was evident from the earnest gesticulations of the men, that some exciting topic was at present under discussion amongst them. He was now within hearing of a knot of some dozen of men gathered around two speakers who were apparently in dispute. "Der Teufel," said a huge man-at-arms, whom Sir William at once recognised as the German who had been plundered by the Italians, "Der Teufel! How dost thou know that? Where is thy proof?"

"Proof! proof," retorted the other, an Italian lancer. "Oh dio! che sei pazzarello! What proof dost thou want, fool that thou art? Would'st expect that the senate or the general would proclaim their intrigues by a herald. I tell thee there is enough to convince any man with an eye in his face or an ear on his head, that the Lion of San Marco is determined to have, as usual, the lion's share, and to leave us, brave companions, who have fought their battles and served their city, just the dog's share. Ha! ha! after the noble beast has lapped up the blood, and devoured the flesh, he will leave us curs the bare bones to satisfy our hunger. What think ye of that, comrades?"

"Un ingiustizia! un infamita!" cried several voices, in answer to the appeal of their companion in arms.

"Aye," continued the other, "it is a wrong and a disgrace, which is not to be submitted to, brothers. Vi fanno il diavolo a quattrò. I tell thee they are going to play the very devil there yonder," and he pointed to the fort where the council had been sitting. "These deputies have made their terms with the doge. The Genoese are to surrender up Chioggia by night to the Venetian admiral, who is secretly to convey away in his galleys all the treasure and spoil; and then the gates are to be thrown open, and the empty houses are to be our share of the booty."

Again the voices of his auditors were raised in loud and angry comments, but the German seemed not yet convinced.

"Thou must vouch thy tale, comrade, by something more than thy own tongue before I'll believe it. I tell thee more, the noble Zeno is not the one to go back of his promise or defraud the soldiery of their lawful booty."

"Siete un benedetto uomo! Thou art a blessed fellow truly! What, dost think because he made a poor rogue restore thee thy zecchini, that he can stop rich rogues, like yon senators, from defrauding us of florins and crown pieces?"

"Giusto! giustamente hai ragione!" cried out his abettors in responsive chorus.

"Well," said the German, "here comes one who should know more of this matter than thou or I, comrade. Let us ask the English capitano who came from the council with the deputies."

"Aye, per bacco," said another of the lancers, "that's a shrewd thought of thine, Wilhelm. Aye, by all means let us ask the English capitano."

By this time Sir William Cheke stood amongst the group of soldiers, and looking towards the principal speaker, with a cheery voice he said—

"How now, my masters, what news to-day? Che nuove?"

"Che nuove, capitano," said the lancer, taking up the question. "I'faith that's just what we want to be certified of. Will you be pleased to enlighten us?"

"On what point, comrade?"

"Marry, upon this point, signore. Whether the council of state yonder have made terms with the Genoese, without the knowledge of the leaders of the free companies?"

"My good friend," replied the knight, "I was not of the council, and so I cannot know what they have decided upon."

"That is true, sir capitano. But though you were not of the council, yet you may have heard of their decision, doubtless."

"By St. George, friend," retorted Cheke, somewhat sharply, "I pry not into matters that concern me not. When the state whose pay we receive, and whom we are bound as honourable soldiers to serve, thinks fit to disclose their councils, they will, I suppose, do so. Meantime, as I am but an indifferent gossip, I have not even heard what common rumour may say; and if I had, I should not be disposed to give much heed to it."

"Well, then, signore, if there be any truth in the rumour, it behoves us all to take good heed to it. Cospetto, it will be too late when the republic has out-witted us."

"How dost thou mean?" asked the Englishman.

"Why, marry, I mean this," replied the soldier, and he forthwith proceeded to repeat the report with sundry exciting comments to the soldiery around him, the number of whom was greatly increased when it was perceived that the band of Sir William Cheke had stopped amongst them, and that some communication was going on between them. And, in truth, the words of the soldier fell amongst hearers as excitable and explosive as could be well imagined—men, who were already prepared by the rumours that Recanati, through his agents, of whom this soldier of his own band was one, had insidiously and industriously spread far and wide through the camp. The spark was now applied, and as the flame runs along dry stubble, so the word spread all through the free companies that Chioggia was about to be surrendered to the Venetians, and the Genoese treasure to be protected from the army. It was to no purpose that Sir William Cheke endeavoured to check the growing tumult. In vain he assured the troops that they had no just ground for believing the reports, and exhorted them to seek from the general or the senators the confirmation or refutation of the story before they committed any act of violence or insubordination. A cry, with whom originating no one could say, ran through the now dense masses of men—"To arms, to arms!" In a moment those who were not accounted rushed to their barracks and snatched up their weapons, while such of them as had arms remained on the spot. In an incredibly short time the bands were re-assembled, and now several of the leaders might be seen amongst them.

"To Chioggia! to Chioggia!" was now heard amid the tumult of voices and the rush of feet; and forward the mass hurried, heedless how they were to effect a landing at that port.

Meantime the English knight had not forgotten his duty to the republic or his promise to Zeno. When the cry to arms was first raised, he spoke in a hurried whisper to our old friend Hodge o' the Hill, whereupon that trusty bowman slipt away and disappeared from the company.

All this time the band of English archers were true to their allegiance, and stood firmly and unmoving. And now the various bands of condottieri, Italians, Germans, French, and Gascons, swept past them, cleared the redoubt, and were hasting forward to the edge of the lagune that flowed between them and Chioggia. Now, however, they paused to consider for the first time, by what means they were to proceed. Some counselled that they should wade through the lagune, alleging that it was easily fordable now that the tide chanced to be low; others hesitated, and proposed that the troops should seize upon some boats that lay near, and by degrees pass over in them. While they were thus deliberating and inactive, a

cheer was heard from behind them, and Zeno, accompanied by the principal senators, were seen hurrying forward. In a moment the general threw himself amongst the insurgents with that reckless daring which formed so remarkable a trait of his character.

"Soldiers," cried he, "why do I see you thus in arms without my orders? Whither are you going? What are you doing?"

The promptness and energy of Zeno surprised and checked the soldiers in the very critical moment. The foremost and loudest shrank back instinctively reverencing the bravery of a man who seemed to bear a charmed life, whose spirit seemed to control the haughtiest and the proudest.

"Who are they who lead this movement?" he continued, taking advantage of the momentary calm. "I call upon them to come forward."

One or two of the captains now advanced.

"Noble general," said the foremost. "We are in arms to assert our own rights which your state has neglected. We go to share the spoil, which, by the right of warfare, is ours as well as the republic's."

"Who denies your right to share it?" asked Zeno.

"The council of your senators who have capitulated with the deputies that have just left the camp."

"Who dares assert that? Where is his proof? Let him come forward."

"Ah! der Teufel!" muttered the German man-at-arms to his neighbour, "that's just what I wanted to know too. Aha! the proofs, mein camarade."

As might be expected, no one could do more than rely upon the general rumour.

"It is in every man's mouth—let the council contradict it if they can."

An angry reply was rising to the lips of Zeno, but one of the Council of Ten—the member whom we already made acquaintance with—stood beside him and plucked his sleeve. The admonition was not lost on Zeno.

"It is false," said he, "no matter whose the mouth that

utters it. Eccellenza," he added, turning to the senator, "thou canst answer for the council."

"I can, assuredly," said the member of the *Neri*. "His highness the doge, with the advice of myself and the others of his council, have rejected all terms offered by the deputies from Chioggia."

The effect of this announcement was manifest amongst the soldiers. Zeno followed it up:—

"Soldiers, you have been betrayed and duped by some base agents and for base purposes. Think you, when the besieged are in the last extremity, we should be the fools to discuss terms with them. Return to your duty, and await the hour, not far distant, when Chioggia shall fall into our hands without a blow. I promise on the part of the most serene republic, I promise on the faith of a soldier, which never yet have I broken, that the troops, without distinction, shall be allowed three days' pillage of the town, and shall receive one month's additional pay."

The senators present with one voice confirmed the promise of the general. The mercenaries once again seemed contented. Gradually the bands dispersed to their respective quarters. The senators betook themselves again to their schemes of policy, their intrigues, and their jealous vigilance of Zeno; and the general pondered bitterly as he threw himself on a seat for a short repose after the exciting scene.

"Alas!"—such were his musings—"how deplorable is the position of a general whose soldiers are mercenaries, such as those I command. Never for a moment safe from the plots or the defection of his own troops no more than he is from the enemy without. He is environed with as many perils in his own camp as he is in the midst of the battle-field. He knows not the hour that his treacherous friends will range themselves amongst his enemies. Well, well, it cannot last long. Patienza! a few weeks—nay, most likely a few days—will secure the prize for which I have been working and watching day and night for many a weary month. And then, aye, and then, I shall be strong enough to grapple with secret foe as with open enemy. Meantime, patienza!"

THE COLUMN OF JULY.

THE column of July occupies the site of the bastion of the Bastille. It was erected shortly after the accession of Louis Philippe to the French throne, and at its foot were buried the remains of those who fell in the struggle for freedom during the three days of July. The pillar is covered with the gilded names of those who perished, and is surmounted by a statue in commemoration of the triumph of their cause.

The chief interest attaching to the column arises from its locality, and as we cross the broad open square where it is situated, in the way to Père la Chaise, thoughts of the strong fortress, which once arose upon that spot, are naturally suggested, and the Column of July awakens the memory of the Bastille and all that was said about or done within that secret prison-house. Gay groups are round that pillar, and all is bustle and activity; the old aspect of the place has quite departed, but no change can blot out the recollection of the Bastille, or of those who entered there and left hope behind.

Five hundred years ago, when the French and English were playing the old game of war, the inhabitants of Paris, fearing the approach of those "good yeomen, whose limbs were made in England," determined to repair the fortifications of their city, and appointed one Stephen Marcel, a provost and merchant, to undertake the task. He obtained great popularity by the erection of a strong fortress at the eastern extremity of the city, but unhappily, in an attempt to favour the pretensions of one whom the citizens despised, he was knocked on the head, and butchered at the foot of his own Bastille. To have anything to do with this building seems to have been peculiarly unfortunate, for Hugh Aubriot, who added to the construction, fell under the displeasure of his

master, the king, and was the first offender confined within the Bastille. Towards the close of the fourteenth century, the building assumed its final aspect. Charles VI. added four towers, and gave it a parallelogram form. Its walls were nine feet thick; it boasted eight towers, each a hundred feet high, four looking on the city, and four on the suburb of St. Antoine. It was surrounded by a ditch one hundred and twenty feet wide, and twenty-five feet deep. Each particular tower derived its name, either from some historical event, or from the most distinguished prisoners it had at any time contained. The unfortunate Count de St. Pol, who was imprisoned within the fortress previously to his execution, gave the name to the Tour de la Comté. Sully, in the days of the good Henry, deposited vast treasures in one tower of the stronghold, and it was henceforth called the Tower of the Treasure. The Tower of Liberty would seem to be a mockery and a jest; yet the Tower of the Corner was so called, on account of its position; and the Tower de la Bazinière, from a prisoner of that name.

So, with its strong walls, and wide moat, and eight towers, the Bastille became a military defence and a state prison at an early period of French history—the scene of constant suffering and injustice never heard of beyond the prison walls. There the prelate D'Harancourt was confined in a massive cage, and pined away fifteen years; there the innocent Armagnac was shut up in a close dungeon till he lost the consciousness of his unhappiness in idleness. There the Duke de Nemours lingered, and heard no news but that he was to die, and saw not the light till they led him forth to execution, and in their wanton cruelty placed his little ones below the scaffold, that their father's blood might fall upon them. There, hunted

ART IN GREECE.—THE CONVENTS OF MOUNT ATHOS.

MOUNT ATHOS lies to the south of Macedonia, between the gulfs of Contessa and Monte Santo, at the extremity of a peninsula connected with the continent by an isthmus about a mile and a half long. It is a round and almost conical mass, rising to a height of about three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and casting an immense shadow in the setting sun almost across the Archipelago. Little mention is made of it in the works of Grecian historians beyond the record of two facts—the one, that Xerxes caused a canal to be cut across the isthmus to give a passage to his fleet; and the other, that a Greek sculptor, Dinocrates, proposed to Alexander the Great to cut the mountain into the form of a statue with outstretched arm, and holding in its hand a town containing ten thousand inhabitants.

The hill is called at the present day by many of the Greeks Hagion Oros, or the Holy Mountain, and it is rendered remarkable by the fact, that its population now consists of about six thousand monks, forming a separate and almost independent community, and inhabiting several convents built along the slopes. These convents were the cradle of Byzantine art fourteen hundred years ago, and now, after a thousand storms of war, and change, and revolution have rolled over Greece, they form its last refuge.

Concerning the origin of this religious community, we have no certain information. In the persecutions with which the Christians were pursued in the first centuries of the Christian era, many faced martyrdom without hesitation, and even with joy; others, less confident in their own strength of nerve, sought security in desert fastnesses, and adopted the life of anchorites. It was thus that the seeds of Christianity were scattered over the solitudes of Nubia and Syria. Many more fled to Mount Athos, and took up their abode along its sides, hoping that the seclusion of the place, and the difficulty of access, would afford them safety, however precarious, from the rage of their enemies. When Constantine removed the seat of the empire to Constantinople, and avowed his adherence to the new faith, the population of Mount Athos rapidly increased, and convents were built, such, in all probability, as we now see them. It is right to mention, however, that this is mainly conjecture; history is entirely silent regarding this retired but interesting corner of the Byzantine empire. We have said that these convents are the last refuge of Greek art; we may add, that they contain some interesting relics of old Byzantine civilisation, and manners, and forms of faith, and are by no means an uninteresting subject of study for those who seek to lift up the pall which for four centuries has shrouded the remains of Greek greatness. They number in all twenty-three, lying around the mountain, none of them at any great distance from the sea. The most ancient to which our attention will principally be directed, are the *Aghia Labra*, or holy monastery, Vatopedi, Ivirôn, and Xilandari. The first, which at present contains about four hundred monks, was founded by St. Athanasius about the beginning of the fourth century, and to this circumstance owes its pre-eminence over all the others. While they are simply dedicated to some saint, it is entitled the holy monastery *par excellence*. Vatopedi was the one to which John Contocuzine, whose romantic story has been so well told by Gibbon, retired to spend the remaining years of his life, when, disgusted with power, he abdicated the imperial throne.

On the highest point of the mountain rises the little Church of the Transfiguration, and scattered around are a town and some little villages; and in the centre of the peninsula lies the *protalon* or metropolis of Mount Athos, Karies—all inhabited by a shifting population of monks, whose sole occupation is the importation of provisions and other necessities from Salomen for their brethren in the convent. The monks are divided into two classes, brothers and fathers, or *papas*, and are made up of an indiscriminate mixture of Slaves, Greeks, Wallachians, and Armenians, all reduced to the same state of torpor, both physical and mental, under the rigidity of

the monastic rule. The convent buildings present for the most part great uniformity of appearance, generally an irregular and confused mass, with no evidence of unity of design in the arrangement of the different parts. A single door, which is always fastened at twilight, gives entrance to a square court-yard, around which the cells of the inmates are ranged in one or more stories; additions being made, upon a plan apparently dictated solely by caprice, when any increase took place in their number. In the centre stands the church, surrounded by a crowd of small chapels, but all built of brick, and so imperfectly, that frequent repairs have effaced all traces of the primitive style. On all the walls appear stiff, sad-looking, and austere pictures, which form a singular contrast to the easy, indolent, and *insouciant* appearance of the monks.

Mount Athos was in the earlier days of Christianity the great seat of intellectual activity—the hot-bed of theological and metaphysical discussion; but the state of listless indolence in which its inhabitants are now plunged is a strange satire upon its former glory. All the convents contain libraries of greater or less extent, filled with manuscripts and rare and valuable relics of the literature of antiquity; but the monks, far from studying them, suffer them to be lost or injured through carelessness, in utter and complete ignorance of the treasures of which they are the guardians. They read nothing but their offices, write but rarely, and are for the most part plunged in complete ignorance, not only of everything that is passing in the outer world—but of the very rudiments of literature and science. There is hardly a doubt that a diligent search by competent persons would bring to light many valuable works of classical authors hitherto supposed to be lost, or known to the western world only in a mutilated state. Some of the monks who visit Salomen to transact business for the convents, take advantage of their stay, to pick up a smattering knowledge of medicine and the Turkish language, but this is the only effort towards self-improvement that is ever made. The rude daubs by which Byzantine art is now represented amongst them, furnish additional proof of their mental degradation when we remember that, during the first two centuries after the establishment of the convents on Mount Athos, they were the chief seats of religious art in the world, and students resorted thither from all parts of Europe to receive instruction from the inmates.

In these times such names as those of St. Athanasius and Peter the Athonite figured in their annals, in no very striking contrast with many others of scarce inferior zeal and learning. The church of Aghia Labra, founded by Athanasius in the early part of the fourth century, was endowed richly A.D. 965 by the emperor Nicephorus. The gates, which probably belong to that period, are composed of wrought copper, and display great beauty of execution. They remind one of those of the church of Ravello near Amalfi, as well as of many other religious monuments of Apulia. The portico is covered with Turkish ornaments. The general arrangement is that of the church of St. Mark at Venice. The altar is covered with a great deal of rich gilding, as also most parts of the ceiling, which is covered with carved and fretted work, and encaustic paintings in great abundance; and the body of the church contains desks, pulpits, and other articles of a similar nature of great richness. The monks have substituted these for the massive pulpits of the ancient Latin church. Nearly all are the gifts of the Russian government.

The Byzantine school, which was a school of transition from ancient art, that sought the beautiful merely for the form itself, to Christian art, which uses the form only to veil an idea, devoted itself from the very first to preparing for the transformation which inevitably followed the adoption of this new aim by the cultivators of art. In this point of view the Byzantine artists were successful in arriving at a unity such as has never been attained by those of the Renaissance, and from which they are still very far indeed. The Italian mosaics, executed by Italian artists, can alone give us a right idea of the laborious changes which Byzantine art underwent before it assumed its definitive form from the teachings of the

great masters of the school. At a later period, to preserve the established forms from the influences of time or caprice or fashion, a monk named Denys collected the acknowledged and established principles of the school, and compiled them in a code. His manuscript was distributed through the various convents and carefully copied, and thenceforward became the text-book of the painters; and so powerful has been its influence, that it is impossible to fix the date of a Byzantine painting by its style. So closely have its rules been attended to, through a long lapse of time, so intimate, too, has been the connexion between Greek painting and the Greek worship, that the former has everywhere followed in the march of the priests, and we find it prevailing almost to the exclusion of every other in Russia, in Greece, in Asia Minor, and in the regions bordering on Mount Sinai, where Greek convents are numerous. The church, Aghia Labra, contains the best specimens of it extant. The cupola is entirely occupied by a colossal figure of Christ, with that air of purity and dignity which the painters of the Renaissance have adopted. The complexion is *straw-coloured*, as the monks there express; one hand is extended towards St. John, as if in the act of instructing, and the other is laid on his heart. The hair is fair, but the beard is black, as also the eyebrows, which give the half-closed eyes an air of mingled simplicity, sweetness, and firmness. The Byzantine artists indicated the importance of the personage they painted by the size of the figure. The saints increase in height as they increase in holiness, while Christ is taller than them all by the head and shoulders.

At the base of the cupola stand a row of archangels in shining robes, holding huge sceptres in their hands, surmounted by images of the Redeemer. The brilliant colours of their garments stand in dazzling contrast to the sombre black of the ground, and in their faces and attitudes there is an air of lofty, calm majesty. Over their heads an innumerable multitude of cherubs flutter round Christ as a centre, and as if typifying the spirits of the blest, they seem to grow more and more ethereal the nearer they approach him. There is nothing human in their figures except the head. The rest is composed of a great number of wings, pointing in every direction, and looking like stars in the deep blue firmament of the vault above; while on a golden ground, and on a grand scale, the image of Christ looks down from the midst of them all, so that in whatever part of the building the worshipper kneels, he seems to have his eye upon him.

The pendentives represent the four evangelists writing at the dictation of an apostle, and the walls of the rest of the church are covered with subjects drawn from the Old or New Testament. On the two arms of the cross we see the saints of the church militant, who shook off the dust of the schools, and defended their faith on the fields of force, standing upright upon a black ground, in an attitude of vigilant repose. The churches of the other convents present precisely the same aspect, though on a more diminutive and less perfect scale, in accordance with the Medo-Persian laws of the Byzantine school, which treated all subjects in the same manner, with the same figures, in the same attitudes. Towards the end of the principal nave, to the left, appears a painting with an inscription, now illegible, evidently representing one of the Latin chiefs of the Crusades, who fixed their abode in Greece on their return from the Holy Land. His head-dress is that of the Merovingian kings, and his robe, as well as his crown, is sprinkled with *fleurs-de-lis*, and in his hands he holds a model representation of the façade of a church, probably of one which owed its existence to his pious munificence; in front of him appears his son, wearing the same costume.

Under the external portico we find figures of the ancient *asceti*, or anchorites, in an attitude of prayer, who, in imitation of the fathers of the desert, lived in grottoes and caverns in the mountain side. They appear to have been reduced to the last extremity of hunger, and are clothed in a simple and primitive garment of leaves, while their beard descends almost to their knees. Beside them an inscription informs us, "Such was the life of these anchorites." These ascetics themselves travelled from convent to convent, painting those vivid repre-

sentations of their own unhappy lives, and also sculptured numerous little crucifixes in wood, many of which are still preserved.

The monks attribute the paintings which adorn the church of Aghia Labra to a brother of their order, named Manuel Panselinos (*the moon in all its splendour*), but they are unable to say at what period he lived. The figures are executed in fresco, in very low relief, which disappears at the distance of the floor; the tone is very light, and certainly betrays no attempt at imitation, and the whole is rather coloured than painted. Fresco-painting is very ancient, and is not due to the Byzantine school, but to a Roman artist, named Ludius, who, in the reign of Augustus, substituted it for the encaustic.

The only means of arriving at a near estimate of the date of these works, is by comparing them with others of the same character in Italy, the date of which is known. They may be safely referred in chronological order, we should think, to the mosaics of Santa Pudenziana, executed at Rome in the second century of the Christian era, in which the artist, with his pagan notions still running in his head, has given Christ the features of Jupiter; and those of St. Paul outside the walls of St. John of Lateran, in the fourth century, a period in which the Byzantine art shared in the complete triumph of Christianity. The parallel might be followed out in several instances of a still later date, did our space permit.

Compared with the Italian mosaics, the Byzantine art resembles them in the amplitude of outline of those which certainly belong to the earlier periods of the Christian era, when Greek art was still in its prime. This amplitude disappeared totally after the ninth century, and was not seen again till the period of the Renaissance, and the return to antique forms was plainly due to Michael Angelo. So that we must either attribute these Byzantine paintings at Aghia Labra to a very early date, or suppose them to have been executed since the Renaissance under the influence of the Vasari school. The latter supposition is, however, inadmissible, owing to the historical accuracy displayed in the rendering of the details. The armour, the little chains, the helmets, all warrant us in believing that the artist was the contemporary of the knights and nobles whom he represents, and whom he must have seen at the court of the Paleologi and the Comneri. The perfect state of preservation in which the works appear is accounted for by the fact, that Mount Athos has remained intact for ages from all political storms and agitations.

The mode of instruction in painting pursued by the monks, whatever be its effectiveness, has certainly the merit of extreme simplicity. Those of the pupils who exhibit most ability are placed on a platform behind those who have been promoted to the rank of masters, and there watch them while at work. After a few years of this, they are themselves permitted to practise. Before commencing, the wall is entirely laid bare, and then covered with a coating of plaster, which is carefully smoothed by the trowel. The ablest of the monastic artists then indicates to his subordinate the nature of the design to be executed, the size of the principal figure or figures, and the legend which is to accompany it. The latter then sketches the outline in a brownish-red, and hands the brush to one still less advanced, who gives the figure some local tones, and makes some attempt at shading. The finishing is done by the same hand which traces the outline, but the execution is in most instances extremely rude.

It is a trite remark, that there is no unmixed evil under the sun; and yet this is a truth which, like many others equally obvious, is too often lost sight of by hasty disputants and headstrong innovators. The subject of which we have been treating supplies a case in point. Nothing is more common than to hear people denounce the monastic system as an unmitigated curse to society. Convents are described as mere nests of corruption, or, at best, cradles of absurd superstition, and monks as lazy worthless drones, whose existence is scarcely to be tolerated. Yet, from what has been stated above, it appears they may be, and history tells us they have been, of great service to literature and art, not to mention their many deeds of charity.

THE VALLEY OF MEYRINGEN.

THE Valley of Meyringen, in the canton of Berne, is completely shut in by some of the grandest and most picturesque mountain scenery in Switzerland. The Alps rise in rugged magnificence on every side, their snow-capped summits contrasting strangely with the verdant, flowery valley, dotted here and there with rustic *châlets*, and watered by the river Aar, which is crossed by wooden bridges, similar to the one represented in our sketch (p. 41). This river is fed by the neighbouring mountain torrents, which, when swollen by rain or snow, have several times threatened the village of Meyringen with

of which is 200 feet in height, and its column of water nearly thirty feet in diameter. If visited in the morning, when the rays of the sun are upon it, a triple bow or iris is to be seen on the spray, which has a very beautiful effect.

The wealth of the inhabitants of this valley consists chiefly in cattle, for which the mountains yield plentiful pasturage during the summer, and in the autumn the herdsman, anticipating the severity of the coming winter, descends with his flocks to seek shelter in the valley; for the weather is such during the winter months as to render it dangerous to expose



THE SWISS HERDSMAN.

destruction. In the year 1762, it was buried twenty feet in *debris* in one hour. The church was filled with sand and gravel to the height of eighteen feet. This catastrophe was caused by a swollen torrent, descending from the mountains behind the village; carrying with it quantities of sand and rubbish, together with uprooted fir-trees and masses of rock. From this disaster the village has scarcely yet recovered. In the year 1733, many houses were carried away by an inundation.

In this valley are to be seen some of the most celebrated falls of Switzerland—those of the Reichenbach—the principal

the cattle in the long cold nights. These herdsmen lead a migratory life, moving about from place to place with their flocks.

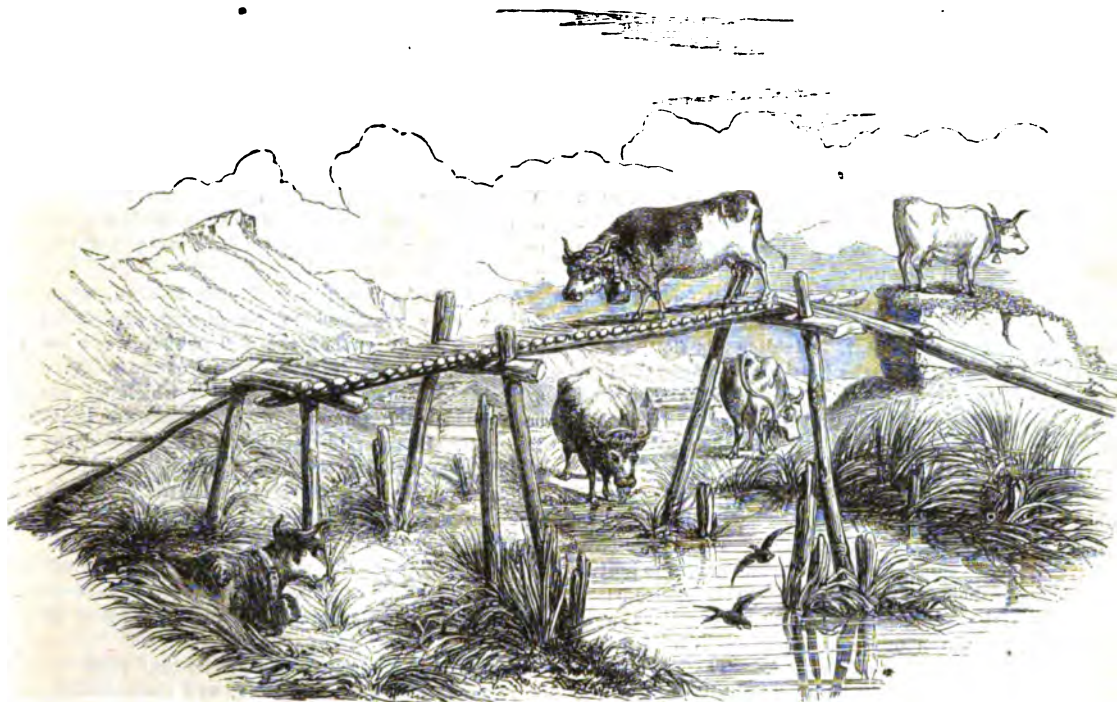
As spring approaches, the cattle, lying upon the grass, or perched upon the rocks and bridges, as the artist has represented them in the accompanying illustration (p. 41), throw longing glances towards their mountain home. Then, also, the herdsman, who loves his mountain life as the sailor loves the sea, joyously prepares to leave the valley. But when, like the man of whom we give a sketch above, he begins to re-ascend the mountain, he casts an affectionate glance on the *châlet*

where he has just left his family. He can still see the smoke issuing from the roof, and thinks how they will miss him at the frugal meal. But he proceeds on his way, and now the projections of the rocks shutting out these cherished objects from his view, he finds himself alone with his flocks among the grand and towering Alps.

The athletic man, represented on the opposite page, carries upon his broad shoulders his household furniture, holding in one hand his milk-pail, in the other a thick staff, pointed with iron, upon which he leans, and which would be a formidable weapon in his powerful hand. A large basket on his back contains his milk-strainer, some straw, a one-legged milking-stool, a cheese mould, the stand on which the cheeses are placed

to drain, and the great kettle in which the milk is collected, heated, and made into curds.

The Swiss herdsman's is, in reality, not so idle a life as it is often described to be; he has to collect eighty or ninety cows twice a day to be milked, many of which have often strayed away in different directions. Besides this he has to make the cheese, and keep all his utensils scrupulously clean. Hardy, robust, and indefatigable, inured to exposure from earliest childhood, his weather-beaten frame is indifferent to the vicissitudes of climate. He is wild, uncultivated, and ignorant of the usages of other people, but simple and uncontaminated by the vices, unfortunately, too common among the labouring population of most other districts.



PASTURES OF THE VALLEY OF MEYRINGEN.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER XI.

"Les lagunes offrirent alors le singulier spectacle d'une troupe se hasardant sur des barques construites avec des débris de maisons, et qu'on était obligé de soulever pour les faire passer par-dessus une enceinte de pieux; les Génois, tantôt dans l'eau, tantôt dans leur bateaux, et l'infanterie de Zeno s'avancant dans ces marais pour les charger."—*Daru*.

"Come, bring forth the prisoners."—*Richard III.*

It was a spectacle worthy of the hand of a painter to commemorate, or of a historian to describe—that moment when Zeno directed the attention of the Venetian army to the strange flotilla moving slowly downwards from Chioggia. The cheers and shouting which a moment before ran along the camp were now hushed to the profoundest silence. The tumultuous mass of troops, partially armed, in all variety of costumes, and speaking in different dialects and tongues, surging like the waves of the sea when the wind drives them to and fro, were now motionless and mute as that sea in a summer calm. They gazed in speechless astonishment at this evidence of a sudden and desperate courage on the part of the Genoese, and felt that a deadly struggle was near at hand. The general felt that the crisis was at hand, and promptly and skilfully he availed himself of it.

"Look, soldiers," exclaimed Zeno, "while ye are wasting

your energies in causeless complaints, the prize of all our toils, that which should crown our patient perseverance, is about to escape from us. See, the Genoese are bearing away all their riches, the spoil which should soon have been yours by the right of war—the pillage which I would have given to you when we should enter Chioggia. But it is not yet too late. The admiral will aid us. See, he is ready." And pointing to where the Venetian fleet lay, he showed them Pisani steadily bearing down so as at the same time to intercept the vessels of the Genoese admiral, Muraffo, from forming a junction with the rafts, and to prevent the latter getting out of the lagunes.

The words of the general, added to the sight which the troops beheld, produced a change in the feelings of the soldiers as sudden as it was complete. They felt that if they now refused to act cordially under the command of the

delicacy of their skin. The square which expresses hardness must be avoided, as also the lozenge. In general, flesh should be produced by dots; that of men by long dots, such as are put at the end of lines or lozenges, intermingled with round

that the thickness of the coating of wax deceives, from some cause or other, it sometimes happens that when the plate is duly bitten, in spite of all the regularity observed, they come out badly arranged, and if any attempt be made to set them



THE PAINTER'S STUDIO. FROM A PAINTING BY MIERIS.

dots, and that of women with round dots, prepared by etching, in order to avoid that rough labour produced by elongated dots. "The dots," says Abraham Bosse, "should be arranged like bricks in a wall; above all, great order and regularity should be observed in disposing them, for whether it is

right with the graver, the flesh will appear as if covered with some cutaneous eruption." When the aquafortis produces them in the right place, however, and they are afterwards mingled with the long dots produced by the burin, the effect is excellent.

MRS. CAROLINE CHISHOLM.

THE lady whose portrait adorns this number of our publication was born at Northampton, in May, 1808. Mr. Jones, her father, belonged to that respectable class of yeomen of whom England has for centuries had reason to be proud. At an early age the subject of this sketch had to deplore her father's loss, and thenceforth she was indebted to the example and

When about twenty-five years of age, Caroline Jones was married to Captain Archibald Chisholm, a native of Scotland, in the East India Company's military service. It was for a long time imagined that Mrs. Chisholm's husband was connected with the navy, and even now that notion prevails very generally; but it is quite a mistake. This error has doubtless



PORTRAIT OF MRS. CHISHOLM.

energy of her maternal parent for many of those characteristics which have so singularly marked her career, and placed her in the first rank among the practical reformers of this enlightened age. Mrs. Jones is still living, enjoying more health and strength than falls to the lot of most people; and she doubtless feels an honest pride in witnessing the position which her daughter has so deservedly attained in the estimation of the British public.

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arisen from Mrs. Chisholm's name having so long been associated with ships.

Two years after their marriage, Mrs. Chisholm accompanied her husband to India, he being connected with the Madras Presidency. Here may be said to have commenced Mrs. Chisholm's first public efforts. She found the poor young girls and orphans of the soldiers in an alarming state of ignorance and vice. Seeing the evil, she lost little time in

uselessly deploring it, but immediately proposed a remedy. This was, to establish a school, and to teach the young girls domestic duties. After many disappointments and vexations, Mrs. Chisholm succeeded in firmly establishing the institution now known in Madras as the Orphanage.

In 1838 Captain Chisholm's health compelled him to remove his family to Van Diemen's Land, and he eventually settled at Sydney. In 1840 he rejoined his regiment, leaving Mrs. Chisholm and her family in Australia. Mrs. Chisholm soon found an ample field for her activity and philanthropy in endeavouring to improve the then infamous system of emigration, more especially with regard to the treatment of her own sex. Both want of space and disinclination to submit facts so unseemly to our readers, preclude us from detailing the sufferings and insults which hundreds of virtuous English girls had to endure, both during the Australian voyage and at its termination. Thanks to the subject of this sketch, those iniquities are at an end.

After a series of obstacles had been overcome—obstacles, too, that arose in quarters where they might have been least expected—Mrs. Chisholm succeeded in establishing at Sydney an Emigrants' Home. After she had procured them the shelter of the Home—brought them, as she termed it, "under her own roof," for she resided there herself, sending her children to the care of others elsewhere—her next object was to find them employment. Even now, when all the facts are so familiar to the public, it is almost difficult to conceive that we are not perusing some romance, so unusual and extraordinary was the course adopted to attain the much-desired end. Well knowing that Sydney was the last place where the girls could obtain respectable employment, although numerous "places" were vacant, Mrs. Chisholm resolved to take them into the bush. Journey after journey did Mrs. Chisholm take, at times accompanied by sixty or seventy girls, whom she left comfortably placed with the wives of respectable settlers. These "bush" excursions proved eminently successful for the female emigrants, and were productive of great good to the colony.

After Mrs. Chisholm had been employed in these arduous undertakings for more than eight years, she resolved upon returning to England, where she hoped still further to extend her sphere of usefulness. In February, 1846, the inhabitants of Sydney presented her with an address and testimonial, amounting to 150 guineas, all of which was collected on the eve of her departure. That money Mrs. Chisholm promised to devote to the service of the colony, by fulfilling two commissions with which she had been entrusted—one from the convicts, and another from the emigrant population of Sydney. And most nobly was that promise redeemed, under circumstances, too, that would have dismayed most persons, even of the sterner sex.

No sooner had Mrs. Chisholm landed in England than she commenced her work, which was nothing more nor less than laying siege to the Colonial Office! "Emigration and Transportation relatively Considered," a small pamphlet addressed to Earl Grey, was the first shot, which, of course, "fell short," and did not induce the besieged to exhibit any tokens of submission. But this was followed by such a continuous fire of petitions, statements, and appeals, from many hundreds of convicts (who, having long since paid the penalty of their faults in the colony, now called upon the home government to redeem the promises made to them, on condition of their good behaviour, and forward to them their wives and children), that "the enemy" capitulated, and government listened with an attentive ear to Mrs. Chisholm's plain and homely truths, and fulfilled the pledges they had broken at the suggestion of the "squattling interest," which had succeeded for a time in hindering a measure of both policy and justice. Thus was one of Mrs. Chisholm's colonial missions fulfilled.

The other commission was of a still more difficult kind to achieve, inasmuch as there was not the plea of injustice upon which to base her application at head-quarters. Among the emigrants at Sydney vast numbers had been compelled, by the then existing regulations of the government commissioners,

to leave their children in England. These children numbered several hundreds, and were, in many cases, a burden upon their respective parishes. To get these children sent out to their parents was now Mrs. Chisholm's object. At first all attempts were utterly fruitless; but perseverance always has its reward, and in this case there was no exception to the general rule. After numerous attendances, both at the Emigration Commissioners' and Colonial Offices—at both of which places Mrs. Chisholm presented herself almost daily, during the severest winter weather—success at last crowned her exertions, and government issued orders for the conveyance of the children to their parents in the colony, which orders were promptly carried out in the ensuing spring.

And now, Mrs. Chisholm having done with her colonial friends, thought there was something needed for the improvement of emigration and the protection of the emigrant at home. She imagined that the condition of emigrants, during a journey of sixteen thousand miles, was well worthy the attention of those who either felt, or professed to feel, an interest in the moral welfare of their fellow-creatures, but more especially of the tender sex, who, when once on board an emigrant ship—whether a "government" ship or not made little difference—were entirely at the mercy of men whose conduct was highly censurable. As Mrs. Chisholm truly observed, "these are trying situations for human nature, and a dangerous position for young women to find themselves in. The innocent and the helpless stand there exposed to the wiles of the snarer. Who has not been shocked by the frightful details we have read in the public papers; how orphan after orphan has been victimised on board emigrant ships by men calling themselves Christians; how modest maidens have been brutalised over and insulted by those whose peculiar duty it was to protect them during the long and tedious voyage?"

It was with a view to the suppression of these evils that Mrs. Chisholm resolved to establish the Family Colonisation Loan Society, through the medium of which she has of late years become so universally known in England. The aims and objects of that society have been made public through so many channels, that it is quite unnecessary here to recapitulate them. But too much importance should not be attached to this one result of Mrs. Chisholm's energy and perseverance. It is in the increased morality, the established propriety, the improved sanitary arrangements, and the better regulated dietary scales of every emigrant ship leaving a British port, that her beneficial exertions are universally acknowledged.

In 1851 Captain Chisholm sailed for Melbourne, where he has since been actively engaged in sending over remittances from parties in Australia who are desirous of seeing once more in this life those nearest and dearest to them. Right well has he seconded his wife's views; for since his arrival he has remitted upwards of ten thousand pounds, some of which has been expended in affording immediate relief to aged parents; but the great bulk of the amount has been disbursed as passage money for numerous relatives, who, but for these arrangements, would in all probability never again have met in this world. In less than two years, about eight hundred individuals have joined their relatives in Australia solely through the aid afforded them by the Family Colonisation Loan Society, in addition to the remittances sent through the medium of Captain Chisholm.

In connexion with Mrs. Chisholm's surprising career, we could state many facts alike creditable to that lady and new to the general reader; but our space compels us to refrain from their recital. It must not be thought for a moment, that when Mrs. Chisholm has seen her emigrants on board, she has done with them. Every matter connected with the emigrant's welfare and comfort has her hearty support. Thus the Colonial Postage Association has been favoured with her powerful assistance, and the Post-office authorities are at present engaged in making arrangements whereby the postage will be reduced to a uniform rate of fourpence to every British colony, instead of the present enormous charge. At the earnest request of Mrs. Chisholm, also, colonial money-orders

will shortly be adopted, for sums not exceeding five pounds. But for the example set by Captain Chisholm in forwarding remittances to this country, and the great success attending his efforts, this arrangement would probably never have been entered into.

In this sketch of Mrs. Chisholm's labours, we have been obliged to limit ourselves to a mere glance at her numerous practical endeavours. To enter into details would fill a goodly volume. In the spring of next year, the subject of our sketch will embark for Australia, which may justly be termed the country of her adoption, and whose people will no doubt one day do homage to the genius and philanthropy of their foster-mother. But in proportion as Australia will be benefited by her presence, so will English emigrants of every grade (but working people's wives and daughters especially), find that they have lost the kindly aid of one whose place it will be difficult indeed to fill. The testimonial at present in course of subscription will doubtless prove that Englishmen can duly appreciate her worth, but English women can never sufficiently reward *their* champion in every position in which it has been Mrs. Chisholm's lot to find them placed. Thanks to that enterprising lady, English mothers can now safely trust their young and innocent daughters in ships for Australia, without any fear of their falling, as too many have before now, an easy prey to bad, designing men.

As many of our readers would doubtless deem this account incomplete without a sketch of Mrs. Chisholm "at home," we will very briefly describe, in his own words, the visit of a friend in June of last year, just before the departure of the "Scindian," "Frances Walker," and "Nepaul," freighted with the society's emigrants.

"The exterior of Mrs. Chisholm's residence at Islington was as unprepossessing as bricks and mortar could possibly make it. Street architecture was evidently in its infancy when Charlton-crescent was thrown together—not built. An assemblage of humbly-clad but clean-looking persons saved us the trouble of seeking the particular house we wanted. It had no distinguishing feature from its neighbours, save that the street-door was adorned with a very small brass plate, inscribed 'Captain Chisholm,' which had evidently done years of good service in the East on some bullock-trunk or travelling-chest. Such an unpretending name-plate would be repudiated by most suburban residents of the present 'fast' school, even for their carpet-bag during their annual week's vacation at Gravesend or Margate. The passage was crowded with intending emigrants, each more eager than the other for an interview with the object of our visit. After considerable jostling and squeezing, we at length contrived to send up our name by a venerable female attendant, who expressed a fervent wish that we 'might see her missus that night,' but she was sure she didn't know *when*! Our fair companion's curiosity was, of course, awakened at this aspect of affairs, and she, at any rate, resolved not to be disappointed. 'Patience is a virtue,' and we had a tolerable lesson in its acquirement. At its termination we were ushered up the narrow uncarpeted stairs into the audience-chamber upon the first floor. We had been at many 'receptions,' but this was the strangest of them all. Mrs. Chisholm was seated behind a large sea-chest, raised upon a couple of benches. The chest was covered with writing materials and baggage-papers, which she was distributing to the various emigrants, whilst at the same time answering every possible inquiry, and endeavouring to satisfy almost every impossible complaint. After witnessing for five minutes what Mrs. Chisholm had to endure, we felt heartily ashamed at having lost our patience on the stairs. The room (but dimly lighted by two or three candles hung in tin candlesticks against the wall) was furnished with a model of the sleeping-berths allotted to emigrants on board the society's ships. Though doubtless very well adapted for the purpose intended, their appearance certainly did not imbue us with a desire immediately to seek

and repose in our own time-honoured four-poster. Attached to the sides of these sleeping-berths were sundry utensils required by those indulging in a voyage to the antipodes, such as tin plates, hook-pots, and water-cans. These were evidently constructed by some one having most severe notions of economy, combined with a vast regard for durability. One of the bed-places was occupied by a fluted, snugly ensconced in a wicker-basket of snowy whiteness, looking altogether so provokingly cozy and comfortable by comparison with its neighbours, that it almost seemed to say, 'Won't you find *me* useful, my friends?' A model emigrants' medicine-chest, made of plain deal wood, unencumbered with all decoration save a printed label, together with a life-buoy, 'capable of sustaining seven persons,' complete alike the ornaments and utilities of the room.

"The 'group-meeting' over, and the emigrants dismissed, we were (at ten o'clock at night) favoured with a private interview by the Emigrants' Friend—for such, indeed, is Mrs. Chisholm. Most of our readers have doubtless seen many portraits of this lady. We have not had the good fortune to see more than one good likeness—poor Fairland's lithograph from Hayter's painting. To describe a lady's personal appearance is an ungracious task at best, and we will therefore not attempt it save in a negative manner. Those of our readers who have seen Mrs. Chisholm depicted (by a certain enthusiastic artist, as yet, happily, unknown to fame) as being mounted on a coal-black steed, attired in an elegant riding-habit (with the prescribed length and insufficiency of waist), and with her whip beckoning her emigrants across a colonial river, in a decidedly 'Come on!' style of attitude, worthy of Astley's best tableaux,* may rest perfectly assured that they do not, from such a picture, form a very accurate notion of the Emigrants' Friend, as she really appears when rendering them assistance. Let them imagine a sedate, matronly lady, with eyes well set under a very capacious forehead—orbis that seem to 'look you through' whilst addressing you—and withal a fascinating manner which at once seizes upon you, and induces you to prolong your stay, and they will have a tolerable portrait of Mrs. Chisholm. After a very brief interview, we took our leave, convinced that we had seen by no means the least remarkable personage of these practical and wonder-working times."

Although future English emigrants will shortly be deprived of Mrs. Chisholm's counsel before they quit their native shores, still the results of her labours will remain. These results have been obtained in despite of an opposition such as few would be willing to contend against—an opposition that could only have been defeated by one who was prepared to bring into the contest the same amount of stern determination, unflinching industry, and disinterested philanthropy, as Mrs. Chisholm. But it is the women of England who should ever bless her name, for many indeed are the almost broken hearts of the gentler sex that have been healed by her. Mothers have been united to children whom they hardly dared to hope ever again to see in this life; wives have joined their husbands, after years of painful separation; and scores of British maidens, shielded alike from injury and insult during the long sea voyage, have been safely deposited at their brothers' Australian firesides. These facts should not, and we feel assured will not, be speedily forgotten. Whilst they are remembered, then also will the woman be borne in mind by whose undaunted energy such glorious results were achieved. Every English parent, for ages yet to come, whose children, either from necessity or inclination, may be induced to seek the Australian shores, will have good reason to bless the day when emigration was reformed, its glaring and infamous abuses remedied, and its difficulties and dangers lessened, by the energetic genius and daring moral courage of CAROLINE CHISHOLM.

'A life on the ocean wave,'

but rather strengthened our determination

'To take our stand on solid land,'

* A picture recently published in a panoramic form, entitled, "Adventures of Mrs. Chisholm," contains the above portrait. This singular production has been sold by thousands both in London and the northern provincial towns of England.

lay; he seemed to be always engaged intently on his picture, yet it appeared to have progressed no further whenever I looked at it; he smiled more than ever; affected an entire ignorance of what was so plain to every eye; shook hands formally night and morning with Henri; brought his books and bouquets, and escorted Eugenie as usual every afternoon. The explosion came at last.

One morning, it was a glorious summer day, De Beauvais and myself were first. We exchanged a few words, and set to work. He had a superb bunch of white roses in his hand, and to preserve them the more effectually he removed his hat and laid them in it upon a bench. Presently Eugenie came slowly down the room with her hands crossed and her eyes fixed on the floor. How different to her old manner, when she had a smile and a word for every one by the way! She looked pale and dejected as she held her hand to me, and she listened with an absent air to the morning salutations of her affianced lover.

"The head is divine," said he, with the perpetual smile, "and the flesh tints equal to the original. You must try a composition of your own next, my love—you will be famous."

"You think so?" she replied listlessly, as if she scarce thought of the meaning of his words.

"I have brought you some roses. They are the best of the season. I went this morning to the *Marché aux Fleurs* at the Madeleine, on purpose to get them for you. You do not seem pleased?"

"Thanks, *mon ami*. You are too good. I am delighted," said Eugenie, with a sigh, as she took the flowers and laid them, without even a glance at their beauty, on the chair which served us for a table.

De Beauvais retreated to his easel, but I saw the smiling lip quiver with rage, and his hand shook as he resumed the pencil.

Henri was late that morning, and when an hour had elapsed without his coming, I began to think that, for the first time, he would be absent the whole day. De Beauvais looked gratified—Eugenie was silent and depressed, and I was secretly troubled by the drama which was acting daily before me. At last he came—flushed, laughing, almost breathless, with a bunch of violets and forget-me-nots in his button-hole.

After the first salutations,—

"I am late," said he, but I have been this morning to Neuilly. I felt ill, and longed for a glimpse of the sweet country. How I wished," he continued, turning to Eugenie, "that you had been with me. The air was so fresh, the river ran on so joyously, the willows dipped so gratefully into the clear waters, and the view from the bridge was so sylvanly beautiful! I gathered these wild flowers on the banks for you—they are still wet with the morning dew."

Her hand shook visibly as she extended it for the flowers. Henri gave them, held the hand in his own for a moment, and looked earnestly into her eyes. She coloured deeply and placed them in her bosom.

De Beauvais crossed the room and seized her by the arm:—"Eugenie," he said, in a low hoarse voice, "speak—have you ceased to love me?"

She turned very pale, and uttered an exclamation of pain. He released her arm, and went on:—

"There lies the bouquet that I gave you. Throw those violets on the floor and put the roses in their place."

She was silent. I seized Henri by the hand, and entreated him not to interfere.

"You will not? Then I will do it myself!"

And he tore them from her breast, and crushed them with his heel.

In a moment her self-possession returned. She took the roses from the chair and gave them into his hand.

"Take your bouquet, monsieur," she said haughtily; "my choice is here." And she lifted the trodden violets from the floor, and replaced them whence they had been torn.

De Beauvais stood for an instant silent and struggling with his emotions. Gradually the sneering smile returned to his lip. He bowed, first to Eugenie, then to his rival, took his hat, and slowly left the gallery.

She was deeply agitated, and Henri consoled her. I need scarcely add, that a few whispered words restored the brightness to her eye, and banished the momentary remorse from her heart. When four o'clock came, Henri escorted her home for the first time—as her betrothed husband.

The next day a porter removed the easels and painting of De Beauvais. He never returned, and he was soon forgotten.

How they loved each other! I lost all my apprehensions and regrets in the satisfaction of beholding their happiness.

"Why do you not love some one, *mon ami*?" said Eugenie to me one morning, as she came in leaning upon Henri, and radiant with joy—"it is so pleasant to be really loved!"

And I thought so, to look upon them, and I sighed.

Another time, when Lemonnier was walking with me in the gardens of the Tuileries before dinner (for we always dined together), he drew off his glove.

"Look," said he, "look at Eugenie's present to me! Poor little darling, she has wasted at least a hundred and fifty francs on this gift for me, out of her little savings. Ah, what a wife she will be! What a happy man I am!"

It was a brilliant ring of peculiar setting, representing a snake in green enamel, chased like scales, with the bright, pure stone depending from his mouth.

"What a remarkable ring!" I exclaimed.

"It was her own design," he said smiling; "it is meant for eternity."

"Will you take it off and let me look more closely at it?"

"Pardon, *mon ami*," replied Henri gravely, "I have sworn that I will never remove it from my finger while I live."

In spite of me, the ring seemed to haunt my sight all night. The next day, when we met, it attracted my eyes constantly, and the next again. In time, however, that curious impression wore away, and I ceased even to observe it upon his finger.

The autumn came—the vintage was gathered in—the many-coloured leaves began to fall, and the chill evenings announced the slow approach of winter. The wedding-day was fixed; and it was to be spent in the forest of St. Germain. Eugenie and her mother, Henri and myself, were to be all the party. The bride was occupied with her *trousseau* for three weeks beforehand; for the Madonna was finished, and sold to a neighbouring church for three hundred francs, and the little artist was quite rich. Henri was equally busy. He had engaged two pretty rooms at the other side of the Seine, in the Rue des Arts, and was fitting them up for the reception of his wife. I went often to inspect the arrangements. He had filled the balcony with flowers; red damask curtains hung at the windows; the floors were of dark polished wood, with a gaily-coloured carpet in the middle; a handsome *pendule* and looking-glass adorned the chimney-piece; and the furniture was of mahogany, and covered with red damask, like the curtains. To use his own words, "it was a real paradise."

"With an Eve to grace it, Henri," I said smiling one day, in reply to his oft repeated exclamation. "Your Eden is, at all events, complete."

"You should possess an Eve and an Eden too, my friend," he said earnestly. "Eugenie is always telling you so. Why not be advised? You have genius, and are certain to prosper. Marry, and live near us in our own beautiful Paris."

But I had other views than these. The artist's dream—Italy, the land of painting, poetry and song, haunts me by night and day. To wander through the matchless galleries of Florence—to behold the glories of the Vatican—to stand beneath the vast dome of St. Peter's—to make the slumbering echoes of the Coliseum—to tread the ruins of the Forum—to breathe the air that Raffaele breathed—to gaze upon the sky that Canaletti painted—to float upon the sunny waves that mirror Vesuvius—to glide in the dark gondola beneath the Venetian Rialto—to dream for hours over the "St. Peter Martyr," the "Transfiguration," the "Last Judgment"—this was the earthly Paradise to which my every hope inclined. Hither I meant to go when my two years of study at the Louvre should be completed. Like most dreams, it proved fallacious—but the conclusion of my narrative will explain all.

THE JAVANESE AND THE SHARK.

SIR JOHN BARROW, who accompanied Sir George Staunton on his embassy to China, published a volume, in 1806, giving an account of his observations in Cochin China, which is full of interesting details regarding that as well as other countries of the southern hemisphere. Gifted, as he was, with nearly all the qualities which fit a man for travelling with profit to himself and the world at large, his descriptions of men and things could hardly fail to be interesting. The volume has been, however, so long out of print, that, in all probability, few of the young generation of readers are familiar with it. His statements respecting the Spice Islands of the Pacific, under Dutch sway, are particularly deserving attention. We have selected for engraving an incident which he describes as having occurred while lying off Java, and we shall let him describe it in his own words:—

appeared to be still more so, who happened at that moment to be astern of the ship, paddling his canoe, with a load of fruit and vegetables. His apprehension lest the wounded shark, in rolling and plunging, and lashing the water with its fins and tail, should overturn his little skiff, which was not much larger than the animal itself, his exertions to get out of its reach, and the marks of terror that were visible on his countenance, struck our fellow-traveller, Alexander, so forcibly, that, though of momentary duration, he caught with his pencil a spirited sketch, which, having the merit at least of being a true representation of a Javanese canoe, with its paddle and bamboo outrigger, was considered as not unworthy of being put into the engraver's hands. The shark, being killed with a harpoon, was then hoisted on deck and opened. The contents of its stomach formed a mass of



THE JAVANESE AND THE SHARK.

"In no other part of the world do I recollect to have observed such shoals of sharks as are constantly prowling near the shore at Anjerie, attracted, no doubt, by the offals that float down the river, or are thrown upon the beach. When on board the "Hindustan" at this anchorage, I hooked one of these voracious animals from the stern gallery, in doing which, however, I had a very narrow escape from being dragged by it into the sea. No sooner did the fish put the hook in its jaw, than, plunging towards the bottom, he drew his line to its full stretch, which, being entangled in the railing of the gallery, swept away at once a great part of the balustrade. In the rapidity with which the rope ran out, a coil of it got round my arm; but just as I was forced among the wreck, the shark, by darting back to the surface, slackened the rope sufficiently to enable me to disengage my arm and get clear. Greatly as I was alarmed at this accident, a poor Javanese

such magnitude and variety as can scarcely be conceived. It consisted, among other articles, of the complete head of a female buffalo, a whole calf, a quantity of entrails and of bones, and large fragments of the upper and under shells of a considerable-sized turtle. The length of the shark was ten feet eight inches."* Sir John gives a horrible account of the treatment of the Chinese settlers in Java by the Dutch colonists who ruled them. Finding it impossible to induce them to consume opium and other foreign products in quantities sufficiently large to fill the coffers of the importers, a pretended conspiracy was trumped up; in 1740, the Chinese chiefs were horribly tortured, and the whole of the Chinese population, including the women and children, to the number of twelve thousand, were massacred in cold blood..

* "A Voyage to Cochin China, in the years 1792 and 1793." pp. 162-3.

ALBERT DURER.



ALBERT DURER was born at Nuremberg, on the 20th of May, in the year 1471. His father, a native of Pannonia,* was



a celebrated goldsmith. In his youth he had studied in the Netherlands, under the famous masters of the school of Bruges, who had imparted to him their style, so full of delicacy and truth. But in the year 1455 he relinquished the fertile meadows of Flanders for the fresh valleys of Germany. At the age of twenty-eight he settled at Nuremberg, and there married a young girl, named Barbara Hellerin, who became the mother of the famous artist. It is probable that Albert Durer began to assist his father in his trade at a very early age, but he always manifested a preference for engraving. Some authors, among others Kassel van Mander, maintain that he received lessons from Martin Schöngauer, a celebrated engraver, surnamed "Le beau Martin," and known by the name of Martin Schön. But this vague tradition is without foundation, and in the account which Albert Durer has himself written, and which Sandrat has preserved to us, there is nothing to lead us to suppose that his father had any intention of placing him under the tuition of Martin Schöngauer, who resided at Colmar. Durer only says, "Having already acquired the art of working in gold, I felt a greater inclination to turn my attention to painting than to pursue the trade of a goldsmith. When I communicated my wishes to my father he was much displeased, for he regretted that I had wasted so much time in learning my trade. Nevertheless, he acceded to my desire, and on St. Andrew's Day, in the year 1486, placed me for a term of three years with Michael Wohlgemuth." Unaffected and pious, living without ostentation in the bosom of a quiet family, it was long before he became aware of the extent of his powers. The first plate executed by him bears

* "Albertum Durerum à Pannoniâ oriundum accepimus," says Camerarius, in the preface to his translation of Albert Durer's Vol. III.—No. XIII.

German work : "Alberti Dureri clarissimi pictoris et geometræ de symetriâ partium in rectis formis humanorum corporum libri in Latinum conversi," Nuremberg, 1534.

the date of 1497; it represents four naked female figures, and far from having been copied, as is asserted by the historian Baldinucci,* from a copperplate of Israël van Meckenem, was an original work, which Israël van Meckenem copied. His first picture, a portrait of himself, was executed in the year 1498; it is now to be seen at Florence, in the gallery set apart for the reception of autograph portraits. The artist has drawn himself in half length, seated before a window, his hands resting on a maul-stick; he is dressed in festive attire, a white tunic striped with black, and a mantle thrown gracefully over one shoulder. His beautiful hair is arranged in long rich curls. Although the lines are very decided, and the drawing hard, there is a boldness in the execution, and a softness in the touch, which is not to be met with in his later efforts. The noble expression which the master has given to his countenance was no flattery, but with this air of dignity he has blended an ingenuous satisfaction with his personal appearance.

Albert Durer was not only handsome, he was also very proud of his beauty, as we learn from his letters to his intimate friend Willibald Pirckheimer. An innocent pride in the painter, which was only one form of his admiration for all the works of God. It seems, indeed, as if nature had been as bounteous with her outward gifts as she had been prodigal of her intellectual endowments. "She had given him," says Camerarius, "a commanding figure, and a body worthy of being the temple of so exquisite a mind."† His features were remarkably regular, his eyes bright, his hair abundant and glossy, and his nose aquiline, while the slender elegance of his neck, his expansive chest, sinewy limbs, and hands of exquisite delicacy, completed his personal attractions.

Albert Durer was fifteen when he commenced studying under Michael Wohlgemuth, one of the old masters, who, full of modesty and honour, practised his art in an obscure studio, caring little for glory, diligently reading his Bible, studying nature, and labouring as if to fulfil a moral obligation.

Having completed the term of his apprenticeship, the young artist left Wohlgemuth, in order that he might see something of the world. He travelled through Germany, and also visited the Netherlands and Italy; but we glean little of this first tour, which, made at the early age of nineteen, must have had a decided influence on his character. "I set out," says Durer, "just after Easter, in the year 1490, and returned in 1494, after Whitsuntide, when Hans Frey negotiated with my father to give me his daughter in marriage, and with her a dowry of 200 florins. Our nuptials were celebrated on the Monday before St. Margaret's Day, 1494." If we are to judge by the portrait of Agnes, painted by her husband, she must have been possessed of extraordinary beauty; but with this beauty was mingled an expression of irritability, more especially when anything unusual happened to annoy her. Albert Durer, warned of this failing by the delicacy of his

perception, could not help entertaining gloomy forebodings. He thought of the young girl promised him in marriage, as one of those sinister prophecies which the Pythonesse of old was wont to clothe in brilliant language. But he submitted to what he considered his destiny.

The newly-married couple lived happily together for a short period. Soon, however, clouds began to gather. Durer, whose character was mild and gentle, had not the determination to commence a strife with the charming, though formidable, Agnes Frey. The disconsolate artist sought comfort and advice from a near friend, in whom he ever found a ready sympathiser in his sorrows. Being married himself, Willibald Pirckheimer was the better fitted to be his counsellor, though his domestic life formed a strange contrast to that of Albert Durer. His partner was a model of grace and gentleness; no discord had ever disturbed their harmony. But he was destined to have his share of the troubles of this world; his wife died, and her loss was a mutual grief to the two friends. The artist, deeply impressed with the memory of Crescentia, painted her stretched on her death-bed, holding in her falling hand a lighted taper and a crucifix, and receiving extreme unction from a priest seated at the bed-side, while a kneeling Augustine friar reads the prayers for the dying. This painting was executed with pious care. At the side of the weeping Willibald are seen the nuns of St. Clair, who are come to soothe the last hours of his wife. At the top of the canvas Durer wrote, in letters of gold, words dictated to him by his friend.

In the meantime Agnes Frey, tormented by avarice, restless, haughty, and violent, allowed no repose to the husband she had tamed, to the melancholy painter of "Melancholy." She urged him to work, even threatened him, and at last locked him in his studio. He wrote sorrowfully to his faithful friend, Willibald Pirckheimer: "I hear that you have taken to yourself a wife; take care that she prove not also a master." Once he managed to get beyond the reach of this Xanthippe, by making a second visit to the city of lagoons, the home of Italian art, beautiful Venice. He was induced to make this journey, by the pleasant reminiscences of his former sojourn there. This was in the year 1506. The wonderful engravings of Albert Durer were already beginning to astonish the lovers of the fine arts in Italy; his renown had crossed the Alps and reached the ears of Raffaele. These two great masters having discovered that their admiration was reciprocal, exchanged portraits, Durer sending with his some of his fine engravings. The famous engraver, Marc Antonio, of Bologna, was at that time in Venice. He observed in these engravings what was wanting in his own. He remarked the admirable guidance of the graver, the exactitude and delicacy of the figures, and the great precision with which the copper was cut. Admiring also the free and bold style of Durer's wood-engravings, he attempted to imitate it. By degrees he was led on by his success to counterfeit thirty-seven pieces of "The Passion," and to make them complete, placed upon them, instead of his own mark, the monogram of Albert Durer. Vasari relates, that Durer, warned of this fraud by the receipt of some of the proofs, hastened to Venice, brought an action against Marc Antonio, and obtained an order from the magistrates forbidding the Bolognese engraver to use, for the future, the cypher of Albert Durer. This anecdote has been contradicted, and has been pronounced by Bartsch to be one of those fictions so frequently met with in the books of art of the period. The reason he gives for his opinion is, that the pieces of "The Passion" are dated 1509 and 1512, and that, consequently, they could not have appeared for several years after Durer's visit to Venice in 1506. It would be necessary, he justly observes, to prove that Albert Durer made another journey to Venice; but of this we have no account. This argument is forcible, and, we may say, conclusive, when we remember the numerous inaccuracies of which Vasari has been found guilty. From the confidential letters which Albert Durer wrote to his friend Willibald Pirckheimer from Venice, we may gather, that the sojourn of the Nuremberg artist caused quite a sensation among the *Wälsche* (it was thus that

* We read in Baldinucci (Vita di Alberto Durer): "Altro non si vede di quel tempo fatto da lui, che una stampa colla data del 1497, anno vantesimo dell' età sua, e quella anche aveva copiata da una simile intagliata da Israël de Menz. . . ." There is certainly a mistake here, arising from the fact of the engravings signed Israël van Meckenem having been attributed to Israël the elder instead of to his son, Israël the younger, who has been proved, both by the Abbé Zani and Adam Bartsch, to have been the real author. The learned iconographer enumerates several other copies by Israël van Meckenem after Durer, which are very inferior to the originals. Bartsch, vol. 6 of the "Peintre Graveur;" and the Abbé Zani, "Materiali per servire alla storia dell' incisione." Parma, 1802.

† Dederat huic natura corpus compositione et staturâ conspicuum, aptumque animo specioso quem contineret. . . . Erat caput argutum, oculi micantes, nasus honestus, et quem Græci τετραγώνον vocant Proceriusculum collum, pectus amplum, castigatus venter, femora nervosa, crura stabilia. Sed digitis nihil dixisses vidisses elegantius." Camerarius ubi supra. In the preface to the Latin translation of Albert Durer's German work, are to be found some most valuable details of the life, character, and habits, of this great artist.

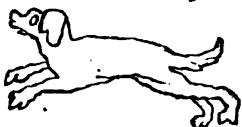
Albert Durer named all those who were not Germans). His house was continually besieged by visitors. Nobles, musicians, and learned men sought him, and so disturbed his German tranquillity, that he was sometimes obliged to conceal himself, in order to gain a few hours' quiet. With the characteristic penetration of a German, Albert Durer made his observations on the good people by whom he was surrounded, among whom he detected many of those witty amiable loungers, of whom such numbers still exist in Italy: "One would take them," says he, "for the most charming men. They are well aware that one is not ignorant of their numerous follies, but they only laugh at it." With the solitary exception of Giovanni Bellini, with whom he formed a close friendship, and who overwhelmed him with praises, Durer had ever cause to complain of the painters. Thrice they had him dragged before the magistrate, to compel him to pay the dues of their companies.

"I have many friends among the *Wälsche*," he writes, "who have warned me neither to eat nor drink with their painters, among whom I have many enemies. They place copies of my works in the churches, and in every building where they can possibly have them; afterwards they speak disparagingly of them, say that they are not antique, and are worth nothing. But Giacomo Bellini praised me in the presence of many gentlemen. He himself paid me a visit for the purpose of asking me to paint him something; he promised to pay me well. Everybody tells me that he is a good and pious man, inasmuch that I have conceived a great affection for him. He is very old, but is yet the first painter. The thing which pleased me so much eleven years ago, does not please me at all now.* I only began to-day to sketch my picture, for I have had so great an irritation in my hands, that I have not been able to work, but it is now better. Be, then, as I am—patient. Dear friend, I am anxious to know if any of your pets are dead, either that

which is near the water, that which resembles this



or the daughter of



"Dated at Venice, at nine o'clock, on the night of the Saturday after Candlemas, in the year 1506.

"ALBRECHT DURER."

The painting to which Albert Durer refers in this letter was executed by order of the German community established at Venice, under the name of "The Fondaco dei Tedeschi." The price agreed upon was eighty-five ducats. As soon as it was placed upon the altar of the church for which it was destined, the doge and the patriarch went to see it. Every one praised it, except such as were painters of only moderate fame; for the great artists, on the contrary, acknowledged the splendour of this foreign genius. Giovanni Bellini extolled him. Andrea Mantegna, a native of Mantua, wished to become acquainted with him, and Durer set out to visit him, but before arriving at Mantua he heard of the death of this painter.† Jacopo da Pontormo, having engaged to paint "The Passion of Jesus Christ," attempted, without disguise, to imitate the Gothic style of Durer, and Vasari himself admits, that the inventions and beautiful conceptions of the German painter were of great assistance to the Italian masters.‡ But this away, exercised in the very heart of Italy, by a German—that is to say, a barbarian, could not fail to

* Should not the thing alluded to, be a person?

† Camerarius, in the preface to his translation of Albert Durer's work on the "Proportions of the Human Body."

‡ Figurò tutte quelle cose così celeste, come terrene, tanto bene che fu una meraviglia, e con tanta varietà di fare quelli animali, e mostri, che fu un gran lume a molte de' nostri artefici che si sono serviti poi dell'abondanza e copia delle belle fantasie e invenzione di costui. "Vita di Marc-Antonio, ed altri." Parte quarta.

excite the jealousy of the Venetians. Perhaps there never lived a man more happily constituted, and gifted in a higher degree with qualities calculated to gain the affections and dissipate all ill-feeling. Durer was kind and generous to all, and always mild and gentle in his bearing. His conversation, which displayed at once his high appreciation of art, and his profound knowledge of the mathematical and positive sciences, particularly geometry and architecture, was so agreeable and interesting, that his hearers dreaded the moment when he should cease to speak.‡ He was never at a loss for words, in which to express himself, and his manner was so noble and dignified, that the highest potentates, Ferdinand, King of Bohemia, and Maximilian, Emperor of Germany, took pleasure in conversing familiarly with him. The latter, having formed the highest opinion of his talents, retained him at his court, where he employed his graver and his brush alternately. It is related, that one day, when engaged in painting some large object, his ladder proving too short, Maximilian requested one of the nobles who surrounded him to hold the ladder, that the artist might mount with safety to the top. But the noble lord considered it beneath his dignity, and refused to obey. "You are noble by birth," exclaimed the irritated Emperor, "my painter is ennobled by genius;" and to show how much easier it was to make a noble than a great painter, Maximilian forthwith commanded that a patent of nobility should be made out for Durer, giving him for armorial bearings—three shields on a field of azure, two on the chief, and one on the base. These arms became subsequently those of all the societies of painters.

At the age of forty-nine, Albert Durer again visited the Netherlands. Unfortunately, Agnes Frey, his terrible spouse, followed him there. Antwerp being at that time the most important town in the Low Countries, and the centre of commerce, was the first place they visited. The evening of their arrival, the agent of a rich banking-house—that of the Fuggers—gave them a splendid supper. The following days Durer was escorted through the city, and the painters invited him to a dinner which was given at their hall, of which the illustrious guest gives the following account:—"No expense was spared; the banquet was served on silver, and all the painters, with their wives, were present. When I entered with mine, they separated on either side, as if I had been one of the nobles of the land. There were present many persons of high station, who greeted me respectfully, manifesting every desire to be agreeable and obliging in all things. When we were seated, Master Rathporth offered me, in the name of the corporation, four measures of wine, in token of their good will and esteem. I thanked them, expressing my gratitude. . . . The entertainment was continued until a late hour of the night, when we were conducted home by torchlight, amid overwhelming protestations of friendship."¶

At Ghent and at Bruges Durer received a similar welcome. Proofs of esteem were lavished upon him, in the shape of invitations; delicacies abounded, the wine flowed plentifully, and every evening he was reconducted to his abode by torchlight. Margaret of Austria, regent of the Netherlands for Charles V., hearing that Durer was at Brussels, despatched an officer of the court to assure him of the favour of herself and the emperor. In gratitude for this politeness, the Nuremberg engraver presented to Margaret some of his finest plates, "St. Jerome in the Room," engraved on copper with wonderful delicacy, a copy of "The Passion," and afterwards he gave her copies of his entire collection of engravings, with the addition of two subjects drawn on parchment with great labour and care, which he

§ . . . Sermonis autem tanta suavitas atque is lepor, ut nihil esset audientibus magis contrarium quam finis.—Camer. ubi supra.

¶ The Fuggers were the Rothschilds of those days.

¶ See Albert Durer's Journal of his stay in the Netherlands, in the years 1520 and 1521. This Journal has been published by Mürr, in vol. X. of his "Art Journal." It is translated into French, in the "Cabinet de l'Amateur et de l'Antiquaire." Vol. I., 1842.

valued at thirty florins. But he soon began to feel the effects of intrigue; the envious prepared snares for him so artfully, that after the favourable reception which Margaret had given him, her manner suddenly changed towards him. Durer showed her a portrait which he had painted of the Emperor Charles V., when she assumed so disdainful an air, that the artist was compelled to remove his canvas in silence. On another occasion, in order to ascertain whether this contempt were felt for his talents or his person, he begged for the little book of Master Jacob (Jacob Cornelisz), which was embellished with choice miniatures; but the lady replied sharply that it was promised to her painter, Bernard Van

spicuously in his memorandum-book these vengeful words: "In all my transactions, whether in selling or in buying during my sojourn in the Netherlands, in all my intercourse with the high or low classes, I have been wronged, more particularly by the Lady Margaret (of Austria), who has given me nothing in return for all my presents and labours." Regarding the portrait of the Emperor Charles V., which the regent had appeared to despise, Albert Durer was obliged to part with it for a pocket-handkerchief of English manufacture. Happily a citizen of Antwerp, Alexander Imhoff, accommodated him with a loan of one hundred golden florins, for which he put his hand to a bill stamped with his seal, and



CHRIST TAKING LEAVE OF HIS MOTHER.—AFTER ALBERT DURER.

Orley. Then and there ended their connexion, much to the gratification of the crafty and the envious. This celebrated engraver was not worse treated by the Austrian princess than by private individuals, for in Brussels he painted six portraits, for none of which the remuneration was forthcoming. His abode at Antwerp provoked the following remark:—"I have made here many drawings and portraits, the majority of which have brought me nothing." In consequence of this, although he worked hard and practised the strictest economy, he became involved in pecuniary difficulties. Hurt by the contrast which he remarked between his splendid reception and the strange proceedings which followed it, he wrote con-

payable at Nuremberg. Just as he was meditating his departure, Christian II., king of Denmark, made his appearance in the city, and, hearing that Durer was still there, sent for him, loaded him with favours, and desired to have his portrait taken by so great an artist, for which he paid him liberally. Gratified by the splendid engravings presented to him by Albert Durer, Christian invited him to a banquet, at which the Emperor, the Princess Margaret, and the Queen of Spain were present; but none of these august personages deigned to address a word to the noble and handsome guest, whose genius did honour to a royal entertainment. Soon after this, our artist left Belgium, carrying with him bitter

reminiscences, which made his native Germany appear more charming than ever. There, at least, he had only to bear his customary grief, conjugal strife, a grief which was unvarying and inconsolable, and which was revived, from time to time, by the passions of Agnes.

The study of the Flemish paintings, and his own acute observation, had by degrees worked a considerable modification in Albert Durer's view with regard to the nature and aim of art. The correspondence of his friend Melancthon, as well as the later works of the painter, proves to us that, towards the close of his career, his mind underwent a vast change.

unable to support the double burden of labour and vexation, inasmuch as Agnes Frey became every day more peevish and ill-tempered. In the abode in which the unhappy couple passed their stormy existence, where should have reigned that peace and quiet so dear to artists, and the poetic and softening influences of memory, ill-humour, defiance, anger, all the irritated and irritating passions were let loose. Tortured by the foolish fear of poverty, the avaricious and beautiful Agnes harassed the patient engraver with her lamentations. She watched him with a commanding look, and held his genius captive to her sordid spirit, demanding what was to



SAMSON SLAYING THE LION — AFTER ALBERT DÜRER.

Instead of the profusion of detail which characterised his more youthful productions, he now sought to throw into his pictures a simplicity and harmony of conception, which he found made a much nearer approach to nature, than the laborious variety which he crowded into his former pictures. He regretted that he had not discovered this earlier in life, for, at his age, it was difficult to alter his style of painting; but with these noble regrets was mingled the still more noble desire to improve the style and general character of his works. Such is the energy of the true artist! Then it was that he painted the sublime figures of the *Apostles*, which are to be seen at Munich.

A fatal hour was approaching for Albert Durer. He was

become of her should she be left a widow.* Those friends who would have solaced and entertained him were driven away,

* *Nemini mortem imputare queat, quam uxori ejus quæ cor ipse usque adeo eroserit, tantoque cruciatu eundem affixerit, . . . ut nullam a labore remissionem querere, vel societati quædam interesse potuerit, ob continuas querelas, quibus ad laborandum noctu atque interditi rigorose eum compulerit, ut pecuniam saltem quam moriens ipse relinqueret, lucraretur . . . etc.*—“*Letters of George Hartman*,” a friend of Durer. Bayle, in his “*Dictionary*,” quotes a letter from Prince Anthony Ulric, of Brunswick, which proves that Durer suffered all the misfortunes, with all the patience of Socrates: “*Ipsam domi Xanthippen habuisse pessimam et divinæ suæ mentis flagellatricem acerrimam.*”

and the poor old painter, tired of life, and worn out with struggling, lost his energy, and gave himself up to despair. An eye-witness relates, that his reason sometimes seemed to wander. Albert Durer died on the 6th of April, 1528.

At the cemetery of St. John, at Nuremberg, is shown the spot where this great master, after a life full of troubles and anxieties, found a haven of rest. "It is impossible to imagine a more gloomy place," says one of our contemporaries.* Not one of those country graveyards, so full of nature's poetry; no weeping willows drooping their melancholy branches; no dark towering cypress mounting towards the skies; no flowers, green turf, or garlands, pious offerings from the living to the memory of the dead. The tombs, ranged in long rows, like the beds of the patients in a hospital, are merely flat stones laid over the graves. No railing encloses them, no cross surmounts them; their burying-place might be compared to a camp-bed set up for a night. Meanwhile, the lichen spreads its dusky stains, and the mass of rank verdure announces that oblivion is already beginning to swallow up the memory of those beloved beings to whom the epitaph promises eternal tears.

On Albert Durer's tomb-stone is the following simple inscription:—

Me. Al. Du.

QUIDQUID ALBERTI DURERI MORTALE FUIT
SUB HOC CONDITUR TUMULO

EMIGRAVIT VIII IDUS APRILIS MDXXVIII.

Willibald Pirckheimer, the faithful friend of the great painter, added, after this short epitaph, a brief catalogue of his virtues, and mentioned the universal grief which was felt for his loss. It well became him to engrave this last farewell on Albert Durer's tomb-stone, for he had strengthened and consoled him all his life. Even fate seemed to respect their old attachment, for they are laid side by side in the same graveyard.

So much for the man: let us now briefly examine the works by which he is known. Having already (*ante* p. 37), on presenting our readers with the beautiful allegorical design called "Melancholy," by Albert Durer, spoken at some length of the peculiarities of his style, it will be unnecessary to go over the ground again. On the contrary, we believe it will be more profitable if we consider with attention the subjects we are enabled to introduce into these pages as illustrations of the genius of the great German artist.

Albert Durer lived in troublous and stirring times—times favourable for the development of genius wherever it was possessed; for, while he sat in his study and imagined moralities and satires upon mankind, while he indulged in those fantastic dreams which he has revealed to us in so many shapes, while he travelled to Venice, to study the arts—and to escape the tongue of Agnes Frey,—Columbus, and Americus Vesputius, and Sebastian Cabot, were opening up fresh fields for the enterprise and commerce of mankind. While he was busy over those wonderful sketches of the great Passion of our Lord, Luther and Melancthon were fiercely battling with old Rome, and the dawn of the Reformation broke upon the world. While he was painting that grand picture of St. Mark and St. Paul and St. John and St. Peter, as a parting gift to the people of Nuremberg—that famous picture, removed a hundred years afterwards to a more princely resting-place, the Protestant inscriptions on which, written by his own hand, were rudely cut away, lest they should offend the courtly eyes of the elector of Bavaria—during that time, Laurentius in Haerlem, and William Caxton in Westminster, were perfecting that "divine art" which has done so much to advance the liberties and increase the comforts of mankind; the people of western Europe were just beginning to appreciate and understand the sciences which the Moors, now driven ignominiously out of Europe, were wont to cultivate in the fair city of Granada; Sir Thomas More was improving the literary taste, of which

* M. Alfred Michiels, author of "Etudes sur l'Allemagne," there is to be found a summary of the history of German painting.

Geoffrey Chaucer and old John Gower had laid the foundations in England a century before; the great Raffaele was adorning the Vatican with those beautiful frescoes, which have been the wonder and study of artists ever since; and men were just beginning to wake up out of their long sleep of apathy and ignorance, never, it is to be hoped, to doze again.

The art of engraving and etching upon copper had not long been invented when Albert Durer was born: before he was twenty, however, he had made such progress in its practice as to be looked upon as Michael Wohlgemuth's most promising pupil; and by the time he was twenty-three, he had established himself as a "painter, engraver, architect, and sculptor," in his native place, that

"Quaint old town of toil and traffic,
Quaint old town of art and song."

Henceforth he was destined to be the principal painter and engraver of Germany, and to leave on the works of all future German artists the impress of his own peculiar treatment. He found in the works of his predecessors a dreamy, wild, fantastic energy; and he followed in their path with such success as, in his earlier works, to surpass anything that had gone before, in eccentric spirit and vague mysticism.

Of this peculiar manner, this singular treatment, this fantastic, thought-provoking style of drawing, which

"While it charms repels, and while it horrifies enchants,"

we have numerous examples in the works of Albert Durer. Thus, besides the allegory of "Melancholy," already given in these pages, we are enabled to present our readers with two other specimens of what may be called Albert Durer's first manner. In "The Lord and the Lady" (p. 69), we recognise one of those strange German moralities of which the painters of that day were so extremely fond. Here is an allegory of human life, not difficult to translate. The lord is whispering "soft nothings" in the lady's ear, while, in the shadow of the bare and leafless tree, the conqueror Death stands waiting by. Hour-glass in hand, he watches their every motion, as if, at no distant time, he meant to claim his own. Honour and wealth, and pride and station, possess no spells to charm the destroyer; youth and age, ruddy health and tottering disease, beauty and deformity, bravery and cowardice, strength and weakness, genius and stolid ignorance, all fall beneath his resistless dart—all succumb, as it were, to an irrevocable Nemesis from which there is no escaping.

Of a like character, both as respects the high degree of careful finish given to the work, and the mysterious darkness of the theme, is the "Death's Head Coat of Arms." Who can fail to read and understand the dread lesson it essays to teach? The most subtle and learned king-at-arms never emblazoned heraldic picture such as this. Here, upon honour's shield, is painted the escutcheon which every man must hang above his door at last—grim, grinning Death! Oh, the painter is a moralist indeed! A bare, eyeless skull, supported by civilisation and barbarism—the crowned lady and the naked savage—is the picture which our mortality holds up before the eyes of our pride. It is a lesson we may every one of us take to heart. And the crest to this dread coat of arms is an empty helmet, fantastically crowned with eagles' wings and leaves, emblematical of the emptiness of worldly honours and the worthlessness of pride! Well may the satyr leer into the lady's eyes; for the jewel-crowned head, no less than the beggar's, must come, one day, to be a thing like that depicted on the shield.

Albert Durer's mature manner shows itself in more plainly understood, but not less powerful, imaginings. In such designs as "The Passion of Christ," "The Apocalypse of St. John," "The Martyrdom of the Ten Thousand Saints," "The Knight, Death, and the Devil"—a sort of condensed expression of the spirit of the "Pilgrim's Progress," says Sir Edmund Head; in Madonnas and Apostles; in "The Triumphal Arch and Car of Maximilian;" in "The Life of the Virgin;" and lastly, in portraits of friends and homelike

pictures, such as are used to hang over the fire-places in good citizens' houses.

The first-named work consists of two great series of woodcuts, afterwards rendered in more enduring copper. "The Great Passion" comprises representations of the main incidents in the eventful life of our Saviour—his birth in the manger, his dispute with the doctors, his way to Calvary with the cross upon his shoulders, the taking down of his body from the fatal tree, his burial and resurrection.

In all these subjects, says Kugler, the most perfect grouping is made consistent with the greatest simplicity of design; and however indifferently the engraver has executed his part, the very varied expression of the single figures, and the peculiar grace of the lines and movements, cannot be concealed. When we look at such fine works, we easily comprehend why the wily Italians valued Durer's compositions so highly, and how it was that a translation of them into Italian was so much desired.

"The Lesser Passion" consists, as the name implies, of a series of the more domestic incidents in the life of Christ—pictures in which the mysterious events related are all brought before the spectator, as in a moment of time, with truth, power, and the liveliest feeling of the beautiful. Of these, the most celebrated are—"Christ washing the Feet of his Disciples," in which a great number of figures are artistically grouped in a small space, which, nevertheless, is not crowded or confused, but leaves the principal group, in which the Saviour is of course the prominent figure, clear and distinct from all the rest; "Christ praying on the Mount of Olives," one of those simply beautiful compositions in which dignity and feeling are blended with the greatest tenderness and the most profound repose; "Christ taking leave of his Mother," previous to the accomplishment of his great mission (p. 60), another of those touching incidents which Durer, in his best period, knew so well how to depict; "Christ appearing, after his Resurrection, to Mary in the Garden, and to his Mother in the Chamber," both compositions of great beauty and simplicity of arrangement—of one of these, "Christ taking leave of his Mother," our readers will be able to form their own judgment. The noble tenderness of the son, the anguish of the mother, and the sympathy of the attendants, all evince the hand of a master in their development. In this series the utmost carefulness in the arrangement of his groups has been observed, and in the disposition of the drapery there is a noble fulness and simplicity which displays the figures to the utmost advantage. It has been noticed, in Albert Durer's oil paintings, that the draperies are generally too much cut up into strange shapes, a plan by no means calculated to improve the forms of their wearers. But in all his ideal subjects, his fancy being allowed full play and his pencil being freed from the fashions of his own country, he has made the folds of his draperies fall in those large imposing masses, so much admired in the works of the great Italian master, Raffaele. A great anachronism, however, occurs in this series of pictures—namely, the frequent introduction of German styles of architecture and costume, and a consequent destruction of that unity of design so highly desirable in works of historical value. This kind of oversight is frequently observable in the productions of the German and Dutch schools of painting; and we need only refer, in illustration of our remarks, to "The Rape of the Sabines," in the National Gallery, in which Rubens dresses his Sabine women in garments of Venetian silk. The two works known as "The Greater and Lesser Passion," have been engraved twice on copper and once on wood.

From "The Life of the Virgin," a series of twenty woodcuts, we have selected the most important, viz., "The Marriage of Mary and Joseph" (p. 65). Instead of the severely classical style observed in "The Passion," we have in this series a representation of those tender relations of domestic life which Albert Durer knew so well how to depict. The series embraces the history, as far as it is described in the New Testament, of the mother of Jesus. The scenes most interesting, after that shown in our engraving, are "The Birth of the Virgin," which event Albert Durer, true to his national predilections and

quite oblivious of facts, has made to take place in a German house in the midst of a numerous company of women and maidens; "The Flight into Egypt," a composition of a few figures simply disposed in a thickly growing wood; "The Repose in Egypt," in which the Virgin sits spinning beside the cradle of her little one, while Joseph is employed at a carpenter's bench, unseen by either father or mother, angels worship beside the lowly resting-place of the child Jesus; and "The Death of the Virgin." This last subject has been frequently copied by the pupils of Albert Durer, and many pictures after it exist in the continental galleries, some of them even bearing the monogram of the original artist. It is stated by Dr. Kugler to be "a perfect composition, with a simple division of the principal groups; fine forms, and indications of the deepest feeling in the solemn exercise of holy rites."

The "Marriage of Mary and Joseph" is a work which may be advantageously studied. It is at once delicate and powerful in the manner of its treatment; and, considering the comparative infancy of the art at the period at which it was drawn, may be looked upon as a great triumph of skill. The arrangement of the lights and shadows in this picture was pronounced by a recent writer on art to be worthy the pencil of that great master of *chiar'oscuro*, Rembrandt. St. Joseph is properly represented as much older than his bride, the expression of whose face is tender and submissive, though she is not beautiful. The female figure to the right of Mary is strangely attired in an enormous head-dress and loose gown; but the drapery on the other figures is gracefully and artistically disposed. The architectural arrangements of the building are extremely well managed, and in the bas-reliefs on the arch there is shown great fertility of invention and play of fancy. As a specimen of wood engraving, however, this is scarcely equal to the "Death's Head Coat of Arms," already noticed, or the "Melancholy."

The Dutch and German painters appear to have possessed but little idea of female beauty, or but small power of expressing it. But, in truth, their models were not chargeable with the sin of too much loveliness, a fact which may in part account for the extremely plain, not to say ugly, women whom Durer and his compeers have christened by the name of Mary. A modern writer says that the women of Germany do not belong to the *tender sex*, at least in appearance. Thus, can anything be more unlovely than the female figure with the child upon her lap, which is known by the name of "The Virgin with the Monkey?" (p. 68.) What was the design of the painter in introducing so ugly an animal into his picture, it is impossible to guess; for there is nothing in tradition or history, that we are acquainted with, which would account for such an eccentric combination. The face of the monkey, indeed, is so prominently intruded as quite to call off the attention from the infant Jesus playing with the bird, which should, according to all precedent, be the leading object in the picture. But in the details and accessories this picture is really fine. To be sure, there is in the background a Nuremberg house and a German landscape, but then the lover of old Flemish and Italian pictures has long ago learnt to look indulgently on such little inconsistencies as these.

"The War Horse" (p. 72) belongs to altogether another class of subjects. It bears the date 1505, and the monogram of the painter. Like the rest of Durer's performances, it is characterised by extreme care and laborious finish. Indeed, when we come to examine this design, and mark the evidences of labour bestowed upon its execution—every line completed, every separate hair and muscle of the animal elaborated with the greatest nicety, every part of the design worked up with the extremest pains, every part of the copper-plate covered in with "cross-hatchings" and "dry point" work—we are inclined to ask ourselves, was all this patient labour expended for no other purpose than to show us an unwieldy-looking horse and its soldier-rider, standing quietly in the grass-grown court-yard of an old castle? There must, we think, have been some motive for all this real hard work which, at this

distance of time, is hidden from us. Perhaps both horse and rider were portraits.

attributed to Albert Durer; but whether he really engraved them or not, it is pretty certain that the drawings on the wood



THE DEATH'S HEAD COAT OF ARMS.—AFTER ALBERT DURER.

One other subject concludes our list of illustrations. "Samson Slaying the Lion" is one of the many wood engravings

were from his hand. It is a masterly production, and shows, more than any other design we have introduced, how entirely

he could overcome that vague mysticism and eccentricity so common to the school of which he was the head and founder. The amazing strength of the man, as, with his legs bestriding the infuriated animal, he is supposed to be tearing its jaws

moment in a little minute criticism—we cannot but think that the hinder limbs of the latter appear too much at rest for the writhing pain exhibited in its head and fore claws. In this, as in other subjects, the background is Germany of the six-



THE MARRIAGE OF MARY AND JOSEPH.—AFTER ALBERT DÜRER.

asunder, is seen in every muscle of his huge body. The perfect mastery he has obtained over the lion is shown in its crouching attitude and utter prostration. Both man and animal are exceedingly well drawn, though—to indulge for a

teenth century—a rather strange country into which to introduce the enemy of the Philistines and an Arabian lion! A similar inconsistency is observable in Rubens' treatment of the same subject, which is engraved by the Fleming artist,

Wyngaerde, who resided in Antwerp about the year 1640.

Enough has been said of the philosophy and tendency of Albert Durer's works; it will be our task now, therefore, to tell the reader where the originals of his most famous compositions are to be found. As we have already said, no specimens of Durer's oil paintings are to be seen in either the National Gallery, the Louvre, or the Belgian Museum; though the British Museum and the Louvre each of them possess impressions from his copper-plates and wood engravings. In the library of the Louvre are fifteen original drawings by Albert Durer, executed with a pen and shaded on white tinted paper, illustrative of the "Passion and Resurrection of Jesus Christ." In the National Library of Paris there are also five of our artist's beautifully-executed water-colour drawings; and in the Royal Library at Munich, there is preserved the celebrated missal of Maximilian I., during whose reign the Reformation, under Luther, first began. This missal is adorned with numerous arabesques by Albert Durer, drawn about the year 1515. The King of Bavaria also possesses eight drawings by this great master. In the collection of prints at Berlin, there are upwards of two hundred drawings by Durer; and the archduke Charles of Austria likewise possesses five specimens at his palace at Vienna. But the most complete and valuable collection of Durer's unpublished drawings is in the possession of the family of Joseph Heller, the artist, better known as the author of the "Life and Works of Albert Durer." This famous collection contains, besides various drawings, upwards of seventy portraits of persons with whom the painter was acquainted. Several of these drawings are rendered still more valuable by notes and descriptions from the hand of the artist.

OF THE ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD attributed to Albert Durer, we have given several specimens. Many impressions exist in the British Museum, the Louvre at Paris, the Museum at Berlin, and elsewhere. Whether Durer actually engraved upon the wood, or contented himself with making the drawings merely, is a disputed question among artists and connoisseurs. Adam Bartsch, the celebrated German engraver, and keeper of the Imperial collection of Prints at Vienna from about 1790 to 1820, is of opinion that, from the multitudinous occupations of Albert Durer, he could not possibly have engraved the wood-cuts attributed to him; and he is further strengthened in this opinion by the inscriptions on the titles of the various productions in which those wood-cuts appeared. The German engravers, Hans Schauflein, Hans Burgmaier, Albert Altdorfer, and Lucas Cranach, most of whom were contemporaries of Durer, agree with Bartsch, who is still further confirmed in his conclusion by Charles Blanc, the editor of the "Histoire des Peintres," and George Stanley, the latest editor of Pilkington's "Dictionary of Painters." On the other hand, John Young, formerly keeper of the British Institution in Pall Mall, Joseph Heller, Rumohr, Ottley, and Heinecke, affirm the probability of Durer's having both drawn and engraved the blocks. For ourselves, we offer no opinion on the subject; content with the knowledge, that if an artist-mind guides the pencil, no indifferent engraving can altogether mar the effect of the drawing; and that, on the other hand, if the original drawing be bad, no amount of mechanical skill in the use of the graver is sufficient to completely hide its artistic defects.

There are no fewer than a hundred and seventy known wood engravings after Albert Durer's drawings, besides some sixty or more attributed to him. These last, though extremely well executed, do not bear internal evidence of Durer's handiwork. Most of the wood engravings—such as the "Greater and Lesser Passion," the "Life of the Virgin," "Samson slaying the Lion," &c., are from Scripture history.

OF THE ENGRAVINGS ON COPPER, STEEL, AND TIN, executed by Albert Durer, Bartsch enumerates no fewer than a hundred and eight, about one-fourth of which are devoted to sacred subjects. It would not be consistent with our space or design to give a list of these, but we may briefly indicate the most noticeable among them. The series of sixteen plates, called

the "Passion of Christ," has been three times engraved, and the coppers bear various dates, from 1507 to 1512. "Adam and Eve," and the "Nativity," impressions of both of which, from plates, may be seen in the print room of the British Museum, bear the date of 1504. Two proofs of the first-named subject sold at Durand's sale for £60. Several "Holy Families," on copper, are much esteemed by collectors, especially that known as the "Virgin with the Monkey," and another known as the "Virgin with the Apple," which represents Mary seated on a stone, in a landscape with buildings, and the infant holding in his hand an apple—a mode of representation very common in Nuremberg, where there exist some dozens of sculptured Virgins, executed by unknown artists, of greater or less pretensions as works of art.

The fine allegorical subject, called "Melancholy," a copy of which was sold at the Debois' sale for £5; "Death's Horse," which at the same sale brought £10; a woman with wings standing on a globe, holding in her hand a cup, "improperly called," says Stanley, "Pandora's Box," but otherwise known as the "Great Fortune," a proof of which was sold for £15; a naked woman on a globe, holding a stick with a thistle at the end of it, which is known as the "Little Fortune," and a proof of which sold for £5: "St. Hubert kneeling before a Stag, with a Cross on its forehead," one of Durer's best works, proofs of which sold for £20 to £30, according to their merit; "Death's Horse," which fetched £10; "The War Horse," also engraved on wood; the "Lord and Lady;" the "Conversion of St. Eustace," a perfect work; "St. Jerome meditating on the Holy Scriptures," the "Twelve Apostles," the "Prodigal Son," "Death's Head Coat of Arms" (also on wood), the "Crucifixion," with the holy women and St. John at the foot of the cross, "Christ praying in the Garden," and the great "Ecce Homo," are all well-known subjects. Besides these, there are numerous engraved portraits, among which are—Albert Mayence, Frederick, Elector of Saxony, Willibald Pirckheimer, Philip Melancthon, the Reformer, Erasmus of Rotterdam, and Joachim Patenier, the landscape-painter of Leige and bosom-friend of Albert Durer.

Various scholars and followers of Durer's style have copied his engravings with more or less success. Among them may be mentioned Hans Wagner, Hans Schauflein, Bartholomew Beham, Albert Altdorfer, Jacques Binck, the first scholar of Albert Durer, Wenceslaus of Olmutz (1481), Wennig (1509), and Marc Antonio Ramondi (1787–1539). The last-mentioned artist has been pronounced one of the most extraordinary engravers of his time. The purity of his outlines, the beautiful character and expression of his heads, and the correct drawing of the extremities, establish his merit as a perfect master of design. But he was at the same time a great forger; for, according to Vasari, he saw at Venice the set of thirty-six wood-cuts by Durer representing the "Life and Passion of Jesus Christ," and was so much pleased with them, that he copied them with great precision on copper; and, having affixed Albert's cipher to them, the prints were taken to Italy and sold as originals. Durer at length, discovering the deception, complained to the senate of Nuremberg of the plagiarism, when the only redress that he obtained was, an order that for the future, when Antonio chose to copy Durer's, or any other painter's works, he should affix his own, and not the original artist's name to the plates!

Albert Durer, architect, sculptor, painter, engraver, geometer, and author, has left numerous evidences of his skill behind him. In SCULPTURE his most important work is an alto-relievo in stone, representing the "Preaching of St. John the Baptist," now in the royal cabinet in Brunswick. The "Adam and Eve," carved in wood, in the cabinet of Gotha; "Jesus Christ on the Cross," a carving on ivory, in the royal collection at Munich; the "Thirty Thousand Virgins," sculptured in agate upon an altar, in the royal collection at Vienna,—are all fine works, and display, more fully perhaps than any other of his performances, the peculiar tendency of the artist's mind. Durer's carvings on stone, wood, ivory, and agate, are preserved with jealous care in the palaces of the

nobility of Germany, which fact will account for so few of them being known in the present day. He is also said to have engraved several subjects on gems for seals, &c.

As an author, Albert Durer's fame rests upon several books of a technical character, very little known or read now-a-days. Among these are: "Instructions for Measuring with the Rule and Compasses," published in 1525, and enriched with sixty-three copperplate engravings; "Instructions for Building Fortifications," with nineteen engravings, published in 1517, and translated from the German into Latin in 1531; "Four Books on the Proportions of the Human Body," with plates, published in 1528, and afterwards translated into Latin in 1532, and French in 1557; and, certainly the most amusing work for the general reader, a volume of his letters, political essays, and journals of travels, published in French by Campe, under the title of "Relics of Albert Durer." This last work will be found in the library of the British Museum.

His most celebrated literary production is the Treatise on the Proportions of the Human Body. It must be confessed, however, that his German character, with all its obscurity and want of method, is observable in this treatise, in which there is also a great deficiency of comprehensive ideas, no general principle, and no synthesis. The reader can see clearly enough that Albert Durer was a man of imagination, but not a philosopher, and that he was deficient in that clearness of deduction for which French writers are so remarkable. When we find such a master as Durer taking in hand so fine a subject as that masterpiece of creation, the human body; we naturally expect the writer will rise to some elevation of thought, and show some sympathy with the lofty considerations suggested by the contemplation of nature's noblest production. On the contrary, Durer gives utterance to none of those great ideas which might well have served as the foundation for his work; he lays down no general principle, but abruptly commences by entering upon the consideration of a human body, which is seven times the size of the head, remarking at the same time that this proportion belongs only to rustic figures. In the second chapter he discusses one that is eight times as large as the head, upon which he gives no express indication of his opinion, though from other parts of his work it would appear he considered this proportion preferable. He then proceeds to the figure of a man whose height is equal to nine heads. Here the author, foreseeing a large and higher head may be desired, proposes the geometrical mean. Next comes the proportion of ten times the head, which Albert Durer evidently regards as exceeding the true proportion of beauty; for he pronounces the figure to be slender. Hence he allows the reader to increase the size of the head, and make it nearly a ninth part of the body. From a comparison of these various proportions, and Albert Durer's remarks upon them, we gather that, according to his notions, the proportion of beauty lies between the height of eight, and that of nine heads, since this is neither rustic, like that of seven heads, nor slender, like that of ten. But this view is nowhere distinctly expressed. The author avoids declaring his opinion in plain terms, leaving the reader to form his own judgment. He even goes so far, in the third book of his treatise, when touching upon the variety of human figures, as to invent a sort of instrument for lengthening or shortening figures, making them larger above, or smaller below, thicker or thinner, by placing them upright or inclined in a triangle, in which they diminish as they approach the vertex or uppermost point, and increase as they recede from it. If, however, he carries this alteration of figures to excess—that is to say, if he shortens or lengthens the representation of it so as to make it unnaturally thick or thin—no doubt he does this in order to warn the student and preserve him from the faults to which he is liable, and to teach him elegance by showing him deformity. But where is Albert Durer's idea of beauty? Will it suffice for the student to avoid every species of deformity in order to succeed in attaining to beauty? Albert Durer does not tell us this. He hopes the skilful artist will discover the laws of proportion by studying a great

multitude of men, no particular man being perfect. "The beauty," he says, "concealed in nature almost confuses one. We may meet with two handsome and well-formed men, who nevertheless have nothing in common, and of whom it is impossible to say which is the handsomer. Such is the imperfection of our knowledge. Who, then, can say with confidence and precision what is true excellence of form?" And not only does he confess himself unable to determine what constitutes true beauty, but he does not think the artist can worthily express the little he knows of it. And he exclaims, "Art can hardly express the beauty of nature. I speak not of a perfect beauty, but of one known to us and yet surpassing the power of our understanding, and escaping the skilful touch of our hand."

The Italians have been less severe than we in their judgment of this treatise, and Jean Paul Lomazzo, among others, professes so great an esteem for the German writer and his work, that he considers the proportion which Durer gives of a body, viz. ten times the size of the head, to be beautiful; but at the same time admits that competent judges think such a figure too slender, yet says it will not do to deviate from the judgment of so great a man as Albert Durer. He is, however, quite mistaken in attributing to Durer a preference for this proportion. M. Paillet de Montabert thinks he has discovered a sort of treasure (to use his own words) in Durer's work, and imagines the author must have obtained access to some ancient manuscript which has escaped the destruction of barbarous times; but this learned connoisseur does not explain himself with regard to the treasures which he declares he has discovered, and it appears to us that in guarding against one prejudice he has fallen into another. If Durer had possessed the manuscript of a Polycletus, a Euphranor, or only some pupil of these great masters, we should have found clearer traces of it in his pages. We should have met with the immortal rudiments of that beauty, the rule of which had been discovered and the form imaged by the Greeks.

The constant occupation of our artist on the more profitable employment of the graver, allowed him but few opportunities of exercising his talents as a painter. Consequently, not many pictures in oil are to be seen out of the galleries of the German sovereigns. The following are the principal works of this character of which the pedigree is perfectly known:

In the Belvedere Palace at Vienna the portrait of Maximilian I., dated 1519.

"The Martyrdom of the 10,000 Christians, who were put to a Cruel Death by the command of Sapor II., King of Persia." Albert Durer is represented in this picture with his friend, Willibald Pirckheimer. He is holding a stick with a paper attached to it, with the inscription, "Iste faciebat anno Domini, 1508, Albertus Durer alemanus," with his monogram. This picture was painted for Frederick, Duke of Saxony; it afterwards adorned the Rodolph Gallery at Prague. Karel Van Mandcr, in his "Book on the Painters," speaks very highly of it.

"The Trinity." God the Father, seated on a rainbow, is represented holding the dying Son on the cross; the Holy Ghost, in the shape of a dove, hovers above. It is surrounded by a glorious company of angels, saints, and patriarchs. Beneath is seen Albert Durer himself, holding a tablet with his monogram, and this inscription, "Albertus Durer, noricus, faciebat anno à Virginis partu, 1511."

"The Virgin and the Pear," signed with his monogram, and dated 1512.

"Portrait of a Fair-haired Youth," dated 1507.

"Portrait of Johannes Kleberger, Merchant of Nuremberg," dated 1526.

"The Holy Virgin Suckling the Infant Jesus," painted in 1503.

In the Pinakothek of Munich, some of Albert Durer's finest paintings are to be seen. This valuable collection, partly formed from those of Dusseldorf, Mannheim, and Schleisheim, contains seventeen works of this great master, many of them

portraits, among others that of Durer's father, with this inscription in German, "I painted this likeness of my father when he was sixty—Albert Durer, senior." Dated 1497.

"The Portrait of Michael Wohlgemuth," Albert Durer's master, dated 1506. Michael was then eighty-two years of age.

"The Portrait of Albert Durer," dressed in fur, his right

By the desire of Maximilian I. they were conveyed to Munich, and replaced by copies by Wisscher. These four figures, the size of life, painted in 1526, are known by the name of "The Four Temperaments." These two works are exquisite, and mark the highest degree of perfection to which their author has attained.



THE VIRGIN WITH THE MONKEY.—AFTER ALBERT DURER.

hand placed on his breast, with the inscription, "Albertus Durerus noricus ipsum me propriis sic effingebam coloribus ætatis XXVIII." Dated 1500.

"The Apostles St. Peter, St. John, St. Paul, and St. Mark." Durer presented these two pictures to the Council of Nuremburg, where they were preserved until the year 1627.

"Christ on the Cross," "The Descent from the Cross," "The Weeping Virgin," "St. Mary Dying," besides "Lucretia in the Act of Stabbing herself," and two small pictures representing "St. Joachim" and "St. Joseph," painted in 1523, upon a ground of gold, after the style of the school of the Lower Rhine.

The Public Collection at Nuremburg, established in the Mansion of the Brotherhood of Landaner, contains only three of Albert Durer's pictures, viz., "Hercules fighting with the Harpies," painted in water-colours in the year 1500, and two

At Prague may be seen, in the Strahlhauer Convent, the painting which represents "The Virgin Crowned by two Angels;" she is surrounded by persons in an attitude of worship, among whom may be recognised the artist, his friend



THE LORD AND THE LADY.—AFTER ALBERT DURER.

corresponding panels, the one representing Charlemagne, the other the Emperor Sigismund, both figures larger than life.

The Chapel of St. Maurice contains a painting of "The Dead Body of Christ supported by St. John, and wept over by the Virgin Mary."

Willibald Pirckheimer, the Emperor Maximilian I., and Blanche Marie, second wife of that monarch. This picture, dated 1506, was begun and finished, according to the inscription upon it, in five months, and is known by the name of "The Painting of the Crown of Roses."

In the Dresden Gallery there are two pictures by Albert Durer, one of "The Bearing of the Cross," in black and white, and a small portrait, dated 1521.

The Gallery of Cassel contains four portraits by this master.

There are several of his secondary productions in the Museums of Frankfort, of Cologne, of Carlsruhe, of Gotha, and of Darmstadt.

The northern capitals of Europe boast the possession of several paintings by Albert Durer. The catalogue of the Imperial Museum of St. Petersburg mentions five; that of the Stockholm Gallery, three; and that of Copenhagen, four; but there is great reason to doubt the truth of their pretensions.

There are enumerated in the official catalogue of the Museum at Madrid, eight productions of Albert Durer, but they are either of little importance or doubtful authenticity.

In the museum at Havre we lately saw a fine "Holy Family," attributed to Albert Durer. Its pedigree, however, was not authenticated.

In the Gallery at Florence may be seen, among other works of this master, "The Adoration of the Magi"—very remarkable; the busts of "The Apostles St. Philip and St. James," painted, in water-colours, in 1516; also the portrait of the artist's father, dated 1490, and that of Albert Durer himself, painted in 1498. These two portraits came from the gallery of Charles I., King of England, upon the dispersion of that monarch's effects by the parliament of the Commonwealth in 1650.

Albert Durer is always seen to disadvantage in the galleries of amateurs; for the compositions they contain are unimportant, and generally limited to portraits and studies of heads, the greater part in black and white.

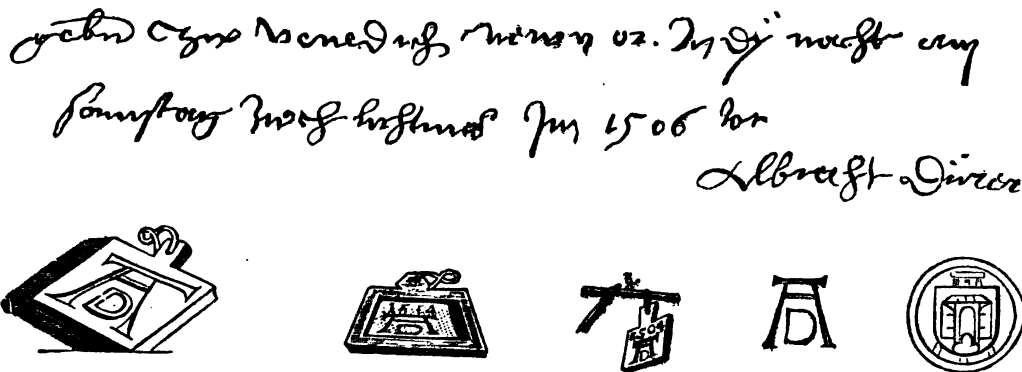
It appears that very few of Albert Durer's works have found their way to public auction.

We have alluded above to the two portraits, now in the Florence Gallery, which formerly belonged to the collection of Charles I. They produced together only £100.

In later years (August, 1850), at the sale of the collection of William II., King of the Netherlands, we have seen that a picture by Albert Durer, representing "St. Hubert," realised, including the expense of the sale, about £350 sterling.

A few words will suffice, in this place, to mark the appreciation in which Albert Durer is held, both as a painter and an engraver. "If," says Vasari, "this diligent, industrious, and *universal* man had been a native of Tuscany, and if he could have studied, as we have done, in Rome, he would certainly have been the best painter in our country, as he was the most celebrated that Germany ever possessed." Hear, too, what Dr. Franz Kugler, one of the most accomplished art-critics of modern times, says of this German contemporary of Raffaele:—"In Durer the style of art existing in his day attained its most peculiar and its highest perfection. Rich and inexhaustible, he became the representative of German art at this period. He was gifted with a power of conception which traces nature through all her finest shades; and, above all, he had an earnest and truthful feeling for his art, united to a capacity for the severest study. His drawing is full of life and character, his colouring has a peculiar brilliancy and beauty; and if, in spite of the shortcomings inevitable to the state of education and public taste in his days, the greater number of his works make a deep impression on the mind and feelings of the spectators, it is a strong proof of the peculiar greatness of his abilities as an artist." Again, in reference to Durer's skill as an engraver—"If we do not discover," says Bryan, "in his works the boldness and freedom so desirable in historical designs, we find in them everything that can be wished for in subjects more minute and more finished. Born in the infancy of the art, he carried engraving to a perfection which, even in this day, is seldom surpassed."

Beneath is a specimen of the hand-writing of this celebrated artist, his signature and seal, together with several of the more common of the monograms which he affixed to his works.



PUNISHMENT OF TORRIGIANO, THE SCULPTOR.

PETER TORRIGIANO, the celebrated Florentine sculptor, who executed the fine monument of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey, was once engaged upon a statue of the Infant Jesus for the Duke d'Arcos. The price was not fixed, but the purchaser, who was very rich, had promised to pay for it according to its merit. Torrignano made it a *chef-d'œuvre*; the grandee himself enthusiastically admired it: he was at a loss for words to express his approbation of it, and on the following day sent his servants with enormous bags of money. At the sight of them the artist thought himself amply recompensed; but on opening the bags he found—thirty ducats in copper. Justly incensed, he seized his hammer, broke the statue, and drove away the servants with their bags, bidding them tell their master what they had just seen. The duke was ashamed of his conduct; but it is impossible to make the great blush without arousing their vengeance. He immediately went to the Inquisitor, accused the artist of having done violence to the Infant Jesus, and pretended to be horrified at so frightful

an outrage. In vain did Torrignano contend, that one who creates has a right to destroy his own productions; justice pleaded in vain for him, with fanaticism for his judge. The ill-fated man was condemned, and starved himself to death to avoid a worse punishment.

VAN HUYSUM'S SECRET.

THE setting sun was glittering on the windows of a small house in the suburbs of Amsterdam. In a balcony opening upon a parterre sown with anemones, tulips, roses, and may-flowers, stood a man whose pale and haggard features, bent figure, and white and scanty hair, but too clearly indicated the rapid approach of old age and decrepitude.

It was Van Huysum, the celebrated flower painter, whose pictures, treasured in all the collections of Spain, Switzerland, Holland, and Belgium, are distinguished from all others by a softness and freshness of which he alone seemed to possess the secret.

Before him lay a palette charged with colours, several brushes scattered about, and some sketches apparently just commenced, one of which he still held in his hand; though, as if forced to suspend his labour, he reclined in an arm-chair, his head leaning back, and his eyes half-closed, as if in a swoon. Suddenly a young girl made her appearance at the lower end of the gallery, ran towards him, and asked him with an anxious air what had happened to him.

"Nothing, nothing!" he muttered in reply—"a little weakness, but nothing more; it's over now. I have been trying in vain to set to work to finish those sketches that were promised so long ago; but I'm not able."

"The doctor has warned you, uncle," said the girl gently, "that you must take rest till you are better."

Van Huysum made a gesture of impatience and chagrin. "And when will that be?" he asked in feverish accents; "don't you see there is no sign of it, Gotta?"

"Patience, dear uncle," was her reply; "you see the fine days are coming back again."

"Yes," said the old man, raising himself with a look of animation, "the garden is beginning to bloom, and the birds are singing and building their nests, and the butterflies flitting about; but what avails all this when I can no longer paint them?"

"Oh, in a few weeks more," rejoined Gotta, "you will be able."

"A few weeks! do you know—or are you forgetting how time passes—that before the end of the month I must pay Vanbruk the next instalment of the price of this house, and that I was hoping to meet it by two paintings that I promised Salomon, and that the sketches are still upon the easel just as I left them three months ago? Vanbruk will call for his money in a day or two, and not getting it, will take possession of the house, and deprive me of my flowers and my sun. Delay, you see, is ruin and desolation."

Gotta stood motionless while the old man was speaking, and when he had done, after a short pause said softly, "Trust in God: I know he'll not desert you."

Van Huysum shook his head, and there was silence for some moments.

"And still," he added a moment afterwards, in a low voice, as if soliloquising, "and still, if I could get assistance, like other painters, whose pupils help them."

"And so you can, uncle, whenever you please," said Gotta.

"Aye, and let them discover my secret," interrupted the painter, with an angry look, "so that no one could distinguish my works from theirs; no, no, the bouquets of Van Huysum shall always remain the only ones of their kind."

So saying, he closed the box containing his colours with hasty haste, and drew the curtain over his canvas, and casting a suspicious glance at his niece, exclaimed, "I'll engage you would like to learn yourself, Gotta, what patience and perseverance have taught me. But no—if you please—you shan't know. When presents are too costly, the recipients are apt to be ungrateful. Find it out, my girl, find it out, as I found it out myself. Since I grew ill you have painted more than usual. Have you made much progress? Let me see, Gotta; show me your latest attempts."

"Oh, they're not worth your notice, uncle," said Gotta, blushing and looking rather embarrassed.

"Come, come, show them to me," replied Van Huysum.

"I mustn't refuse you good advice; you have the stuff in you to make a good painter; but you must seek out your own style."

There was nothing for it but to comply; so Gotta went out and brought in a small square piece of canvas in a frame, and on it painted a bouquet of flowers, principally snowdrops and campanulas. Van Huysum examined it attentively, and at first his countenance darkened.

"Ah! you paint very well, Gotta," said he; "your tone is delicate, your drawing is correct and harmonious; here are some leaves which are absolutely perfect; it's a masterpiece, my dear; in the long run you'll form a school, and throw Van Huysum into the shade."

This was said in a tone half earnest, half ironical and bitter. It was evident that the painter's jealousy was struggling within him with the man's affection and generosity. He placed the picture at a little distance from him, that he might better observe its effect; and after looking at it in silence for some minutes, his face became lighted up with a smile.

"Yes," he said slowly to himself, "the little thing has some taste; but yet it's not my style, nor my colouring. Let us see, Gotta, how much will Salomon give you for this?"

"What he gave me for the former ones, I suppose, uncle—five ducats."

Van Huysum rubbed his hands with delight. "Good," said he; "I could sell one of the same size for fifty ducats. Ah, there's no doubt there's nobody like me; I alone can make the flowers grow out under the brush." Then, as if recurring to his former train of thought, he exclaimed—

"But what good does my skill do me if I can't use it? Miserable that I am! the mine of gold is there, but I have not strength to work it! What day of the month is it, Gotta?"

"The twenty-ninth, uncle."

"Twenty-ninth! is it possible? And Vanbruk will be here in two days—in two days! What shall I do? God has forsaken me. I am ruined—hopelessly ruined!" he exclaimed, sinking back into his chair.

Gotta, thinking he was about to faint, administered some cordial, which had the effect of reviving him, and endeavoured to soothe and encourage him by kind words. At this moment the door opened, and Salomon the Jew appeared. Gotta uttered an exclamation of surprise, and waved her hand to him to retire; but it was too late, Van Huysum had seen him.

"There he is," said he, in a querulous, despairing tone; "there he is, coming for his pictures, and the money with him."

"Yes, master," replied the Jew, shaking the gold in a leathern bag and making it clink, "and in good Portuguese pieces, such as I know you like."

"Take them away," said the painter feebly; "don't come here to increase my trouble by the sight of money which I want, but am not able to earn."

The Jew removed his spectacles, and looked at him with an air of astonishment.

"What do you mean?" said he; "don't you want my money?"

"No; because I can't give you the paintings."

"But I've come to pay you for those which you have sent me."

Van Huysum looked at him fiercely—"That I sent you!" he exclaimed; "what do you mean?"

Gotta made several attempts to put a stop to the conversation, which was evidently fatiguing her uncle, and preventing any explanation; but he insisted upon having one.

"I faith," said the Jew, shrugging his shoulders, "it is easily given; your niece has given me two small pictures, for which I am about to pay you ten ducats, and a large one for which I shall pay you two hundred ducats."

"Pictures of mine!" repeated the painter.

"Yes," replied the Jew, "your large vase with the nest and the snail. It is a masterpiece; and I am now taking it to the Duke of Remberg."

"You have it with you then?" said Van Huysum.

"Yes, I have left it in the parlour."

"Show it to me; show it to me!"

The old painter arose and advanced towards one of the glass doors looking out upon the gallery. Salomon followed him, and on removing the cloth which covered a middle-sized picture, revealed to Van Huysum the work of which he spoke. The latter recognised at a glance one of the sketches which his illness had compelled him to abandon, but so well finished in his own style, and with the processes which he thought known only to himself, that on seeing it he started back with a cry of astonishment. A more minute examination, however, enabled him to discover certain touches which betrayed another hand.

"Who sold you that?" said he to Salomon, in a voice

hoarse with anger. "Where is the villain that has stolen my secret?"

"Here, uncle," said a soft imploring voice beside him. He turned, and there was Gotta on her knees, her hands clasped together, and big tears coursing rapidly down her marble cheeks.

"You!" said Van Huysum; "this painting by you! How did you find out my method?"

"Quite unintentionally; by watching you while at work," replied the girl.

came, and when I knew the time for paying Vanbruk the money due to him was approaching, and when I saw you careworn and anxious, I took courage, and thought that if I employed the knowledge I had stolen from you to give you comfort and repose, it would not be a theft, but restitution. Forgive me, uncle, if I was mistaken; but let me continue to work while you are no longer able to do so, and as soon as you are recovered, I promise you I will forget all I have learnt."

Gotta raised her streaming eyes to his, and the tears that



THE WAR HORSE.—AFTER ALBERT DURER.

"So, all my precautions were useless," said the painter, "since I had a spy in my house. And how long have you known it?"

"A long time," murmured Gotta. Van Huysum looked at her steadily.

"And why, then, did you not make use of it sooner?" he asked.

"Because then I only should have profitted by it," was her reply; "so long as you were able to hold the brush, I had no right to interfere with your discoveries; but when sickness

hung on the dark lashes glistened like pearls in the sunbeams that were reflected from the window. He took her tenderly by the hand, and thus proceeded:—

"God, my child," said he, "has taught me a great lesson, by setting your example before me. He has taught me that our gifts, whatever they may be, should not be selfishly kept for ourselves alone, but that our true happiness should be in sharing them with others. Keep the brush which to-day has proved our salvation. Until now there was but one Van Huysum: henceforth, I am willing there should be two."



HAMPDEN MORTALLY WOUNDED AT CHALGROVE FIELD, JUNE 18, 1643.

JOHN HAMPDEN.

THERE are some men's memories which become sweeter every age. In their own times they were not done full justice to, they were by many misunderstood, unjustly censured and maligned. But as time passes away they become better understood. The world sees their real worth. Men praise what before was blamed. Our fathers stoned the prophets, and we build their sepulchres.

Hampden is to some extent an illustration of this. He lived in stirring times—in times when men fought for freedom—when it was as dear to them as a cash-box is to us—in times, when it seemed as if liberty were to be for ever exiled from our land. The limit between the power of the people and the crown had not been fairly defined, and the sceptre had passed into the hands of a man who did not, or could not see that the people had become sturdier and stronger than they were, and that it was in vain he attempted to use the arbitrary power which had been permitted to Elizabeth or her imperious sire. The consequence was a struggle—a civil war, followed by his untimely end. But the time was favourable for the development of heroic character. Especially was this the case on the part of the parliament. Some of these leaders have the brightest names in English story. This is emphatically true of Hampden; yet, after all, we know but little of him.

Hampden was born in London in 1597. He came of an old and honoured family. Far back in the time of the Black Prince we have a rude tradition to the effect, that

"Gruig, Wuig, and Ivanhoe
In striking of a blow,
Hampden did forego,
And glad he could escape so."

He was educated by Richard Bouchier, master of the Free Grammar-school of Thame. He then became a commoner of Magdalen College, Oxford, and shortly after we find him at the Inner Temple, where, according to Clarendon, whose character of Hampden is to be taken with some suspicion, he did as many cavaliers had done before him, in leading a life "of great pleasure and license." If this is the case, we have plenty of evidence to show that Hampden was all the while a diligent student, and at no time could he have become so absorbed in dissipation as to be alienated from domestic scenes; for in 1619 we read of his marrying, at the church of Pyston, Oxfordshire, Elizabeth, daughter of Edward Symen, Esq., lord of the manor of that estate. We have evidence to show that he was warmly attached to his wife, by whom he had a large family; still, that attachment by no means unfitted him for public life, as we find him returned to parliament, for the borough of Grampond, shortly after. Some enter on public life for selfish purposes; many of Hampden's contemporaries thought it no disgrace to trade. Even Hampden's mother would have had her son thus distinguish himself. In a letter of hers, published by Lord Nugent, she says, "If ever my sonn will see for his honor telle him now to come; for heare is multitudes of lords a making—Viscount Mandeville, Lo. Thresorer, Viscount Dunbar, which was Sr. Harry Constable; Viscount Falkland, which was Sr. Harry Carew; these two last of Scotland; of Ireland divers—the deputy a viscount, and one Mr. Fitz-William a baron of England, Mr. Villiers a viscount, and Sr. Will. Fielding a baron. I am ambitious of my son's honour, which I wish were now conferred upon him, that he might not come after so many new creations." Hampden could forego such poor and paltry honours. No king could have conferred on him a name greater than that he won for himself. To have been a lord would have been no addition to Hampden's real glory. Fortunately he resisted the voice of the charmer, and instead of having a coronet upon his brow, fame has placed there a wreath of evergreen. He stands like a star apart, the purest patriot of that stormy time; and yet great men lived then. Sir Edward Coke, the great oracle of English law; Selden, the wonder and admiration of his contemporaries; Pym, the bold and eloquent leader of the

House of Commons, were his friends and fellow-workers; while Strafford was being hunted to his tragic fate. Oliver Cromwell was something more than a friend. He and Hampden were cousins. Had Hampden lived, Cromwell never could have prospered in his ambitious designs. The office of the Lord Protector would have been needless. At any rate, the republic would have had a better chance.

In the first parliament of Charles, Hampden was the originator of what was called Granville's committee—a committee appointed by the house to decide as to the right of the boroughs of Marlow, Wendover, and Amersham to return burgesses to parliament, and at the same time to inquire into the powers of the house to legislate on such matters. Hampden succeeded in establishing the rights of the boroughs, and the independence of the house. His next public act was equally creditable. Charles was needy and wanted money; the house kept him poor, for if he had been rich, he would have trampled the nation's liberties under foot; consequently, Charles had recourse to loans. One of the parties applied to was Hampden. His answer was, "That he would be content to lend as well as others, but feared to draw upon himself that curse in Magna Charta, which should be read twice a-year, against those who impugn it." The answer was displeasing to the king, and the result was, that Hampden was committed to the Gate-house for a time. Of course, this only strengthened Hampden's attachment to the popular party, and when Charles's third parliament met, he took a leading part on all questions relating to privilege, religion, or the supplies—the question for which men then were ready to lie down their lives on the scaffold, or at the stake—and took part in the preparation of the Bill of Rights. Darker and stormier times came. Sir John Glish was sent to the tower, there to linger out the last few years of a noble life, and Hampden undertook the care of his compatriot's sons. At this time we hear but little of him. He was taken up with private duties, and with studies worthy of a statesman. Danilas' "History of the Civil Wars of France" was constantly in his hands. In the language of Sir Philip Warwick, it was his *vade mecum*. Hampden had a larger vision than most men. He saw clearer than others the inevitable struggle and the necessity of the appeal to arms. He would have averted that struggle if he could, but failing to do so, his only care was, as to how he should shape his course, so as to preserve the nation's liberties unhurt. The time now came for him to put himself in action. In the autumn of 1635, a demand was made upon Hampden for ship-money, he refused to pay it. That refusal occasioned him considerable inconvenience and immense expense. He had to put himself in collision with the crown, with unscrupulous lawyers, with judges but too ready to convict. Hampden, however, was not to be daunted. He entered on the contest with a spirit that no obstacle could overcome. He retained counsel of no ordinary ability, and he kept the case constantly before the public eye. The result was, that when the sentence in form was delivered in favour of ship-money, by the timid and time-serving judges, the sentence against it was emphatically pronounced by a great majority of the people of the realm from one end to the other. The commons voted the demand illegal, and five of the judges were impeached. Hampden alone triumphed in this affair. The great historian of the other party, the courtly Clarendon, was obliged to confess, that the judgment that was "given against him infinitely more advanced him than it did the service for which it was given. He was rather of reputation in his own county, than of public discourse or fame in the kingdom, before the business of ship-money; but then he grew the argument of all tongues, every man inquiring who and what he was, that durst at his own charge support the liberty and property of the kingdom, and rescue his country as he thought from being made a prey to the court."

Hampden, as member for his own county, Buckinghamshire, assumed a more energetic part. Charles had madly

invaded the House of Commons, and demanded that five members, of whom Hampden was one, should be given up. Hampden now felt they could no longer trust the king. "His nature and carriage seemed," says Clarendon, "much fiercer and haughtier than before." He became a root-and-branch man; he drew his sword, and threw away the scabbard. Charles left his capital never to return to it as a king. The parliament raised an army. The Earl of Essex was appointed its commander. Hampden became a colonel, raised a regiment of infantry, and subscribed two thousand pounds for the expenses of the war. Every regiment had an appropriate motto. That for Hampden's green-coated Germans showed the determined spirit of the man. It was short, but plain:—"Vestigia nulla retrosum." Alas! of that appeal to arms, Hampden witnessed but little. The Earl of Essex, the parliamentary general, allowed the first campaign to terminate without gaining any decisive advantage. Essex was not the man qualified

to take the lead in perilous times. The idea was entertained at one time of putting Hampden in his place. Had that idea been carried out, Hampden might have been saved his untimely fate. And yet he could not have had a more glorious death. He died a patriot—died a martyr for the truth of God and the freedom of man.

In the month of June, 1643, Hampden set out with a party of volunteers in pursuit of Prince Rupert, who had attacked a portion of the parliamentary army in the neighbourhood of Wycombe. We cannot describe the melancholy scene which followed, and which is so effectively depicted in our engraving, in more appropriate language than that employed by Macaulay, the brilliant historian, in one of those Critical and Biographical Essays which are the theme of universal admiration.

"Hampden had, on the preceding day, strongly represented to Essex the danger to which this part of the line was exposed. As soon as he received intelligence of Rupert's incursion, he sent off a horseman with a message to the general. The cavaliers, he said, could return only by Chiselhampton bridge. A force ought to be instantly despatched in that direction for the purpose of intercepting them. In the mean time, he resolved to set out with all the cavalry that he could muster, for the purpose of impeding the march of the enemy till Essex could take measures for cutting off their retreat. A considerable body of horse and dragoons volunteered to follow him. He was not their commander. He did not even belong to their branch of the service. But 'he was,' says Lord Clarendon, 'second to none but the general himself in the observance and application of all men.' On the field of Chalgrove he came up with Rupert. A fierce skirmish ensued. In the first charge, Hampden was struck in the shoulder by two bullets, which broke the bone, and lodged in his body. The troops of the Parliament lost heart and gave way. Rupert, after pursuing them for a short time, hastened to cross the bridge, and made his retreat unmolested to Oxford.

"Hampden, with his head drooping, and his hands leaning on his horse's neck, moved feebly out of the battle. The mansion which had been inhabited by his father-in-law, and from which in his youth he had carried home his bride Elizabeth, was in sight. There still remains an affecting tradition that he looked for a moment towards that beloved house, and made an effort to go thither to die. But the enemy lay in that direction. He turned his horse towards Thame, where he arrived almost fainting with agony. He wrote from his bed several letters to London concerning public affairs, and sent a last pressing message to the head-quarters, recommending that the dispersed forces should be concentrated. When his public duties were performed, he calmly prepared himself to die. He was attended by a clergyman of the Church of England with whom he had lived in habits of intimacy, and by the chaplain of Buckinghamshire Green-coats, Dr. Spurton, whom Baxter describes as a famous and excellent divine."

Some few things he said have been preserved. We repeat them here. "Though he could not away with the governance of the Church by bishops, and did utterly abominate

the scandalous life of some of its clergymen, he thought its doctrines, in the greater part, primitive, and conformable to God's word as Holy Scripture revealed." As his life grew shorter, his conversation became more devout. His last moments were spent in fervent prayer. "Oh Lord, God of Hosts, great is thy mercy. Great and holy are thy dealings with us sinful men. Save me, oh Lord, if it be thy good will, from the jaws of death! Pardon my manifold transgressions, and, Lord, save my bleeding country. Confound and level in the dust those who would rob the people of their liberty and lawful prerogative. Let the king see his error, and turn the heart of his wicked councillors from the malice and wretchedness of their designs. Lord Jesus, receive my soul! Oh Lord, save my country! Oh Lord, be merciful to —" The sentence was never finished. The next moment Hampden was no more. Far and near men wept as they heard the melancholy news. Never was a great leader cut off more inopportunist. Clarendon tells us his death "occasioned as great a consternation to his friends as if their whole army had been defeated and cut off." They buried him by the side of his heir, where the bones of his loved ones lay. They gave him a soldier's funeral. With arms reversed and muffled drums the troops followed his body to the grave. As they went, they sang how God had been his dwelling-place in all generations. As they returned, they sang the forty-third Psalm.

Hampden died, but the cause to which he had devoted his life lived. He left behind men of the same true spirit and glorious aim. His name is a watchword still. When the men of England have to be invoked—when "the good old cause," as Sidney, who died for it on the scaffold, termed it, is in danger, they are told

"Yours are HAMPDEN's, Russell's glory—
Sidney's matchless shade is yours,
Martyrs in heroic story,
Worth a thousand Agincourts."

We conclude with a summary of Hampden's character. Sir Philip Warwick testifies to his great knowledge both of scholarship and law. If we turn to the pages of Clarendon, and make allowances for the partisanship of the writer, we shall see Hampden was one of the noblest spirits of the age. He possessed great judgment, knowledge, and discretion. He was modest, cheerful, courteous, free from the least taint of overbearing and arrogance. He commonly spoke last, and what he said left nothing to be said further. He was not merely a man of thought, but of action as well. He shone as much in the field of battle as in the council-chamber. He was as full of courage in the midst of his foes as he was when surrounded by his friends. In everything we find him sagacious, of consummate address, of noble bearing, of persuasive manner, everywhere versatile and finished—a gentleman, a scholar, a soldier, and a saint. Men felt the cause which enlisted Hampden on its side could be no unworthy one, that it must have truth and justice. "His affections," says Clarendon, "seemed to be so publicly guided that no corrupt and private ends could bias them." . . . "He was," as the same writer observes, "possessed with the most absolute spirit of popularity and the most absolute faculties to govern the people of any man I ever knew." All men looked to him as a beacon in those days of darkness and trouble. The eyes of all were fixed on him—we repeat Clarendon again—"as their patrie pater," as "the pilot which must steer the vessel through the tempests and rocks which threatened it."

Such is the testimony of his enemy. Words of ours can draw no fairer portrait. And now posterity admits its truth. When the tide turned; when Charles the Second, with his levity and sensuality, came to the English throne; when virtue, honour, patriotism, piety, seemed for ever to have left our land, the cause for which Hampden died was termed rebellion. His memory was loaded with reproach. But, as an old writer beautifully says, there is a resurrection of men's memories as well as of men's bodies; and now the statue of the heroic Hampden graces the palace at Westminster, and all revere his name.

J. J. BOISSIEU.

WHEN JEAN JACQUES DE BOISSIEU was born at Lyons, in 1736, affectation and conventional laws predominated in the fine arts as they did in the higher classes of society. It was the epoch of paint and powder, of hoop-petticoats and beauty-spots. Watteau had been dead for fifteen years; Pater, his disciple, died in 1736; but Lancret, his other pupil, still continued to produce lackadaisical coquettes; and Boucher soon after rendered fashionable a *genre* which was as fatal to art as it was to morality; while Dorat, Bernis, Colardeau, Bernard, and the Chevalier de Parny, soon became followers, in poetry, of the same school. All elevation of mind seemed to have disappeared. The age of Louis XIV. had seen the study of nature neglected for the imitation of the ancients; and the eighteenth century substituted the caprices of the imagination, and the fancies of civilised corruption, for the study of the ancients. Whenever man once wanders from the truth, he always plunges, by necessary and unavoidable progression, deeper and deeper into error. But yet, whatever ascendancy the evil may gain, it never succeeds in corrupting all the citizens of a state. A secluded life protects some from its pernicious influence; mental vigour, originality in ideas, and force of character guard others; while a few owe their safety to the artless sincerity with which they follow their inclinations, and allow themselves to be guided by their own inspirations. It is among the last that Boissieu must be ranked. He belonged to an old and noble family which came from Auvergne. His paternal grandfather, Jean de Boissieu, had been secretary to Marguerite de Valois, and was appointed her executor when she bequeathed her property to Louis XIII. Boissieu evinced great aptitude for his calling at a very early age. We are told by one of his biographers, that "Monsieur Vialis, his maternal uncle, possessed some very fine pictures, which Boissieu used to attempt to copy, even before he had received any lessons in drawing; and these first trials of the young artist announced his innate talent."

Boissieu's decided predilection for the fine arts was a source of great annoyance to his parents, who wanted to make a magistrate of him. They placed him, however, with a painter of the name of Lombard, who soon taught him all he knew, that is, very little. Boissieu required a more talented master; but Frontier, with whom he was now placed, was, like Lombard, soon surpassed by his pupil. Boissieu was, therefore, obliged to apply to the princes of the pencil for the instruction of which he stood in need. The works of Ruysdael, of Berghem, of John Miel, and of the brothers Both, henceforth became his preceptors. His imitations met with great success; and a drawing executed by the young artist after a picture by Wouvermans, having been sold at a sale for a thousand crowns, his parents began to waver in their obstinacy. Besides which, as Boissieu led a most exemplary life, and evinced none but the noblest of sentiments, they thought, at last, that he could be trusted to his own guidance. He consequently set out for Paris, where he had long wished to go, in order to improve himself. He was now in his twenty-fourth year.

Though it would not have been astonishing for Boissieu, now that he was in the capital, to be led astray by the paltry style and false taste of the reigning school, yet such was not the case. Rich enough not to be obliged to sell his works, and too modest to court public approbation, he neither troubled himself about fashion nor success, but pursued his profession for the love he bore it, for the sake of exercising his imagination, of satisfying a moral want, and of procuring himself intellectual amusement. He did not even require to be put on his guard against the false theories or the licentious and affected style of the epoch. Without attempting to emulate them, he studied those masters who pleased him, took advice of nature, and followed the dictates of his own sentiments. But it was wholly because his style differed from the one which was in fashion, that his paintings were so quickly noticed. Connoisseurs appreciated their merit, opened their

galleries to him, and permitted him to copy whatever he chose. Monsieur Tolosan, who came from the same place as himself, was among his admirers; and the most celebrated artists of the day were not less eager to do homage to his talent. Vernet, Soufflet, Watelet, and Greuze sought his friendship, and prized the possession of his drawings. No one, however, showed him more affection than the Duke de la Rochefoucault, and it was not long before they formed a most intimate acquaintance with one another. One day, this amiable nobleman made Boissieu the proposal to undertake a journey to Italy. Boissieu willingly accepted the offer, but as the duke could not fix any time for their departure, the artist went on as usual with his studies.

To-day he copied the compositions of the great masters, and to-morrow he wandered into the environs of Paris, to sketch the finest views he met with in them. The forests of Marly, of St. Germain, and of Fontainebleau, became his studios, in which nature provided him with an unlimited number of beautiful models. The surpassing majesty of the old trees, the juvenile grace—if we may be allowed the expression—of the underwood, the capricious forms of the thickets and the briars, the old stones on which arabesques were traced by the moss that grew there, the deep glen-like roads full of wild mint, the perspectives which the fog slightly tinged with blue, the tall avenues, and the hilly land, delighted his mind and employed his pencil alternately. On his return to his native place, he took with him a great number of studies, which afterwards enabled him to enrich his etchings with a thousand valuable details.

It was at this time that he made his first trials in engraving. A picture-dealer brought him one day some copper-plates already prepared, and asked him as a favour to make some drawings on them. Boissieu set to work, and thus accidentally commenced the profession in which he was destined to meet with such unlimited success. These first etchings were, of course, imperfect, but they yet bespoke the great and original talent of the artist.

The Duke de la Rochefoucault having at last found time to set out on his tour through Italy, went to Lyons, in 1765, to fetch Boissieu, and they immediately hastened to cross the Alps. Both of them experienced great pleasure on beholding that celebrated country in which so many *chefs-d'œuvre* are embellished by so soft a light, and where the productions of nature are not less attractive than the works of man. Whenever they met with a view that pleased them, Monsieur de la Rochefoucault stopped the carriage, so that Boissieu might make a sketch of it. Florence, Rome, and Naples were the three cities in which they made the longest stay. The young artist sketched the arch of Titus, the Colosseum, the tomb of Cecilia Metella, the cascades of Tivoli, and the ruined house of Mæneas. He formed an acquaintance with Winkelmann, who then lived in the palace, and under the protection, of Cardinal Albani. The impassioned admirer of the Greeks and Romans thought he had found a disciple in Boissieu, for the painter listened to his arguments with the greatest attention; and, perhaps, Boissieu himself fancied that he was become a convert to the somewhat exclusive ideas of the archaeologist: but, on his return to Lyons, he did not the less continue to imitate the Flemish painters, both in respect to subjects and to colouring.

As Boissieu was determined that want of care should not hinder him from equalling his models, he ground his colours and prepared his varnish himself. But the fatigue attendant on continual application soon proved too much for his weak constitution, and he fell dangerously ill. He was, therefore, obliged to give up painting in oil. From this time, he only worked on wash, lead-pencil, and red chalk drawings, and on etchings, but he executed all these with the greatest talent. "His red chalk portraits," says Monsieur Dugas Montbel, "are finished in a manner which belongs only to him, and which has as yet found no imitators; his lead-pencil land-

scapes also soon attained the greatest celebrity." The Count d'Artois and the first noblemen of the court eagerly sought after all his new productions, and foreigners were not less desirous to obtain them. England, Russia, and northern Germany, neglected nothing in order to procure them. But

sketches he had taken during his journey in Italy, and especially applied himself to engraving. After having obtained his principal effects by means of aqua-fortis, he used to soften his work down, throw harmony into it, and complete it with the dry point and the roulette.



ETCHINGS BY BOISSIEU.

this was somewhat difficult to achieve, for Boissieu did not sell his productions. Monsieur Artaria, of Manheim, who carried on a large trade in objects of art, could only obtain them by purchasing them second-hand, or by presenting the artist with valuable pictures in exchange for his own.

He thus lived without ambition, trouble, or regret, till the time when the French Revolution broke out. The passions of the epoch exercised, however, no influence on his heart. While France was giving birth to a new state of society, and suffering the pangs of maternity, Boissieu fled from the noise of con-



ETCHINGS BY BOISSIEU.

In 1772, when he was twenty-six years of age, he married Mademoiselle Anne Roch de Valoux, a native, like himself, of Lyons. So mild and steady a man as Boissieu was, necessarily made a good husband: his marriage was, therefore, a very happy one, and in no way changed his mode of life. Incessantly occupied with his art, he now made use of the

tention to seek the calm pleasures of solitude. But misfortune overtook him in the country, where he had lived in retirement for twenty years. An artist, who was a member of the Convention, was sent to the banks of the Rhone for the express purpose of protecting his life; but Boissieu lost his fortune; and his eldest son, who was compelled to flee the country after

the siege of Lyons, died in Switzerland from the fatigues of his journey, and doubtless, too, from the grief caused by his exile.

Boissieu earned sufficient by his pencil to supply his wants; and when the nation had recovered itself enough to enjoy the pleasures of the imagination, the Institute of France, the Academies of Bologna, of Florence, of Grenoble, and of Lyons, appointed him one of their corresponding members. But, in spite of the entreaties of M. Denon, he could not be prevailed upon to quit his province for the more brilliant abode of Paris.

scenes with which they are surrounded. His own portrait, too, confirms these indications; *finesse* is there joined to vulgarity; the cheek-bones are prominent, the nose big, the lips thick, the lower part of the forehead fleshy, and the chin large; but the eye is full of observation and shrewdness, though devoid of noble expression. The face, however, wants that dignity which is the characteristic of a superior mind. The personages met with in his works have, perhaps, still less nobleness, and fewer signs of intelligence about them. The monks in the choir; the children blessed by Pius VII., with



PORTRAIT OF BOISSIEU, DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY HIMSELF.

Old age did not diminish his talent; for his last engraving is one of the finest he ever executed. He died in the possession of all his force of mind, on the 1st of March, 1810, at the age of seventy-four. For some time past, he had with difficulty borne the severity of the winters; and the cold of 1810 penetrated to his very heart.

The works of Boissieu seem completely to reveal his Auvergnian origin; in them you discover patience, and rather a heavy character, but, at the same time, that true love of nature which is imparted to all mountaineers by the beautiful

the woman who has brought them, and the acolytes placed in the background; the fathers of the desert; the little boys playing with a dog; the professor of botany and his pupils; the family before the fire; and several other personages, carefully drawn, surprise you in a disagreeable manner by the common and inert expression of their features. Such lethargic and insignificant-looking faces constitute a defect which will not be found, perhaps, in the works of any other celebrated painter or engraver. This defect spoils the pleasure which the talented and fine execution of the artist pro-

duces. A few heads, on the contrary, possess features of a most lively expression: the two children, for instance, who are looking at a flute-player; those who are amusing themselves by blowing bubbles; the portrait of Boissieu's brother; a three-quarter male figure; and two others in the print where a man is being shaved, surprise you by the boldness of their relief and their animated appearance. Such, too, is the old rogue with a cap nearly reaching down to his shaggy eye-brows, beneath which his suspicious-looking, penetrating, and perfidious eyes assume a formidable expression. Yet these same heads, which are so striking in appearance, and so admirably executed, are void of nobleness and grandeur, and no reflection of a single elevated sentiment is perceptible in them. Observation, *finesse* and cunning, are all that the engraver has been able to represent; and these form, in his eyes, all the phases of moral life. His "St. Jerome in the Desert," for instance, is writing very attentively, but no inspiration is there to light up his look, or to impart any appearance of idealism to his features. The landscape, which is rigidly beautiful, possesses more expression than the face of the saint; and the man is thus rendered inferior to the inanimate objects by which he is surrounded. Boissieu, it is evident, lived too much in solitude and sought too much after calm: it is necessary for the artist, as well as for the poet, that he should himself attentively study the workings of the higher passions, which are to be met with only in the bustle of active life. Goëthe himself, in consequence of keeping continually out of society, lost, at last, the vigour of his brilliant days; and finished by writing works almost void of sense, and full of chimerical visions.

Boissieu was more successful with nature than he was with the human face. His landscapes are very fine: in them vigour is joined to delicacy, and elegance to truth. The drawing is always full of energy in the *tout ensemble* and of *finesse* in the details. Here we see the beautiful effects of light and shade bringing out every object in bold relief, while in another place are seen fugitive lights, carefully managed gradations, and backgrounds of the most exquisite lightness. No trace of negligence or of hurry is anywhere to be discovered in them; but everything is, on the contrary, of the most perfect finish. The foliage of the trees, the movement or the motionless splendour of the water, the canals, the forms of the land, the winding or broken lines of the rocks, and the magic of the perspective are all represented in the most successful and varied manner. A few artists have reproached Boissieu with having exaggerated the brilliancy of the light parts of his foliage to such an extent as to produce the effects of snow: this defect, however, can hardly be said to exist except in the bad copies, in which the details of the light parts have disappeared. It must be owned, however, that Boissieu was not always successful in

the execution of his clouds, which might often be taken for mere daubs instead of moving vapours.

But though the works of Boissieu are open to certain criticisms, he himself is none the less on that account the greatest etcher that France ever produced. His drawings are executed in such perfection, that many of them are as valuable as oil paintings, and some of them have even been sold for £120 sterling each. Though they are all characterised by such wonderful delicacy in their execution, Boissieu yet worked very quickly. A skilful draughtsman of his time, having seen him work, was thoroughly astonished at the rapidity with which he completed everything he began; the artist in question did not think it possible for so perfect a finish to be obtained with such promptitude, and was seized with a fit of discouragement, which lasted him a fortnight.

Boissieu also painted some pictures of subjects similar to those painted by Ostade; but he owes all his fame to his etchings, which he executed in so masterly and picturesque a manner. The number of his plates is, according to M. Dugas Montbel, a hundred and seven, which are generally marked D. B., with the date. Monsieur Guichardot, who has studied the works of the celebrated engraver more than any one else, possesses, or is acquainted with, a hundred and forty-two of his prints; and as this gentleman has devoted forty years of his life to the works of Boissieu, his opinion ought to be taken as an authority.

The following are among the engraver's best prints:—

"An Old Man, with a Boy Reading," in the manner of Rembrandt.

"A Cooper working in a Cellar;" after the same.

"An Italian Landscape, with Women washing."

"A Landscape with Shepherds by the water-side;" after Berghem.

"A Forest with a Cottage, and a Man on Horseback, with Peasants."

Another "Forest Scene," the companion to the above.

"A Landscape with Figures and Animals, having in the middle a Hill, on which is a Cross and an Old Man kneeling."

"A View near Zurich, with a Man and a Woman mounted on a Mule, and driving Cattle through a rivulet."

"The Quack Doctor;" after C. du Gardyn.

"A Landscape with Figures in a Boat, and a Mill;" after Ruysdael.

"The Great Mill," a charming landscape; after the same.

"A Mountainous Landscape, with a Waterfall;" after Asselyn.

"A Grand Landscape, with a Hermit at the entrance of a Cavern," 1797.

"A pleasing Landscape with large Figures, and two Cows standing in the water."

BALLOONS AND BALLOONING.

In the advance of mankind, all things, even apparent obstacles, promote incessant progress. Expressions of doubt in every form, the host of sceptical and envious men, favour that improvement which they gainsay; plagiarists extend its influence while they render its effects popular; everything conduces to progress.

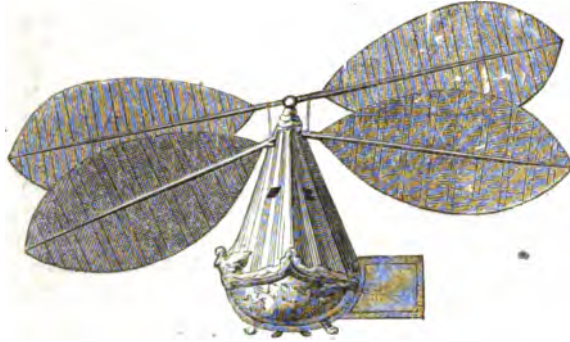
The germ of those successive discoveries, which men of genius from age to age disclose, and which each generation develops, existed from the beginning of time. When the veil which covered them is drawn aside by the skilful or fortunate hand of one of real genius, numbers of envious spirits, anxious to darken the rising glory, ransack the dreams of the past, which turn out sometimes to be the foreshadowing of the future. They there seek to prove that the idea which has just arisen is not new, that the progress is illusive. The man whom they lately admired, far, in their opinion, from meriting universal gratitude, has only meanly attributed to himself the merit of another, by bringing to light the

invention buried by an unknown scholar in some old worm-eaten book. These efforts, these struggles to deprive the inventor of his legitimate reward, his glory, may darken and disturb his life, but cannot silence the echo of the divine word, of which the man of genius is but the voice, and, in spite of the envious, the future will recognise the name of such discoverer.

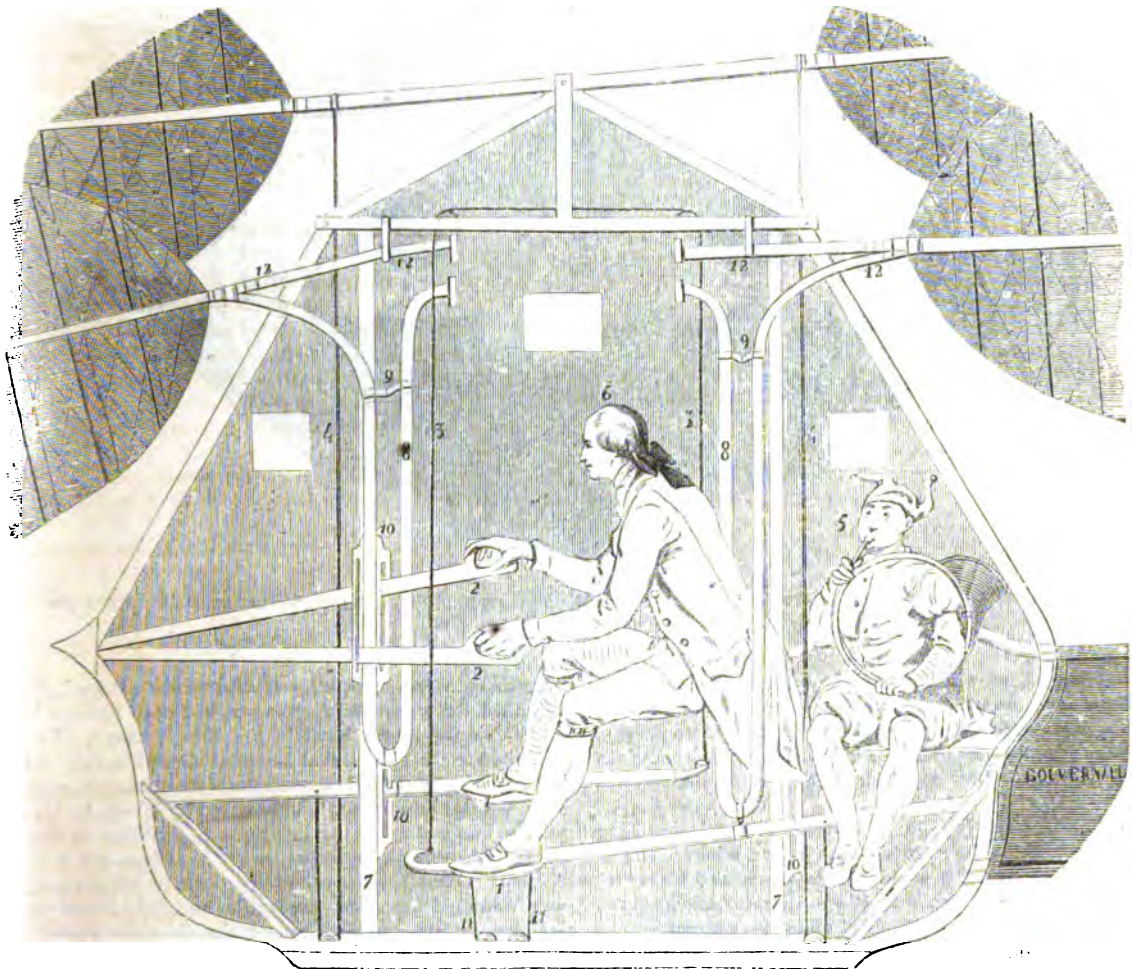
The first balloon darting above the clouds had scarcely imposed silence upon those who, denying the possibility of ascending into and traversing the air, taxed with folly the attempts made for this purpose, than these same people hastened to assert that the discovery was not new. The secret of flying through space was known to the ancients, said they; Icarus, the magician of Thrace; the prophets transported to heaven; Simon, the sorcerer; fable and history, down to Cyrano, of Bergerac, and his ingenious projects for travelling across the moon and the sun, were brought forward and set in opposition to the young aeronauts. These forerunners,

however, were strange rivals; envy could not content herself with them, and brought to light the rare and unknown work of Père Lana. This Jesuit spoke of aerial navigation as a scientific amusement; the flying ship which he described was surmounted by four spheres of thinner copper (he specified the thickness) than had ever been seen before. To produce

off by turning the taps and promptly turning them back. The process, as may be seen, was simple. This pleasantry, which appeared in print at Brescia, in 1670, a few years after the death of Pascal, and which was founded upon those ideas which had given rise to the experiments of this great man upon the weight of the air, was seriously brought



EXTERIOR OF BLANCHARD'S FLYING SHIP.



BLANCHARD'S FLYING SHIP. *

the vacuum which was to lighten the boat, the good father advised filling these spheres with water, which was to be let

forward as the origin of the invention of balloons. Then they spoke of Galien, a Dominican monk, the author of

* 1, Pedals in the form of levers of the second kind; 2, Pliers in the form of levers of the second kind; 3, Connecting lines which raise the pedals alternately; 4, Cords which serve to move the leading wings; 5, Travelling companion; 6, Pilot; 7, Posts which support the top; 8, Supporting ropes which move the wings by

means of the pedals; 9, Connecting strings to prevent the separation of the ropes; 10, Slides which prevent the displacement of the pedals and pliers; 11, Connecting cords which are attached under the pedals, and pass under the pulleys at the bottom of the keel; 12, Principal appliances for trimming the sails.

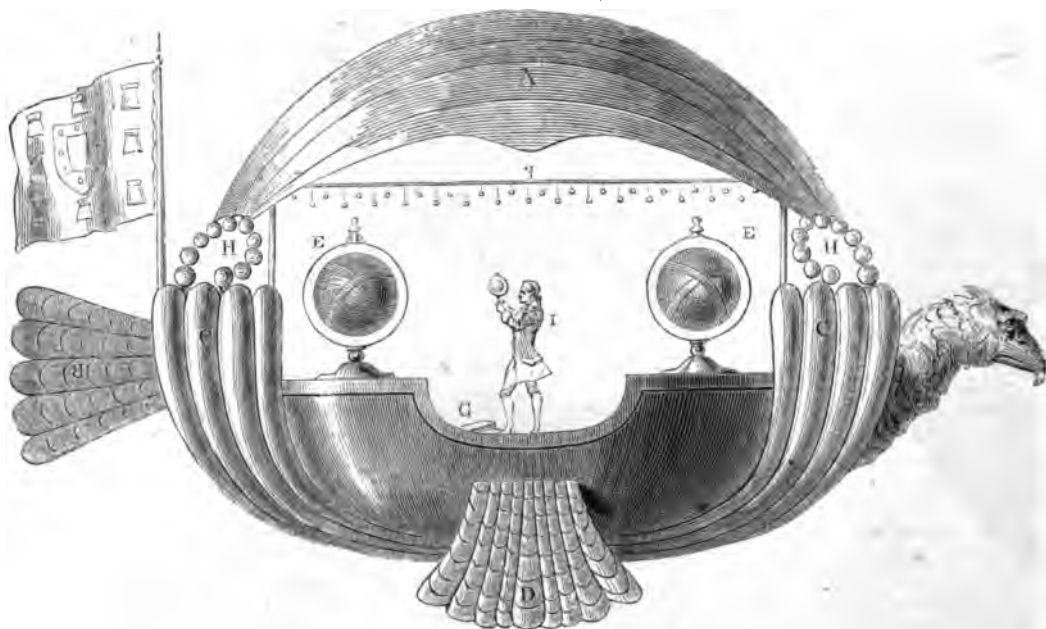
a pamphlet as little known as the work of Lana—a book in which, among other physical and geometrical amusements, was described an immense cubical vessel, measuring above 1,350,000,000 fathoms, longer and broader than the town of Avignon, weighing 12,000,000 cwt.—a weight, the monk affirmed, ten times greater than that of Noah's ark. To raise this gigantic machine above the clouds, Galien, giving to the side of the ship a height of more than 113 fathoms, in order that the lower strata of atmospheric air might not penetrate it, filled it afterwards with rarified air. How to procure this, how to stow the ethereal fluid, was a subject upon which the speculative monk had never felt any uneasiness. There was nothing practical, nothing possible, even in his own eyes, in this play of his imagination. These were the mere hypotheses of an intelligent, learned, solitary man, who, though taking pleasure in his dreams, had not an idea that even the least part of them would ever be realised.

These precursors had no power to detract anything from the glory of the brothers Mongolfier, or cause the genuineness of their discovery to be doubted. Other rivals were sought for, and then came the story of the *Ovoador*, or flying man—a

of Paris nor in those of Turin, in both which places it was pretended to have been seen. The engraving below, taken from the library of the Rue Richelieu, in Paris, the only trace which we have met with of the pretended invention of Guzman, we reproduce in all its strangeness, with the annexed explanations.

This dream seems even more fantastic than those of Lana and Galien. The truth is, that the imagination was more and more occupied with the idea about to be realised, and many looks were fixed beforehand upon those new routes which the brothers Mongolfier were preparing to lay open to all.

Further experiments were made, and wings were brought into use. The Marquis of Bacqueville set sail from a window of his hotel upon the quay, and alighted upon the boat of a laundress in the river. The Prebendary Desforges, of Etampes, invented a carriage which was intended to fly; but, in proportion as he rapidly moved the wings which were to raise it, the heavy machine seemed to sink into the earth. The history of these failures appeared in verse; vaudevilles and mockery followed the unfortunate experimenters, as if to discourage imagination—that harbinger of genius. Blanchard, whose



A DRAWING OF THE BOAT FOR ASCENDING INTO THE AIR, INVENTED 1709, BY LAURENT DE GUZMAO, CHAPLAIN TO THE KING OF PORTUGAL.*

confused legend, of which there are different versions. According to some, a certain Laurent de Guzman, a monk of Rio Janeiro, having seen an egg-shell, or the peel of an orange, float before the window of his cell, in 1720, sent off a balloon to the amazement of his companions, and received from them the title of *Ovoador*. Others assert, that the monk himself ascended, at Lisbon, in 1736, in a wicker basket, before King John V., as high as the cornice of the palace, whence he fell. He received his name by popular acclamation, and his death, which took place in Spain, was, it is said, caused by the persecutions of the inquisitors. The dates do not agree; for other accounts affirm that Guzman's ascent took place in 1709. To confirm the truth of this anecdote, a Spanish manuscript was quoted, which is neither to be found in the archives

* A, Sails to sustain the boat; B, Rudder; C, C, Bellows to supply any failure of wind; D, Wings to support the machine; E, E, Magnet, enclosed in two globes of metal, attracting the body of the boat lined with plates of iron; F, Iron wire, upon which are hung a number of pieces of amber to attract the matting of rye-straw which carpets the interior of the boat; G, Mariner's Compass; H, H, Pulleys to let fly the sails; I, Space for ten travellers and the pilot who directs the manœuvres.

intrepidity as an aeronaut was afterwards admired, though ridiculed for unsuccessful attempts, had been received by the Abbé Viennoy in his hotel in the Rue Taranne. He there exhibited to the public what he called his flying-ship—a lined case, which, by the aid of mechanical contrivances, with four sails, ten feet long by six broad, moved by levers, he expected to raise into and guide through the air, doubtless in imitation of the Mussulman magician, in "The Thousand and One Nights." Blanchard remained steadfast to his purpose, and was ridiculed in a bad vaudeville, entitled, *Cassandre Mécanicien*; while Cailhava caused the *Cabriolet Volant* to be performed in honour of the Prebendary of Etampes. The engraving which we reproduce (p. 79), in spite of the serious explanations which accompany it, must be a caricature, to judge from the singular personage, dressed in a fool's cap and bells, who strikes up a flourish in the ears of the inventor.

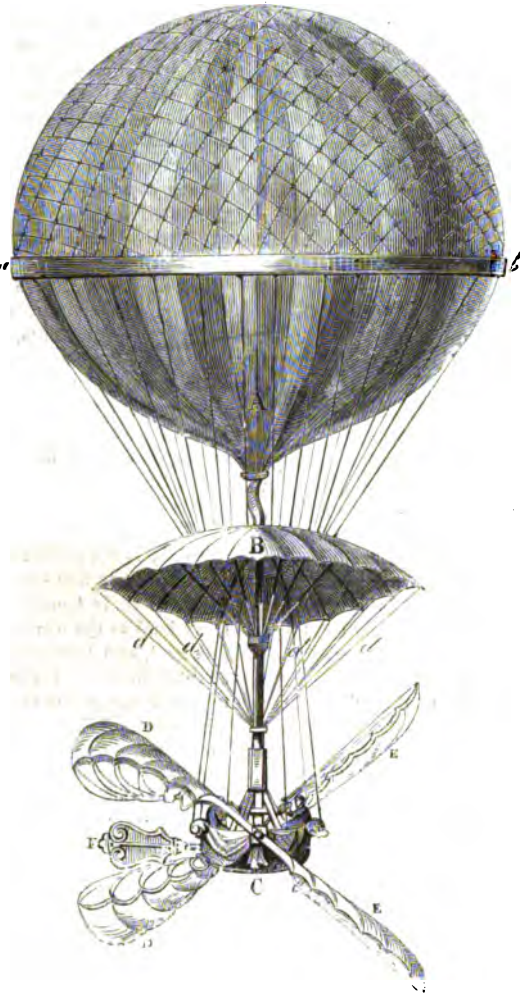
These experiments of Blanchard took place at the end of 1782. In the same year, Etienne, one of the MM. Mongolfier, in his private correspondence, had communicated to M. Desmarest, of the Academy of Sciences, the invention of the balloon, which the two brothers, Etienne and Joseph, then called a *diostatie* machine, because it sustained itself in the

air. In spite of the perspicuous and clear explanations of the inventor, and perhaps on account of their perfect simplicity, the academicians understood nothing about them, and replied, "As I do not understand your ascending machine, I have not been able to make any use of all you have told me about it at different times." Probably he classed this invention in the category of delusions so common to that epoch.

Shortly afterwards the discovery became generally known by the experiments of the 5th of June, 1783, made in the presence of the deputies of the state of Vivarais. The idea, so simple in its grandeur, was too easy of application not to find many imitators, and Blanchard was one of the first. But the mechanist sought in his various ascents to make use of his

it is represented in the engraving. A pupil of the Military School, named Dupont de Chambon, was obstinately bent upon setting out with the travellers; repulsed by them he forced his way, sword in hand, into the gondola, wounded Blanchard, tore the rigging, broke the oars or wings, and the aeronaut was reduced to the necessity of ascending alone some hours later, by the usual means, after having mended his balloon as well as he was able.

Blanchard might have learnt from the inventors the uselessness of the oars which he endeavoured to employ in several subsequent ascents. The brothers Mongolfier had considered, among many other means of guidance, the use of oars, and had rejected them. Joseph wrote to Etienne towards the end



THE FLYING SHIP. THE FIRST EXPERIMENT WHICH BLANCHARD WAS TO HAVE MADE, MARCH 2, 1784, FROM THE CHAMPS DE MARS, ACCOMPANIED BY DOM PECH, A BENEDICTINE MONK.*

former mechanical contrivances; thus, on the 2nd of March, 1784, he prepared to depart from the Champs de Mars, in the balloon which he called his flying ship, to which he had attached six wings.

Blanchard and his companion Dom Pech, a Benedictine monk, were prevented from ascending in the balloon, such as

* A, Aerostatic globe filled with inflammable air, and attached to the hoop, a, b; B, Parachute, the ribs of which are secured to the axis, or stick, by the strings d, d, d; it is not intended to sustain the machine in the air, excepting in case of an accident happening to the globe, when it serves to break the violence of the fall; C, Boat, carrying the travellers, suspended and fixed to the axis, or stick of the parachute; D, E, Oars moved alternately by the travellers; F, Rudder.

of the year 1783:—"Pray, my good friend, reflect, calculate well; if you employ oars, you must either make them large or small: if they be large, they will be heavy; if they be small, you must make them move with the greater rapidity. Let us make the estimate on a globe of a hundred feet in diameter." After having made this calculation, he arrived at the conclusion that the power of thirty men, exerting themselves so that they could not keep on fifty minutes without resting, would not suffice to make the balloon go six miles an hour. "I do not see any efficient means of guidance," continues Joseph, "except in the knowledge of the different currents of air which it is necessary to study; they generally vary according to the elevation." This idea, common to both the brothers, often recurred to their minds.

A FEW WORDS FROM AUSTRALIA.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

Melvor Diggings, Victoria, July 1, 1853.

ON my arrival in Australia, I found the ignorance of the British public extreme as to the actual state of affairs there. Consequently the whole body of passengers in the Kent, in which I came out, were in great consternation at the discovery which they made. The astounding price of everything; the astounding charges for conveying luggage from the ship to the town wharf, and again from the wharf to any quarter of the city, amounting to more than the freight all the way from London thither, 16,000 miles. The next to impossibility of procuring the meanest lodgings, at rates for which you might almost take a house in Belgrave-square; the charge of five shillings a week for permission to pitch a tent on the waste lands near the town; and the discount, at that time, of 20 per cent. taken on Bank of England notes. I immediately wrote to a leading morning paper stating this fact, and the letter had, as I learn, great effect. I have seen many gentlemen here who thanked me for so opportunely putting them on their guard, inducing them to bring out more money with them, and that in gold, by which they had avoided much difficulty and loss.

But there still needs a warning voice, and that a loud one, addressed to the thousands and tens of thousands who are still thronging towards this colony, in the certain belief of making a speedy fortune at the diggings. It appears from the newspapers, that the gold mania is still on the increase—has not yet even reached its height, and that it is only the limited number of ships procurable for the voyage which prevents a still greater number of enthusiastic adventurers from rushing to the shores of this Austral El Dorado. I do not suppose that any warning, any sober statement of real fact, will check this mania till it has run its course. Like the railway mania, it will drive on its victims till there has been such an amount of misery and disappointment, as shall drown and overpower even the clamorous voices of interested parties, and the thirst for the sudden acquisition of wealth. As I have come out here, however, partly to make myself personally acquainted with the whole gold and gold-digging question, and, having done that, to make the public acquainted with it, I should not feel that I was fulfilling my mission towards my fellow-countrymen if, even at this stage of my progress, I did not endeavour at least to set them right as to the prospects which this colony really holds out to emigrants.

I will begin, therefore, at once by stating that those florid and extravagant accounts which have been sent out from Victoria to all quarters of the world, of fortunes to be made, and that in a very brief time, by gold-digging, are empty, base, and fallacious. In Lord Denman's phrase, they are "a delusion, a mockery, and a snare." They are more—they are a gross delusion, a cruel mockery, a most fatal and inevitable snare!

I do not mean to say that there is not gold, and a great deal of gold, in Victoria. The quantities announced from time to time as having arrived in London, the ten tons at once landed from the Australian, and the large nuggets from Balaarat, are sufficient evidence of that. But what I mean to say is, that this gold is not found in such quantities, or with such ease, as was represented by the enraptured Victorians, and in the despatches of the governor before I left England—statements which, taken literally, would induce any one to believe that he had nothing to do but to come over to Mount Alexander or Bendigo, shovel up a heap of gold in a week or two, and return home. Such accounts, I presume, must still be circulated in England, or the mania of emigration could not run so astonishingly high as it appears to do. When I was down in Melbourne a few weeks ago, no less than six thousand persons arrived in one week in that port alone from England. The environs of the town were covered with tents, as with the camp of a hostile army; those being the only places in which the newly-arrived could find shelter. The town was crowded, nay, rather glutted with people. Single rooms were letting for £6 per week, and the price of everything was as fabulous—high as ever. Bread, 3s. a quarter loaf; butter,

4s. a pound; flour, £3 10s. a bag; hay, £60 a ton; oats, £1 a bushel; boots, £4 a pair; firewood, £3 a cart-load; bricks for building, which, in 1843, were 8s. a thousand, £12 10s. a thousand; and so on. The inhabitants are at their wits' end to know where all the people thus arriving, at the rate of a thousand a day, were to be lodged, and the newspapers gave the most harrowing accounts of the miseries which these new arrivals were suffering, from being turned out on the wharves at evening amidst the darkness and the drenching rains of winter, and not knowing where to find a shelter for their heads. I refer you to those accounts in the papers themselves.

Now all these people come out flushed with the hope of certain and speedy fortune at the diggings, and are, of course, wofully disappointed. I have seen scores returning almost immediately to England, denouncing in no measured terms the imposition which had been practised upon them. I have seen and conversed with hundreds, and I rarely found the man who was not complaining of having been grievously deceived by the accounts sent to England of the country, of the climate, and of the enormously remunerative nature of the gold fields. In fact, there has been a great deal of what is vulgarly called *gamon* played off by interested parties, to draw a population to this colony. The climate has been represented as perfection, as something quite ethereal; the land of "unrivalled fertility"—that is the favourite phrase—and the means of personal aggrandisement as boundless.

All this has been a false and foolish policy, because the country, the climate, and the capacity of the colony for enriching its inhabitants, properly and fairly stated, are sufficiently good to draw a large body of emigrants, and to make them prosperous. The evil is not in the country, but in the false colours in which unprincipled speculators and land-jobbers have arrayed it. The mischief has been, and is, not in people coming to this country, but in coming to it under the influence of exaggerated and false representations, and thence imbibing a disgust for what, under other circumstances, would have pleased and remunerated them. The climate certainly is not perfection, but taken in the whole circle of the year, is a very fine climate. The land is not all of unrivalled fertility—there are millions and millions of acres of perhaps as sorry land as the world can show—but still there is plenty of fine land, and that lying near the coast, while the rest is well adapted for huge herds of cattle and flocks of sheep to roam over at large, and to supply the colony with meat, and England with wool. What is wanted to prevent disappointment, and to insure satisfaction, comfort, and prosperity in the great body of emigrants, is simply that they should know really the truth of things—the truth divested of all false colouring, whether that of interested speculation, of *coleur-de-rose* enthusiasm, or of disgust generated by imposition. There are thousands who have come hither and failed, and who have gone back cursing the country and those whose florid descriptions had brought them to it, who, had they come with correct views of what they really might expect, would have had no cause to regret their visit to Victoria. I shall, therefore, in a few remarks on gold-digging, on the climate, and on the real prospects of advantage which the colony holds out to emigrants, endeavour to prevent, as far as in me lies, future false expectations and consecutive disappointment.

I repeat it, then, that gold-digging is not the road to fortune in this country. I have seen plenty of people who have enriched themselves, and some in a comparatively short time, in trade; in occupying squatting stations, that is, being sheep and cattle farmers; and in speculations in land, chiefly in town allotments; but I have never yet met with that man who has made a fortune by gold-digging. It is true, I have heard marvellous stories of such men, and still more marvellous ones of wonders doing on the diggings, but in every instance when I have searched these miracles to the bottom—and I have made it my business on all occasions to do so—they have resolved themselves into moonshine. Such stories are often very wonderful on the diggings themselves; no wonder then that they are very marvellous by the time they reach Mel-

bourne, and most irresistibly splendid by the time they reach England. I have now been more than nine months in the colony, have travelled at least 700 miles to different diggings, furnished with letters from the governor himself, and others of the most influential men in the country, to the gold commissioners in the gold fields; living in intimacy with those gentlemen, and also going familiarly amongst the working diggers, so that I have had every means of testing the truth or falsehood of these marvellous stories; and the result has been that everything marvellous has vanished, and a stern reality has remained behind.

Let us take as a sample of the fortunes of gold-diggers, or rather of gentlemen coming hither to assume that character, the cabin passengers of the ship in which I sailed. These amounted to about twenty-four, and of these something more than half tried their fortunes at digging, or on the diggings. The rest, intimidated by the accounts which they heard in Melbourne of the hardships and the little profit attending digging, settled down in Melbourne, in situations or in business for themselves. All of these, or nearly all, have done well. One of the most confident men whom I have heard of as coming out, avowedly to try his fortune as a digger, was in this same ship. During the voyage he was amongst the most sanguine regarding the fortunes to be made of the whole company, and full of schemes for going a-head up the country, far beyond the ordinary diggings, and there finding hitherto unexplored treasures, and coming down again loaded with them. The information which he received in Melbourne at once cooled his enthusiasm, and he never ventured to the diggings except on an experimental trip or two in the private escort. Since then, he has been hanging about in Melbourne importuning the government for a post, and just now, that is, after nine months' waste of time, has been sent up to the diggings as an assistant gold commissioner—a sort of respectable banishment, but by no means a profitable one. The rest of those who at once cut all idea of the diggings have done well in trade.

And what have the digging moiety done? With the exception of ourselves, only two of them have done anything at all. One of these two made a short campaign at Balaarat pretty successfully, but was soon convinced that he could do much better with far less labour, and having good banking connexions in the colony, settled down as a gold-broker, and is making a large income. The other individual was the doctor of the ship, who succeeded at the diggings, not by digging, but by practising. The rest speedily abandoned the diggings in disgust, and some of them made the best of their way home. One gentleman, who was all enthusiasm on the voyage, and declared that he would go up to the diggings and would not come down again for two years, we met on his way back before we reached the gold-fields, most indignant at what he called the hoax that had been played off upon him, at the diggings, and by the climate. He had found the only men almost who could procure any gold, working under a blazing sun up to the middle in cold water—intensely cold water running from the mountains: they were, at once, streaming with perspiration and chilled in their lower extremities as with the chill of death. They were obliged to work day and night by turns, in parties of from fourteen to twenty, to keep the water down, while the black ooze at the bottom of their holes stunk as vilely as any sewer. He himself had suffered severely in his health, and was nearly blind with the ophthalmia, occasioned by the intolerable swarms of flies, which are the curse of the country during the summer months. This gentleman lost no time in shipping himself back to England, where he would arrive at last £500 the worse for his expedition.

Others of our fellow-passengers were not far behind him on their way back, quite satisfied with the taste they had had of the gold-fields. Two others were not so fortunate; they died on the field, one of them a medical gentleman of very extensive knowledge, who had built so much on the golden fables which had drawn him out, that on seeing with his own eyes the miserable reality, his spirits gave way, and he died in a very short time from sheer dejection of spirits. One of my first

visits at the Ovens diggings was to his grave in the bush. Such have been the fortunes of the cabin passengers of one ship. Of the intermediates I know little; but I have heard of none that have had much success; but of one, a healthy young man, who died from the bite of a centipede at the gold-fields, and of a widow lady, whose three children were all swept away by the country fever in a very few weeks.

Such, I say, have been the fortunes of the passengers of that one ship—such, I doubt not, would be pretty much that of most ships which arrive here. In fact, numbers on coming into port, and learning the real state of things, have never quitted their ships at all, but taken their passage back in the same vessels. But what is the fact? If these gentlemen of whom I have been speaking had come out truly informed as to the country and its capabilities, they might every one of them have done well. Instead of being the victims of the gold-digging delusion, they would have engaged in the trade of the place, and might have made fortunes. But they were possessed by a delusion, most culpably fostered by interested parties; and in their disgust they turned away from the colony, altogether incapable of seeing the truly golden opportunities at their feet in the shape of trade, or in trafficking in town allotments.

The sooner, therefore, that the gold-digging delusion is got rid of the better, and that certainly would not continue long if the people in England really knew what going to the diggings meant. It seems a very easy thing in England, with railroads and good macadamised highways, to go some eighty or a hundred miles, and just dig a few holes of four or five feet deep, as is generally represented, and pick up heaps of gold and great dazzling nuggets. But I will tell you a little of what it is to get up to the diggings in a country which has neither roads nor bridges, but plenty of bogs and rugged mountains to cross, and deep gullies and streams to get through. We ourselves have now been nine months in the colony, and it has taken up *five* months of that time in travelling, or rather *straggling*, to the diggings. We have had a cart with a couple of good horses to carry our tent and effects; we have had letters to the principal settlers on the different roads, and every possible advantage; yet, spite of all this, and of the determination to flinch from nothing, till we had accomplished our object, such has been the rate of our progress. Last summer we went to the Ovens diggings, which were represented to be 150 miles off. We found them 220. We found the roads, or rather tracks—for roads, as I have said, there are none—so frightful from deep bogs, steep and rocky hills, deep ravines, and unbridged streams and rivers, that after the most arduous exertions—loading and unloading, digging our cart out of bogs and dragging it by slow degrees over hills, seeing bullock drays smashed ever and anon in the road, and horses and bullocks lying dead, killed in the vain endeavour to get along—our own vehicle broke down midway, and we were, as it were, pinned to the ground, with no means of getting away, in a burning desert where the sun was, from day to day, at 120° in our tent, and compelled to drink stagnant water, till we were all, more or less, attacked with dysentery. For myself I was very near giving up the ghost there; and I doubt whether any of us would have got away alive, had we not found the house of a hospitable settler not far off, who at once came and removed us thither. We reached the diggings in *two months*, and found that there was nothing to be done there, so we made our way right a-head up the untracked bush towards the Snowy Mountains, where we dug for two months with as much success as most find. But we were soon tracked and followed—followed by thousands, for such is the vast number of people now in the diggings—I suppose not less than 200,000—that competition is as hot and severe as it is in any city in Europe. At every rumour of anything being found on any particular spot, there is a *rush*, as it is called, of hundreds and thousands; the ground for many acres' extent is literally torn to pieces under the feet and spades of the throng, and it is utterly impossible that any one man can appropriate to himself any great quantity of gold.

GROUPS IN MARBLE.

THE two groups which we here present to our readers, cannot certainly merit consideration on account of the novelty of their subject. There are scores of stories, old and new, about the fidelity of the dog, and what brave deeds dogs have done to save a master's child from harm. With mallet and chisel M. Lechesne has told such a story. Here the sportive child, with his huge, shaggy companion, half guardian, half playfellow, is attacked by a serpent. The scaly monster is ready for the fearful dart, and the boy's peril is imminent—the dog, with a look of mingled rage and terror, regards the reptile as if uncertain what to do. But the next group tells the end of it. There the serpent lies dead; the dog has not only "scotched" but killed him outright; and the child hangs upon the neck of his good friend, whose kind, gentle, loving look affords a fine

grew pale as Gelert, the hound, his boy's companion, bounded forth, while his lips and fangs ran blood; how Llewelyn sought his child, a fear at his heart that he dared not express, but sought in vain, and at last, in frantic rage, supposing the dog had devoured his little one, drew his sword and slew the creature as it fawned upon him; how the dying yell of the dog was echoed by an infant's cry, and concealed beneath a mangled heap he found his rosy boy unhurt, while underneath the couch a great wolf lay all torn and dead.

"Ah! what was then Llewelyn's pain!

For now the truth was clear.

The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewelyn's heir."

Something like this story, without its tragical ending, is



ATTACK AND ALARM.

contrast to his former expression. The story is simply and clearly told, and both designs are worthy of high praise.

As to the novelty of subject, painters and sculptors rarely invent. The creation of people and scenes is not their principal object. Commonly they are content to draw the subjects of their compositions from history, sacred or profane, legendary lore, or the imagination of the poet. They do not seek in this way to be original, but rather to present such scenes and such figures as may occasion the spectator at the first glance to say, "I know that subject;" it is their effort to seize upon what has already engaged the public mind, and to present it with new and unimagined beauties.

Everybody has heard of the fidelity of the dog. Deeply affecting is the story of Gelert. We remember how the Welsh prince followed the chase, and as the sun went down came home to his castle; how his heart was glad as he thought of his child, a bud of promise; but how he trembled and

that which these groups present. The devoted attachment of the dog to its owner is as true as it is interesting. His constant love is never chilled even by neglect; he cannot be estranged by ingratitude or harshness; he devotes his whole attention to his master, obeys his commands with docility and cheerfulness, tracks his steps, and watches his looks. Few companions are more pleasant than a canine favourite, and few indeed are the friends that are to be found more true and loyal. Who need be ashamed of speaking in the praise of the dog? Did not Alexander the Great erect a city in memory of one of these favourites? and Solon did not think it beneath him to record the fidelity of that dog who leapt upon the funeral pile of his master, and perished in the flames.

M. Lechesne has sculptured a high eulogium on the dog. The three actors in his drama he has designed with the utmost care, and finished with exquisite delicacy. In beautiful har-

mony are the positions of the child, the dog, and the serpent. Some of our readers may remember the plaster casts of these two subjects which were exhibited during 1851 in the English Crystal Palace, and for which a prize medal was awarded to the artist. At that time they attracted a great deal of attention, and people began to inquire about their sculptor, a young French artist just rising into fame.

Both groups are admirably adapted for the entrance of a park, a garden, or noble mansion. They are the fitting emblems of faithful guardianship. But in the present state of public taste it does not follow that a work of art should occupy the position which is most appropriate for it. Sculptors and painters both feel this alike. We do not yet thoroughly understand the utility of beauty. Sculpture and painting are regarded rather as ornamental than essential. Yet the culti-

vation of taste, the encouragement of all that can possibly contribute to that desirable end, is one of the most important works of the age. We have great, deep, serious lessons yet to learn in this particular; we are in danger of forgetting that philosophy which teaches us that the beautiful is the priest of the benevolent. When the Great Exhibition of eighteen hundred and fifty-one was open in England, it was said that in sculpture—that formative art in which England has, on the whole, least of all distinguished herself, in which she is even less independent and less technically proficient than the rest of modern Europe—the stand she took was low indeed. In this there was much truth: French and German works threw her into the shade. Why was this?—how did it occur?—how long is the same thing to last? May not the same thing be said of America?



VICTORY AND GRATITUDE.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE long twilight of the summer day was growing deeper and fainter, and the shadows of bastion and tower were disappearing in the thickening darkness of night, when two soldiers stood somewhat apart from their comrades who formed the night-watch at the western redoubt.

"This should be the spot designated, if my instructions be

accurate," said one of the two in a low voice, "and I think too, it must be pretty near the hour."

"Aye captain," replied the other, "I know the spot well. Of a dark night one might steal all along yonder marshy ground up to the very walls of the fort, unless they who were on guard had the eyes of owls or the ears of foxes."

"Thou sayest truly, good Hodge," replied Cheke, for he it was, "and, therefore, we have need to be both watchful and wary. Down Hodge, down man," he whispered suddenly—"Remember your old woodcraft—Hist! I hear footsteps."

The two crouched down stealthily under cover of the raised ground—as stealthily as if they were watching in their own island forests beside the run of the deer at midnight. The sounds were at first so faint that none but a practised ear could detect them, and a long interval elapsed between each light foot-fall, indicating that he who thus approached was exercising the utmost caution. Nearer and nearer came the steps, while the two Englishmen held in their breath. At last the steps were heard upon the ditch, and then the person who mounted slid gently down into the dyke, almost into the arms of those who were watching for him. A heavy hand gripped the right arm of the intruder, while at the same time the blade of a poniard glimmered even in the darkness across his eyes, and a voice whispered strongly in his ear—

"Silence, or you die."

The capture was so speedy and so sudden that the captive submitted without a struggle. His arms were unresistingly drawn backwards; and a thong of leather passed tightly round each wrist, which was then drawn together behind.

"Now then, Hodge," said his superior, "move on carefully to the place I told thee of, and take good heed that none see thee. And hark!" and this he added so that the prisoner could hear him, "if this fellow utter one word, just slit his weasand with your dagger, as you would a buck's."

"Aye," replied the archer in a hissing whisper close to the ear of his prisoner; "if the cur should bark or even whine above his breath, he shall have a dog's death." And so saying, he gripped the man by the arm and led him on his way unresistingly, while the English captain returned to visit the night-watch and see that his men were vigilant.

Meantime the archer sped on as quickly and as stealthily as the nature of the ground and the darkness of the night permitted, urging onward his prisoner, who did not venture to break silence. Once, indeed, he stopped short, as if either about to parley or with the dogged determination of going on no further, but a touch of the cold steel in the region of the neck brought him quickly to submission. Thus they passed on skirting the whole side of the fortifications till at length they stood beside a small but massive postern door in the wall, which was concealed by one of the bastions of the rampart. Pausing a moment to take breath, Hodge once more addressed his companion,—

"Now, good fellow, take heed to what I say. When you pass this door, look neither to the right nor to the left, and let not your tongue as much as move in your mouth. A step out of your course or a word from your lips, and by the blessed Saint Hubert thou shalt get the dog's death I promised thee. I'll dash out thy brains with my maule." Having delivered himself of this very emphatic injunction, Hodge Harrington smote with the handle of his mallet two smart strokes upon the door, and, after an interval, two more. After a little time a voice at the inner side of the door demanded in a low tone—

"Chi sta la?"

"Un amico," was the reply.

"Che segno si da?"

"Pazienza."

"Bene: si puo passar."

The noise of shooting back bolts was now heard from within, and in a moment the door was opened, just sufficiently wide to admit the two individuals, and closed and bolted immediately after entrance.

Roger Harrington and his captive crossed the large enclosure into which they were thus admitted till they reached the opposite side, and then passing along a range of buildings, at length stopped before the open door of a small guard-room, within which was seen, by the glimmer of a few smouldering billets of wood, a soldier keeping a half-drowsy watch, as he sat on a bench and leaned his head against the wall. Hodge looked into the room, and ascertaining that the guard was alone, he pushed his prisoner before him and entered.

"How now, comrade!" said the man, rising to his legs: "what's your business?"

"I must see his excellency the general."

"That can't be."

"Nay, but I must see him!"

"Impossible. He has given strict orders that none shall be admitted except the bearer of a certain token; and you are not he, I trow."

"Who knows?" replied Hodge, recollecting himself, and he showed the soldier the ring which Zeno had given him.

"Giusto, Giusto!" said the other; "Cospetto, man! why didst not show me the token at first? Wait a moment here."

The guard knocked at a door at the further end of the room, which was speedily opened by the Greek youth, Alexis.

"Here is one that would see his excellency, and hath warrant for so doing," and he pointed to Hodge.

"Admit him instantly," said the boy, recognising Hodge and the signet which he held up to his view.

Hodge again tightened his grasp of his prisoner, and pushing him before him, they both entered the inner apartment, and the door was closed behind them.

The room into which we must now introduce our readers was one with which they are already familiar. At the further end from that at which the men entered sat a figure, leaning over a table, apparently busied with papers. The light of a large lamp was so managed, that while it illumined all the room in front, it left the man in deep shade. The rays now fell strongly upon those who stood before him. Our burly friend Hodge o' the Hill, drawn up to his full height, with his bluff, ruddy, honest face in respectful repose, as of one who knew he had done his duty, awaited till he was interrogated. The other, who now stood beside him, presented a striking contrast. He was scarcely of the middle height, and looked even less as he hung down his head, and shrank as it were from observation. A figure slight and wiry, looked more so from the maceration that was visible both in his limbs and features. He had no armour upon his body, but was clothed in a tight-fitting buff leathern jerkin, with hose of the same material, and his head was covered with a bonnet of cloth.

Zeno gazed upon the two men for some time in silence. Perchance he might have been occupied in making the contrast between them which we have just noticed; perchance he was deliberating on the course which he should pursue. At length he said,—

"Well, goodman Harrington, thou hast snared the game, like a true forester as thou art."

Hodge's blue eye twinkled gleefully at the allusion to his youthful woodcraft, as he replied—

"By Saint Hubert, even so please your excellency; but by my halidome I am bound to say that he who found out his run and set the snare is as true a woodsman as Hodge o' the Hill; the fellow sprang right into the springes, and we had little to do save to draw them tight about him. So here he is, signore."

"Come hither, fellow," said the general; "lead him forward a little, good archer."

Hodge did as he was required, and Zeno proceeded.

"Thy name, sirrah?"

The man still kept his head down, and made no answer.

"What was thy purport in seeking the camp?"

But the interrogatory like the former was unanswered.

"So! is this thy mood? Well, we shall find the means of making thee speak by and by. Meantime, good yeoman, see if he have not that about him which will give us some information."

The archer forthwith commenced to search the person of the prisoner, a task which seemed comparatively easy from the scantiness of his garb. In vain, however, did he thrust his hand into pouch and opening of the dress, and even removed the bonnet from his head: nothing was found upon him.

"Come," said Zeno, "we must have a cast of thy old trade. Slit me up the fellow's doublet as thou would'st a stag's hide."

Hodge drew forth his dagger in a trice, and commencing at the man's breast he inserted the point of the blade with one hand and with the other holding out the buff coat, he made a smart rip upwards, as a huntsman would do when flaying a deer. The man gave a shriek and started backwards, struggling with his bound arms as much as he was able. In truth, the archer had gone to work a little too dashing, and out not only the coat but the skin beneath it. At this moment Alexis sprang forward. His keen eye had discovered a small slit in the arm-pit of the coat, which the twisting of the arm had exposed. In a moment he plunged his hand into the spot, drew forth a small folded paper from a concealed pocket and handed it to his master.

Zeno took the paper, opened it, read it slowly and thoughtfully, and then quietly folded it up again.

"Knaves," said he, "eyeing the prisoner fixedly as he rose and stepped into the light, and his voice was cold and stern while he spoke, "Knaves, I have now learned thine errand in despite of thee. Thou art a spy, and comest to plot with traitors. Mark me, then, thy sentence is, that by to-morrow's light thou shalt hang like a dog from the next parapet. Nothing can avert thy doom, unless that thou shalt truly inform me upon such subjects as I shall interrogate thee."

This speech, and the glare of the speaker's eye, were not without their effect on him for whom they were intended. The fellow looked up and said doggedly,

"Well then, signore, unbind my wrists, for they are nearly cut through with the thongs, and I shall answer your questions so far as I can."

"Loosen the bands somewhat, but do not release his hands altogether," said Zeno. "There, that will do. Now, fellow, name what provisions have ye in Chioggia."

"Scarce a day's food—not as much as a rat left."

"Have you had any communication with the Genoese fleet of late?"

"Not since the last sally."

"Then you are without hope in that quarter?"

"Utterly."

"Well, and if the notable scheme that thou wotest of"—and here he pointed to the paper—"if it should fail, what then is proposed to be done?"

"To throw the gates open and surrender unconditionally."

"Good. What may be the number of souls in Chioggia?"

"About four thousand, including those on board the vessels."

"And how many galleys remain?"

"Nineteen."

Zeno proceeded to put a great many further questions, to which the man replied; he then said,

"Thou hast answered me truly on some points, I know, and it may be that thou hast spoken truth on all. This we shall know hereafter. Meantime, thou shalt be kept in safety, and receive good treatment, to abide the issue. Take him hence, Alexis, and let him be secured in a safe place and strongly guarded."

The Greek motioned silently to the Genoese, who followed him out of the apartment, leaving Roger Harrington alone with the generalissimo of the Venetian army.

"Good fellow," said Zeno, "thou hast served me with skill and fidelity, and thy services shall not go unrequited. But as yet thou hast done but a part of the work that I design for thee. Say, art thou ready to proceed in it?"

"Noble general!" said Hodge. "My own captain, Sir William Cheke, hath told me that I may in all things do thy will. I have served long under him and know him well, and, by our blessed St. George, I shall ever do his behest; for he would not that I should do aught that an honest soldier should shrink from."

"It is well said, good fellow," said Zeno admiringly. "Now listen to me, for I have much to disclose to thee, and much wherein to instruct thee. Sit down, man, sit down; and give good heed to what I say."

Hodge, thus invited, sat down on a low bench in a manner at once respectful but manly. Then Zeno proceeded to

detail to him matters of great and pressing import. What the nature of these communications was we shall not at present disclose. Suffice it to say, that the night was somewhat advanced before the English yeoman passed out from the apartment of the Venetian general.

When Roger Harrington departed from the presence of Zeno, he hastened through the fort till he reached the quarters of the English archers. Here he found Sir William Cheke awaiting his return, and he forthwith craved a private audience with his captain. The result of their deliberations was, that the archer divested himself of his arms and even of some of his ordinary habiliments, and arrayed himself, as nearly as possible, in a style that did not betoken either his particular nation or military calling. Retaining only his dagger, he threw over his person a large cloak, and placed upon his head a bonnet of Genoa velvet, which he drew down over his brows. Thus equipped, he again sallied forth as stealthily as he had entered, and made his way in the darkness of the night till he reached the place where the mercenaries under the command of Roberto di Recanati were located. One of the Italian lances who kept the guard arrested his steps, whereupon Hodge required to be conducted to the condottiere on urgent business, whispering at the same time in the ear of the soldier some secret word. Apparently his coming was not altogether unexpected, and he was without further delay conducted into the presence of Recanati, who had not yet retired to rest. The condottiere looked keenly at his visitor, and then demanded,

"Your business?"

"This will inform you, signore," was the reply, as Hodge handed him the cartel which had been previously taken from the captured emissary.

Recanati perused the missive with deep attention, and pondered long upon its import. At length he broke silence again,

"He who writes certifies for thee, that thou art trustworthy and may be freely spoken with."

The soldier replied merely by an inclination of his head.

"Well, then, it is an onerous undertaking and full of peril."

"Doubtless, signore," was the reply, "it will need caution as well as courage; nevertheless, if the matter be kept secret, success seems almost certain."

"And suppose it be so, who is to certify to me that I shall receive the money?"

"Here is your security, noble capitano. The name signed to this document guarantees it to you, which I am authorised to give to you, upon your signing the stipulations in the paper which I have given to you, and which I am to bear back to those who sent me."

The document which Recanati now examined was apparently satisfactory, he accordingly signed the paper and returned it to his visitor, observing—

"Well then, be it so; but take heed, good friend, how thou guardest this packet, and see that you make your way hence speedily."

"Aye, signore, fear not for me. I shall find my way as safely back as I found it hither. Let me, too, warn you to put yonder writing in the safest place about your person—let it not for a moment out of your own keeping. Buona notte, signor capitano; it is time that I were on my return."

Having said this, Roger Harrington once more bent his steps towards the quarters of the general.

"By my faith, good Roger Harrington," 'twas thus the honest yeoman soliloquised—"thou art rising in the world since thou leftest the green fields by the pleasant Trent. Thou wert not content with shooting a fat buck in the forest, but thou shouldst take to the wild life of soldiering, and let fly thy shafts at thine own kind. And now, God wot, thou art turning to higher game, and taking counsel with thy betters, and joining in their schemes that are well nigh too subtle for thy simple head. By Saint Hubert, I don't altogether like such matters, though, nor understand them over well. It seems like trapping foxes or such like vermin, and not like true woodcraft. Well, well, I have got safely through it so far; but, by my halidome, I would rather fight two hours by daylight than plot or scheme one hour by night."

FLORAL ANTI-MACASSAR.—IN SQUARE NETTING AND DARNED.



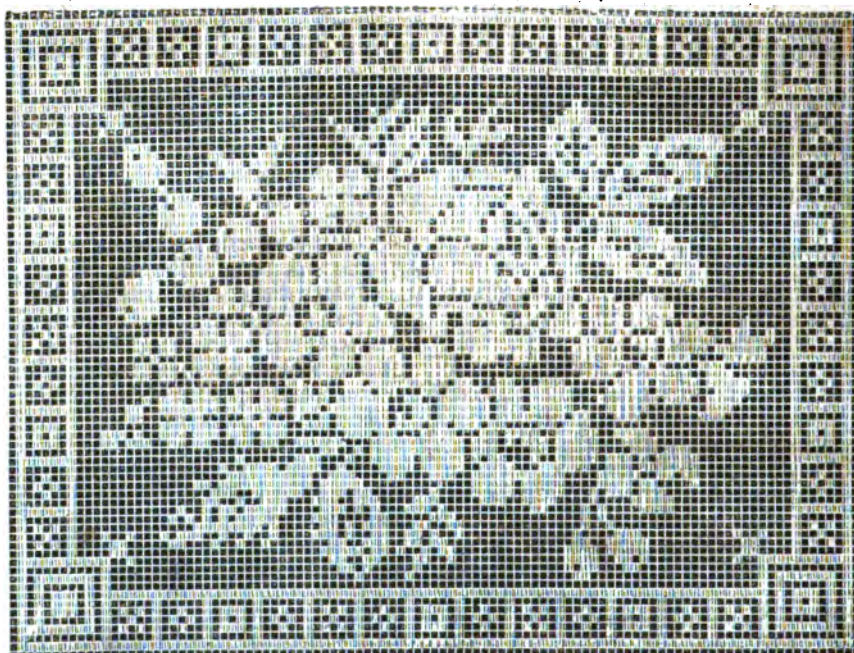
MATERIALS.—Brooks' Goat's Head Netting and Knitting Cotton, No. 36. Brooks' Embroidering Goat's Head Cotton, No. 40. Rather a fine Embroidering Needle. Steel Mesh, No. 12. Steel Netting Needle.

Work the same number of squares, as in the engraving, by commencing on one stitch, and increasing one at the end of every row till you get sufficient length of one side; and then

decrease one at the end of every row by taking two loops into one. Then darn according to the engraving.

Make sufficient number of tassels to go round. Wind the cotton over a card three inches wide, cut one end, and draw through the loop of netting, and make four more tassels larger; over a card six inches wide for the corners. Six squares measure one inch.

ARABESQUE TOILET-COVER IN SQUARE CROCHET.



This pattern should be worked in Brooks' crochet cotton, exactly to the size of the top of the table, in rather thick cotton, to make it look massive, and to retain its form; the

edging must be worked in blue beads in crochet to the pattern, and a number of beads given exactly to go round the table and to hang down, and finished with a tassel at each corner.

WOOD SCENERY.

Woods and forests are distributed over the earth with more or less abundance. The great variety and the diversified foliage of trees present a beautiful picture to the eye, while the wood which they furnish contributes greatly to the necessities and

pense, the most extensive forests grow; and though man reaps the benefit, he has but little share in their cultivation. Trees grow and multiply spontaneously. The woodcutter comes at the fall of the year and thins the plantations, filling vehicle after



WOOD SCENERY.

comforts of mankind. It is to forest trees especially that we are indebted for great part of our houses and ships, for fuel, and for various implements, furniture and utensils.

In those countries where bituminous substances suitable for fuel are scarce, and can only be obtained at a considerable ex-

penditure, the most extensive forests grow; and though man reaps the benefit, he has but little share in their cultivation. Trees grow and multiply spontaneously. The woodcutter comes at the fall of the year and thins the plantations, filling vehicle after

THE PROPRIETAIRE.

A FRENCH *propriétaire* and an English landlord are two varieties of the same species, but with numerous characteristics in common, and numerous differences of a very marked character. My readers have doubtless met with many opportunities of studying the race in England. I wish to afford them an occasion to judge this section of humanity in France. I have not been long in France, but still I have had several opportunities of analysing those it has been the lot of my family to encounter. I only see the droll side of the question, being somewhat of a spoilt girl, and never interfering with details of this nature. I some day may sketch my Boulogne impressions on the subject, but at present I confine myself to Paris, or rather to its outskirts.

Our first *propriétaire* was an Englishman, and though a little Frankised, out of respect for old England, I shall pass him over. Our next was a priest, who kept tame snails as delicacies, and professed a great wish to change both his profession and position. I think he was a Jesuit. He had all the character of one; plausible, cunning, always agreeing with the last speaker—while another priest said of him that he never told truth except by mistake; and yet he was the best of the lot. Our next was a little proprietor—one of those people who are servile as slaves to get you to do anything, and insolent in proportion when their object is gained. He was a very funny man though—short, heavy, and ungainly; it was truly comical to see him teaching his little daughter how to dance, all the while crying, "More grace! more grace!" The next was an antiquated specimen of a legitimist soldier. He seemed to have but three ideas; his love for Henry V., his goats, and his own private plan for the extinction of the National Debt of France. He was a little withered old man, though hale and hearty, rising at five to feed and milk his goats, to tend his garden, and survey his little property. But whether picking his fruit, or milking his goats, or digging his garden, or washing out his garden apron, or what not, he was always thinking of his favourite plan. I am not a great talker, but I have heard him expounding his idea to a very democratic friend of ours, with prodigious energy. But our friend declares he is always as wise at the end of the conversation as at the beginning. But all this is diverging from the special proprietor, whom I wish to notice, and of whom all the while I am thinking.

Some years back there came to Paris an English lady and her daughter, Mrs. and Miss Robinson. They were very genteel people, were quiet and unassuming in manners, and they took, in a house in the Champs Elysees, a very moderate lodging, consisting of one bed-room, one sitting-room, and a kitchen. They did allow themselves a piano, at which Julia Robinson sat a great many hours every day, practising with wonderful energy. Of an evening they would usually take a long walk, returning home to a late tea, after which they sat and talked or read until bed-time. They were excessively economical and prudent in their habits, spending very little money, and paying their rent monthly to the *concierge* with scrupulous exactness. They had brought letters of introduction, which they did not present at first; but taking a walk one afternoon, they called on a Madame Sellier, who was very polite, and asked them to join a little reception the following evening.

Mrs. and Miss Robinson went, and found a very pleasant circle. The old people talked, or played whist, the young people danced, some good-natured person playing; Julia volunteered to take the piano, to the great delight of all, for they soon found that she played beautifully.

After the first quadrille, a very handsome young man, a Monsieur Rousset, whom Madame Sellier seemed to treat both with respect and affection, came up and asked Julia to dance. She acquiesced, and entered into conversation with her partner. She was a little timid at first about her French, but by degrees grew more courageous, and finding herself understood, talked with spirit and animation. M. Rousset questioned her about Paris, was pleased to find that, like all

English people, she liked it very much. By accident she found out that the young man spoke English, which made her more easy, for now she wished to say something about England, and she required the fluency of her own tongue to give vent to all her love of her dear country.

M. Rousset listened politely, but incredulously, believing, with most Frenchmen, that ours—the most beautiful country in Europe—is a great iron and crockery shop, a land where the sun is never seen, with a capital so drenched by fog, that two-thirds of your time you cannot find your way along the streets without a lantern. When Julia praised up the scenery of Scotland, of Devonshire, of the lakes, and even the minor scenery of Richmond, Blackheath, Windsor Castle, and other places along dear old Father Thames, he smiled, but preferred Switzerland, the Pyrenees, &c.; still he pressed the young English lady to go on—professing himself deeply interested. Miss Robinson spent a very pleasant evening, and when M. Rousset offered to conduct her and her mother home, she somehow thought the Champs Elysees had never looked so picturesque, the moon so bright. But then they were being lauded by a handsome and pleasant young Frenchman, which, perhaps, accounted for the difference.

He left them in sight of their house, which had been indicated to him by Madame Sellier, expressed a wish and a hope to meet again on the following Thursday, and went away. Mrs. Robinson smiled as Julia highly praised her new acquaintance, shook her head at the very thought of her daughter feeling a *penchant* for a Frenchman, and then the subject dropped; for they had a subject of more moment to talk about. Their scanty remittance had been due some days, and no advice had come of why there had been delay. They felt very anxious, and determined to walk down to the bank next day, and see if it had been paid in without a letter being written. About eleven o'clock, next day, they were dressed and out. They went down the Champs Elysees, and had reached the Rue de Berry, when an open carriage drew up and a gentleman leaped out.

"Ladies," cried M. Rousset, as if quite charmed at the meeting, "you seem going to town. Allow me to leave you where you are going."

"You are very kind," said Mrs. Robinson; "we shall be intruding."

"Madame, I pray you to say nothing of the kind." And taking Mrs. Robinson's arm, he led her to the carriage, followed by Julia—crying, after obtaining the direction of her banker, "Rue Laftte."

It was a beautiful morning, and the ladies forgot their anxiety for a moment, while listening to the cheerful, light-some chatter of the young Frenchman. They reached their destination in a few moments, it seemed; and then M. Rousset jumped out, helped them to descend, and again spoke:—

"Madame, I am at my journey's end also. I live at No. 7, you are at No. 1: my carriage is at your orders. Henri, you will wait for these ladies, and take them where they please." And, without giving them time to refuse, he hurried away, after a low bow.

"How very attentive," said Mrs. Robinson.

"Very kind, indeed," replied Julia, and in they went.

The money had not come—they expected it; and yet they turned away with despair in their hearts. Their whole income was but seventy-two pounds a year—little enough; but still, if paid regularly, sufficient. But they had been fifteen days now without a remittance.

"I am sadly afraid there is something wrong," said Mrs. Robinson, as they rolled home in their luxurious carriage.

"I am afraid there is. Perhaps Mr. Pelham is ill. I must work hard at my piano, and look out for pupils."

"My poor girl! You are courageous and industrious, but I cannot bear the thought of your working for me."

"But, mamma, if this small remnant of our fortune fails us, I must work for myself."

"Alas! it is but too true, dear girl; but let us hope for the best."

Mr. Pelham was dead. A letter was waiting for them,

when they got home. He had died suddenly, leaving his affairs in a very complicated state. They could pay no money now, but they had very little doubt that ultimately all would be right. The writer concluded by saying, that if an advance of five pounds was of any use, he would be happy to place it at their disposal. This was an awful blow. Mrs. Robinson knew too well the result of complicated affairs, not to dread the worst. The five pounds was looked upon, therefore, as a last resource, and was to be husbanded accordingly. The rent was paid, and the rest was put by, to be drawn forth as occasion required. Julia turned with firm energy to the piano. It was resolved to continue their visits to Madame Sellier's, as she appeared a kindly woman, and might find the young pianist some pupils. Accordingly, for several Thursdays they renewed their visits, and M. Rousset his attentions. He devoted himself almost wholly to Julia, who found, in the mean time, one or two pupils among the English in Paris.

About the end of a month after the news had arrived of the death of Mr. Pelham, they received a card of adieu from M. Rousset, a formal *p. r. c.*; and the following Thursday they found he had gone to Italy, Madame Sellier said, in the most unexpected manner. Julia said nothing, but she felt a little low-spirited. She had, in five evenings, got to like the intelligent and intellectual conversation of the young man; and there was no one to replace him. She took care, too, now to volunteer always for the piano, and as this pleased most of the young ladies present, she met with little opposition. Madame Sellier had found her one pupil, and out of gratitude Julia continued to go to her parties; but they were no longer so pleasant as they were at first—she took no French lessons now. Altogether, there was something wanting.

Still no money, and a month's rent is due. The *concierge*, a dry, thin, hard-featured man, made little by such quiet, genteel lodgers, who gave no trouble, and was, accordingly, not

over polite in his manner. He gruffly, at the end of the week, insisted upon the rent being forthcoming, under penalty of expulsion. "The *propriétaire*," he said, "never allowed any debts in the house. It was 'pay' or 'go,' leaving behind all they had to pay as much of the rent due as possible." Mrs. Robinson coolly informed the man that he should be paid that day, and showed him the door.

"But, mamma, how are you going to pay?"

"I must sell my bracelets, the last of my husband's presents, my dear girl."

"But must it be?"

"I could borrow money on them, as we learnt to do unfortunately in England."

"Do not sell them, mamma," cried Julia, earnestly; "better days may come."

"Amen! may your words prove true."

The money was raised, and the rent was paid for that month. But no news came from England, and they had to exist on the remnant of what they had raised, and from the poor pittance paid for music lessons. Mrs. Robinson at last, after another month of suffering, fell ill. Now was the character of Julia manifested in all its force. She nursed her mother, she did all the little household duties, she gave her lessons, she called round on Madame Sellier, and other persons to whom she had letters of introduction, in search of fresh pupils; in a word, she did all that was in the power of a young person of her age to do. Medicine was necessary, and medical advice; but the sacrifice imposed to procure this was terrible indeed. Julia, unknown to her mother, all but starved three days, after giving a fee to a doctor, and buying the medicine ordered. At the end of that time, some money came in from one of her pupils, and her mother being better, Julia prepared a nice but humble dinner, of which Mrs. Robinson partook.

ANCIENT CASTLES IN IRELAND.—BLARNEY CASTLE, ETC.

"The antiquities of Ireland," says the well-known author of "Cork and the South of Ireland," "afford a rich and extensive field for research. Her isolation and sequestered position, her freedom from Roman conquest and subjugation, in the period of Rome's highest power, has left to the character of her Celtic archaeology features peculiarly her own; whilst the acquaintance of her early pagan population with letters, and the large amount of extant literature which has descended to us, capable of throwing so much light on the condition of her ancient races, have invested the whole subject with an importance and interest surpassing that of the antiquities of any other western nation in Europe."

"This broad and inviting field of research has been hitherto but imperfectly and partially wrought, seldom indeed by the scientific inquirer, and but too often only by incompetent or prejudiced labourers. There has been abundance of wild and indiscriminating enthusiasm at one side; and again, on the contrary, an over-sceptical theorising rationalism, embarrassing and obstructing its useful culture. What effect the vicinity of Roman civilisation produced on the arts and social condition of this country we have no present evidence to determine. The vast variety of implements, utensils, and objects of art disinterred from time to time, and the numerous monuments which still subsist, afford no means to inform us as to the extent or nature of such influence, if any. The character of Irish remains, indeed, is more impressed with an Oriental than a Greek or Roman origin, and tends to sustain the eastern descent claimed by the Irish *senachies* (or *clans*) for their ancestry. Some few Roman coins alone, sparingly discovered, tell of a limited Roman intercourse. In like manner the actual presence of the northern on the Irish soil seems to have been nearly as ineffective. Occupying, for above two centuries, a considerable portion of the island, and especially of its maritime cities, it is strange that they have left hardly any traces or vestiges behind them. Beyond a solitary tower

in Waterford, and a few silver coins, the Irish antiquary cannot really point to a single memorial (save the record of their devastations) on the page of its history. Whilst in England and Scotland, and even in the Isle of Man, the sculptured cross and the Runic inscription still remain to identify their sway, in Ireland neither the one nor the other throughout the whole breadth and length of the land can be found.

"Ireland, then, has no remains of Roman magnificence to exhibit, no vast temples, amphitheatres, or aqueducts; nor does she possess any of those antiquities which the northern archaeologist could identify as of Scandinavian origin; but she has, on the other hand, many relics of early Phœnician intercourse—vestiges of a religion, an architecture, a language, and a literature, claiming derivation and affinity with the remote East."

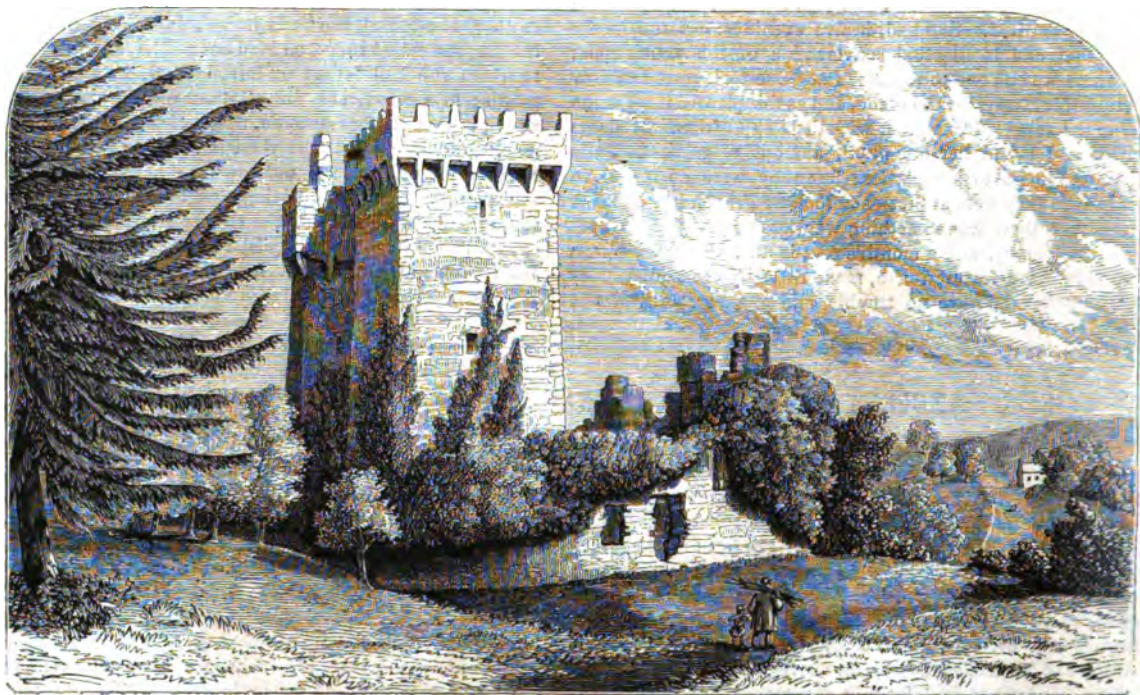
"The antiquities of Ireland may be classified into three grand divisions—the primæval or pagan, early Christian, and mediæval. In the first are comprised stone monuments appertaining to the Druidical religion, such as circles, cromlechs, pillars, holes, and rocking-stones, rock-basins, &c., raths, cahirs, duns; the fortified residences of the ancient inhabitants, consisting of great earth-works, or Cyclopean stone enclosures, lofty round towers, used at once for sepulchral and religious purposes; stones inscribed with the virgular character, called Ogham, dome-roofed structures, round, oblong, and square, with massive walls constructed of uncemented stones. The cromlech, or Druidical altar, is a monument well known in these islands and in northern Europe, and not unfrequently found in India and America. It is occasionally met with placed within circles of pillar-stones, but it is often difficult to distinguish between it and the *kistvaen*. The latter monument, when divested of its covering of earth or stone, is to all appearance a perfect cromlech; but there are many of the latter which, from the nature of their sites and peculiarity of

construction, could never have served this purpose. It is right to say that the term cromlech seems to be of modern origin; it does not occur in any ancient Irish MS. hitherto examined; the native name is that of *leabha* or *leacht*, a bed or stone monument.

"There are varieties of the circle, some of which must undoubtedly have served for religious or judicial purposes, and others found encompassing tumuli. There can be no precise limits to the number of the stones composing these monuments, but several circles are known to contain only *five*, which seems to have been a favourite number. There is no doubt but that the cromlech (not the kistvaen) and the circle were used sepulchrally, as remains of interment have been frequently found within them. Ireland contains no circles of equal magnitude to those of Stonehenge and Avebury in England."

But if Ireland may not boast of many Roman antiquities and Druidical circles, she has, on the other hand, some of the most picturesque old castles—many of them, alas! in ruins—which are to be seen in Europe. All over the island, from

A four-mile ride by the railroad, or a walk through pleasant fields, will take the visitor from Cork to Blarney. The castle, we are told, comprises a vast square tower, erected in or about 1530, by one of the potent sept of the M'Carthy Moors, records of whose prowess are everywhere to be met with in this part of Ireland, and some evidences of which the tourist will discover as he proceeds further south. But those of our readers who would at once satisfy themselves on this head, in reference to a spot so renowned as that of which we are now treating, may consult, with great profit, the local historian, Windle, whose "South of Ireland" will be found very valuable, containing nearly fifty pages devoted to Blarney, its castle, stone, cromlech, tunnel, lake, glen, round tower, and immortal "groves," the authorship of which deathless lyric has begot almost as many claimants as cities erst contended for the birth-place of "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle." These stanzas have been given in nearly all the tongues of the earth by the laureate of the Lee, Padre Polyglot Prout, whose liquid triplets to that limpid stream we shall presently quote. We need not occupy our space with the original of Millikin's



RENVYLE CASTLE, CONNEMARA. DRAWN BY F. LOVER.

Dunluce to Bantry, these remains of Ireland's days of glory are to be found. At one time the tourist in the Sister Isle finds himself beside the "treaty stone," in King John's castle, that storied pile in the city of Limerick which was so gallantly defended by the remnant of the Irish army, in 1690; at another, he wanders musingly around the silent and deserted halls of Tara, or moralises on the littleness of human grandeur within the cold and saddened domain of Dangan. In the very heart of the western mountains, he pauses to think over the ruins of Ross castle, which surrendered to Lord Muskerry in 1652; and still further west, he may remember the deeds of the great Duke, while pondering over the ruined walls of Carbury castle, which once belonged to, and is said to have been built by, his ancestors the Cowleys.

For the present, however, a brief notice of two of the most famous of old Ireland's castles,—or, more properly speaking, of Ireland's old castles, must suffice.

Blarney Castle, the Blarney Stone, and the "Groves of Blarney," are well known by reputation all over Europe—and need, wherever Englishmen and Irishmen chance to travel,

half-dozen verses descriptive of how "the trout and salmon play at backgammon," as no one can be in Cork and find himself at a loss for the song, with *ad libitum* variations, including, of course, Prout's supplemental lines:—

"There is a stone there, that whoever kisses,
Oh! he never misses to grow eloquent;
'Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber,
Or become a member of Parliament."

"A clever spouter he'll soon turn out, or
An out-and-outer—'to be let alone.'
Don't hope to hinder him, or to bewilder him—
Sure he's a pilgrim from the Blarney Stone."

Which is the identical pebble, or real Blarney Stone, is somewhat difficult to point out to the downright plain-dealing English visitor, for the Irishy redundant reason that there happen to be two portions of the edifice to which the miraculous power of conferring mellifluous and mesmeric eloquence is attributed by conflicting local authorities. One stone is pointed out to visitors as the veritable *oculatorium*; and we incline to this opinion, inasmuch as it is much more easy of

access, and seems to have suffered from previous devotion in being much worn and broken. Another stone is also indicated, but this is held to be a *lapis offensionis* and a *petra scandali*; and with some reason, for it is situate in the wall just below the edge of the parapet, and requires the party performing the kissing business to be let down by the heels in order to do so, over a parapet some hundred feet from the ground. This perilous predicament, however, is not always insisted upon; for Mr. Barrow, in his piquant manner, describing how he went through the process, says:—"I ascended to the summit

has just hit it; and shurely don't the gentlemen talk blarney to the ladies, and do it all the better for kissing the stone?' I found there was no resisting the virtues of the Blarney Stone, So down I popped, and the stone having been well washed by the rain, I bestowed upon it three kisses, which, however strong their virtues may be in warming the hearts of the ladies, struck icy cold to my lips." Mr. Windle, whose local *amour propre* might be supposed to incense him against the flinty-hearted Saxon satirists of his slab, ingenuously says himself: "The touch of the Blarney Stone makes a liar of the



BLARNEY CASTLE, FROM THE PEEP-HOLE ON THE BRIDGE. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

of the tower, on a corner of which is placed the famous Blarney Stone, which I was very gravely assured possessed the power of making those who kiss it ever after agreeable in their conversation to the ladies. 'A consummation devoutly to be wished,' thought I. 'Och, your honour must kneel down and kiss it three times,' quoth the guide; 'and sure you'll be able to coax the ladies—faith, there's never the gentleman that misses!' 'Now, my friend, tell me truly if you don't mean by "talking blarney," the impudence of telling "mighty big lies" without blushing?' 'Faith, and I believe your honour

first magnitude, but a smooth and graceful liar—its eminent perfection is a sweet and graceful tongue in whispering the softest words into the ear of woman, full of guile, and blarney, and potential flattery, and uncontrollable in its sway over the credulous." Miss Plumptre translates Blarney into the single word 'Rhodomontade,'—a faculty of speech marvellously perceptible in the vicinity around, whose inhabitants, it is said, have been mistaken by Boullaye le Gouz and Latocnaye for a colony from Gascony. They are, of a truth, a swaggering, vainglorious, whcedling population."

Flattering this, and from the Herodotus of the place too! All these imputations, however, can hardly be true; for even the proprietor's kiss of the stone itself, like the Wonderful Lamp in the hands of the old magician in "Aladdin," did not confer happiness, inasmuch as the castle and all its contents had not very long ago to be sold by public competition—a profanation bemoaned in an appropriate strain by Prout in an inimitable parody on Moore's "Eveleen's Bower," beginning—

"Oh! the muse shed a tear,
When the cruel auctioneer

With a hammer in his hand to sweet Blarney came!"

In 1821, Sir Walter Scott, with his son-in-law, Lockhart, Miss Edgeworth, and other celebrities, paid the homage of their worship to the load-stone, much to the chagrin of the citizens, who were eager that the Wizard should in preference inspect their noble harbour and the lions of "the spreading Lee, that, like an island fair, enclsoeth Cork with his divided flood," as is said in the "Faërie Queene;" or, as a more modern bard describes it:—

"As crystal its waters are pure,
Each morning they blush like a bride;
And when evening comes gray and demure,
With the softness of silver they glide.

"Of salmon and gray speckled trout
It holds such a plentiful store,
That thousands are forced to leap out,
By the multitude jostled on shore."

Surprisingly enough, however, Lockhart confounded this famous Spenserian stream with the Shannon!—a blunder which forms the text of one of those most instructive "Essays of an Octogenarian," by the erudite and amiable "J. R." of a thousand periodicals—James Roche, formerly a banker, and lately a retired citizen of Cork, which justly and affectionately regarded him as one of the most worthy of her many honoured sons, and now sorrows for his death, since April in the present year.

Renvyle Castle, in the county of Tipperary,—a remarkable ruin overlooking the sea—has a fame of another kind, however. Here again history and romance, with their thousand recollections, spring up to people the *locale* with the phantoms of the past, as if specially to heighten, as it were, the present charms of that singularly lovely landscape, by reminiscences of the turbulent and bloody deeds of which it was the site, and which are here recalled by the presence of Renvyle Castle—

"Beneath whose battlements, within whose walls,
Power dwelt amid her passions:—in proud state
Each feudal chief upheld these armed halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mightier heroes of a longer date:—"

a kind of recollection, however, much more suitable for antiquarians and bookworms, than for quiet Irish tourists in the middle of the nineteenth century.

XAVIER DE MAISTRE.

ONE January evening, 1794, in a pretty apartment of the Rue de Pô, at Turin, there met a party of eight young gentlemen to smoke, and drink, and talk as pleasantly as might be. They were soldiers. Some of them, though still young, had seen much service, and could discourse on marches and counter-marches, and all the manœuvres of war, as well as the best. But something very different from martial glory brought them together that night; they had come to hear and to criticise a new composition by a young aspirant for fame—no other than the now justly-celebrated Xavier de Maistre.

Personally, Xavier de Maistre was unknown to most of them. They had heard of him as a young soldier of promising ability, fond of adventure, and bent on improvement; they had heard that he had made a balloon ascent, and with a provincial Mongolfier had taken a journey into the air. Recently he had made another journey, not so startling, nor so perilous, but one which promised to make him far better known than the first, namely, "A Journey Round my Room." He had written a book—this was the title—and by request the manuscript was to be read that night. Already the critics felt prepossessed in his favour. He was the brother of Joseph de Maistre, senator of Savoy, whose "Eloge de Victor Amédée" had gained him great popularity.

The Count d'Ailly, a brave but impetuous man, had been selected reader; and having chatted for some time on indifferent topics, he received the paper, unrolled it, glanced down the page with the eye of a connoisseur, and began.

Everybody knows the plan and subject of "A Journey Round my Room," that small *chef-d'œuvre* which has found no rival for sixty years. It is a series of impressions and philosophical reflections upon the body and the mind, the *self* and the *other self*, the soul and the beast. It was written during captivity, when the author's only companions were a valet and a dog. What bright touches of humour there are scattered throughout the work; how carefully he tells us that his room is in the forty-fifth degree of latitude; how he abjures those people who are so much masters of their movements and ideas as to say, "To-day I will make three visits, write four letters, and finish the work I have begun;" with what quaintness he depicts every part of his little domicile, his dog, and the valet Joanetti; how his reflections seem to

leap up unbidden at the commonest incident—and how deep, and truthful, and clear they are; and how, all through, his double nature seems to haunt him—his body, the *beast*, of the "earth, earthy"—his soul wandering at will whithersoever it listeth, from the lowest pit of hell to the furthest fixed star beyond the milky way, to the confines of the universe, to the gates of chaos!

When the Count d'Ailly had achieved his task, and finished the reading of the manuscript, he was pleased to declare the author a man of talent, a man of first-rate order, and one who was destined for immortality.

Every body praised the book except a young hussar, who had listened attentively all the time, but expressed no opinion on its merit. From words of civil praise, the company became enthusiastic in their admiration of the young *littérateur*; and, excited by the punch of which he had been drinking pretty freely, and the applause which his reading had obtained, the count began to draw a critical comparison between the compositions of the two brothers—a comparison which in no degree tended to the credit of the elder.

"Messieurs," said he, "it is clear enough to us all that the 'Eloge de Victor Amédée,' is nothing more than a wild rhapsody when compared with this 'Journey Round my Room.' One abounds in words, gracefully piled, I grant you, but still little more than phrases; here you have thoughts, great thoughts, powerful thoughts—here the foliage is never cultivated at the expense of the fruit."

"Pardon me, sir," said the young hussar, "if I venture to differ; it seems to me that you overrate the ability of the writer. Xavier may have talent, but Joseph has something far beyond talent; he possesses genius of no common order."

The company became interested in the discussion; opposition adds to the entertainment of a critical disquisition. A combat of wit is far more agreeable than perfect unanimity.

"Sir," said the count, curling his long moustache on his finger, "you are greatly mistaken. I can detect a splendour in this rising orb which shall banish the pale light shed by the genius of the other."

The young hussar changed colour.

"The pen of Xavier," he remarked, "may amuse an idle hour, but that of Joseph is ever employed in imperishable

work. Posterity will crown him with favour when the 'Journey Round my Room' is entirely forgotten."

With this he began to recite some of the most eloquent passages from the "*Eloge de Victor Amedée*," with a power and beauty not easily described.

"You are remarkably critical, sir," said the count, ironically—the count was evidently piqued; opposition made him obstinate—"doubtless, Joseph Xavier would be greatly obliged to you for your good opinion; no doubt he would fully concur in the sentiments which you have expressed; no doubt he is already—"

"What?" cried the young man, advancing three paces, and with a flush on his hitherto pale cheeks, that made them red as crimson.

"Peace! peace!" said the others, "the count meant nothing."

"I demand," cried the young man, "that he state distinctly what he did mean."

"As you will, as you will," returned the count, "I meant to say, and say it now distinctly, that Joseph's proud heart will be filled with envy at his brother's success!"

"It's false!" cried the other, "it's a base calumny!"

"Your words are violent, sir," said the count, and he laid his hand on his sword-hilt; "doubtless a gentleman so ready with warlike words will be as ready to support them in the warlike way."

"I understand you, count," returned the young hussar, "and am ready to support everything I utter. Joseph has too noble a heart to grudge at a brother's fame, if that brother even deserves it; and he that says otherwise lies!"

"Bravely spoken," said the count, as he rapped the lid of his comfit box; "now to business. Your name?"

"Xavier de Maistre!"

The count drew back in mute astonishment—the rest were filled with admiration.

"You see," said the count, "that the duel is now impossible—unnecessary—must not be—the matter is cleared up."

"Not so," returned the young man, "I cannot understand why a brother may not defend a brother's reputation as well as any one less tenderly connected."

"Of course," said the count, "the word calumny, the imputation on my character, is withdrawn, and we have but to pledge each other in a bumper, and be firm friends for ever."

"Stop, sir count, stop—I will never withdraw the word, unless you first withdraw that which called forth that word."

"Impossible!"

"Then the duel must proceed. I am not ashamed to assert my brother's honour, and I am not afraid to defend it with my blood!"

So they agreed that the duel should take place upon the following morning. Xavier went home, and wrote a loving letter to his brother, telling him the whole circumstance of the case, the provocation he had received, the quarrel that had ensued, and the duel which was to decide it at dawn next day.

He sent along with the letter his manuscript, begging his brother to read it, and then commit it to the flames. As for himself, he expected to be slain—victory he did not look for; but how could he fall more nobly, so he wrote, than in defence of a man whom all France revered, and who was endeared to him by the still more loving ties of brotherhood? At early dawn he received a note from the count: it was couched in the following terms:—

Monsieur,—You have prudent friends. The governor of Turin has had me arrested, and I am to be carried beyond the frontiers of Savoy. You must feel that this circumstance must not in honour be allowed to interfere with our meeting. I shall be ready, sir, to attend you at Cambray.

"Cambray," repeated the young man, mechanically—"and why not? should not a man go forty leagues if necessary to defend a brother's honour?"

He attached a postscript to his letter, saying that it was not at Turin but at Cambray that he should meet his antago-

nist, and then, having despatched the letter and manuscript, prepared to set out for the rendezvous.

But he was arrested—arrested in the full meaning of the term—disarmed in the name of the governor, and lodged as a prisoner in a chamber of the citadel.

Not many days after, Joseph de Maistre arrived at Cambray. There he learnt that no duel had occurred, that the count was boasting of the pusillanimity of the younger brother, and still condemning the envy of the elder. Surprised and somewhat alarmed, Joseph wrote immediately to Turin, and—duels are contagious—professed his willingness to fight on Xavier's behalf. As for the book, that was already, not in the flames, but in the printer's hands—and when the news came that Xavier was in prison, Joseph hastened to him without a moment's delay.

Early one morning the garrison of the citadel were surprised by the sudden arrival of the senator of Savoy. The old walls echoed to the clatter of his horses, and half-a-dozen men were ready enough to answer all the questions the senator could ask. But they had no good news to tell. Xavier had escaped. Under cover of night he had stolen out of the citadel; they had sought for him in vain, and it appeared—they could not say for certain—but it seemed that he had taken the road to Cambray.

Allons! Joseph was on the road again. Never it seemed had horses travelled so fast before: away like the wind, over broad open country parts, down pleasant lanes, through village streets, over rustic bridges—fields and houses, towns and villages, left one after the other far behind—forward to Cambray!

At the hotel Joseph alighted. The servants were ready to render him assistance. What would monsieur please to take? Had monsieur heard the news, there was to be a duel? The Count d'Ailly and a young officer were about to fight. What was the young officer like? He was about monsieur's height, but younger, much younger; he was not unlike monsieur. The armourer had provided monsieur with a sword; he had none with him when he came. They would doubtless soon return—the wood was not far distant—a bed had been made ready for the wounded man. But there was a letter for monsieur and a book. A letter—so Joseph found—from the printer of his brother's book, and the book no other than "A Journey Round my Room."

So with this book held fast to his bosom, as if it were a precious relic, or some rare and valuable gem, the brother sought his brother. Several people accompanied him, and at length they came upon the very spot chosen for the encounter. The duel had not begun. And to make, as they say, a long story short, the duel never did begin. The matter was cleared up. The count saw well enough that he had misjudged both brothers, and the affair ended as such affairs have often ended before—in a breakfast.

As to the work, Joseph pronounced it a *chef-d'œuvre*—he declared his brother to be the Sterne of France—and said so many other things about the good qualities of the book and the talent and genius of Xavier, that the count confessed he had been greatly mistaken in one thing, namely, the envy of the elder brother, but that he had been right all along about the merit of the book: had he not said it from the first?—had he not predicted the fame of the author?—and did it not seem something like fame, when in so short a space of time as had intervened since the night of the quarrel, the book had been printed, and ten thousand copies sold?

Tony Johannot, with inimitable skill, has depicted a scene from this "Journey Round my Room." It is that portion in which Joannetti contemplates the picture, and propounds that query touching the peculiarity of its expression:—

"Here Joannetti," said I, 'hang up this portrait.'

"He had assisted me to clean it, and yet had no more idea of all that produced the chapter on the portrait than of what goes on in the moon. He had of his own accord handed me the damp sponge, and by that apparently trifling action had sent my soul flying over a hundred millions of leagues in one

second of time. Instead of replacing the picture, he retained it to wipe it in his turn. A certain inquiring look which overspread his features, and indicated that some difficulty—a doubt he wished to have resolved—occupied his mind, attracted my attention.

"Come," said I, 'what fault have you to find with the portrait?'

"None at all, sir. But yet—"

"He placed the picture against one of the shelves of my escritoire, then retiring a few paces, he replied,

"Would you have the kindness, sir, to explain to me why this portrait always looks straight at me, whatever part of the

are a prey to vain regrets, your place with her, it may be, is already filled up; whilst your eyes are fixed upon her portrait, and you fondly imagine that you alone (at least in the picture) monopolise her glances, the perfidious image, faithless as the original, gazes on all who approach, and smiles on every one.

"Joannetti still remained in the same attitude, waiting the explanation he had requested. I raised my head from the folds of my travelling-dress, into which I had sunk it to meditate more at my ease whilst resigning myself to the sad reflections I had been making—'Do you not perceive, Joannetti,' said I, after a moment's silence, and turning my chair towards him—'do you not perceive that a picture, being



SCENE FROM THE "VOYAGE AUTOUR DE MA CHAMBRE." FROM A DESIGN BY TONY JOHANNOT.

room I move to? In the morning when I make the bed the face is turned towards me, and if I go to the window, it keeps looking at me all the way.'

"In fact, Joannetti," said I, 'if the room were full of people, this fair lady would look every way and at every one at the same time?'

"Oh, yes, sir."

"She would smile upon all who came and went, as well as upon me."

"Joannetti made no answer. I stretched myself in my easy chair, and, letting my head fall on my breast, I resigned myself to very serious meditations. What a light breaks in on me! Poor lover! whilst you, far removed from your mistress,

a plane surface, the rays of light passing off from every point of that surface . . . ?'

"Joannetti, at this explanation, opened his eyes so wide that the whole pupil became visible; he half opened his mouth also;—these two actions indicate in the human face, according to the celebrated Le Brun, the highest degree of astonishment. Without a doubt it was my beast that had entered upon such a dissertation, for my soul knew well enough that Joannetti knew nothing of plane surfaces, and still less of rays of light; the monstrous dilation of his eyelids recalled me to myself. I suffered my head to sink down again within the collar of my travelling-dress, and there so ensconced myself that scarcely any part of it was left visible."

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

ENGLAND has long held the empire of the sea: this has been her distinguishing characteristic. In times of danger she has not trusted in her fortified cities or her martello towers, but in her wooden walls, which have been to her an invulnerable defence. War has desolated other lands,—fruitful fields have been turned into desert wastes,—labour has been driven from its daily toil,—happy homes have been blasted,—on vigorous youth and blushing maid—on smiling childhood and gray-haired old age—on sacred priest, and mother, more sacred still—has come down a common curse; but there in England

their insular position may account for this. Another, and a more potent reason is, that her sons have been brave and daring—full of a resolute courage no adversity could damp—of a lofty hope no disappointment could destroy.

In a humble cottage on the banks of the Tavy, not far from Tavistock, was born one of the men most eminent for the qualities we have named. In that neighbourhood, in the year 1546, lived a clergyman with a large family; and, as is often the case, with limited means. This clergyman was blessed with twelve children, of these the eldest became known to posterity



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

they dwell secure—of all these terrors they have only known the name; for England's fleets and England's naval heroes have never failed her in her hour of need. Nor is this all. The British flag has proudly waved o'er every sea and floated on every wind; it has bound up nations by the bonds of commerce; it has carried the English Bible and English civilisation to every corner of the globe. Where the savage wandered it has planted flourishing communities, whose coming splendour bids fair to more than rival our own; it has been, in every corner of the globe, the banner of the free. In some degree,

as Francis Drake; the father was connected with Sir John Hawkins, the great naval commander: this would, possibly, account for the fact of young Drake's being destined for the sea. His father's removal to the neighbourhood of Chatham may also be taken as another reason for devoting the boy to that element on which he was afterward to win so fair a renown. But his beginning was humble enough: he was apprenticed to the master of a small trading ship; there he conducted himself so well, that his master dying, the ship and other matters equally acceptable were left to Drake. In this trade Drake

continued and became a money-making man; but this little traffic with the Dutch coast was not to occupy the whole of Drake's existence. Destiny had something greater and grander in store for him. We need not tell the reader how glorious was the reign of Queen Elizabeth—how society was stirred up from its very depths. That age was remarkable for an intellectual activity and a spirit of enterprise and speculation such as we should never have seen. It was the age of Shakspeare—of Bacon—and Raleigh—the powers of the human mind were concentrated on every conceivable subject; the loftiest intellects were spell-bound by the mysterious marvels of the illiterate and rude; men's lives and fortunes were frittered away in search of the philosopher's stone, that was to turn everything it touched into gold, and that was to preserve, to the age of Methuselah, the life of its fortunate possessor. It was an age that revered Dr. Dee as a philosopher, and that was shortly to credit everything Raleigh penned when he wrote his wondrous tale of nations of Amazons, whose heads were under their shoulders—of El Dorado and its mountains of glittering gold. Over everything a fervid imagination threw its gorgeous robe: at that time romance had her home, not merely at the Globe theatre, but in all broad England; from the Land's End to the Tweed, she had a local habitation and a name. The enterprise of England was allured by the flattering accounts brought home, by Sir John Hawkins, of the glory and treasure to be met with in the Spanish Main. Accordingly, Drake sold his ship and sailed out with his relative for that attractive spot. The adventure was unsuccessful: it redounded not to Drake's credit, for he somewhat basely deserted his companion, and lost his money besides. He gave proof, however, of his nautical skill, for he safely brought home the "Judith," a small vessel of fifty tons. In accordance with the morality of that age, Drake's next attempt was to compensate himself by a buccaneering expedition against the West Indies, in 1570. In 1572 we again find him in the Spanish Main, taking towns and receiving enormous ransoms. His next engagement was under the Earl of Essex, in Ireland: this led to his introduction at Court by Sir Christopher Hatton, and to the great voyage which won for him his fame as the circumnavigator of the globe. It seems from the Isthmus of Darien he had already looked on the South Sea, and had prayed that he might be the first to sail an English ship there. Drake went the right way to work to insure the prayer being answered, for he left no means untried for the realisation of his daring aim. The queen smiled upon his enterprise; and with vessels, the largest of which was but a hundred tons burden and the smallest ten, in December, 1577, he sailed from Plymouth for the South Sea. In the following June he arrived at the Straits of Magellan; thence he proceeded along the coast of Chili and Peru, coasted California and part of North America, of which he took possession under the name of New Albion; then he sailed across the Pacific ocean, and returned home by the Cape of Good Hope, having completed the circumnavigation of the globe in two years and ten months. This was his crowning glory. The Spanish ambassador complained, but the queen could not resist the popular impulse which had made the name of Drake dear to all his countrymen. She dined on board his ship, the "Golden Hind," and made the circumnavigator a knight. The ship was drawn on shore and sacredly preserved till it fell to pieces, when out of its planks a chair was made which was presented to the University of Oxford.

But now came rumours of war at home. In that age the greatest power in Europe was wielded by Spain. It was true of her, that the sun never set on her dominions. And Spain, with her great riches, with her daring sons, with her imperial powers, with the sanction of the Pope and the prayers of the faithful, prepared to wage war with England's queen. Our country needed stout hearts then: fortunately we had them. Drake was sent to destroy the fleet forming the Spanish Armada: he entered Cadiz, burnt 10,000 tons of shipping; he then burnt 100 ships and took three castles between Cadiz and St. Vincent (this he called "singeing the king of Spain's beard"); and then captured a Spanish carrack, laden with precious booty, which, however, was not all kept by Drake,

for part of it he appropriated to supplying Plymouth with water. When the Armada came, he was entrusted with the defence of the country, as vice-admiral, under Sir Thomas Howard of Effingham. His name was a word of terror to the Spaniards; they deemed it useless to fight against it. On account of it one ship, at least, surrendered without a blow. The next year, in an attempt to restore Don Antonio to the race of Portugal, he was not so successful.

In 1596, Drake and Hawkins, who had become friends again, sailed to win booty in the Spanish Main. It was a strong armament; they numbered twenty-six ships and 2,500 troops. But the battle is not always to the strong. Thus it was in this instance. The scheme failed: Hawkins died of vexation; Drake made subsequent attempts to restore success, but equally in vain. He, also, died of vexation; but he had a sailor's funeral and a nation's tears.

"Where Drake first found, there last he lost his name,
And for a tomb left nothing but his fame.
His body's buried under some great wave;
The sea, that was his glory, is his grave.
On whom an epitaph none can truly make,
For who can say, 'Here lies Sir Francis Drake?'"

Such was the tribute of the poetry of his age to the hero sleeping far away from his home and his fame. We give one more:—

"The waves became his winding-sheet, the waters were his tomb,
And for his fame the ocean sea was not sufficient room."

Drake is described as having been low of stature, with a broad open chest, brown hair, fair complexion, and clear large eyes. He was a married man, and served twice in parliament. In his own neighbourhood, and for many an after year, he was considered as a magician and in league with the devil. The popular mind could in no other way account for his unparalleled success. Fable after fable has been grafted on his marvellous career. According to the traditions of the western counties, in order to obtain fresh water with which to supply Plymouth, he mounted his horse, rode about Dartmoor till he came to a spring sufficiently copious for his design, then, wheeling round, pronounced some magical words, and galloped back into town, with the stream in full flow at his horse's heels. His success against the Armada was accounted for in an equally miraculous manner. According to one version, he raised his fleet by taking a piece of wood and cutting it in pieces over the side of his own vessel, when every chip, as it fell into the sea, immediately became a man-of-war.

Tried by the standard of our times, much of Drake's character must be condemned—but in his age divines sanctioned his expeditions. For a man always writing with great religious profession, we think Southey has taken a too favourable view of Drake's character. Of modern writers, Bancroft has taken the fairest view. "The lustre of Drake's name," he writes in his "History of America," "is borrowed from his success. In itself this part of his career was but a splendid piracy, against a nation with which his sovereign and his country professed to be at peace. Oxenham, a subordinate officer, who had ventured to imitate his master, was taken by the Spaniards and hanged; nor was his punishment either unexpected or censured in England as severe. The exploits of Drake, except so far as they nourished a love for maritime affairs, were injurious to commerce; the minds of the sailors were debauched by a passion for sudden acquisitions, and to receive regular wages seemed base and unmanly, when at the easy peril of life there was hope of boundless plunder. Commerce and colonisation rest on regular industry." But we must not be too severe. We must not judge the men of the past as if they were possessed of the light and knowledge of the present. We see in Drake a rude daring energy, which seemed wonderful in his own age. There was in him, not merely the greedy love of gain, but a desire to plant the British flag in seas and lands where before it had been unknown. The honour of his nation lured him on. Thus it was, he was buccaneer—discoverer—hero—precisely the character deemed great and noble—held up to admiration in the days in which he lived.

THE EXPERT SWIMMER.

As soon as the summer is nearly over, the fashionable world of Paris, like the fashionable world of New York, takes flight to the country and the watering-places, and "everybody" is then said to be "out of town." A great resort of the *beau monde* is St. Malo in Brittany, a picturesque sea-port, which Chateaubriand has immortalised. A few summers ago, the weather being remarkably fine, it was more thronged than usual. Any one who had been a frequenter of the *salons* in the *Chaussée d'Antin* during the preceding winter, would have met old familiar faces at every step he took. All Paris was at Malo. When we say *all Paris*, of course we include the *élégants* of Paris—those superb gentlemen, so well known on the *Champ de Mars*, and at the billiard-tables of the Jockey Club, who live so gaily for a short time, no one knows how, astonishing all Paris by the brilliancy of their boots, the whiteness of their linen, and the grandeur of their air, and disappearing by-and-by no one knows where.

At Malo, at the period we mention, there was one of these distinguished individuals, whom everybody knew, though everybody was surprised to see him there. The fact was, that it was universally believed that during the preceding summer he had made a very clean finish of a fine property at the *Café de Paris*, at the opera, and on the race-course at Chantilly, and was now in training for the *Morgue* in some very gloomy garret. What was the surprise of the visitors at St. Malo, when he made his appearance on the promenade as fresh, as gay, as gloriously foppish as ever; white gloves, exquisite boots, *lorgnette*, glossy moustache—nothing in his whole *personnel* betokened aught but prosperity and wealth! He played as deeply at the casino as ever he had done at the Jockey Club, and displayed the same flow of animal spirits, and the same disposition to make jokes and say smart things, that made him "*such a nice young man and so witty*" amongst the young ladies. Every one began to wonder how he had repaired his fortunes, and his sudden resurrection was added, without hesitation, to the already numerous wonders of the world.

The mystery was, however, very soon explained. Two personages of rough exterior made their appearance one morning at his hotel, and inquired for him. Upon receiving a description of them from the waiter, he arose and bolted straightway through the back door, and fetching a compass, came round in front, and flew, rather than ran, towards the beach. The two strangers—let us acknowledge it at once, the two bailiffs—gave chase with tremendous ardour. The whole of the fashionables were out taking their morning walk, and were hugely delighted at the spectacle. Here was a fair prospect for an exciting scene—a full-blown comedy. The first act was begun; the *dénouement* was coming. All rushed towards the hapless wright, expecting to see him surrender at discretion as soon as he reached the water. Not so; as he ran, he began to divest himself of his outer garments, and ere he arrived at low-water mark, his costume—*proh pudor!*—consisted of a pair of bathing drawers, "pure and simple," as his countrymen would say. Without longer delay than was necessary to slip off his boots, he plunged into the foaming tide, and struck out boldly towards the illimitable perspective. The "first circles," all of which were now assembled on the scene of action, were still more delighted. This was the first touch of the emotional that many of their members had met with for some time, notwithstanding a diligent look-out for months previously in various parts of Europe. None, however, were more delighted than the bailiffs. They found themselves suddenly elevated into "*lions*," the observed of all observers; and they felt sure of their prey, for of course he would have to come ashore very speedily. They thought they needed but to wait a few minutes, or but half an hour at most.

But they were too confident. Human affairs are necessarily uncertain. Two hours rolled over without the lively Parisian's giving the slightest evidence of any intention to return to his native shore. He was evidently in his glory though not in his element. The fondest wish of the Frenchman's heart was being gratified—the possession of a fine opportunity for showing

off his accomplishments to an admiring crowd. He was a capital swimmer, and being now put upon his mettle in more senses than one, he floated, he dived, he walked, he swam on his back, swam with one leg in the air, swam on one side, in short, did everything that man could do in the water, and still showed no signs of weariness. The bailiffs, instead of being discouraged by these evolutions, only became more anxious for his capture. This, however, seemed nearly as far away as ever. He was nearly three hours in the water, and was still gamboling like a porpoise or dolphin of lively disposition. Suddenly he turned his head from the shore, and swam rapidly towards the open sea. The public functionaries who were awaiting his return thought this a last attempt to deceive them, and were chuckling at the thought of how quickly he would be undeceived. But they began to be alarmed when they found that he was rapidly disappearing, and was already a mere speck on the blue expanse of waters; and at last they came to the conclusion that he was about to end his career and baffle his creditors by drowning himself, thus killing two birds with one stone. Suddenly he was seen to hail a fishing lugger, and a moment afterwards his white back glittered in the sunlight as he ascended its side. The boat then made sail towards the offing, and was soon lost sight of.

Nothing more was heard of the swimmer for three weeks. He was talked of, to be sure, but before that time had elapsed some more exciting topic had arisen, and he was forgotten. One day, however, the English steamer came alongside the quay at St. Malo, and a family, apparently of distinction, if a huge pile of luggage and a great retinue of servants prove it, disembarked, and what was the astonishment of the inhabitants to see the Parisian exquisite at the head of it, with a charming English girl leaning on his arm, her father and mother following in the rear, and he himself looking as smiling, as elegant, and gorgeously arrayed as ever.

All was soon explained. He had, by large promises, induced the fishermen to convey him to Jersey, and once there, his address did all the rest. His charming air, the air of romance and mystery he threw about his position, carried the shopkeepers by storm. They hastened to rig him out from top to toe in the extreme of the mode, in the full belief that they were gaining a place in the memory of a frolicsome count of high rank, and that his arrival in a strange country, in swimming drawers and a fisherman's jacket, was "a way he had." Once equipped, he sallied forth, and was soon the lion of St. Helier's. Everybody was on tiptoe to invite him to their house. He was flattered, fêted, and caressed. He made the acquaintance of a wealthy merchant then residing there with his family. He soon became a constant visitor at the house, and having, by his pleasing appearance and fascinating manners, secured the affections of one of the daughters, became possessor of her hand, and with it an enormous fortune. He returned to St. Malo in the manner we have described. Inquiries made about him by Mr. P. in Paris were satisfactorily answered by well-wishing friends and were amply sufficient to satisfy any slight doubts that he might have; for with all an Englishman's love for alliance with idle aristocracy, the father, as well as the daughter, was captivated by the Frenchman's brilliant exterior, easy manners, lofty pretensions, and evident familiarity with good society. The fortune restored the Parisian to his old position in society. He paid his debts at St. Malo, and the next day started for Paris, where he was formally united to Miss P. in the bonds of matrimony. The matter furnished a delightful topic for the gossip in the *salon* of the *Chaussée d'Antin* last winter. Much as people were disposed, however, to blame the gentleman for the conduct which had driven him to commit himself as a last resource to the mercy of the treacherous deep, all admired his singular audacity, his surprising address, and wondered at his good fortune. He and his wife are now moving in quite as good circles as those which assembled on the beach at St. Malo to see him take the plunge which was to bring him a happy deliverance or an ignoble end;—and the whole story is simple truth.

THE BEAUCHAMP TOWER IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.

GRAY makes his bard exclaim—

“Ye towers of Julius, London’s lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed.”

nature appeared in darker colours—that nowhere have been seen in clearer light the faithlessness of friends, the brutality of power, the savage hate of foes. There Anne Boleyn and



ROOM IN THE BEAUCHAMP TOWER.

It is more than questionable whether the poet had any right to connect the name of the great Roman with London’s last-

Catherine Howard, the victims of a monarch’s caprice, went to a bloody death. There Lady Jane Grey met her untimely



FIG. 1.

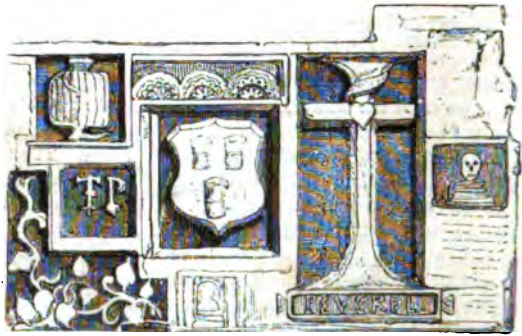


FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.



FIG. 5.

ing shame. It is certain, however, that England’s saddest tragedies have been acted there—that nowhere has poor human

end, so as to shed eternal lustre on her ill-starred life. There is that gate,

“Misnamed, through which before
Went Sidney, Russell, Raleigh, Cranmer, More.”

Those walls tell a fearful tale. In the absence of history, we could read in the Beauchamp Tower the characters of the men and times. So strikingly true is it, as has been observed, that there could be no doubt, for instance, as to the ambition of Edward I. or the weakness of Edward II., the lust of Henry VIII., the bigotry of Mary, or the vanity of Elizabeth, if we possessed no other record than these walls could furnish. The Beauchamp Tower is history. Ages speak to us by it. It records for us the chronicle of the past; it tells what innocence languished here, trusting in God when vain was the help of man—what high hope was here changed into black despair—what proud ambition had here to relinquish a palace for a prison, dreams of empire for stone walls, the throne and the sceptre for the scaffold and the axe.

The Beauchamp Tower, in all probability, derives its name from Thomas de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who was confined in the state prison there, prior to his banishment to the Isle of Man, in 1397. It consists of two stories, ascended by a circular staircase; the lower story was till lately used as the officers' mess-room. In this apartment there are several pointed

men who hoped to be remembered by it for something more than an inglorious captivity and a wretched end. These inscriptions are sad in the extreme; no one can expect they could be otherwise. For instance, what can be more touching than the following:—

"William Rame, 22 die Aprilis, anno 1559.

"Better it is to be in the house of morning than in the house of banquetting.

"The heart of the wyse is in the morning house. It is better to have some chastening than to have over moche libertie.

"There is a tyme for all things; a tyme to be borne and a tyme to dye; and the daye of deathe is better than the daye of birthe.

"There is an ende of all things; and the ende of a thing is better than the begenynge.

"Be wyse and patient in trouble; for wysdom defendith as well as money.

"Use well the tyme of prosperitie, and remember the tyme of mysfortune."

Another inscription, in old Italian, is translated as follows:—

"Since fortune hath chosen that my hope should go to the wind



IANE

IANE

FIG. 6.

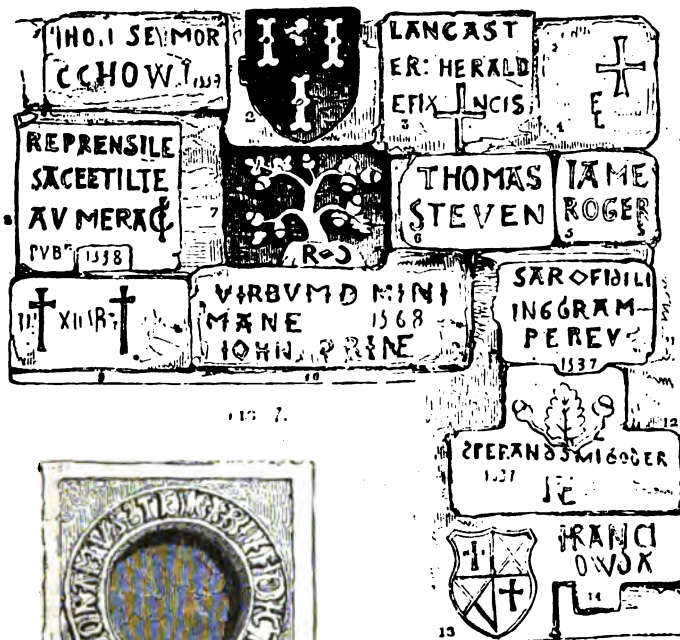


FIG. 8.

arched recesses, originally admitting light into it from narrow embrasures, but these are now blocked up, and windows opened in another part. It is situated on the west side of the Tower. We have said, part of it is the officers' mess-room; part of it is devoted to better purposes, for it is now a repository for the ancient enrolments of chancery, the most valuable, it is said, of the national documents. Of the Tower as a whole little now remains. To what therefore does exist a considerable value attaches. As the English as a nation have not been remarkable for the attention they have paid to such places, it is gratifying to find they are awaking from their apathy, and that the Beauchamp Tower is being restored under the direction of Mr. Salvin, an eminent architect in this department of building. Till recently it has been inaccessible to the public. It was only so late as 1796 that the inscriptions it contains were discovered. Till then, by some means, they had been plastered over; now, when you enter the state prison, memorials of its former inhabitants meet you on every side. Everywhere you see inscriptions, coats of arms, initials cut to wile away a weary hour, or, possibly, to remind posterity of

to complain, I wish the time were destroyed, my planet being ever sorrowful and discontented.

"Wilim Tyrrel, 1541."

The above inscription has the name Charles Bailly cut upon it. In another part of the prison is the following inscription by the same hand:—

"Be friend to one, be enemy to none. Hoping, have patience, A.D. 1571, 10 Sept. The most unhappy man in the world is he that is not patient in adversitie; for men are not killed with the adversitie they have, but with the impatience which they suffer.

Tout vient a point qu'y peult attendre

Gli sospiri ne son testamoni veri dell'angoscia mia.

"Æt. 29, Charles Bailly."

It appears that Charles Bailly, or Bailif, as Camden spells his name, was a person engaged in the services and practices of Mary, Queen of Scots, who, coming over to England, was, at the very moment of his landing, seized and imprisoned. This prisoner was afterwards liberated.

"Thomas Maigh, 1581.

"Thomas Maigh, which lieth here alone,
That fayne wold from hense begon,

By torture strang my troyth was tried,
Yet of my libertie denied.

"1581—Thomas Maigh"

"1585—Thomas Bawdewin—Juli.

"As virtue maketh life,
So sin causeth death."

(A pair of scales.)

Not the least interesting of these marks is the name IANE, (fig. 6), without any ornament in addition: this is supposed to have been cut by the husband of Lady Jane Grey during his imprisonment. The beautifully designed and well executed sculpture (fig. 3), is the work of John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, eldest son of John Dudley, the ambitious Duke of Northumberland, and brother to Lord Guilford who was executed.

It will be seen, by a reference to the engraving, that the shield containing the lion, bear, and ragged staff is surrounded by a border composed of oak sprigs and acorns, honeysuckles, and another plant which we have not been able to find a name for. The inscription is as follows:—

"Yow that these beast do wh. behold and se,
May deme with ease wherefore here made they be,
With borders eke wherein
From brothers names who list to search the ground."

The unfinished line may be filled up with the words "there may be found."

Mr. Bailey, in his history of the Tower, says, "The names of the four brothers were Ambrose, Robert, Guilford, and Henry; and taking it for granted that the pun, which is evidently couched under the above lines, has an allusion to them, we may conjecture that the roses, separated in one corner, are meant for the name of Ambrose, his next eldest brother; the elucidation of the remaining part of this singular device may be left as an interesting puzzle."

We would suggest that the acorns may possibly have been intended for the first letter of Ambrose's name; the roses for the R in Robert; the honeysuckle for the H in Henry; and perhaps some ingenious reader will enable us to apply the remaining flowers to the G in Guilford.

Another inscription (fig. 7) is the following:—

"Verbum Domini manet,
1568.
John Prine."

The date, as well as the words of this inscription, renders it highly probable that the person who made it was some priest of the Roman Catholic communion.

The words, "Saro Fideli. Ingram Percy" (fig. 7), were written by the third son of Henry V., Earl of Northumberland. There is every reason to believe that he was implicated in the northern rebellion, for which his brother, Sir Thomas Percy, was executed, with several others, in the month of June, 1532. He appears to have been pardoned, and to have died about the latter end of the following year.

The inscription "A. F. Page" (fig. 1), relates to Francis Page, who, after studying the municipal laws in England, went abroad, and being ordained priest, returned as a missionary into his own country. He resided for the most part with Mrs. Anne Lane, a widow gentlewoman; and being at last seized, he was condemned to die, and was executed at Tyburn in the year 1601. Mrs. Lane was also persecuted and suffered death for entertaining him.

The name of Peveril is met with in several parts of the prison; one in connexion with sculptures of a cross and shield of arms, on which are three wheat-sheaves, the armorial bearings of the Peverils of Derbyshire (fig. 2); again at the bottom of a partly defaced Latin inscription, cut round a border of a horse-shoe shape (fig. 8); and also at the bottom of the inscription (fig. 1). The history of this prisoner is not known; but it is no doubt owing to the sight of these inscriptions that we are indebted for the suggestion of the novel of "Peveril of the Peak." The scene in another part of the Tower, described in the "Fortunes of Nigel," has also been evidently studied on spot.

The inscriptions are so numerous, that it is difficult to select from them; here is, however, one we cannot pass over—

"He whom this place will not mend,
Was bad before and worse will end."

Above the fire-place is an inscription by the Duke of Norfolk, who aspired to the hand of Mary, Queen of Scots. Scattered here and there are the names of several eminent nonconformists (fig. 4), who suffered at Tyburn and elsewhere, amongst them Dr. Cook.

Elsewhere we meet with the record, "1576, Thomas Fooll." Below this is a rude piece of sculpture by Thomas Willyngar, without date, which consists of a bleeding heart with the letters T. W., the initials of his own name, on the one side, and P. A., most likely those of his mistress, on the other. There is also a figure of Death holding a dart in the left hand, and an hour-glass in the right; and on the opposite side of the bleeding heart are the words "Thomas Willyngar, goldsmith."

"My hart is yours tel dethe."

Passing over several inscriptions of little interest, we come to the following inscription:—

"Thomas Roper,
1570.

Per passage penable passions a part pleasant."

This person was, probably, a descendant of the Ropers in Kent, one of whom married Margaret, the accomplished daughter of Sir Thomas More.

Our space obliges us to refrain from noticing other inscriptions of much interest; we cannot, however, pass over, without a few words, that of Thomas Abell (fig. 5), who, on the authority of Dodd, was educated at Oxford, where he completed his degrees in arts in the year 1516, and, proceeding in divinity, became a doctor of that faculty. He was a man of learning, a great master of instrumental music, and well skilled in modern languages. These qualifications introduced him at court, and he became domestic chaplain to Queen Catherine of Arragon, wife of Henry VIII., and had the honour of serving her majesty in the capacity above-mentioned. When the validity of the marriage between Henry and Catherine became a question, the affection which Dr. Abell bore towards his mistress led him into the controversies to which it gave rise, and he opposed the divorce both by words and writings. By giving in to the delusions of Elizabeth Barton, called the Holy Maid of Kent, he incurred a misprision, and afterwards was condemned and executed in Smithfield, July 30, 1540, together with Dr. Edward Powell and Dr. Richard Featherstone, for denying the king's supremacy, and affirming his marriage with Queen Catherine to be good.

HAMBURG.

IN about fifty hours after leaving the Custom House, supposing you go from London by one of the mail steamers, you may find yourself in Hamburg, one of the busiest of continental towns. Two things will at once convince you that you are in a foreign land—the unaccountable absence of docks, and the style of the houses, which are old-fashioned, and full of windows. The part of the town through which a stranger is first conducted leaves anything but a favourable impression. You wind your way along streets narrow and dark, with, in winter, a channel in their centre for every kind of abomination, and across canals full of stagnant impurities, and, of necessity, pregnant with disease. In a little time, however, the part of the town rebuilt since the fire is reached, and the scene is completely changed. Long rows of lofty, handsome, white brick or stucco houses, with an external cleanliness we look for in vain in the smoke and fog of London, present a really commanding appearance. In taste and splendour—indeed, in everything but size—the shops in the Nieuw Wall may challenge a comparison with those of Regent-street itself. On the Jungferstien, where the beauty and fashion of Hamburg delight to congregate, some really princely hotels are to be

found. There, on a summer evening, one may wile away many a delicious hour listening to the music that bursts forth from many a gay and glittering pavilion, or that floats across the Alster, a magnificent piece of water in the centre of the town, as a crew of light hearts, with pleasure at the helm, give themselves up to the balmy influence of the hour. Does the traveller wish for refreshment. Let him then enter the Alster pavilion, by which in imagination we have placed him. There he will find the best of everything, whether it be a glass of liqueur or a cup of coffee, a slice of that German delicacy, raw ham, or a plate of confectionary, served up by pleasant, good-looking Swiss waiters with green aprons, with a promptness and civility that would not disgrace Jeames himself. There also he will find that which is so much needed in England, the wife and sister joining in the relaxations of their male companions, drinking coffee and eating sweetmeats, and by their presence giving a tone and character to the rougher sex ever to be desired. It were well if the same mixing of the sexes in their amusements and leisure hours were to be found at home.

But our coffee is drunk and our sweetmeats are eaten. We have seen nearly all the town, but not its glory and its pride. With the exception of a magnificent Exchange and the Johanneum Library, in which Luther's Bible is to be seen, Hamburg has but little to boast of in the way of public buildings; but she has that which is better than lofty domes and Corinthian columns—she has that which is more intimately connected with the people's weal and the glory of the state. In 1814, when the English mind was as yet ignorant of sanitary reform—long before Charles James Thackeray had demonstrated, to the ineffable delight of a black-draught-drinking and blue-pill-devouring generation, that every trade was a short cut from this world to the next—when Dr. Southwood Smith had but just been breeched, and Mr. Chadwick could not write his own name in a decent manner, and much less a report—at that very time the Hamburg people threw down the fortifications by which their town had been defended, and turned them into pleasure walks, which in the summer are a favourite resort amongst all classes of citizens; and well may they be so, for not many towns have such delightful promenades—in but few towns are the inhabitants thus wooed to the enjoyment of the means of health.

We have thus gone through the town. We can then go through Altona to Blankenese, a distance of about ten miles, passing the village of Ottensen, memorable because there sleeps, till the resurrection morn, Klopstock, the father of German song. Our way lies along a road lined with villas, which, in the summer time especially, have a very inviting appearance; and every now and then we shall have a romantic view of the Elbe, with its merchant ships and steam-vessels at our feet, and the low ground of Hanover stretching far away till it is lost in the horizon. Altona belongs to Denmark, but its merchants trade on the Hamburg exchange. It may be considered as the Wapping of its more powerful and richer neighbour; yet part of the town contains a street, the Pall Mall as it is called, which is much grander and prettier than Portland-place. Every reader of Campbell knows his verses to the far-famed Jewish maid of Altona; and there may yet be seen maidens with soft dark eyes and raven hair, whose charms a poet might love to sing. Of the Hamburg fair, we regret to write that we cannot speak of them in the terms we should wish to employ. There are beautiful women occasionally to be seen, but most of them are foreigners—of these, many are English—though the frozen north and the glowing south each contribute their share. The Hamburg Germans are, certainly, not a fine race; neither their stature nor their physiognomy strikes the stranger favourably. The men walk well; they are all drilled. Not a shoemaker or scavenger lives in the town but he has "followed to the field his warlike lord." One thing the stranger notices at once is the immense number of deformed people that are met with in the streets. With an impudence really amusing, they describe these wretched objects as afflicted with *Englischen Krankheit*, or English disease; nevertheless, the streets have a

very lively appearance. The population of the town, we believe, is nearly 200,000. The trade, of which the principal is in our hands, amounts to about £20,000,000 a year. Hamburg is the great depôt of commerce for the north of Europe. It is the highway for travellers as well, so that we may readily imagine there are always large numbers of people from different countries arriving and departing—all which creates variety and animation. Then, again, the mechanics and the peasants yet retain peculiar dresses, and some of them exceedingly picturesque, as the mark of their respective conditions. For instance, the maid servant walks out with no bonnet, and carries under her arm a basket covered by a gay shawl, whether she has any need for it or not. The *vierländerin*, with her breast sparkling with red and gold, often has a gayer appearance than the flowers she exposes for sale. The signs painted over the doors of the shops—the variety of costumes—the old houses and narrow ways—show that, notwithstanding the excitement of commerce, the spirit of the past still lingers in the streets of Hamburg. Society in Hamburg is much like society elsewhere. There is the same amount of scandal and gossip. Perhaps the young lady is more watched than in England; you can only manage to have a word with your charmer at the ball, and in walking the streets it is a breach of good manners to offer her your arm. Such a step is only permitted to those who have the happiness to be betrothed. The citizens rise early, and take a cup of coffee, which lasts them till twelve, when a substantial breakfast fortifies the stomach against the advances of hunger. The morning is chiefly spent in the comptoir. At one, every one flocks to the Bourse, which then presents a very animated scene. In consequence of the negotiations there effected, the wools of Silesia and Breslau find their way into the warehouses of Leeds and Bradford. Hamburg is a commercial city, not a literary one. There are in it but few literary men; of the latter, Dr. Lappenburg is the most widely known to English readers. But to Hamburg, merchants, not students, mostly resort. The men who live there are generally more intent on dollars than degrees. There is a good library at the Johanneum, and a very respectable commercial one at the Change, to either of which admissions can be procured with little difficulty. But you may seek long in Hamburg ere you will find men who believe that learning is better than houses or lands. This, however, is no peculiarity; since the draper at York became the Railway King, we fear this class in England has become extinct.

The most memorable event in the history of Hamburg, was the fire, which broke out in a narrow street called the Deich Strasse, on the 5th of May, 1842, and which continued till the midday of Sunday, May 8th, leaving a space of ground nearly a mile in length, and in one part half a mile wide, covered with smouldering ruins. The number of streets and places totally destroyed was forty-eight, comprising two thousand houses, or one-fifth of the total number of houses in that city. Thirty thousand persons were rendered houseless. The number of persons who died during the fire we have seen estimated at fifty. The total loss was about six or seven millions sterling. Though public order was suspended, little excess was committed by the mob. When three English engineers undertook to stop the progress of the fire by blowing up a few houses with gunpowder, some ignorant men spread a report that the English had set fire to the town, and they were ill-treated in consequence. Some robberies also were committed, but the fire did good. It created a handsome town where before there was nothing but old houses and narrow streets. It also taught the citizens such a salutary lesson, that no town in the world can rival it for the perfection of its arrangements in case of fire.

In 1816, Hamburg joined the German confederation as a free Hanseatic city. It is ruled by a senate of its own. Its national religion is Lutheran, but the English are permitted to have a church and chapel of their own. Its charitable institutions are on a princely scale: its Orphan Home is famed all over Europe.*

* An account of this institution may be found in vol. i. p. 38.

A WATCH OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Our design represents a watch invented by Beaumarchais in the seventeenth century. It is accompanied by the key, seal, and chain, and is a very interesting specimen of horology at that period. In those days watches were formed after the strangest possible fashion, sometimes like an acorn, at others like an olive, a shell in a Latin cross; watchmakers racked their brains to devise a new, and in most cases, incommodious article, something that should be the most costly and at the same time the most conspicuous. Utility and convenience were things they did not consider in those good old times. There is a watch of Oliver Cromwell's still preserved, which is

new plan, and by some slight alterations to make it his own. Hardly he maintained his pretensions to originality; Caron indignantly protested; Paris was divided between the two claimants: the matter was referred to the Academy of Science. The evidence was very carefully prepared, and examined with the utmost attention. After a most minute inquiry, the illustrious company declared that Pierre Augustin Caron was the inventor of the escapement, and pronounced their decision entirely in his favour.

This was the first step and the first triumph of Beaumarchais. He profited by the opportunity afforded him, in being



WATCH AND APPENDAGES OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

about as cumbrous a machine as one could well imagine, but which was doubtless once considered a very fine specimen.

In the eighteenth century the watchmaker Lepine invented a new method of regulating watches. It was a grand secret. His fame and fortune were both made. Watches constructed on the new principle were called Lepine watches. At the same time a young man, Pierre Augustin Caron, after much labour and expense, produced a new method of escapement, one which was remarkable for its completeness and simplicity, and which created a great sensation among all the watchmakers of that epoch.

When Lepaute, another skilful horologer, knew of the escapement of young Caron, he set to work to modify the

called as a witness upon the trial, to exhibit his own skill in horology; and so well pleased was Louis XV., that he named him henceforth as his watchmaker. Beaumarchais was employed in the construction of a watch for Madame de Pompadour, which was the admiration of all the court. He had now the means of bringing forward his own improvements, and his unrivalled skill and constant perseverance rendered very great service to the art of horology, both in his days and in ours.

In our engraving three views are given of one of those watches for which Beaumarchais was so justly celebrated. They present, together with the chain and other appurtenances, a very beautiful appearance, being richly engraved after the fashion of the period.

MEDITERRANEAN STEAMBOATS.

THE events which are occurring in the east of Europe are calculated to bring into increased notice the efforts made to provide the Mediterranean with efficient steam navigation. Hitherto, these efforts have not been crowned with as much success as might be desired. To say nothing of the very defective character of the boats and crews in the pay of the Turkish government, even the French and English steamers have been found wanting in many of those requisites which encourage travelling. Hitherto their mode of construction has not generally been such as to make them fit for competing with the splendid vessels which carry on the American trade. But much has been done, and is still doing, in the way of improvement.

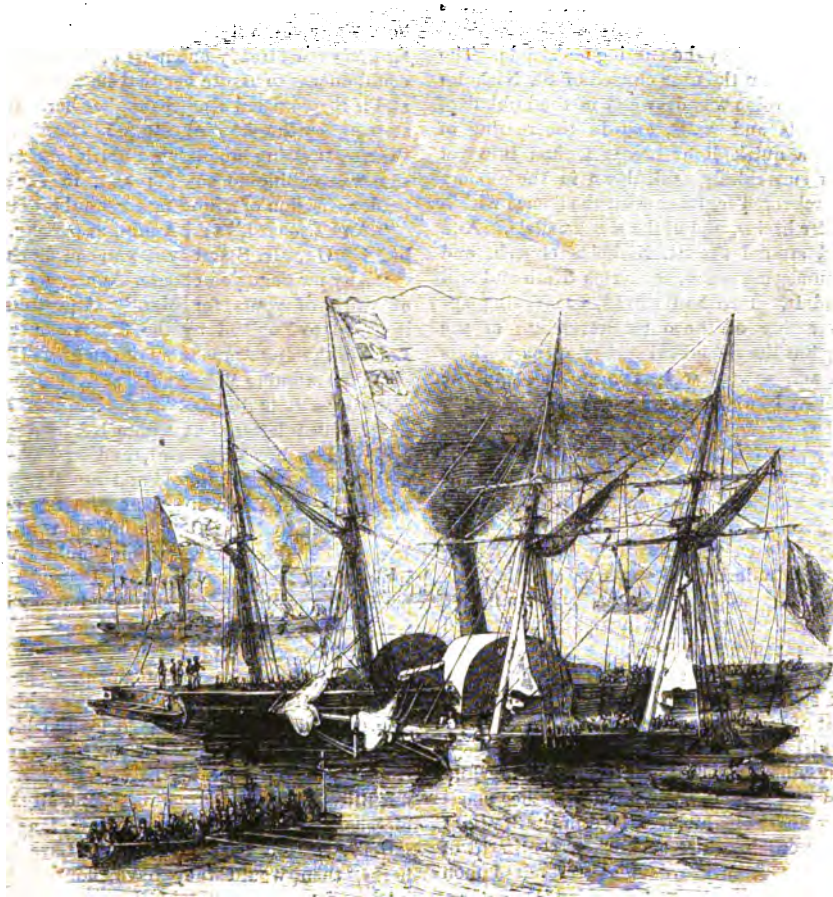
One of the best steamers that ever entered the Mediterranean was the "Vassitei Tidjaret," built for the Sultan, or rather

was, however, of little use, for she was soon in about the same state as an Irish swine-boat, or a Newcastle collier, says an English traveller, who was on board of her for some time.*

An Armenian proposed, directly he saw her, to make her a transport ship for horse-beans, as a yacht was useless to the Sultan, who could not leave "his womens."

The vessel was unlucky the first time she went out, knocked her flag-staff against the bowsprit of a frigate, or something of that sort, and her fate was sealed. No Turk would go aboard of her again. There was a *kismet* against her.

Several of the steamers employed by England, France, and the Austrian Lloyds are splendid boats, and there is some talk of putting some such vessels on the line as the "Argo," belonging to the General Screw Steam Navigation Company, a vessel which went round the world, 27,900 miles, in 112



MEDITERRANEAN STEAMBOATS.

for his mother, the Sultan Validé, by Messrs. White of Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, and fitted up under the active superintendence of Mr. Edward Zohrab, the Turkish consul.

It was a graceful, beautiful vessel, with admirable engines by Messrs. Maudslayi, the eminent English engineers. She was in every respect a very different affair from the old "Hilton Jolliffe," the first steamer ever seen by the Turks, who, along the coast as she steamed up, were as alarmed as the Hindus on the Ganges. The formidable novelty was afterwards purchased by the Sultan, and for many years was the only steamer in the Ottoman Empire.

On the first voyage of the "Vassitei Tidjaret" she took in recruits at Smyrna for Constantinople. She was the first taint the beautiful vessel had. It took all the hands and a dozen Maltese, with brooms, buckets, and holers, and tons of water, to get rid of the dirt and vermin that had got on board. The clearing

days, and rode out a fearful storm without some of the passengers being disturbed from their peaceful slumbers.

The time is soon coming when vessels will run, without stopping, a distance of 6,000 miles at a speed of 20 miles per hour. Already, the West India Company's steamer "La Plata" has run 4,000 miles at 12 miles an hour, in a most tempestuous ocean.

No man who remembers what human ingenuity and skill have effected will venture to fix any limits to the future progress of mankind in scientific discovery or mechanical improvement. We only hope, whatever discoveries and improvements are made, may be as beneficial to mankind as those connected with steam navigation.

The vessels designed above are a recent addition to the Mediterranean service.

* Macfarlane: "Turkey and its Destiny," 1848.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER VI., PART II.

A TURMOIL of men surged around the nearer end of the bridge, seeking to stop the fatal progress of the fire. The houses connecting the bridge with the street, in which the Stamboyse warehouse stood, were blown up with gunpowder. The horror, the tumult, increased with every hour; but as yet the warehouse of the wealthy Stamboys stood untouched.

And hour after hour passed by, and Stamboyse with Agnes at his side stood working in the chain. No words were uttered by either. All consciousness seemed lost, except for the one absorbing anxiety—the putting a check upon the devouring flames. Before the eyes of Agnes rose the vision of the helpless beings within the court-yard—the weeping children—the sick. What vision rose up before the inward eye of the stern old merchant? Let us believe, for the sake of the divine spark implanted within each human breast, that it was some other object than the salvation of his bales of lace and stockings.

Time passed over uncounted by the surging multitude. The hoarse voice of the bell from the near church of St. Nicholas tolled the hours; but its voice was drowned in the hubbub of cries and crashing roofs and walls, and in the roaring of panting flame which a quick light breeze fanned into yet wilder fury; and the sun calmly sank down in the gloomy western sky, and was mirrored together with the flames within the waters of the Alster basins, and of the many canals. And now flames wreathed around the St. Nicholas church, and its tower fell with thundering crash, scattering death and still deeper horror around it. Fire had seized, as evening approached, upon the corner of the outer warehouse of the house of Stamboyse; but the redoubled energy of the workers had kept it under; and now it was extinguished, and the flames, as if wafted away by the wing of some guardian angel, turned to devour elsewhere.

Agnes, in after years, referring to this moment, was heard to say that she suddenly became aware of her own identity when the flames sank and the immediate danger was passed, and that she, feeling a sudden weakness overwhelm her, was caught round the waist and sustained from falling under the feet of the multitude by a strong arm, and that this was the arm of old Stamboyse. "My whole soul," pursued she, "seemed to have poured itself forth in silent, yet frenzied prayer, for aid from heaven for those poor souls. All personal danger was unheeded, all physical exhaustion, during those long hours of strained anxiety." Stamboyse at that moment also came out of his rapt trance, and his eyes became aware of the young girl standing at his side drenched with water; her black hair fallen upon her shoulders, her face white as a corpse, and rigid as a statue. And as he saw her small white hands, upon one finger of which glittered in the fire-light a slender ring, hanging on the water-buckets, a sentiment of tenderness, unknown since his early love of his sister, seized upon him, and his heart opened and received her into its depths.

But we must hasten over this portion of our story. The fire had passed in its fury across this portion of the city, leaving wreck, ruin, and death behind it. Few were the buildings which escaped besides the warehouses of the Stamboyses. Smouldering ruins were revealed in this quarter of the city when the sun arose next morning, whilst the flames were still devouring like hungry demons all before them as they hastened forward. The cry went through Hamburg that the judgment day had arrived, and that all would perish. But the miseries of the great fire at Hamburg we will not here dilate upon, further than as they concern our story. Stamboyse and Agnes, as if united by this vast calamity, throughout that night did noble deeds of love and piety to numbers of miserable homeless beings who took refuge within the asylum so marvellously preserved. And thus did Stamboyse break his vow, registered long years ago, "to root out utterly all human love from his disappointed heart."

"But Agnes—that is your name, is it not?—you must now

return to England; I insist upon it; I dare not permit you to remain longer in this doomed city. You have already done far more than your strength can sustain. All that can be done more for these miserable people shall be done—trust in me. Such great afflictions truly open the hearts of men; they do more to prove the fact of universal brotherhood, as you remarked, than all the democratic orations in the world." And Stamboyse insisted upon Agnes reposing herself for a short space in such accommodation as the awful time afforded. The tenderness which the old man lavished upon her remained deeply impressed upon her soul, and will continue to be remembered until the latest hour of her life. He learnt from her her own anxiety regarding the precious manuscripts left at the hotel; had it been possible, he would have hastened himself to ascertain their safety and bring them to her. But the flames were roaring on in their fatal career in the very direction of the hotel—nay, even flying rumours reached them that the *Jungfernstieg* was already one mass of flames. All that Stamboyse could do was to assure her that he would seek after the papers, and if they existed send them after her. He insisted upon her starting by the steamer the next morning; accompanied her thither, pressing upon her a much larger sum of money than she was willing to accept; and, in short, did all that the tender affection of a kind father would dictate.

"And Leonard," said Agnes, at parting, "what message to him? Oh, Mr. Stamboyse, you can forgive!—"

"Any message you choose, Agnes, for the sake of his love of you—of yours for him." And thus Agnes Singleton returned to England by the first steamer which brought to London the disastrous news of the great Hamburg fire.

On the morning after Agnes' arrival, upon Leonard's mantel-piece lay a note directed in the hand of Agnes; no longer a far-travelled letter, but a note left by a messenger. Leonard hesitated to break the seal, and he looked long and with a moody gaze upon that bold and rapidly-indited address. He paced up and down his room; he felt as though his doom were about to burst thundering over him. Where was the winged impulse of Love which should have transformed him into a very Hermes of speed? Instead of words of joyous, passionate welcome, his disturbed fancy hissed around him words of bitter reproach and reproof, and cold, stern eyes glittered hatefully in his imagination, like the fiery swords of the angels of Rebuke and Judgment. The secret voice of self-contempt also raised its bitter cry—his very life seemed frozen within him. Having so long yielded to morbid weakness, having so long permitted weeds to spring up unchecked from the rich soil of his nature, they now had choked the fair lilies and the gorgeous roses, and all the tender herbs and blossoms were dragged down into a tangle of confusion and misery. "Had only the gardener Love but tended the fair herbs, then would they have flourished and waxed into mighty forest trees," said the voice of self-excuse. "The gardener Duty was ever ready at his post, even were Love absent," whispered the voice of conscience; "but thou turnedst away and wouldst not heed his advice. Behold the desolation of thy garden! were Love even to return, the garden would know him not."

"Dearest Leonard," ran the note, written in pencil and with a great haste visible in each word, "I am come back to surprise you—I have much, very much, of vital importance to communicate. I cannot write more—but come! you must not delay.—Yours, A. S."

Did Leonard expect his betrothed on the wings of love? No. The words jarred his every nerve. He paced up and down his room in misery. He pulled forth a sketch which he had long ago suggested to him by the sharpened features of little Cuthbert, as he saw him lying day after day on his couch. The sketch represented an aged woman, as it were to some far off shrine, lying dead at the foot of an ancient cross. She had come up

through the land of graves and of gloom. A sea stretched out beyond the barren place of sepulchre, and the uprising sun cast beams of light upon the waters and upon the sharpened rigid face of the dead. "The End of the Pilgrimage" was written beneath the sketch. As Leonard drew the recollection of little Cuthbert's sad white face, in which the simplicity of the child mingled so awfully with the expression of a life's pain and anxiety,—that face, stamped with the mystic and unmistakable print of death upon the hollow eyes and skeleton-like profile, rose up before his soul, and blinded his eyes with tears, whilst a mighty longing seized him to soothe even for one hour that little pilgrim touching upon the threshold of the awful unknown. "Oh! why in the sight of the All-seeing One do I dare with base untruth to simulate a love which I do *not* feel?" cried out the nobler nature of Leonard. "It is love which binds my soul to this poor child; there is no deception in that, and now it speaks in these burning tears, in the mighty pity, in the unappeasable longing to soothe him, to clasp that tiny transparent hand, in the thought which makes his departure such unutterable pain. In the presence of the purified soul of this little pilgrim sunk at the foot of his cross, for whom the morning of immortality is about to break, let me gird up the loins of my resolution; let me shake off the fetters of a mean slavery; let me not do a base injustice to the woman whom I have once thought I loved. *She* does not love; thus her suffering, if she should suffer, will be but the sufferings of a wounded pride; and justice and nobility of soul Agnes possesses, if not *love*. The very words too of her note may have reference to some communication of her own relative to this very subject. Let me save her the pain; let me take the burden upon myself."

A transient gleam of energy shot forth through Leonard, and hastily laying aside his sketch, he seized his hat and went forth towards the Gaywoods', intending to sit a little while beside Cuthbert's sofa, and then proceed to Agnes.

The formation of a resolve, even be it a painful one, has something in itself so healthful, that body as well as spirit are braced by it as by a fresh breeze from the ocean. Leonard walked along with a step almost buoyant; even the suburban trees and shrubs, and the blue May heaven arching over the roofs of houses, sent a waft of hope to his spirit.

The carriage of Dr. S. was standing before the Gaywoods' little gate, and that benevolent man himself was descending the steps as Leonard reached them. A peculiarly grave expression upon his countenance fell upon Leonard's heart with a sad foreboding—a cloud suddenly overcast the transient gleam.

"Poor little Cuthbert," said Dr. S., "I fear will not remain many days, if hours, with us. Miss Gaywood you will find much distressed. It seems also that her sister has always believed that the child must ultimately recover. I grieve that at this trying moment, when Miss Gaywood herself has so much to endure, there should be the necessity for her to inflict this fresh pain upon her sister. But I am sure they will wish to see you, Mr. Hale," pursued Dr. S., as Leonard, with a mingling of delicacy and cowardly shrinking from the sight of their hopeless misery, was about to turn from the door. "Little Cuthbert was asking for you whilst I was there; he seems extraordinarily attached to you. What a dreadful shock will this be to the poor child's father."

In the passage Lucretia encountered Leonard, her face was bathed with tears. "Dear, dear Leonard!" she ejaculated, "you will guess the sad news. How thankful am I to see you! Go in to the beloved child; he has had a wretched night, and in the delirious dreams which tortured him, was unceasingly conversing with you as though he were a grown man. A man?—what do I say?—as though he were a seraph! Oh, he loves you so much, so much, you can comfort and cheer him as we cannot, for he always has loved you more than he has loved us. Oh, I thank God that he sent you to us. I cannot yet come in, Leonard; the dear child cannot bear to see me weeping, and cuts me to the soul by his words of comfort. I must tell poor Mary the dreadful truth; she never has listened, for one moment, to a

hint of the possibility of Cuthbert's dying. How can I prepare her and strengthen her to endure the blow? But go in, dear friend: stay with Cuthbert till I return."

Leonard found the child lying, as usual, upon his sofa, with his books, his little drawings, his flowers about him; but he was thinner, more spectral—the terrible fever of the night had been doing its fatal work rapidly.

"Dear, dear friend," cried the child, opening his heavy eyelids as Leonard softly unclosed the door, and stretching forth his arms eagerly towards him, "I felt you were coming. I've seen you all night, and we have been so happy, for we both were in heaven, and you were much happier than now; and we were gathering flowers such as do not even grow in dear India. I know they are all unhappy because I am going to die. I know Dr. S. told dear aunty Lucretia so, and I do wish I could comfort them—make them feel as happy as I do. I'm not unhappy now as I was when I came away from papa and dear India; or as I have been at school when I have quarreled with the boys and felt angry and bad. Do comfort them—you always have comforted me—you talk so beautifully, and are so gentle and kind. Oh, I do love you, dear," and the child raised his thin arms and encircled Leonard's neck as upon that first night when they met; and his little parched lips kissed again and again Leonard's bowed face. "Don't you also be sad, dear," said the child anxiously, as Leonard averted his face seeking to repress his emotion. "I'm sure we never shall be parted. Dear, dear man, don't be sad; I've a deal to say to you; sit down beside me, dear; take hold of my hand—there: that does me good. I've not much pain now. I've not had pain now for a long time, that is so nice, only I am so faint, and am not certain of all that I say; but I do not now trouble you, dear aunts, by being so fretful. Oh, it's you, dear. I feel—ah—I want to ask you something. I have known a long time—oh, long before aunt Lucretia, that I was going away, and have thought a great deal of dear Christ's words about dying, though I did not like to talk with people of what I knew, for it made them cry; but as I have lain upon the cushion, dear, beneath the trees and the sky, and you have talked or read so beautifully to me—all those words came clear to me—and oh, many, many things which I *can't* tell you even! And often, when you have thought me asleep, I've been thinking upon these things; how happy, how lovely those days were. Oh, how I do love you, dear! But one thing I have often, often thought of, and it makes me very unhappy. I do pray God will forgive me! I saw one day, when I first went to the school, a poor old man who was quite lame, and he hopped along in a very funny fashion; and I laughed quite loud, and began to hop as he did, and all the boys clapped their hands and laughed, and hopped also—the poor old man was very much hurt; was it not wrong; was it not wicked? I have so often thought of this since I was lame. I would give a great, great deal to ask that poor lame man to forgive me. I know now what a sad thing it is to be lame. I've always looked about for him when I was well enough to go out in my little carriage. But I feel better since I've told you, dear friend—but don't you ever be cruel—be unkind; it is a deal worse than death. I'm glad you are here, keep fast hold of my hand. I'm tired now, I'll sleep—only don't move from me—I do so love you." Leonard leaned his head upon one hand, whilst the other grasped the boy's little fingers.

What strange visions may now have flitted ghost-like before the spirit of the child as it journeyed along the dim Valley of the Shadow of Death? Sunlight fell upon the rigid features—and birds and butterflies flitted about without on joyous pinions, and the cries of merry, robust children at play came into the still room through the open window! But the senses of little Cuthbert seemed already closed to all sound and sights of earth.

And what strange and doleful visions arose now before the spirit of poor Leonard? Let us not seek to enter the torture chamber of that poor soul, where once more the rack, and the flame, and the pincers, and the saw were at their fearful labour. The child's placid but sharpened countenance lay

statue-like upon the pillow, the face seeming to mature in its expression as hour after hour passed over. Lucretia and having performed her painful task of preparing Mary for the sad climax approaching in the dear child, looked into the



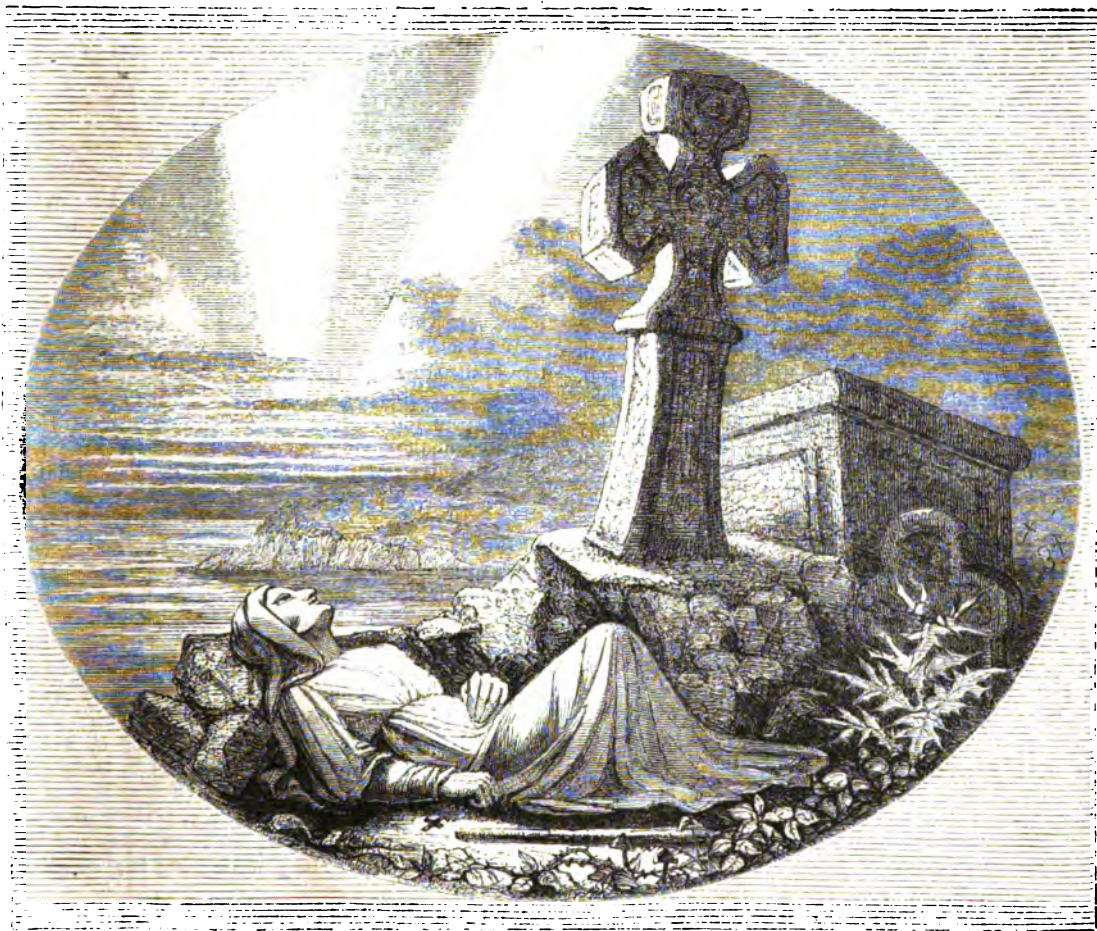
THE DEATH OF LITTLE CUTHBERT.

Mary, recalling the face in after years, always remembered it as the face of a youth and not of a child. At length, Lucretia room, and there still sate Leonard, with bowed head, grasping the little hand. She silently breathed a prayer, and gazing

with swimming eyes, glided forth again to seek poor Mary, who in an agony of grief was pacing up and down the straight walk of the little garden.

Mary's joyous and hopeful nature, in which life was so strong and beautiful, must endure a great struggle before the thought of death is a reality. To her, until now, that great schoolmaster in the School of Life—Death—had read no lesson. And she, hearing his stern, relentless accents, finds the lesson one too hard to be believed. A fresh and unimagined consciousness of evil—sweet, joyous Mary—has entered into thy life, as pacing and weeping restlessly up and down that straight gravel walk, thou seekest to understand these mournful accents. Henceforth, at times of greatest joy and security, their echo will resound through thy heart, and a horror will have entered into thy soul, which will lurk behind each beautiful beloved form and feature.

What matters the loss of her long-worked-for papers! The awful sights and sounds of that terrible day and night, the glow of human sympathy which had electrified her being, cast all personal loss into nothingness. "Oh, if he would but come—quick! quick!" cried the excited girl; "why did I not more urgently word my note? but words upon lifeless paper sound so flat—so powerless; he must have been from home—let me seek to calm myself; but every nerve still vibrates,—my ears still resound with the crash and the cries of that dreadful scene. My eyes, if they close, mirror back that whirling chaos of flame and vapour and swaying multitudes. Oh, Leonard! Leonard! why do you not come? I long to hold your hand, and to assure myself that I am sane—that I possess a peaceful, a calm haven of rest. If there be communion of soul, you must—you must listen to my cry!" And Agnes, with excited hands, pushed back the hair from her



THE END OF THE PILGRIMAGE.

CHAPTER VII.

Again the voice spake unto me,
Thou art so steeped in misery,
Surely 'twere better not to be.

Alfred Tennyson.

Guess now who holds thee? Death, he said. But there
The silver answer rang, "Not Death but Love."

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

It is the morning of Agnes' arrival, and whilst Leonard sits holding the hand of the dying child, steeped in bitterest despair, self-contempt, and distrust of Agnes' love, poor Agnes waits with longing, listening, breathless impatience for Leonard. What joy to convince him by the greeting of love, brought from his uncle, that *his* interest, *his* happiness, have been a quickening thought in her soul during a long absence.

throbbing temples, and with clasped hands, standing by the window, gazed with fixed searching eyes and listening ear. But hour after hour went by, and no Leonard arrived.

"Do you say that Mr. Hale left home at eleven *after* he received my note?" asked Agnes, with a forced calmness, from a servant whom she questioned in the course of the afternoon; no Leonard having arrived, and poor Agnes, after tortures of anxiety, impatience, and indignation, having once more despatched her messenger to Leonard's lodging.

"Yes, miss, Mrs. Buddle said she put the note upon Mr. Hale's chimney-piece, and she saw Mr. Hale reading it a long time as she was a fetching the breakfast-tray out, and then Mr. Hale had painted a bit, and took his hat and went out. She says she did wonder how he could stop painting just as usual, so quiet-like, after he got a letter from you, miss, and you just come back; but gentlemen, says she, is so—"

"That will do," coldly and sternly interrupted Agnes, and the gossiping woman withdrew to gossip to her heart's content below stairs.

Every word had been torture to Agnes. The door closed. Agnes clenching her hands together, for a moment stood white and rigid as a statue, then sunk her clenched hands upon the table, and falling to the floor upon her knees, buried her face in her hands—a heart-piercing low moan bursting from her lips; and so for a space she knelt. No tears flowed from beneath the burning eyelids. The moment had arrived when spontaneously, irrevocably, her soul severed itself from Leonard. "Henceforth he shall be as one dead to me," spoke the inward voice within Agnes' heart: "what miserable weakness to permit a phantom, a mere love of an ideal Leonard, to devour my life, my happiness, my career! God be praised, life is rich in a thousand ways! Yet—yet to have possessed in Leonard the unutterably dear friend whom I have dreamed—to have been all in all to him—to have been doubly strong in each other, I in him and he in me! Oh, what joy, what deep, deep, blessed joy! But, alas, alas! that cruel voice which has ever whispered of his coldness—his carelessness; that, *that* was the truth. No, *he* never burned with the ardour of *my* love. No fire of devoted passion burned within his heart! But *that* fire smoulders within my heart ready to leap forth into a mighty conflagration: but it shall not kill—destroy,—it shall, O Father in heaven, through Thy aid, flame forth only to kindle noble love and devotion in other hearts. My work in the world shall be wrought out alone through this mighty love—if shall be my husband, my beloved. Father, I thank Thee that I am snatched away from the brink of a great misery—from this treachery: for the sake of this strongest impulse of the soul and being, I can crush all tender thoughts of a cruel phantom. Leonard does not and *never* loved me; this I see clear as the sun. Thus am I severed from him, and he from me. I pray heaven I forget him—I shall, I do. I am happier, O God, than I have been for long." Agnes arose from her knees—a strange light burnt in her eyes, her usually pale cheeks glowed crimson, her lips were streaks of vermillion, her frame trembled with a strange ague-fit; and yet her countenance was that of a victor, and not of the vanquished. Up and down the little chamber she paced—the air oppressed her—the sounds of the awful fire at Hamburg roared in her ears, mingling in delirious confusion with the thousand fancies of her overwrought brain. "I stand upon the eve of a fresh chapter in my life: I shall never see Leonard more—I *will* not—if his love did not dictate an instant meeting with me, it is a miserable love, unworthy of the name. He shall be freed from his bondage. I will never more see the face of one who has been so unutterably dear. I will write to him, telling him of his uncle's words—that shall be my revenge. Let me to the last offer him only deeds of love and words of kindness. As the words of a guardian angel shall be the words of my letter;—but—no never, never, never more will I see him. And my dear papers—my lost manuscripts—the labour of three long months! But what is that loss, the loss of Leonard, to the losses, the agonies, the burning frenzies of those poor sufferers in this mighty conflagration! Would that I knew what tidings were received!" Agnes bathed her burning cheeks in water; she flung open her window to gain a breath of air; but her lips were parched, her very brain seemed scorched and seared. As evening began to gather, and the golden rays of sunset glowed upon the windows of the houses opposite, Agnes hurriedly walked along the dry, warm pavement of the narrow, quiet street in which she lived; she was seized with an impetuous longing after physical action; repose she could not, weary and exhausted to the last degree as was her frame. Calling a cab, and ordering the driver to drive as rapidly as he could to the outskirts of the great city—she cared not whither, only that it must be where were green fields and fresh air—she was soon driving along one of the great crowded thoroughfares leading from the heart of the heat and fever of the metropolis into suburban verdure.

THE BRILLIANT RING.

THE reader will remember that the day for the wedding of Henri and Eugenie had been definitely fixed. Time rolled rapidly on, and it wanted but two days to the time appointed for the celebration of the marriage, when, as I sat at breakfast one morning in my apartment, I received a note from Eugenie, written in a trembling hand, and urgently requesting me to call upon her. I lost no time in doing so, and found her sitting beside her mother, with some needlework lying upon her lap, and her hands clasped together on her knee. She was very pale, and had been crying. As I entered, she sprang towards me, and grasped my hand.

"Where is he?" she said—"where is Henri?"

"I do not know," I replied; "I have not seen him for three days. Has he not been here?"

She wrung her hands, and began walking violently up and down the room.

"He has not been near me for three days," she said bitterly. "*Mon Dieu!* what shall I do? We have sent to his lodgings, and he has not returned home since the last evening he was here. He left us at eleven o'clock, and was to come again at ten the next morning to take me to see the apartments in the Rue des Arts—where is he?—what will become of us? Oh, my friend, I shall die!"

I felt my very heart stand still at these words; a fatal presentiment came over me; but I strove to re-assure her.

"Fear nothing, Eugenie," said I; "I will go down at once to the prefecture of police, and we will find Henri before six hours are past. Rely on me—be calm—be patient."

And I flew down the stairs, and went rapidly in the direction of the Quai des Orfèvres.

From the direction whence I came, it was necessary that I should pass the Marché Neuf. The morning was cold and bright, and the yellow waters of the Seine rushed swiftly in circling eddies through the arches of the Pont Saint-Michel, and rocked the floating baths beside the quays. I seem to remember every event of that hasty walk. There was a mountebank in a cart, dressed in motley, and vending his wares to the harsh music of a hand-organ. He had taken his stand where the carriage-way was broadest, and the surrounding crowd were laughing loudly at his vociferations. A troop of soldiers passed with martial music ringing in the air. Some children ran after me with cakes and chocolate for sale. All was hurry—gaiety—life! Alas, why do I delay thus? The truth must be told at last. Who that has ever visited Paris forgets that one dark, melancholy building on the Marché Neuf? A low square pile, like a huge tomb, built with great blocks of stone, green and discoloured from abutting on the water—windowless, deathlike, dreary. There was a crowd of *ouvriers*, *grisettes*, soldiers, market-women, and children round the entrance. Many were going in; others coming out.

"What a pity!" said a young girl to her mother, as they passed close beside me on leaving the place; "so young, and so handsome!"

"And quite a gentleman, too," replied the other, "if one may judge from his clothes."

I scarcely know how I heard these words—how I entered—how I pushed my way to the grating through the crowd of lookers-on; but I found myself all at once inside the Morgue, with my eyes upon the body of my friend.

Yes—there he was laid, pale and dead, upon the black marble slab nearest to the left, exposed to the idle gaze of every eye. His beautiful fair hair fell in wet masses on the stone couch; his eyes and mouth were closed, but an expression of resistance and pain yet lingered round his lips. There were marks of violence upon the arms and breast, and the bruises left by an assassin's hand were visible on his throat.

It was strange: but though my entire sense of sight and consciousness seemed concentrated upon the one object, my eyes yet seemed to take in the whole of that fearful place.

There were two other bodies lying at a little distance from him, but they were swollen, changed, and frightful to look upon. I seem still to see them before me, with the long grating—the crowd of eager faces—the sad property of the dead, the wet and faded clothing, hanging round the walls—the dim light coming from the roof—the trickling water flowing over the features of the drowned When I had somewhat recovered my presence of mind, I had the remains of my poor friend conveyed to his lodgings, and made every inquiry respecting his death. The body had been found two days before, left by the retreating tide under one of the arches of the Pont Neuf. His clothes, purse, and watch were untouched, but there was no card or letter on his person to prove his address. I examined all, and found a considerable sum in napoleons and notes. The murderer, then, was prompted to the crime by no mercenary motives—stay! where was the ring? Eugenie's gift was gone. A dark purple mark upon the finger whereon he wore it, and a grazed appearance on the skin, led me to believe that it had been violently forced away. I reflected deeply upon this, and drew my own conclusions.

Poor Eugenie! I told her as gently as I could, but I feared for many months that her mind would give way. She fell into a low melancholy condition, and was no longer capable of following her profession. I hired a small cottage for her mother and herself at Ville d'Avray, a pretty village near St. Cloud, and trusted that change and quiet might yet restore her. I never knew till then of what deep love that wild heart was capable. Oh, it grieved me to the soul to see her wasting day by day under the load of an inevitable affliction such as this. She tried to smile whenever I visited them; she was grateful—patient—sorrowful. She called me her brother, and God knows I strove to act a brother's part for her. When I had established her in the country, and disposed of poor Henri's little property for her benefit, I gave my whole mind to the task of discovering the assassin. There was but one clue—the ring. No matter—vague as it was, I was resolute to persevere.

From the first I had fixed upon De Beauvais as the author of the crime. Who else had an interest in the death of my friend? Who else would have left the gold and notes, and torn the ring, the *gage d'amour*, so savagely from the poor lifeless finger?

Without seeming to be anxious for information, I entered into conversation with several artists at different periods, both at the Louvre and the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and learnt from them that De Beauvais had engaged a spacious *atelier* in the neighbourhood of the latter institution; that he was occupied in painting a large altar-piece for Exhibition at the public gallery in the ensuing spring; and that he was in the habit of frequenting a certain *restaurant* in the Palais Royal every afternoon at five o'clock. It was enough. I went early to the place that I might be there before him and see him as he entered.

The rooms were lofty and large, lighted with superb chandeliers, which were reflected on every side in the panellings of looking-glass that extended at short intervals all along the walls from floor to ceiling. Rows of small tables ran round the rooms, and another line down the centre, each laid with its snowy cloth, decanters, glasses, and cruet-stand. There were scarce a dozen people there when I arrived; so I passed up to the top of the room and appropriated a small table in a corner near the window that overlooked the square and fountain of the central garden of the Palais Royal. Here I sat and made a show of dining; but my eyes were fixed upon the door. The rooms were filled speedily, and chiefly by the middle classes. The heat became almost insufferable; the clatter of glass and knives, the hum of many voices, and the glare of gas, added to the excitement and anxiety that possessed me, wrought my blood almost to a fever. At last he came. He was pale and well dressed, but the smile had vanished from his face. He looked haggard and restless, and his hat was drawn low over his eyes. The place was crowded, and he walked up the whole length of the room without

finding a seat. My table alone was occupied but by one person.

"Monsieur, will find a seat there," said the waiter, pointing to the chair opposite mine. He sat down moodily, and hung his hat beside him without once looking up. Gazing attentively at him I saw hard furrows on his cheek and gray hairs in his dark beard, which were not there before.

"Monsieur de Beauvais," I said in a low distinct voice. He started, and his eyes met mine. There was something in the expression of my face that seemed to appal him, for he stared at me for some moments before he could reply, and the cold drops stood upon his brow. "You are surprised to see me here?" I continued, in the same tone, with my eyes still fixed immovably upon his. "I came on purpose to see you. Have you heard of the murder of Lemonnier?"

"Murder!" he gasped, looking round him with a terrified glance. "Hush! hush!"

"Nay, it is no secret," said I. "It is well known that he was murdered, and afterwards thrown into the Seine. I found his body in the Morgue. Did you ever go into the Morgue?"

He still stared at me, but made no reply. The suddenness of my appearance, the strange abruptness of my questions, and the deep thrilling tones of my voice deprived him at once of all courage and self-possession.

"It must be a horrible thing to have the blood of another on one's soul—to be a murderer."

"Perhaps—perhaps he committed suicide," said De Beauvais, with a violent effort to speak calmly.

"No: the prints of murderous fingers were on his throat. But hold—you eat nothing. Pray enjoy your dinner. I fear my news has deprived you of appetite."

He could not touch a morsel; every dish went away untasted. He called for brandy, and drank half a tumbler-full at a draught.

We were for some time silent, but I never removed my eyes from his face. I felt there was a power in their gaze to unnerve him. At last I spoke again.

"It happened on the night of the sixteenth of September," I began.

"The sixteenth of September!" faltered De Beauvais.

"He was returning home after visiting Eugenie. It was a superb moonlight night, and he was going along by the quays when——. But you seem ill, M. de Beauvais."

He was leaning back in his chair, white as the tablecloth, and trembling visibly in every limb.

"An attack," he murmured, "to which—to which I am subject. I—I think I had better go."

"I will not leave you in this state," said I promptly, "I must go also and take care of you, for you are almost fainting."

The waiter was passing, and I called him. I paid him for my dinner, and De Beauvais drew forth his purse with an unsteady hand, and threw a five-franc piece upon the table.

Something glittered through the silken meshes—something that was neither silver nor gold! I snatched the purse from his hands, and before a word could be uttered, had poured the contents upon the table.

"MURDERER!" I cried, and grasped him by the throat, as the ring—the ring rolled forth and fell upon the ground!

I have little more to relate. De Beauvais confessed the murder, and expiated his crime upon the scaffold. Paris became unendurable to Eugenie as well as to myself. I brought her over to England, where she resides with her mother in a secluded village on the coast of Devon. She is still young, but grief has usurped the offices of time, and prematurely stamped her countenance with age. She is resigned, but melancholy, and her hopes lie not upon this side of the grave.

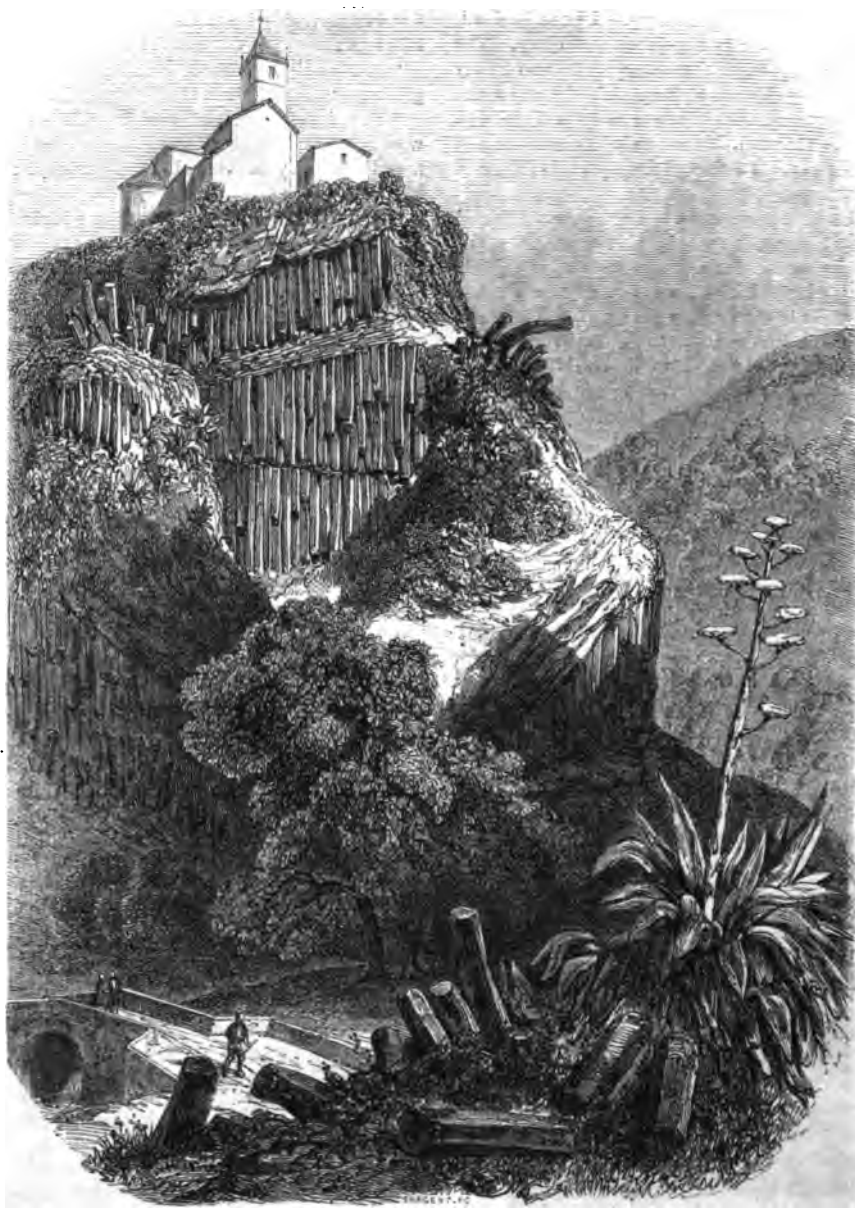
Henri sleeps in the south-west corner of Père la Chaise.

CASTLE FOLLIT.

CATALONIA is the most eastern province of the Spanish peninsula, divided from France by the Pyrenees. It has the title of a principality, and its chief wealth is derived from its manufactures and maritime trade. Castle Follit, a gloomy city of this district, distant about eighteen miles south-east of Campredon, acquired a fatal notoriety in 1822. In the war between the Carlists and the Constitutionalists—a war which desolated all Spain, and made the history of that period red

end which is sure to follow so foolish an enterprise as that of lending the ear to the perfidious suggestions of those who would appeal to arms in support of the enemies of the public good. On one of the most conspicuous parts of the ruin is traced this inscription: 'HERE STOOD CASTLE FOLLIT; CITIZENS, LEARN BY THIS EXAMPLE THAT THERE IS NO FAVOUR FOR THE ENEMIES OF THE COUNTRY.'"

The ruins of the city are seen on an abrupt elevation,



THE ROCKS OF CASTLE FOLLIT. FROM A DRAWING BY P. BLANCHARD.

with blood—the inhabitants of Castle Follit followed the example of the insurgents at Sen d'Urgel and Balaquer, and joined the Don Carlos party. Towards the end of the month of October following, the famous constitutional leader, Mina, became master of the city, and terrible was the vengeance which he inflicted. Town and castle were burnt to the ground. Mina himself, in the account which he has given of the event in the published bulletin, says: "The city is now nothing more than a desert. Houses and fortifications, all, have disappeared; it now speaks to other cities of the tragical

which, to all appearance, is totally inaccessible, and is supported by basaltic columns resembling, in a very great degree, those of the grand cavern at Staffa. The whole of the surrounding country is volcanic, and geologists consider it to be the principal locality of those volcanic phenomena which have contributed to the formation of the chain of the Pyrenees.

Much controversy has taken place as to the origin of the words "Castle Follit." The general opinion appears to be that its name is derived from *Castellum Fultum*, fortified castle.

ALBERT CUYP.



THE painters of the school to which Albert Cuyp belongs were not always fully appreciated in their day. They were earnest and laborious men, with the true inspiration of genius, at a time when artistic talent was less rare than at the present hour. This prevented their being as highly regarded as they otherwise would have been, and it thence followed that many paintings which now are highly valued, and which fetch good prices, were during the lifetime of the artist almost unsaleable. It has been truly said, that no man is a prophet in his



gave birth to the great Rembrandt. The first saw the light at Dordrecht, the second at Leyden. These two painters were men of different character and various style, though one would have expected that they would be necessarily strongly influenced in their genius and tone of mind by the times in which they lived. It was an era of stern warfare and desolation, of blood and rapine, and yet scarcely a trace of this fatal tendency of the hour is to be found in their productions. They were, as many students of art have been, always in a world apart, which separated them from many of the impulses of the age to which they belonged, and it is pleasing and refreshing to turn from the sanguinary drama of civil and religious wars to their admirable productions. It is the quiet contrast offered to the view of him who, escaping from the battle-field, wounded and almost dying, finds himself suddenly in some sequestered woody nook, where man and horse find welcome and cheering repose. Rembrandt sketches with his masterly pencil the varied phases of human life, and still avoids all that has reference to the party quarrels of the day. Cuyp stands before us quiet, calm, unobtrusive—a thoughtful, pleasing man, who appears to know nothing of the war which is raging around him—who is scarcely aware that Holland is ravaged by fire and sword, and who allows his every sense to be captivated by the gentler muse. Neither the noisy forum nor the sectarian struggle has any charm for him. He lives in a world of his own, and that world is nature in its most picturesque forms. He is varied in his loves. Now he admires the sea, now the land. The ordinary landscape and the perilous ocean have almost equal charms in his eyes; for his pencil sketches now a quiet pasture scene, with tame oxen and sheep, now a dashing marine piece, where some tall ship is bending 'neath the breeze; or launching away again, brings before us a picture in some native district, where the sun is warming an otherwise cheerless prospect, where shepherds wander with their flocks, where the huntsman rides merrily, where boatmen pull cherrily, or where fishermen pursue their peaceful calling with true Dutch phlegm.

own country, and we have often found this perfectly true with regard to artists of the first eminence. Albert Cuyp, one of the best of the Flemish school, one of the most picturesque and effective who took up the example of Van der Velde, though son of a great artist, was not in any way as warmly considered as he should have been by his contemporaries. This may perhaps be more fully understood when we examine into his character and life.

Albert Cuyp was born in the year 1606, the same year that

This philosophic calm, experienced by certain artists during troublous times, has often been remarked upon. It has called forth many a recondite observation, and though a feeling not easy to be understood by the more active mover in stirring

hours, is yet a circumstance to be much valued. And these were no common struggles. Holland was convulsed by the disputes of its religious sects, who soon turned from arguments to weapons—from theology to warfare. Much blood was shed, and all civilisation, art, science, seemed threatened with utter annihilation. City armed against city, and the inhabitants of the same town killed one another in the streets which gave both birth. It was in the days when Barnaveldt perished with his brother on the scaffold. Young Albert Cuyp was born during these tragical hours. But as he grew up, even more terrible disasters tormented his youth. The invasion of Holland by Louis XIV.—the terrible scenes amid which perished John and Cornelius de Witt, his countrymen, his fellow-townsmen—were events of his youthful hours. But so elastic were the spirits, so singular was the character of Albert, that no evils, however great, no trials, however painful, were able to influence his mind. He seemed incapable of feeling sadness. He could not join in the sanguinary struggles of his time, and appears, while others were slaying and being slain, to have spent his time in admiring nature, in sitting beneath the greenwood tree, listening to the murmur of water, or seeking to entice the cunning trout from his crystal retreat. No matter what opinion may be generally entertained as to this seeming insensibility on the part of the artist who could isolate his mind from civil brawls and bloody wars, we owe to this very peculiarity of character many admirable paintings, full of grandeur, many delicious, calm, warm and sunny masterpieces—scenes which everywhere reconcile us to the charms of existence, because they make us love and admire nature in her purest works; and yet, those who would ask everything of the same man, complain that he did not allow his soul to be fired by deeds of heroism and valour, his mind to be developed by dark passions, in which case he might have given us some of those sombre and living pictures of the hour, which have immortalised Ruysdael and the great Rembrandt.

We have said that Albert Cuyp was born in 1606. Some say in 1605; but this is of little consequence. His death, too, is involved in obscurity. But he was living in 1672, for we have his name in a list of burglers. His father, and his master in his noble art, was Jacob Gerritsoon Cuyp, a man much esteemed, and looked upon as the leader of the school in which his son so much excelled. Jacob Gerritsoon shared the fate of David Teniers. He was surpassed and eclipsed by his son. Many masters of first-rate ability have thus been concealed from posterity. David Teniers exists not for the general student of art, because of his great descendant. The same occurred to Paul Bril, the historical landscape painter—to Simon der Vlioger, cast into the shade by William Van der Velde—to Nicolas Moyart, surpassed by Berghem. Arnold Houbraken, in his important work on painting, quietly remarks, that Albert Cuyp painted better than his father. The fact is, that though remaining attached to a particular line of subjects, and these subjects in which he coped with Paul Potter, Wouvermans, Du Jardin, and Ruysdael, and so many other chosen spirits, he was always so distinct, so native in his genius, as to be ever distinguished from all his rivals. A Cuyp will rarely be mistaken by the most ordinary connoisseur for a Coxia, or a Van der Neer.

Nature was his field, the inexhaustible fount whence he drew the warm impulse which influenced and guided his genius—nature in its grandest, in its humblest phases. He never found anything too great, anything too small for his keen observation. He combined the varied characteristics of most of his contemporaries. He equals all of them, and is sometimes their superior. He revels in the human form, in animals, in still nature, landscapes, sea-views, interiors of churches, winter scenes, moonlights, kitchens, fish, cocks and hens, and all the appliances of humble agricultural existence. All these subjects, and many more, have been vivified by his fertile pencil. His great power consisted in his capability of producing the same thing a hundred times over without plagiarising himself. And yet he does not search for effect; he does not find the picturesque in strange contrasts and rough scenes, in the rags of the poor, in the tatters and hideous

misery of the beggar, in the angular projections of starved cattle, in the manifestation of their bones in quaint style, nor even in rare, though real, effects of light and shadow at morning and eventide. Berghem, Tivoli, Weenix, and many others, had given to the picturesque a novel and ingenious touch of life, by seeking the irregular, the wild, the unexpected, in all things—a style which had necessarily many charms and many admirers. Lizards running over an old wall, with here a lichen and there an ivy-leaf; a rustic hut beside a time-honoured ruin, which gave the humble cot a dangerous shelter; some half-starved beast, a wounded horse, hopping lazily along with bandaged leg; a poor suffering ass, eating timidly by the wayside, were subjects freely chosen by Flemish painters, and subjects which they rendered with rare truthfulness and vigour. They possessed the power of making attractive, by means of their magic pencils, most repulsive subjects—even those subjects men most anxiously avoid in life—the sickly animal, the beggar in rags, the wild desert, or a road overgrown with thorns and briars. They created treasures out of rags. Albert Cuyp, on the other hand, drew his inspiration from a more elevated and elevating source, and, seeking his ideas of the picturesque in objects opposed to general theories, succeeded in a most marvellous way. We wish not to elevate Cuyp at the expense of any of the many singular geniuses of the hour; but no one can study the peculiar features of the painter of Dordrecht without being pleased. Abandoning the ready resource of rustic misery, the easy and catching attraction of rags and destitution, of wretched nooks and unknown and unexplored corners, he paints animals in full health, and the sun at noon-day.

A writer on the genius of this painter quotes complacently a certain William Gilpin, canon of Salisbury, who wrote a book on the picturesque and beautiful. He supports the view practically illustrated by Berghem, Du Jardin, Ostade, and others. "We admire in the horse," he exclaims, "considered as a reality, elegance of form, a fiery mien, lightness, and a soft skin; we admire this animal also in the same way in a painting: but as a picturesque subject, we prefer an old cart-horse, a cow, a goat, a donkey. The coarse appearance and rough skin are better adapted to demonstrate and elucidate the genius of the pencil. Richness of light depends much on contrasts." It was not in the study of Cuyp that William Gilpin sought his inspirations. His genius lies another way. He has much of the feeling of the rich and well-to-do farmer in him, for he loves well-fed cattle, clean and well-combed horses, and broad daylight casting its golden lustre over the plain. This is, in fine, his peculiarity, and the distinguishing mark which separates him from all his rivals, and from every member of his school. Gerard de Lairese put forth, a century later, ideas on landscape quite opposed to those of the worthy canon of Salisbury, and these ideas Cuyp was one of the first to forestall. He revels in the view of nature in her loftiest moods, and paints a meadow and a hill, a horse or boat, as Claude Lorraine did the ruins of Rome, the waterfalls of Tivoli, the Bay of Naples,—embellishing, as it were, the very nature he sought to render faithfully and truly.

The rich variety, and the fecundity of Cuyp lead us to compare him often to other masters whose style was similar. Like Wouvermans, he was fond of a halt of hunters, a quiet bit of woodland sport, but he treated the subject differently. His horses have a marked difference from any others, his nobles have a manner of their own. Few who have visited the Gallery of the Louvre, in Paris, have failed to note the two Cuyps known as "The Going out for a Ride" and "The Return," the former of which is engraved in the present number.

We have often gazed with pleasure, during our once daily walks in that magnificent gallery, at both. The "Going out" well exemplifies the genius of Cuyp. A richly-dressed lord, clothed in scarlet, has just vaulted on a mottled grey horse, while his squire in green tunic stoops to hold the stirrup. The leading group, lit up by a bright sun, is relieved against a house in deep shadow, whence are issuing the lord and one of his suite. To the right, the shadow of the edifice, falling on the earth, brings out in warm colours the brilliant light which

fills the back of the picture; two shepherds and a flock of sheep are brought within the rays of the sun, and form a light demi-tint, a transition admirably contrived as a contrast both to the dark shadows of the foreground and the clearness of the distant background. It is an exquisite portraiture of a living breathing scene of life in its strongest sense, of the tranquillity and ease of the fortunate, of the heat and splendour of day.

The other, which forms with it a pair, represents three horsemen, among whom you recognise the lord by the magnificence of his costume, the beauty of his horse, and the haughty frankness of his mien. A hunter in livery holding two dogs in leash, presents a partridge to one of the squires, and this little event draws the attention of the three personages. On one side a tuft of trees, mingled with brushwood, brings forward the cavaliers; while on the other we behold a vast landscape inundated by light, where you see cattle, houses at the foot of a hill, and antique towers, doubtless the manor towards which the seignior and his suite are wending their way. The mind is inspired with calm delight as it gazes on that luminous scene, and then comes to rest on the gallant mien of that gentleman in blue velvet garnished with gold, his hair floating on his shoulders, and his head covered by a kind of turban made of some white drapery. The play of *chiaro-oscuro* is here principally caused by the diversity of local colours. The marked tints of the two horses, one chestnut, the other black, are in contrast to the master's steed, whose white and spotless skin is so admirably rendered as to deceive the eye. The painter has rendered and constructed the habiliments of the cavaliers as ably as the tones of the horses' hair, opposing the dun velvet of the squires to the dazzling velvet of their noble master. These pictures should never be passed over on a visit to the Louvre.

We must not be led to believe that Albert Cuyp is a painter without faults. In some of his best pictures we shall find errors to note, bits heavily rendered. Some have criticised rather slightly two dogs in "The Going out." They are not faultless, but they are very little inferior to the rest of the picture. Many of the admirers of Cuyp carry their high sense of his genius so far as to ascribe his little errors of omission to accident, and some attribute even these two beautiful masterpieces to Jacques Gerard Cuyp, rather than own the slight faults of an artist of such power and skill as Albert. But whatever the energy of the execution and the excellence of his touch, often thick and irregular, sometimes sharp and firm—whatever the beauty of his colouring, warm, rich, and harmonious—he is perhaps more remarkable in the expression of sentiment than even in the execution of his works. The modes and fashions he pictures are stamped by his individuality, while strictly in accordance with historic truth; the ideas which he calls up wear the impress of his personal temperament. The same gallant cavaliers who appear in the hunting subjects of Wouvermans, elegant, rude, and proud, mounted on prancing steeds, ready at every moment to rear and leap, are viewed by Cuyp in quite a different light. They too bear the stamp of his peculiar characteristics. His models remind us of those opulent burghers of the seventeenth century who led the life of noble lords without their easy and lively manners, their haughty air, and what can only be explained as wide-awake character. The cavaliers of Wouvermans have a firm air, and one fancies one hears their coarse words; armed for love and war, they carry gorgeous plumes stuck in their broad-brimmed felt hats; they have golden spurs, loose boots, and pistols in their holsters. The heroes of grave and thoughtful Albert Cuyp are not so petulant; their physiognomy is calm and grave, their dress is rich, of dazzling stuff, but without coquetry; their horses are thorough-bred, solid, strong, docile, and ready for gallop or trot, but they know nothing of rearing and kicking—of taking a bit in their mouths—of starting off at a hand-gallop—and other tricks known to chivalric horses. Those who ride upon them are peaceful men—steady and solemn Protestants, who ride side by side, in solemn discourse on the affairs of the state. The father of a family, whom Terburg, Nelsche, or Metzsu would show us in the interior of their houses, gently

laying down the law to a beloved child, being present at a daughter's music lesson, or presiding at a meal, we find Albert Cuyp delineating at the hour when he passes along on horseback, with his servants, followed by his dogs, and looking on his ride as a question of health, an amusement at a fixed hour. Albert Cuyp is truly the Flemish citizen painter—the fortunate and well-to-do citizen, be it remembered.

It is much to be regretted that the annalists and biographers of the seventeenth century have been so indifferent as not to transmit to posterity something of the life and habits of the great artists of Holland. There is no biography of Albert Cuyp. The life of an artist is always replete with matter worthy of remembrance. We need only refer to the sketches of those whose friends have recorded their sayings and doings. Was Cuyp brought up in luxury and ease, or was his youth passed in struggling, as so many others have done, against misery and care? Was he rich or poor? Did he ever take wife or have children? Who were his friends and protectors? We know not. To not one of these questions can we find an answer. And yet, were but a few of these details known, how much might we not draw thence to explain and understand his particular genius. His life must have been quiet, regular, happy, of that kind of happiness which gives a long series of years, and an indulgent and vigorous old age. We are, however, ignorant of the precise date of his death. It appears, however, according to Immerzeel of Amsterdam, that he was living in 1680, though the general inquiry of most writers has only carried the evidence up to 1672. We are able to asseverate from one of his pictures, where he paints a salmon fishery, a picture to be found in the Museum of the Hague, that he had for patron a farmer of the fishery of Dordrecht—a vague and dreamy kind of fact, which tells us nothing of either the protector or the protected. The general opinion of historians suggests, and general rumours appear here to be pretty correct, that the life of Albert Cuyp was calm, honest, laborious, and without passion. He must have found, at an early age, ample resources from his mere talent, and could have never known the bitter luxury of want. Of a calm temperament, of a gentle, quiet, and firm character, he doubtless lived in friendly intercourse with the best men of his time. It appears even that he was much connected with Maurice of Nassau, whom he often painted and copied in his hunting subjects, which would lead us to believe him a pure Calvinist. An elder of the reformed church, he no doubt practised with regularity, and without ostentation, his religious duties, as they were then understood. To judge him, in a word, from those histories of themselves which painters sometimes trace as clearly in their pictures as writers do in their books, Cuyp was a simple man, regular in his habits, and respected and loved by all who knew him. It has been truly said, that the tranquillity of his landscapes, plunged in indescribable ether, proves the serenity of his mind, and that the choice of his subjects demonstrates the simplicity of his tastes.

We are informed by Lebrun, that the English were the first who appreciated at their true value the pictures of Cuyp. We are told by Sir Edmund Head, that Cuyp's works were not valued highly until after his death. We are assured by another authority (Smith), that at the principal picture sales in Holland to the year 1750, there is no instance of any of Cuyp's works being sold for so much as £3 sterling (thirty florins). This statement is not corroborated by the *Künstler Lexicon* of Naylor. According to Smith, a gradual advance in the value of Cuyp's pictures took place soon after the period just named, owing to the high reputation they had obtained among English and French dealers. In 1786, at the sale of the collection of M. Von der Linden von Slingelardt, Cuyp's pictures obtained prices, in some cases, commensurate with their merits, but which subsequently have been increased fourfold. In 1774, Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann, and states, that at a sale of Sir George Colbrooke's pictures, one by Cuyp (a view of Nimeguen), which had cost its possessor only seventy guineas, was readily disposed of for £290. Lebrun says, "The French were a long time before they appreciated

the works of Cuypp, and yet I have been present at sales in England when they have fetched three and four hundred louis. This great painter has treated every style with equal success, and has indeed been so perfect in all, that we know not which to select as his best. Portraits, animals, fruits—nothing was foreign to his genius. . . . The sun warms his productions."

One of these facetious French critics, who follows in the beaten track of prejudice, and who is possessed by a belief that the unfortunate people of these isles never see the sun, that we live in the midst of a fog, which everlastingly conceals from us the real character of that luminary—who believes, with most Frenchmen, that sales of wives in market-places are legal transfers in England, that we have no real green fields, and are, in fine, a nation of purblind shopkeepers, of course thoroughly comprehends our love of Cuypp, and why we should have been the first people to acknowledge his merits. Albert Cuypp did indeed introduce the sun and all its glowing images and radiance with singular power in his pictures. But many artists have done the same, and this by no means explains our

him ensue from a kind of rabid fire-worship on the part of unfortunate islanders, who can never see the sun save in pictures.

The "View of the Maes" (p. 124) is the subject which excites the admiration of the English critic above alluded to. It is truly a lovely scene, happily arranged with a transparent background and a vast perspective. The trees which overhang the borders of the river are not gnarled and strange; on the contrary, they rise majestically and wave beneath the breeze as if saluting in chivalrous manner the river that bathes their stems. The sky is delicate, brilliant, warm; water refreshes the eye, and distant hills make up a pleasing and effective background. Cuypp has placed in this picture everything which we love to find in a landscape. There is a martial cavalier, a rustic and simple herdsman without coarseness, watching cows of dun and spotted colour, a superb bull, and some sheep; and then some splendid oaks of a grandeur suited to heroic landscapes, and a fine river where float a cloud of ducks, upon which a hunter is about to fire. The whole is coloured by a rich sun



VIEW OF DORDRECHT. FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT CUYPP.

calling him the Claude Lorraine of Holland. This name was given him in Boydell's Collection, and the writer of the sketch in that work rates him quite as high as Claude for his colouring—a merit the greater that the Dutch painter never left his native land, and could never, therefore, have seen any of the warm landscapes of the sunny south. But the admiration of English *connoisseurs* has not been excited in favour of Cuypp because he brings us in communication with the sun, which is to be gazed on here about as often as in most parts of France. What has taken the fancy of our fellow-countrymen has been his admirable representations of cattle, his water-pieces, and, above all, his study to paint well-fed animals, fat oxen, clean-limbed horses, and many other things which are in accordance with our tastes as a highly agricultural people. Such criticism as that we allude to is puerile; and there is no subject which should be more cosmopolitan, and less affected by national prejudice, than art-criticism. When the reasons for our admiration of Albert Cuypp are so obvious, it is childish to seek, for the sake of smartness, to make an appreciation of

at an hour when the day is about to give way to night—a magnificent, imposing, and calm effect, full of rich poetry. There is a minute description by the English critic in Boydell, who has examined most carefully every tint, as if he hoped to leave such a description that by the aid of it and the engraving the painting might be recreated if lost. "The principal figure," he says, "is on horseback in a jacket of golden yellow, the sleeve of which is white; his cloak is of pale purple with a blue tinge; the man near him is dressed in black. When painting the human figure, Cuypp conceives very inelegant and short proportions. The one further off, and who carries a stick on his shoulder, is dressed in ruddy violet drapery. The reclining bull is black, and the cow behind is white. The other cows are variously marked with fawn and cream spots. Amid the distant group there is a woman wearing a sky-blue drapery, with white sleeves, and the boy is dressed in brown suit inclined to red. The hunter aiming at the ducks has a yellow doublet with red sleeves, which the neighbourhood of the trees tints with a green reflection."

When one has examined the oxen and cows of Potter, Berghem, Van der Velde, Kenel, Du Jardin, and the sheep of Van der Does, it is difficult to believe in any other mode of comprehending pasturage and cattle. We wonder almost how they can be delineated otherwise. And yet Albert Cuyp, who was the first master in this style, discovered a simple and new mode of viewing animal creation, a manner which is peculiar to no one else, Rembrandt excepted. Power, majesty, calm force, were characteristics discovered by Albert Cuyp in the brutes of the field, because he enveloped them with the mantle of his genius. He takes care always to present them in a way which shows off their best features, their most fully developed and rounded forms. There is something in his animals of the terrible genius which Poussin gives to his heroes. Their aspect is frowning and grand. The horses are lofty and proudly erect. Their thick and bushy tails sweep round their hind legs. They seem to be full of life, energy, and health.

As usual, the warm glow of sunshine adorns the landscape in a peculiar way.

It is somewhat singular that the French *amateurs* and *connoisseurs*, who profess to be very quick in finding out the merits of genius, should have remained so long blind to his talents, when men so very inferior to Albert Cuyp have acquired such rapid renown. The English nation showed better taste, and, indeed, it is our belief that nowhere has art ever been appreciated so highly as in that country. Their private galleries alone are miracles of richness and beauty. But in France sixty years ago Cuyp was unknown. His name is found in no catalogue. Those of the sales of Gersaint and Pierre Remy are silent with regard to his existence. The gallery of the Duke de Choiseul, and the cabinet Poullain, possessed one or two of this master; but, despite the renown Cuyp had acquired on our side of the channel, they were unnoticed by amateurs. The nineteenth century came ere



THE CAMP. FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT CUIP.

His herds and flocks are ever floating in a misty and warm light, which harmonises with the general details of the painting, and which conceals every angularity, leaving the eye only the power to examine the general outline. "His reclining bulls," says Thoré, "are magnificent brutes, with their marked spines, and their long noses, and their expansive nostrils."

His painting of "Cattle drinking at a River side" fully illustrates this. In this picture, of which the engraving is given (p. 125), the sturdy, fat, and large-sized cows, the picturesque shepherd, the quiet sage-looking dog, with the distant effect of a small vessel, of other cattle, a village spire, scattered houses, hills, and a rich, warm sky, make up in the painting one of Cuyp's most effective productions. The cows are admirably grouped. Every one is in the very position in which you would fancy it would stand. It is an interesting engraving, as fully exemplifying the style of Albert Cuyp.

the painter of Dordrecht acquired due celebrity in France after his pictures had been turned about from one indifferent purchaser to another. We fully understand, however, why Cuyp came to be more readily appreciated by the Dutch and English, without accepting the salve which French art-critics find for themselves—our anxious desire to see the sea, even on canvas. His water-pieces, boats, rivers, canals, were more readily understood by naval nations than by a purely military nation, like the French. Both we and the Hollanders have always admired everything of mark connected with our favourite element. The same reason accounts for the popularity of Bachuysen and William Van der Velde.

A painter who could introduce so much air, light, and depth into his pictures, could not but excel in marine pieces. Those of Cuyp are like his landscapes—they are vivid, powerful, and true. They transport you bodily to the ports and

seas of Holland, while the execution is majestic, positive, exact. One of his most justly celebrated works in this style, is that which represents the "Canal of Dort," full of vessels. They are arranged in line, their prows towards the centre of the picture. They have something of the aspect of a regiment in battle array. In fact, we notice a boat with three trumpeters, the Prince of Orange and his suite, who are about to pass the fleet in review. The effect is admirable. We look across them, one after another, until the last is lost in the mist which the sun has not as yet dissipated. It would be but repetition to speak of the fresh morning light falling on the scene, of the transparent air, of the extraordinary perspective. Gazing at the picture from a distance, we are struck by the effect produced by the shadows of the vessels in the limpid water. Looking nearer, we are still more surprised at the dashing and masterly style in which the whole is executed. The boldness and decision of his pencil strikes us here, as well as everywhere else. No painter, Van der Velde excepted, ever has been able to give an equally just and life-like representation of Dutch naval characteristics. Mr. Edward Solly refused £3,000 for this picture.

There is a good marine view in the Louvre by Cuyp. The pacific Dutchman has here departed from his usual calm character, and given us a tempest. The sky is overloaded with clouds; a thunder-bolt has just fallen; and across the whole canvas the lurid glare of the lightning is cast, while the dark form of a small boat stands out in strong relief struggling with the fury of the waves. Some critics have thought this production too poetical and too weak to be the work of Cuyp. It is, however, generally believed to be his; while, being a departure from his usual quiet illustrations of nature, it is certainly somewhat distinct in character.

Painters are like lovers: the lover always believes the beloved one beautiful. True painters see beauty in every phase of nature. Albert Cuyp found loveliness everywhere. Wandering on the banks of his favourite Maes, he found admirable landscapes where hundreds of others would have seen nothing worth painting. He has reproduced this subject under every variety of aspect. Fishermen's barks, ships of various size—some at anchor, some under sail—became, beneath the power of his pencil, delicious pictures. He adds but a ray of the sun, showing the fleet of boats, perhaps, in bold relief, playing amid the ropes, and pulleys, and masts, refracted from the deep waters of the river, giving marked outline to the faces of some of the crew, and shining on the oars of the boatmen and the pearly drops of water that fall therefrom. Such pictures started complete from his mind. We must not, however, forget the Steeple of Dort, of which the painter contrives to make a kind of pivot for all his little water-pieces. One of the best of these is in the possession of Mr. Holford, of London. Albert Cuyp is almost unique amongst the Flemish school in this style. His popular rival, Van Goyen, is too monotonous and superficial. It required the varied genius of Cuyp to produce such pictures, as he generally introduces a little of everything in which he excelled. Horses crossing a river in a ferry-boat; picturesque cottages surrounded by foliage, situated on the borders of a canal, and inhabited by Dutchmen with painted hats; figures of sailors descending the Maes; boatmen hauling along timber-rafts to Flessingen; or a barge full of travellers, and drawn by a horse. This barge is what is called in Holland *Trechtschuyt*, a light boat with one mast, and in which travellers are conveyed for one halfpenny a mile. Those who love quiet can hire for a trifle, in addition, a little separate room, called the "Roof;" it is at the stern of the boat, and has two windows on each side. The hiring of this room affords a lively illustration of the extreme formality of Dutchmen even in their most trivial transactions. For the few halfpence that this luxury costs, the traveller has to give a printed receipt to an agent, whose duty it is to attend at the entrance of each town for the purpose of regulating the accounts of the *Trechtschuyt*.

This silent mode of travelling by water, which is the characteristic of these northern Venices, could not escape the keen

eye of Albert Cuyp, who observed everything, and who loved Holland with all the enthusiastic love of a painter. The same man who so successfully treated midday scenes, when the sun shed its beams on fields and meadows, on water and on trees, was equally successful when he undertook to paint the interiors of churches in the style of Emanuel de Witte or of Nikkelen, or moonlight scenes in the style of Artus van der Neer. He was, indeed, their master, having indicated to them their peculiar styles. He was one of the first who succeeded in rendering on canvas that solemnity which we feel in the interior of a cathedral, when from some gloomy chapel we behold the light fall from the lofty windows of the nave, gilding the rich and elaborate carving, and playing fitfully upon the tessellated pavement. Even in historical subjects—such as the "Baptism of the Eunuch"—Albert Cuyp displayed equal ability. It is difficult, in fact, to mention any style in which he did not excel. Our readers are aware that many Flemish painters obtained celebrity by devoting their talents to illustrating the poultry-yard. Here, too, Albert Cuyp preceded Melchior Hondekooter, in depicting the heroic combats of the cockpit. In the collection of Dr. Leroy d'Etiolles, there is a cock-fight by Cuyp, which is admirably rendered. The action is animated and energetic. One of the combatants has thrown his adversary, his outspread wings supporting him; he digs his talons into the breast of the vanquished, and tears with his beak his bleeding crest. The defeated bird has thrown his wings back, and is thus trying to raise himself. His desperate struggles are expressed with painful truth. In the background, to the left, is a fowl looking on, half in terror, half in admiration, at the combat of which she has been the innocent cause. Many French critics have compared this picture to a fable of La Fontaine, and several modern French painters have imitated his style. This is perhaps the least meritorious of all Cuyp's pictures, and was produced probably at an early period of his career. He has left, however, many admirable paintings of the poultry-yard. A hen-house, which was sold amongst the other pictures of the gallery of Cardinal Fesch, is said to be worthy of his best days. M. George speaks of it as combining keen observation with the highest powers of genius. If Cuyp's works were placed in chronological order, we should find, we believe, that those great landscapes in which animals appear only as the accessories, belong to that period of his life when he had nothing to learn—when his genius had become fully developed. In those pictures which bear the stamp of early years, we find animals occupying a prominent position, and the details of scenery and human figures are subordinately treated. This will be found to be the case in that strange production somewhat resembling the "Paradise" of John Breughel, where we behold Orpheus seated under a tree, and taming the animal creation by the music of his violin. As Cuyp had to represent tigers, elephants, and leopards—creatures with which he was less acquainted than with domestic animals—the worthy Bataavian has exhibited considerable ingenuity in getting over the difficulty. Near the divine musician is represented a cow, a horse, a dog, a cat, and some hares, and in the distant background are placed those ferocious beasts with whose forms he was less familiar. It has been remarked that Albert Cuyp rather destroys the effect of the marvellous music of Orpheus by this arrangement, there being no great merit in taming the tranquil animals which inhabit our stables and our farm-yards. It is difficult, however, even for genius to think of everything. This picture is in the possession of the Marquis of Bute. The "Pasturage on the Banks of the Maes," an engraving of which we present (p. 120), affords a remarkable contrast to this mythological creation. Here the genius of Cuyp had a congenial field in which to exercise its powers. He drew his inspiration from a home source. The principal group is composed of cattle—as in so many of his other works—some reclining lazily upon the ground, others clustering round a tree, as if for shelter from the sun. They are larger than Cuyp usually paints them, and are drawn with a care, a precision, and a power which is increased by the marvellous beauty of the tone. In the foreground are plants, grass, and shrubs, rendered with

that fidelity to nature which is one of the principal characteristics of this artist. The grass is thick, silky, fresh and inviting—such a grass as that which poets have sang so much of. The whole scene is flooded with light. A saffron-coloured vapour tints, towards the horizon, the water, the trees, the plants, and the distant houses that cluster round the church. The clearness of the air surpasses belief. The background is filled up by an eminence, on which are shepherds and their flocks, while across the river are houses, windmills, and steeples. One of the most pleasing features of this picture is that which fills the right corner. "A shepherd, his faithful dog by his side, is playing upon a pipe, and two children are listening to him with intense earnestness. The whole picture is redolent of the richly fertile land watered by the Maes—all is abundance, wealth, happiness. The sun is warm and bright; the well-fed cattle scarcely touch the rich pasture at their feet; the water is cool and pleasant to gaze on; while the shepherd—confident, happy, sure of to-morrow—amuses himself in a quiet and rustic way. One cannot but feel that the painter who conceived and executed this work of art must have been a happy man. The calm serenity of his mind is reflected everywhere. Cuyp would have been no hero for the "Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters." The quiet, calm, unmysterious man who painted this picture could scarcely have experienced the fierce torments of Ruysdael—torments which speak in many of his paintings—nor the fantastic visions of Rembrandt, nor the wild eccentricities of Everdingen.

There are two other pictures, of which we give engravings, that are worthy of the genius of any master of the Flemish school. "The View of Dordrecht" (p. 116), contains some effects of light and shade truly remarkable. The boats at their moorings, the water; the quaint houses, and the old church, have about them that peculiar picturesqueness which belongs to Holland. The horse and horseman delineated in the scene called "The Camp" (p. 117), which is generally called "The Trooper," exhibits the genius of Cuyp in its best light. The horse is admirably rendered. It is a dapple-gray charger; his master, a citizen soldier, is just arranging the harness about his head, and adding a blue ribbon. The dress of the soldier—his bold manly bearing—the minutiae of the accoutrements—all are portrayed with the customary fidelity. The buff jerkin, cuirass, and large hat, are exceedingly characteristic, while the scene itself is rendered eminently picturesque by the introduction in the background of an eminence, at the foot of which are tents, and soldiers mounted and on foot. Cuyp's usual love of the animal creation is exhibited by the introduction, in a prominent position, of an excellently-painted dog. A horseman coming across the hill, is a picturesque accessory. This picture, which is 3 feet 10 by 4 feet 10½, is in the possession of Her Majesty.

"When Albert Cuyp died"—and the exact year of his death is not known—"there was found," says Arnold Houbraken, "not one model, nor one painting of any master in his house." He never studied but from nature herself. It has been suggested that this arose from his disinclination to spend money in purchasing the masterpieces of others. Nothing can be more puerile than to attribute the voluntary ignorance of Cuyp to avarice. If he did not study the works of his predecessors or contemporaries, it was because he needed not to do so. Nature spoke to him in more eloquent language than anything he could find depicted upon canvas. The man of genius concentrates all his faculties on the one great object of his life. Everything that interferes with the accomplishment of his views must inevitably be cast aside. We often find that even those passions and eccentricities which would appear to militate most powerfully against success, which appear even calculated to degrade the artist, and to remove him from his high pedestal, frequently become the means which fatally impel him onwards. If Cuyp was possessed by the good old gentlemanly vice of avarice, and thus was led to be indifferent with regard to the productions of his rivals; if he thus escaped from the current infatuation relative to engravings of the old masters, we may predicate, that to this cause do we owe his originality. Happy Cuyp! guilty of this one weakness, it

kept him from being a mere imitator; it compelled him to drink at the true source of inspiration; and it gave him that characteristic physiognomy which distinguishes him from all the Flemish school, which he surpasses both in simplicity and grandeur; while the ease, the boldness, and the finish of his execution, defies all imitation.

The lovely plains and hills of Italy, where the outline of all objects is cast in bold relief against a pure sky, bordered by a cloudless horizon, have inspired the genius of the Italian, French, and even English schools. The French have carried this to excess, and given us little else than historical landscape, the scene laid in Italy. French landscape painting, like French tragedy, is stilted and overdone. Painters, like the rhymers of modern French tragic drama, "arranged nature," to use one of their own phrases. They painted so as to elevate that which God had not made sufficiently divine for them. They turned hills into mountains, and mountains into hills; they altered trees, and gave them picturesqueness, and thrust in, on all occasions, Roman ruins and broken Greek columns. Poussin conquered the difficulties of this factitious style; even when the scene was artificial, his genius mastered the incongruous elements he had to deal with. He struck his contemporaries dumb with astonishment; but his imitators and disciples—Guaspre, Francisque Millet, Locatelli, Orizonti, Van Huysum—could not succeed in disguising the defects of their style, as adorned by the genius of such a man as Poussin. In these imitators, the faults and errors outweighed whatever little talent they possessed. Their pictures, in as far as they were imitations of Poussin, are something like those stoic definitions of virtue which elevate man to something like the character of a demi-god. Their pictures are so replete with conventional majesty, and solid nobility of style, that we search in vain for nature and its pure and sweet emotions. This was not the case with old Albert Cuyp. He loved, it is true, tall trees rising majestically towards the sky, the rippling waves of rivers; but he was too much of a real student not to be aware that all this needed no imagining, also, that nature had no need of being corrected and improved in the closet. He knew that the difficulty was to come up to nature. All those beauties which certain painters aimed at inventing, he knew to exist already in creation, needing but eyes to see them, and a heart to feel them. He bore within himself the sentiment of grandeur, and everywhere he naturally invested what he saw with elevated ideality.

Albert had so strong a dislike to deep shadows, to cloudy skies, to the aspect of a country veiled by melancholy and gloom, that even when depicting his favourite winter scenes—rivers clothed in ice, effects of snow whitening the roof of huts, and hanging heavily on the boughs of the naked trees—he must chase away the fog, scatter the clouds, and show the cold but pleasing rays of a winter's sun upon the landscape. There is one beautiful piece of this kind engraved by Fittler, representing "Fishing beneath the Ice." This picture is in the possession of the Duke of Bedford, and cost originally 1,200 guineas.

It is a view on the river Maes during a severe frost. On the foreground and left are sixteen fishermen, the greater part of whom are busy with nets and long poles, fishing under the ice, while others are putting the fish into tubs. On the opposite side is a market woman seated in a sledge, drawn by two horses. Several persons skating and otherwise engaged, are distributed over the river. A tent and the tower of a church are seen in the distance, and a few leafless trees and a windmill give interest to the banks of the river. The consummate skill of the painter has given to this bold and dreary scene an aspect the most agreeable and inviting, by the cheering presence of the sun, whose warmth appears to soften the sharp frigidty of the atmosphere, and to diffuse a sparkling brilliancy upon every present object, lighting up the whole scene to dazzling brightness. Groups of fishermen, whose countenances and gestures indicate health and vigour, aid materially the magical effect, which is perfected to illusion by the delightful truth of the gradations and purity of colour. But Cuyp never tried to represent that heavy and gray sky

which hangs upon the earth like the marble covering of a tomb. It is really remarkable to notice how this painter has succeeded in painting winters without coldness, and moon-lights without sadness.

There are to be found in old print-shops eight engravings by Albert Cuyp. It has been objected that as Adam Bartsch, Huber, and Rost, the catalogue of Brandes, that of Winkeler,

with a bold and firm hand. A writer on the subject, who takes his facts from Smith's catalogue, says of his drawings:—

"They were generally executed with black chalk or India ink, without the charms of colouring, and not displaying accuracy or great talent. They are not held in high esteem, although but few of them are in existence. Some few etchings of Cuyp, evincing careful study of nature and bold-



PASTURAGE ON THE BANKS OF THE MAES. FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT CUIP.

make no mention of any of them, while even the catalogue of the Rigal sale is equally silent, therefore they are not genuine. It is, however, sufficient to examine them to be assured whence they come. They have the marked character, the accent of his pictures, and it is impossible for one learned in the history of Flemish art to ascribe them to any one else. They are, as naturally be expected, studies of oxen and cows, engraved

ness of execution, are much valued. They, however, are exceedingly rare, a very few specimens only being known to exist in the galleries of amateurs."

We have already spoken of the mixture of elevation and ingenuity which is the true characteristic of the genius of Cuyp. This is the first impression which strikes us when we examine his landscapes. But it is necessary to add, that no

Dutch landscape painter has carried further the knowledge of aerial perspective. No one has carried further the power of representing air, transparency, depth, and purity of atmospheric effect in his pictures. It seems strange; but it must have been that this Dutchman, born amid the fogs of his country—a country he never left—must have had in the depths of his tranquil mind something like an interior and serene

Italian palaces, we should do so forgetting that the two painters were born at far distant extremities of Europe. Claude passed his life at Rome or at Naples, Cuyp seldom left the city of Dort, and never saw any sky save that of the Low Countries. We must not then expect him to paint the cerulean blue ether of Italian skies. His sun is more pale, of a clearer and softer hue, but the spectator feels around him a freshness which



GOING OUT FOR A RIDE. FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT CUIP.

light, which made him see everything in creation through an impalpable and imponderable ether, which bathes his radiant pictures in lucidity. He has been called the Claude Lorraine of Holland, and this warm praise is only exaggerated in appearance. If one expected to find in Cuyp the golden specks playing in the sunbeams, the orange tints of the skies of Lorraine, her green and silvery waves, and the warm vapoury clouds that play round the columns of the

penetrates to the heart, calming and consoling the mind. The atmosphere of Claude is burning, it scorches the lungs; loaded with the perfumes of poetry, it draws the soul on to indolence and love: that of Cuyp impels to freshness, excites a desire to travel, gives strength, and rouses activity and life. These two different masters, so different in character, are yet both true. The few degrees of latitude between their two lands made the difference of their genius. But we cannot but

allow that the inspired painter Lorraine had much more before him to rouse his pencil and brush, to create rich nature, than any northern painter could find, however much he might be a worshipping of light. Claude had but to wander on the shores of the Bay of Naples to find radiant and dazzling subjects every day. In Holland, on the contrary, the sky has splendid pictures for the eye only at rare intervals. Like Ormus, the sun struggles during a great part of the year against darkness. And yet it is strange that we find in Cuyp none of those struggles between light and darkness, between day and night, which so moved the soul of Rembrandt. The artist and painter of the cold north always loved the light, the day, the sun. In fine, the great, the crying, the wonderful characteristic of Cuyp is, that in Holland, in the seventeenth century, that is to say, before the second invasion of a foreign style, he sought the picturesque elsewhere than in rude disorder, effect rather than in contrast, and found grandeur in simplicity, as he found happiness in a peaceful life.

The Bibliothèque Nationale, of France possesses several engravings, all of cows.

In Smith's catalogue there are 335 pictures of Albert Cuyp mentioned; but some of them are the same, described, however, under different names.

The Museum of the Louvre contains six—a "Pasture on the borders of a river" (p. 120), valued at £2,000. "The Return" and "The Departure for a Ride;" the pair are valued at the same sum. The Departure, of which we give the engraving (p. 121), is the best. The others are in the same style.

Vienna has one picture of "Five Cows," four of which are lying down.

At Munich there are two, one of "A Horseman," the other a "Cock and Hen on a dunghill."

At Dresden there is one, "A Woman spinning and a Man sleeping."

Amsterdam has two, "A mountainous Landscape," and "A fierce Charge of Cavalry."

At the Hague is a very clever "View of the Environs of Dordrecht."

The Hermitage of St. Petersburg contains several small specimens.

It is in England, however, that a great abundance of Cuyps may be found, because there this great painter has always been appreciated and understood. Those who visit that country may therefore enjoy the pleasure and satisfaction of fully examining into the merits of this painter themselves.

The National Gallery contains a picture which has been engraved by Bentley and by Goodall. It is a "Hilly Landscape," intersected by a winding river. On the right and front is a gentleman on a dappled-gray horse, represented with his back to the spectator; he appears to be in conversation with a woman who stands by his side, and at the same time is pointing with his whip towards three sportsmen, who are seen in the second distance watering their steeds at a river. Two cows lying down, a flock of sheep, and three dogs, are distributed over the foreground, which is diversified with docks and other wild plants. The aspect of a fine summer's morning is diffused throughout the scene. It originally belonged to Laurence Dufdas. It then passed to Mr. Angerstein, and in 1824 was bought by Parliament for the National Gallery at a cost of 195 guineas.

Dulwich contains eighteen, and there are the pictures which are best known in this country. They are of a very varied character, though all rustic landscapes, interiors of houses, and water-pieces, enriched by barks and fishermen. Smith has given a lengthened catalogue of them, but one or two will suffice for those readers who are not disposed to examine for themselves. It is one part of the progressive education of this country that picture-galleries are now beginning to be fully appreciated by the millions; and it is the pleasant province of a work like that we are publishing, to assist the great mass of the community in forming correct ideas in relation to the great masters, who otherwise would be confounded. Everybody can admire a striking and effective picture, but it is only after some study that its beauties can be fully appreciated.

The first worthy of note is a landscape with a broad road on the right, and two lofty trees at its side, which stand near the middle of the picture. At the foot of these are seated two shepherds guarding a flock of thirteen sheep, which are browsing around them; further on the road is a woman in blue, wearing a straw hat, in conversation with a man who is mounted on a mule loaded with panniers. The left of the picture is adorned with shrubs and bushes, growing luxuriantly on the banks of a river. It originally cost 180 guineas.

We have then a landscape composed of a hilly foreground, and a canal flowing in the middle distance on which are vessels under sail. A group of eight cows occupies the front, the whole of which, except one, are lying down; they are guarded by a peasant in a red jacket with a knapsack at his back, who is leaning on a stick apparently in conversation with a woman seated, with a little girl standing by her. This is a pretty and pleasing production, quite à la Cuyp.

Another is still of his favourite land. It is a landscape representing a "View in Holland." In the foreground are two shepherds, one of whom stands with his back to the spectator, the other is lying down; at a little distance from them are a black and white cow standing, and a red one lying down, and under a lofty hill on the left, is seen a herd of cattle. This cost the nation 130 guineas. "A Woman keeping Cows" is a pleasing landscape of a mountainous country, with a river on the right, extending into the extreme distance. In a meadow, composing the left foreground, are seven cows, four sheep, a horse, and a woman with a stick in her hand. This picture was in the possession of Sir Francis Bourgeois, and cost £225. "A Gentleman on Horseback," which cost 950 guineas; now in the collection of Edmund Higginson, Esq., of Saltmarsh Castle, is a beautiful picture—the glowing warmth of a summer sun gilds the scene. "A Herd of Cows Reposing," is a picture such as none but a great artist could have painted. It cost £800, but it was lately in the possession of Baron Delessert, Paris.

"An ancient Castle with Towers, encompassed by a moat and surrounded by lofty hills." A man on a black horse, and a herdsman with five sheep, give interest to the foreground. This picture is a perfect gem. It is 1 foot by 1 foot 8 inches.

This painting was originally bought of an old-clothes man, at Horn, in Holland, for about fifteen pence. It passed through many hands, increasing in value whenever re-sold, and was at length brought to England by Mr. La Fontain, who sold it for three hundred and fifty guineas. It is a delightful composition, with charming effects introduced.

The Earl of Ashburnham has a "View of the Castle of Nemiguen on the confluence of the Rhine," which cost eight hundred guineas—an admirable work, brilliant in tone and admirable in the execution.

The Marquis of Bute possesses a Landscape with a large river on the right, on the further side of which is a small town, and beyond it a lofty hill. The brilliant effect of the morning sun pervades this lovely scene. This beautiful picture merits the highest commendations for the various qualities which give interest and value to this work of Cuyp, which is valued at 1,800 guineas.

The late Sir Abraham Hume, Bart., possessed many which have passed into the gallery of Lord Alford:—"A View on the River Maes," with the town of Dort on the spectator's left, and numerous vessels lying in long perspective by the side of the quay. Among them may be chiefly noticed a large Dutch passage-boat filled with persons, alongside of which lies a small boat, having on board an officer in a scarlet dress seated, and another wearing a dark dress standing near him; a yacht and several other boats are distributed over the river. The effect of a fine summer's evening pervades the scene and gives to the rippling wave a thousand varied hues. A few light summer clouds float over the azure sky, and contribute greatly to the charm of this superb production.

Of the very few pictures which Cuyp painted of this size (it is 3 feet 10 inches by 5 feet 6½ inches) and subject, the one just described is perhaps the one most agreeable to the eye

and feelings; as it possesses an agreeable warmth of tone, combined with the appearance of a genial atmosphere, free from that sultry and oppressive heat which sometimes predominates in his pictures; it is worth £2,000.

Another is a number of "Horsemen watering their Steeds in a river." It is impossible to commend too highly this beautiful work of art; the masterly execution displayed in every part, the science evinced in the arrangement of objects and forms, and the wonderful and lovely gradations of tints and atmospheric truth, justly entitle it to the first rank among his last productions. It is worth from £1,500 to £2,000, and is in the collection of J. Martin, Esq.

"The Thirsty Herdsman." A hilly country, beautifully diversified by clusters of trees and an extensive river, represented under the aspect of a brilliant sunset. An example of superlative excellence. It is in the possession of Mr. J. Norton, and cost 380 guineas.

In the collection of Mr. J. H. Hope, is a very beautiful "Cattle Piece."

In the private collection of the Queen, besides that already described, may be seen, a negro holding two horses, a cavalier conversing in the middle of a crowd, a group of three cows, with a shepherd and his wife.

Lord Yarborough has a very effective "Winter Scene," a frozen river, which is not to be confounded with that in the possession of the Duke of Bedford.

The late Sir Robert Peel had three pictures of Cuyp, which we believe are still in the possession of his son; a "Group of Cows near a River," which was purchased at an expense of £400; "Cavaliers and Cattle," £200. The third is an "Old Castle surrounded by Towers," the deep shadows of which are reflected on the surrounding water. A horseman, a shepherd and some lambs fill the foreground. The light and shade of this picture is exquisite in finish.

The Bridgewater Gallery contains the remarkable "Naval Piece," described above.

Lord Lansdowne has two Cuyps; one, a scene on the everlasting Maes, the other "A Woman Milking."

The Grovenor Gallery has four—"A Landscape," "A Moonlight," "A Stream," and another "Landscape."

A well-known Parisian connoisseur possesses an important and superb picture by Cuyp. It is a large and splendid "View of Dordrecht" (p. 116), taken on the side of the jetty. The scene is animated by barks and vessels, of which some carry the Dutch flag. A bale of merchandise is being unloaded from a schooner into a boat, and addressed to A. Cuyp. A vast multitude of vessels are seen on the horizon; others enter the roads, and are firing the saluting cannon. On the first foreground to the left is a group of three barks, loaded with merchandise and men. On the side of the vessel towards us, we read, "A. Cuyp f. 1640." This was the epoch when the artist was in the full force of his genius. To the right is the town of Dort, with its crowded jetty. In the canal are two other boats, on board of one of which are two, and on board the other, four persons. There are fifty figures in this painting. It is one of his richest productions; every detail is rendered with the perfection of genius.

Baron James Rothschild possesses two very good Cuyps. The subjects are, "A View on the Water" and "A Paysage on the Borders of the Maes." There is a town sleeping in a luminous fog, on a motionless canal, where a great trading-ship is at anchor. Here we see two elegant cavaliers, one of whom with a red cloak, mounted on a black horse; the other has dismounted to arrange the bridle of his white horse, seen *en croupe*. A shepherd, sitting on the ground, is speaking to them. To the right, in the foreground, are three cows and two figures. In the distance, in golden vapour, is a church with ruined towers.

At the sale of the Prince de Conti, in 1777, a group of seven persons, of whom six are gambling, was sold for £10 8s.; while another, "A View of the Maes," loaded with sailing vessels and sloops, fetched £80. "Two Cows," in the sale of Randon de Boisset, in 1777, fetched £76. At the sale of the Duke de Praslin, in 1793, "A View of the Maes"

fetched £94. Towards the middle of the picture are six cows, while the right is occupied by a boat manned by two sailors. At the Robit sale, 1801, was sold "A View of the Banks of the Maes." To the left is a rich hill-side with several cows; one stands up, and a woman is milking it. It sold for £400. Also another "View of the Maes by Moonlight," which fetched £112 16s. At the sale of Leyden, in 1804, there was sold a "View of Flessingen," which realised £160. At the Lebrun sale, in 1811, a beautiful "Interior of a Village" was sold for £104. It is a sweet and pretty scene. At the Laperière sale, in 1823, "A Hunting Party" was sold for £916. It represents a young Prince of Orange, mounted on a brown horse of small stature, stopping to give orders to his hunters. He is accompanied by two squires, mounted on a black and a gray horse. Towards the second foreground is a hare, dogs, a piqueur on horseback, and a valet running on foot.

As we have before stated, the works of Albert Cuyp were not held in high estimation during the lifetime of the artist. It was the English who first showed a proper appreciation of their merit. After the sale of the Van Slingelandt collection, which took place in 1786, the prices of his pictures increased so much that imitators of his style speedily arose. The most noticeable of those imitators was Jacob Van Stry, born at Dort in 1756. Van Stry took Cuyp for his model, and ultimately acquired the art of copying and imitating him with wonderful success; so that many of his pictures, after being artfully disguised by dirt and varnish, were sold as original works of Albert Cuyp. But, in addition to this, he was frequently employed to introduce figures and cattle into the genuine pictures of that master, either for the purpose of improving their composition or to please the fancy of the purchaser. Notwithstanding the assiduity with which he studied the works of Cuyp, and the success which has attended many interested persons in imposing his productions on the inexperienced as genuine pictures by that master, he has in every instance fallen far short of those peculiar beauties which constitute the great charm of his teacher. In addition to a prevailing mannerism and hardness of outline which runs through all his pictures, there is an evident deficiency of that mingling of the warm and cool tints so essential in painting. There is, also, a want of truth in his gradations, and an absence of atmospheric effect. He died on the 4th of February, 1815, aged 58, at Dort. His pictures fetched from three hundred to six hundred florins, after his death.

Another imitator was Dionysius Van Dongen, born at Dort in 1748. His attempts at copying were so successful that he found a readier sale for them than for his own pictures. Cuyp, Paul Potter, and Wynants, were his principal models. False Cuyps he excelled in. He died, in 1819, at Dort.

Another was Abraham Van Bossum. He was less servile in his imitation than the others. Some of his works are highly prized by the Dutch collectors. His style closely resembles Cuyp's. He flourished about the end of the seventeenth century, and was most successful in landscapes, cattle, views of towns, cottages, and poultry. His pictures have fetched very high prices.

The last imitator was one by name Bernard Van Kalraat; born at Dort in 1650; the date of his death is not known. His style does not much resemble Cuyp's; he, however, began as an imitator of that master, but ultimately abandoned his imitations for a style more easy and more native to him.

The numerous artists who endeavoured to build a reputation and a fortune on the mere imitation of Cuyp, is of itself evidence of that painter's genius. Mediocrity has no ready followers. Mediocre talent is common enough. It is the privilege of genius to be pilfered. Poets, authors, artists, have all had their plagiarists; and there is scarcely a painter of any real value, of whom false copies may not be found in the market.

Severe and careful critics will not, however, be imposed upon, and the sham Cuyps are now cast back to merited obscurity. There is some difference between copying a master as a study, and copying him to palm the imitations on the

public. Careless and ignorant purchasers may not know the difference, and a false Cuyp may be as interesting and valuable to them as a real one. We know ourselves a man of rank and fortune who glories in a Greuze and a Watteau—both barefaced shams, sold to him by a speculative Jew dealer. As the worthy squire is happy in his ignorance, we have not sought to undeceive him.

A critic feels a natural tendency to elevate the subject he is treating. It is impossible to treat of such a painter as Albert Cuyp without rating him very high. One is roused to warm enthusiasm by the study of his pictures. But we think that we have not fallen into exaggeration as far as the great master we have been treating is concerned. It is to be regretted that we have not richer materials about him. We should have been glad to know what kind of a wife he chose unto himself, if he had stalwart sons and fair daughters. But he has no history save his works, which, though so little appreciated in his day, are now immortal. Proud, indeed, may the man be who owns a genuine Cuyp.

Flemish art holds a very high position in the history of the

art of Europe. The men of the Netherlands, who revived painting, did so in a most attractive form. They did not seek the beauty of the ideal, of the very highest order of art, but their characteristic was breadth, freedom, and originality. They combined with this great attention to individual objects. They painted the life they knew: its different phases, its petty and larger peculiarities; the daily existence of the town and village; nature in her works; in-door and domestic. Consequently there was a particular delicacy of touch about them. They do not hold the first place in art, but they tend very much towards it.

Historical painting was a very large department of the Flemish school. It had two branches: one influenced by the catholic clergy in Brabant, the other guided by protestant Holland, and very different in character and attributes. The founder of the Brabant school was Peter Paul Rubens—a painter who had little influence on Cuyp. Cuyp, in the little he did study, studied the Dutch school. But as we have said before, it was by throwing off the trammels of all schools that our artist of Dort became truly great.



VIEW OF THE MAAS, NEAR MAASTRICHT. FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT CUIP.

PIETRO DE CORTONA.

SOME two centuries ago, in the sunny land of Italy, beneath the warm sky of Tuscany, there was a little shepherd-boy, of twelve years old, feeding his flock by the wayside. He was a simple herdsman; and there he sat on the warm bank, beneath the shade of a tree, thinking, one would have supposed, of nothing in particular, when suddenly he started up, cast down his crook, and walked away towards Florence. What he did this for, and under what impulse he acted, it is difficult to imagine. But to Florence he did go.

Now in Florence there dwelt another boy, of not more than eight years old, nearly as poor as himself, who had left his native village of Cortona to become turnspit in the kitchen of Cardinal Sachetti.

Now Pietro did not come to Florence to enter upon the lucrative duties of the scullion of a prince. He was fired by

a noble ardour. In Florence there was a school of painting, and Pietro had determined to become a painter. How, it was difficult to imagine; but he determined to try.

And Pietro stopped before the palace of Cardinal Sachetti, and waited patiently until monsignori had dined, to get an opportunity of speaking to his comrade and friend Tommaso. He waited a long time, but at last Tommaso appeared.

"How do you do, Tommaso?" said Pietro, looking at the well-fed young official with great respect.

"How do you do, Pietro? And what have you come to Florence for?" said the scullion.

"I have come to learn painting," said Pietro of Cortona, quietly.

"Nonsense, you had better learn cooking," replied Tommaso. "It's a good trade; one never can die of hunger in that profession."

"You eat, then, as much as you like here."

"I should think so. I could give myself an indigestion every day if I liked."

"Well," said Pietro merrily, "we can come to an understanding. You have too much, and I have not enough. I'll bring you my appetite, and you'll give me your kitchen."

"Done—settled," said Tommaso.

"Then let us begin from this very moment," cried Pietro, heartily, "for as I have not dined, I feel anxious to begin our partnership at once."

Tommaso took Pietro up secretly to a garret where he himself slept, offered him half of his bed, and told him to wait, for he would soon come up with some leavings from his lordship's table.

"Very good," said Pietro; "but don't be long. My long walk has given me an appetite."

Tommaso soon returned, and the two sat down to supper. It was a gay repast indeed. Tommaso was full of spirits, and laughed heartily at the voracious appetite of Pietro.

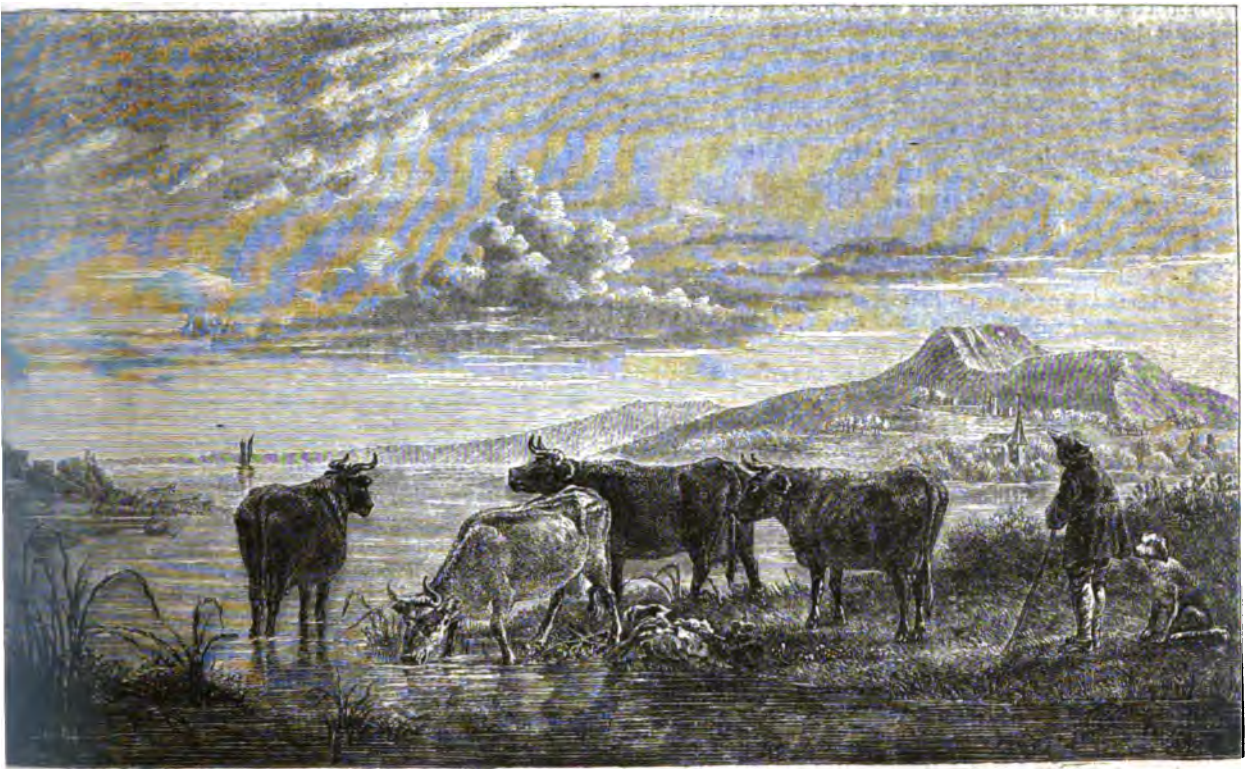
whole house with his architect, and visited rooms he had never entered before. The garret of the scullion did not escape the joint investigation of his highness and the artist. Pietro was out; but his numerous sketches on the walls and on paper testified to the patience and talent of the child who dwelt in that garret. The cardinal and the architect were struck by the merit of these works.

"Who lives in this room?" said the prelate.

"Tommaso, a scullion, my lord," replied one of the servants who stood behind.

The cardinal sent for the boy, in order to pay him some highly-merited compliments upon his great ability, and to confer with him as to his future prospects. When, however, poor Tommaso learned that his highness had entered the garret, and had seen what he called the daubs of his friend Pietro, he gave himself up for lost.

"You are no longer to remain among my scullions," said the cardinal, who little thought the boy had a lodger.



CATTLE DRINKING. FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT CUYT.

Pietro had not the means of buying paper and pencil, and Tommaso had as yet no wages. But the walls of the garret were white, and Tommaso brought up some charcoal, with which Pietro began boldly to make sketches. In this way time passed, until Tommaso by chance received a small coin. Great joy in the garret. The young artist procured paper and pencils. He now went out at daybreak, and entering the churches, studied the pictures, the monuments, and wandering about to the outskirts, studied nature again in those fields which had fired his infant genius, and which by some strange and irresistible impulse had driven him to the study of painting.

By degrees the first crude sketches in charcoal on the walls disappeared, and Pietro of Cortona covered the narrow cell with more perfect pictures. The garret of the young scullion became a little temple of art and friendship.

But even the best kept mysteries are one day explained. Cardinal Sachetti determined one year to have his palace undergo thorough repair. For this purpose he went over the

Tommaso, deceived as to the true meaning of the cardinal's words, thought merely that he was driven from his kitchen, and was without a home. The poor scullion saw ruin for himself, and exile and starvation for his friend. He accordingly, while weeping bitterly, threw himself at his master's feet.

"Oh!" cried he, "do not send me away. What will become of Pietro?"

The cardinal, considerably puzzled, asked for an explanation of these words; and after some little hesitation, he learned that Tommaso had for two years kept in his garret, in secret, a young shepherd-boy.

"When he comes home this evening," said the cardinal, "bring him to me."

And the cardinal dismissed the scullion, after telling him to keep his place, laughing heartily all the while at his mistake.

In the evening the artist did not come back. Two days passed, then eight, and even a fortnight elapsed before anything was again heard of Pietro de Cortona.

At length the cardinal, a great patron of the arts, began to be exceedingly anxious relative to the lad. He caused inquiries to be made, and found that the monks of an isolated convent had sheltered the young artist of fourteen, who had humbly asked permission of them to copy a picture by Raphael which was in the chapel of the cloister. He had been freely allowed to carry out his wish. He was then brought back to the cardinal, who received him with kindness, and placed him at school with one of the best painters of Rome.

Fifty years later, there were two old men who lived like brethren in one of the most beautiful villas of Florence. People said of the one, "He is one of the greatest painters of the day," and of the other, "He is a model of friendship." It was Pietro de Cortona and his friend, the scullion—the one a great painter, the other a rich and honoured citizen.

THE UNKNOWN MASTERPIECE.

There is a tradition current in Spain, which is not one of the least singular of the tales which float about in connexion with painters. One day Rubens was in the neighbourhood of Madrid, and went into a convent of very severe rules, and remarked, not without some surprise, in an humble and poor choir of the monastery, a picture of the most sublime and admirable talent. This picture represented the death of a monk. Rubens summoned his scholars, showed them the picture, and asked their opinion. All replied, that it was of exceeding genius.

"Who can be the author of this work?" asked Vandyk, the cherished pupil of Rubens.

"There is a name at the bottom of the picture, but it has been carefully rubbed out," replied Van Thulden.

Rubens begged the favour of an interview with the prior, and asked of the old monk the name of the artist, whose production he admired so much.

"The painter is no longer of this world," replied the abbot.

"Dead!" cried Rubens, "dead! And no one knows his name, no one ever hinted to me, no one told me, of his name, which should be immortal,—a name before which my own would have faded. And yet, my father," said the artist with a flush of pride, "I am Paul Rubens."

At the sound of this name, the pale face of the prior was animated by singular warmth. His eyes flashed and he looked at Rubens with a strange and wild look—a faint glimmer of pride flashed across his face—but it lasted only a moment. The monk then looked down, crossed his arms, which for a moment he had raised to the heavens in an instant of enthusiasm.

"The artist is not of this world," he repeated.

"His name, my father—his name, that I may let the whole world know it, that I may render unto him the glory which is due unto him."

The monk shook in every limb; a cold sweat burst out upon his body and tinged his wan cheeks; his lips were compressed convulsively, like priests ready to reveal a mystery of which you know the secret.

"His name, his name," cried Rubens.

The monk shook his head.

"Listen to me, my brother; you have not understood my meaning. I said to you that the artist was not of this world: I did not say he was dead."

"You say he lives," cried the artists in chorus. "Give forth his name."

"He has renounced the world—he is in a cloister, he is a monk."

"A monk, my father, a monk? Oh, tell me in what convent. He must come out of it. When God stamps a man with the seal of genius, this man should not be buried in obscurity. God gives such a man a sublime mission, and he must accomplish his destiny. Tell me in what cloister he is concealed, and I will tear him from it, telling him of the glory that awaits him. If he refuses, I will have him commanded

by the Pope to return to the world and resume his brushes. The Pope loves me, my father, and the Pope will hearken to my words."

"I will give up neither his name nor the cloister which has opened its shelter to him," replied the monk in a firm tone.

"The Pope will command you," said Rubens, exasperated.

"Listen to me," replied the monk, "listen to me, in the name of God. Do you think that this man, before leaving the world, before renouncing fortune and glory, did not first struggle firmly against such a resolution? Think you, brother, that he must not have felt bitter deceptions, bitter sorrow, before he became convinced that all was deception and vanity? Let him then die in peace in that shelter he has found against the world and its sorrow. Your efforts, moreover, will be in vain—he will triumphantly reject your advances," he added, making the sign of the cross, "for God will continue to be his friend, God, who in his mercy has deigned to appear to him, and will not drive him from his presence."

"But, father, he renounces immortality."

"Immortality is nothing in presence of eternity."

And the monk refused to carry on the conversation.

Rubens went away with his pupils, silent and sad, and returned to Madrid.

The prior went back to his cell, and kneeling down on the straw mat which served him as a bed, prayed fervently to God.

Then he collected together his pencils, his colours, and his easel, which were scattered about his cell, and cast them through the window into the river which flowed beneath. He gazed then a little while sadly at these objects as they floated away.

When they had entirely disappeared, he kneeled down again, and prayed with excessive fervour.

The author of the masterpiece was never known.

GERARD DOUW.

GERARD DOUW, the most feeling and expressive of Dutch genre painters, Durer excepted, was born at Leyden on the 7th of April, 1613. His father, Janszoon Douw, was a glazier. Gerard, however, showed no inclination to follow that trade, but early manifested a taste for the fine arts. The father did not oppose his son's inclinations, but, on the contrary, did all in his power to encourage and strengthen them. When a mere child, Gerard Douw was placed with Bartholomew Dolendo, an engraver, with whom he remained for some few months, acquiring considerable skill in the art. He was then placed with Peter Rouwhorn, painter on glass, with whom he remained about two years more. At the expiration of that period, such was the progress the young artist had made, that his master had little else to teach him, and accordingly, at fifteen years of age, Gerard Douw became the pupil of the celebrated Rembrandt. After three years of unremitting study under that master, Douw felt that he might release himself from the trammels of an instructor, and dispense with all lessons, except those taught by nature herself. Accordingly, he left the studio of Rembrandt, and prepared to take his own independent position in the world of art.

Portrait painting was the first style which engaged his attention; but of this he soon tired. He found that it exacted too much of his versatile powers. Not only did it necessitate the trouble of taking accurate likenesses, but also of painting good pictures. He required more time, too, to perfect his works than many people who wished to engage his talents were disposed to give. Their patience was fairly exhausted before he had completed more than a mere sketch of their features. Such was the elaborate patience which he bestowed upon the effort to render every detail of his picture in the most perfect manner, that Descamps assures us, on one occasion, when Douw was engaged in painting the por-

trait of a lady, he spent five days upon the hand. Another authority says, that to a broomstick, in one of his pictures, he devoted three, some say five, days of incessant application. It is not surprising, therefore, that he should have abandoned a department of his art which demanded such a vast outlay of time, and which, moreover, did not allow his imagination sufficient scope to develop itself. He obeyed the instincts of his genius, therefore, in surrendering himself to the spirit of his fancy, whether that led him amid the beauties of nature, or among the homely scenes of domestic life. Whatever picture he undertook received the utmost attention, even in its minutest particulars, at his hands. The care he bestowed merely upon his colours almost exceeds belief. He always ground them himself. He kept them shut up in air-tight boxes, and closed every aperture of the room in which they were placed, so that the apartment itself was almost air-tight; he also entered the room on tip-toe, with the scrupulous caution with which a sick chamber is visited; sat himself down softly, to prevent his clothes from sweeping against the floor or the furniture, and thus causing dust to arise in the room. He also kept his brushes, palettes, and pencils, in positions where they were secure from atmospheric variation and influence. This care was not bestowed in vain. His colouring presents a richness and purity which has rarely been equalled, and probably never surpassed. The neglect of these minutæ affects much the slow progress of modern art. When studying the style of Rembrandt, he appears to have viewed the works of that master through a convex lens; for when Rembrandt's pictures are seen through that medium, they bear a marked resemblance to those of Douw.

Gerard Douw had a most intimate knowledge of the mechanical details of his art; an artistic capacity to group those details in a spirit of harmony; and unflinching manual and mental industry. His industry was indeed marvellous. He would bestow hours in studying new effects, in viewing the contrasts and combinations of light and shade, and in perfecting the most trivial accessories of his subject. He cared not how he laboured or how protracted his labour was, so that he was enabled to attain to that degree of excellence to which he felt his genius was capable of leading him. He was guided, as is every truly great mind, solely by the light of his own opinions. If he pleased himself, he had achieved the highest possible amount of success. He was his own critic; all other critics might be listened to, but it was himself alone who was to be obeyed. It was no easy task he set himself, but it was one that at any expenditure of time and patience he determined to execute. How he succeeded is well known. Other painters may have been as painstaking, but in no works of art are the evidences of industry more unobtrusively apparent than in the works of Gerard Douw.

An eminent critic thus sums up the character of Douw: "Formed in the school of Rembrandt, Douw appears to have received from him a thorough knowledge of light and shade and the power of treating it, so as to produce complete harmony; but he abandoned the fantastic tendency and the striking effects of his master, and formed for himself a peculiar style. Gerard Douw delights most in subjects within the narrow circle of kindly family feeling; we meet with no action, as in Terburg, in which an interest is excited by the traces of some passion hidden beneath the surface, but merely the affectionate relations of simple domestic life, and the peaceful intercourse of a quiet home. The execution, as is necessary in such subjects, is extremely neat and highly finished, without degenerating into pettiness or constraint: the various accessories are handled with the same care as the figures, for they perform a necessary part in domestic life; and the daily intercourse with them seems, as it were, to lend them an independent existence and a peculiar interest. The arrangement is, therefore, such, that these accessories not only combine agreeably with the whole, but in general occupy a considerable portion of the picture. We often look through a window, on the sill of which lie all kinds of household utensils, into the busy scene within. Frequently the comfort

of domestic privacy is made more striking by the twilight of evening or by candlelight; for in the treatment also of the effects of light of this kind Gerard Douw has shown himself a great master. Although the life of the lower classes, such as housemaids and retailers of articles in daily use, frequently forms the subject of his pictures, yet they are painted without any leaning to the burlesque and vulgar feeling of such masters as Brauwer; indeed, whenever Gerard Douw approaches to coarseness of this kind, we can observe that it is done with design and with an effort. On the contrary, neither the drawing-room of the great, nor subjects supplied by poetry, are suited to his natural taste; and though he has frequently tried them, the result is not happy."

Gerard Douw lived in honour and prosperity, and died at the age of sixty-one, in the year 1674. He had several imitators, the most successful of whom was Francis Miéris, born 1635, died 1681. His imitations frequently deceived experienced judges. Peter Van Slingeland was another imitator of Douw, and many of his pictures bear a marked resemblance to those of that master, and are frequently sold as such. But there is a certain weakness and irresolution in Van Slingeland's pictures, which the practised eye is enabled to detect at once. John Van Staveran was another imitator and pupil of Douw. His subjects were, however, limited, and his style far from effective. The principal works of Gerard Douw are "The Dropsical Woman," in the Louvre; "A Schoolroom, by Candlelight," in the Musée at Amsterdam, and valued at £1,600; the "Interior of a Room, with groined ceiling and arched windows," in a private collection in Paris, and valued at 1,200 guineas; "A Grocer's Shop," in the possession of Queen Victoria, and valued at 1,200 guineas; "The Poulterer's Shop," worth 1,270 guineas, formerly in the possession of Sir Robert Peel; "La Marchande Epicière du Village," in the Louvre, value £2,200; "A Schoolroom by Candlelight," now in the Musée at Amsterdam; "The Interior of a Dentist's Shop." Many valuable portraits of himself, in various collections. "La Lecture de la Sainte Bible," in the Louvre, valued at £1,000; "A Hermit at his Devotions," in the possession of Lord Ashburton, and valued at £1,500; "The Water Doctor," now in the palace of the Hermitage, St. Petersburg; "The Surprise," in the Gallery at Dresden, and valued at 500 guineas, &c. &c. Some of his pictures, of great value, were sold to the Empress of Russia, and were lost at sea in 1771. Of the pictures to which we have alluded, we select a few for description.

The first is "The Dropsical Woman." The picture represents the interior of a large and lofty room, with an arched window on the right, and a circular one above it; in the opposite side of the apartment is suspended a rich piece of tapestry, which is drawn up, and forms a pleasing object, both from the tasteful cast of the folds, and the angle which it makes in the picture. The composition exhibits a group of four figures, disposed near the window. The centre one is a lady of middle age, evidently suffering under a severe malady; her affliction is affectionately deplored by her daughter, a beautiful girl, who is kneeling by the side of her parent, holding one of her hands. A doctor, in a purple silk robe, and a scarf round his waist, stands on the left of the lady, attentively examining the symptoms of the disease; while a female attendant, who is behind her chair, is offering her some refreshment in a spoon. The elegance of the dresses, and the taste displayed in the furniture, denote the rank and opulence of the family. This surprising production is no less excellent for its finish in all the details than for the strong natural expression of each figure: the patient resignation of the lady, the filial affection of the daughter, the anxious attention of the nurse, and the ominous gesture of the doctor, are portrayed with a refinement of feeling that would do honour to the best Italian masters. This picture is in the Louvre, and is valued at £4,800. It is his masterpiece. It was given by the Elector Palatine to Prince Eugene, and, after his death, remained in the gallery at Turin, until the French carried it off and placed it in the Louvre. They gave £4,000 instead of restoring it.

The next is "The Interior of a Dentist's Shop," of which we present an engraving. An old man is being submitted to the operations of the dentist. At the back, an old woman, resting upon a basket, is waiting to see the tooth extracted. On the window-sill in front are a shell, a bottle, a basin, and a pot of flowers. A skull on a shelf at the back of the room, several medicine jars, and a stuffed lizard suspended from the

and the general air of life and reality which invests it, speaking in no small voice of the genius of the creator.

In the collection at Hampton Court there is a small Gerard Douw of "An Old Woman asleep with a Book on her knees." The Dulwich Gallery also contains two small pictures, and in the gallery of the late Sir Robert Peel was a picture which formerly belonged to Mr. Beckford, and was sold at the Fon -



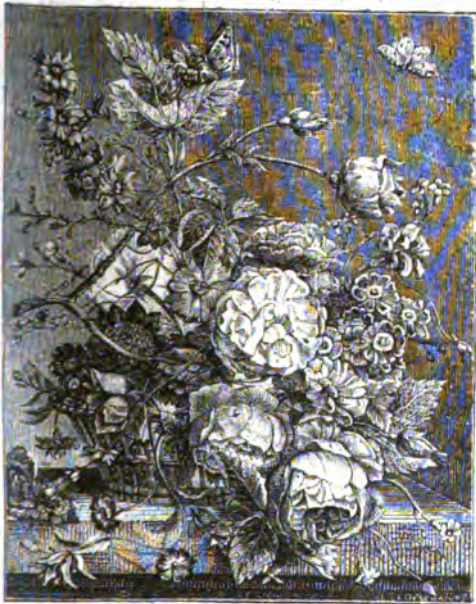
THE DENTIST. FROM A PAINTING BY GERARD DOUW.

roof, give completeness to the scene. The scrutinising look of the operator contrasts well with the resigned appearance of the patient; and the steady reflective gaze of the old woman is shown to great advantage in the light of the window. This picture, one of several illustrations of dentistry, a subject Douw often treated, is remarkable for the richness of the colouring, the truthfulness of detail, the admirable grouping,

hill Abbey sale for 1,270 guineas. It represents "A Hare bargained for between an old woman and young girl."

In the Berlin Museum there is a picture representing "A Storeroom with vast quantities of Provisions." The cook has just opened the door and has a candle in her hand. She steps lightly to avoid disturbing a mouse about to enter a trap. The light on her face produces a pleasing effect.

JOHN VAN HUYSUM.



THERE is an essential difference between the genius of a Huysum and that of a Cuyp or a Douw; the latter reach to
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the verge of the very highest branch of art, but our present artist is of another school, though sufficiently great in his way. Some have instituted a comparison between Baptiste Huet and Huysum. But these two artists are separated by the wide difference that exists between the French and the Flemish schools. It is from the similitude and yet the contrast between them that we can appreciate the distinction between the two schools, and can seize and judge of the difference between the style in which they have severally treated flowers. The French school is generally considered to regard nature as something purely secondary, much inferior to man, and bowing wholly subservient to his greatness. For a long time that school used landscape but as the framework of an historic scene, or as a garden, where wandered poets, and heroes, and philosophers. They rarely took for subjects the lovely creations of the earth. Flowers, above all, were disregarded by them. Even those who did make them their special study and their choice workmanship, used them only as light decorations fit to adorn the panels of the palace and boudoir of the lady of fashion. The artists of the French school used flowers simply to show off their delicacy of touch, their richness of colouring, and the keenness of their eye. The painters of the Flemish and Dutch schools always placed nature in the first rank both in their admiration and in their pictures. As long as they confined themselves to natural sources, to inspiration, arising from their own characters and climate, everything was a subject for a masterpiece. They were quite satisfied when

they could paint the banks of a river, when they could make a picturesque scene out of an old moss-grown wall, or render the grace and elegance of a flower, its peculiar and gentle charms, its every tint, characteristic, and hue. The same country which produced so many amateurs of flowers, so many enthusiastic worshippers of the tulip, gave to the world also the best artists in this peculiar line. The son of Gaul devoted a leisure hour to a bouquet, to show his power of rendering contrasts, and to bring together all the bright colours which are found in this sun-born department of creation. The Dutchman seeks to rouse sympathy and admiration in the heart of the amateur of gardens, to awaken in his soul the emotions naturally suggested and kindled in the mind of one who loves flowers, who knows their history, their family, their varieties, and their perfume. He seeks to make the rose of an hour live a hundred years. Huet paints a bunch of flowers merely for effect and contrast. John Van Huysum painted flowers from love, and under the influence of a kind of inspiration.

The place where he was born was peculiarly the locality where flowers were always highly appreciated. No other nation at that time could enter into the floricultural enthusiasm of the Dutchmen. Huysum was born at Amsterdam, in 1682. He was the pupil and the eldest son of Justus Van Huysum, a flower-painter, who had transformed his house into a kind of manufactory of everything which could contribute to the decoration of apartments and gardens. At the head of this peculiar establishment Justus Van Huysum placed his son John, while all his other sons, whom he had also initiated into the mysteries of the art of painting, worked under him. The coarse work of this trade soon disgusted John, who felt within himself higher and nobler aspirations towards true art. He accordingly entered deeply into the study of Abraham Mignon, an able painter, of Verelst, and David de Heem, who was a kind of master in this school. His flowers and fruit were executed with the utmost neatness and finish, while his colours were brilliant, and harmonised in the purest manner. From the study of these masters, John Van Huysum turned to the ever-open page of nature, where, despite the clear and transparent light shed on all creation's works, so few learn to read. This imitation of their line of conduct was most fortunate for our artist, as it enabled him to see all that was good in his predecessors who were considered inimitable, and to correct, by reference to reality, any errors into which they fell. He found errors in their copies of nature, slight and trifling faults, indeed, but such as he endeavoured to avoid. It was, then, by active and industrious search after the real and the beautiful, that the genius of Huysum was cultivated to the highest pitch. Beginning only with flowers, he saw open before him a whole world—fresh, new, delightful. He investigated every branch of his subject; he visited every corner of his new domains. Birds, butterflies, wasps, bees, all came in for their share. He made them all, as it were, the satellites of floricultural creation. At an early period, he studied diligently to imitate the marble slabs which were to support his baskets of flowers, the pots which were to contain his bouquets, the bas-reliefs which were to adorn his vases, and all the delicate minutiae of ornaments for handles, etc. He armed himself from head to foot to conquer the domain of roses. He was a regular Don Quixote of horticulture.

This taste for flowers seems to have been innate. Even when an infant, it was remarked that his eye was constantly attracted by the bright colours of nature's most beautiful and most short-lived children; and, during his boyhood, his great delight was the cultivation of a little plot of garden-ground, where he would pass hours sitting upon a bench, watching, in spring and summer time, the result of his labours and his care. This taste of his was so well known, that his father's friends never thought of giving him any other presents than a packet of seeds or a bunch of roots, and it was the general opinion that he would ultimately become a great botanist—perhaps a great physician. Those who thought so, however, did not know that the young Van Huysum cared little to study the secret processes of nature, and was captivated only by the

graceful forms, the exquisite colours, and the beautiful grouping of his flowers. Vanderkamp relates, in his collection of anecdotes of the notabilities of Amsterdam, that when our painter was a mere youth, a curious adventure happened to him from this excessive fondness for the floral productions of nature. He was one day wandering in the neighbourhood of the city, when he came to a garden separated from the road by one of those neat hedges which form the admiration of all travellers in Holland. According to his usual custom, he looked over to see if there was anything in his way worth admiring, and having discovered that all the flowers in the beds were already well known to him, was about to go away, when his eye was attracted by a magnificent tulip that stood in a pot upon one of the lower balconies of the house. Its size, its form, its lustre, at once threw him into ecstasies of delight, and he would have given anything to have been allowed to approach it, to hang over it, to contemplate it from various points of view.

Timidity, natural to his age, prevented him, however, from entering the garden and asking permission to gratify his desire; and so, after having lingered near the hedge for more than an hour, he tore himself away with a sigh and returned homewards.

But the tulip still occupied his thoughts. He neither supped nor slept that night, and next morning early went forth and returned to the garden, in hopes of again seeing his beautiful flower. The windows of the house, however, were still closed, and the tulip had not yet been put out into the air. Van Huysum was patient. He walked up and down meditating, until at length he saw a young girl come out with the tulip pot in her hand and place it carefully where it could catch the first rays of the sun. Anybody else would have observed that the young girl was beautiful exceedingly; but the young painter only looked upon her as a thing that carried a flower, or rather he did not look upon her at all, but gazed with his great eyes at the real object of his admiration.

It happened that Agatha Kostar—such was the young girl's name—was betrothed to the son of one of the richest burgo-masters of Amsterdam, who came out that morning on a visit to his intended father-in-law, partly to discuss the preliminaries of his marriage, and partly to settle the price of two hundred and fifty hogsheads of sugar, which Van Kostar had for sale. As he walked deliberately by, examining as he went the nice little garden and the neat house which were to form part of Agatha's dowry, he could not help being struck at seeing rather a wild-looking youth staring like a tiger over the hedge full upon the balcony; while his betrothed still stood, after having set down the flower, admiring it, and now and then brushing off a few grains of dust that had fallen upon its petals.

Dutchmen are slow in most things. The son of the burgo-master took this fact into his mind, without making any comment, and walked into the house. But when he came to the window, and perceived that Agatha still lingered there, under the raking fire of as eager a pair of eyes as he had ever seen, he could not help feeling a small, a very small pang or jealousy; and touching the young lady on the shoulder, said to her,

"Who is that young man?"

The young girl looked very innocently, first at him, and then at the stranger, and replied:

"I had not seen him; he is some beggar probably. I will send him out something."

"Some broken victuals," economically observed the burgo-master's son, in whom the feeling of jealousy began slowly to die away.

Next morning, however, again perceiving Van Huysum at his post, he took note of his costume, and convinced himself that he was no beggar. Now, as he perfectly well knew that a plate of broken victuals had been sent out, and did not know that Van Huysum had gone away in the meantime, all this business appeared very strange to him, and he determined, as he stepped slowly towards the house, to come to an explanation.

He found Van Kostar sitting enjoying his pipe at one of the back windows, in a state of contemplative beatitude, with a large ledger open before him; for the good old gentleman had long been confined to his house by obesity and the gout, and was compelled to transact all his business there.

"Good morning, my son," said he, stretching out his fat hand.

The young man took it, gave it a solemn shake, sat down, and came at once to the point.

"I am not satisfied with Agatha," said he. Then, leaving this observation to sink into the old gentleman's mind, he took up a pipe, filled it, and began to smoke in a very jealous and melancholy way.

Van Kostar looked at him, and took more time in trying to get at the meaning of his phrase than he did generally in deciding on the merits of a commercial operation. At length he said what he might have said before, "I don't understand what you say."

The burgomaster's son then stated that he had seen a young man making love to Agatha over the hedge, which, for a Dutchman, was rather a stretch of imagination. Van Kostar opened his eyes, laid down his pipe, and struck a blow with his fat hand upon the table.

"Son-in-law," said he, "what you say is not true. I know Agatha, and shall call her at once to have an explanation."

Now it happened that Agatha, as even the discreetest young ladies will sometimes do, had been listening at the door, and heard the charge which had been made against her. Instead of coming in at once, and exculpating herself, she instantly ran back to the balcony, moved by a natural female curiosity to have a look at this young stranger, of whom she had hitherto taken no notice.

Van Huysum was still there, and was employed in trying to sketch on a piece of card the object of his fond admiration. "It is true," thought Agatha, blushing, "and he is writing a letter to me. Upon my faith, he is a very handsome young man; and Gerard never looked at me in that way."

Whilst she was indulging in this dangerous speculation, Gerard, the burgomaster's son, made his appearance, and conveyed to her her father's message, that he desired to see her, but without alluding to the suspicions which he had himself entertained.

On seeing his kind, grave face, Agatha repented a little of having allowed her thoughts to wander, but still could not help carrying on the mortification a little further. She was quite convinced that Gerard was right, so far as Van Huysum was concerned, and equally convinced of her own innocence.

There is nothing that makes women so revengeful as being wrongfully suspected; and Agatha is therefore deserving of credit that she did not determine to flirt with the stranger as soon as she found out who he was. "I am afraid," she said, "that I know what my father wants."

Gerard started, for as yet there had been no fact to confirm or justify his uneasiness. He looked sorrowfully at the young girl, and taking her hand, led her to the chamber where her father was waiting rather impatiently for her presence. The old man exclaimed at once, "Well, daughter, has Gerard told you what is the matter?"

"No, father," she replied; "but I think he is jealous."

"That's it," exclaimed the old man, laughing; "but you must tell him at once that he is mistaken, and that the young fellow with the eyes thinks no more of you than he does of my tulips."

"I am not quite sure of that, father," replied Agatha.

Van Kostar gave a long whistle, and then meditated for a few moments. At length he said, "Would it not be well, Gerard, instead of talking to this foolish girl, to learn who this stranger may be? Go out, like a man, and tell him to come in. I have always found, that to be straightforward is the best way to do business."

Gerard immediately walked out and went to Van Huysum, who had just finished his sketch, and said to him, "Young man, will you come with me? I know not who you are, but I am afraid that you are nearer to obtaining what you desire than I am."

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Van Huysum with the accent of a passionate lover.

Gerard felt his heart sink within him, and said, "Have you loved long?"

"Three days," exclaimed Van Huysum.

"And I have loved her for three years," said Gerard, with a sigh.

"Three years!" cried the young painter. "Has that flower been in bloom so long?"

Gerard thought to himself, this is the fine talk with which these young popinjays win the hearts of maidens. If she be inclined to him after having only seen his head over a hedge, what will it be when he makes fine speeches to her? Then he said aloud, "She is eighteen years old."

"Eighteen years!" again exclaimed Van Huysum, in a dreamily poetical manner. And so he followed his rival into the house, and was soon in presence of the old man and his daughter.

Gerard by this time had made up his mind that the young stranger loved Agatha, and that Agatha loved the young stranger; and being both a prudent and a good man, said to his intended father-in-law, "It is useless to struggle against fate. I know that they are destined for one another; and if this young man makes his demand, and it be accepted, I shall withdraw my claims, and the relations of our houses shall not be disturbed."

Agatha looked rather surprised at being so easily abandoned, and having compared the appearance of Van Huysum with that of Gerard, saw that, after all, the latter was much the most eligible individual. Besides, she had not really thought of breaking off a good match in this romantic way, and now exclaimed, "I suppose my consent will be asked?"

Van Huysum approached her, and taking her hand said, "I beseech you not to disappoint me."

By this time Van Kostar had a little recovered from the surprise which their strange doings had excited, and roared out:—"Is everybody mad? What is the meaning of all this nonsense? Do you think I will give Agatha to the first stranger that is picked up by the way-side?"

Van Huysum thought that the tulip had received a name. And looking very respectfully at the irate old gentleman, said, "If you will not part with Agatha herself, as you have been so kind as to call me in, will you give me one of her bulbs?"

At this extraordinary speech it seemed evident that the young painter was insane, and Gerard began to think whether it would be most proper to knock him down or coax him away. Our painter, however, not understanding the odd look that were cast at him, went on to say: "I saw your tulip the day before yesterday, and so admired its perfection, that I wished to possess a similar one, or at any rate to be allowed to make a sketch of it. I have tried to do so over the hedge, but am afraid that I have not succeeded." He then drew forth his card, and exhibited his performance. Agatha bit her lips, for she began to feel rather ridiculous; but her father and her lover laughed heartily, and the former exclaimed, "Young man, you may have my tulip, pot and all, and if you will paint it for me, I will buy the picture, and make a present of it to my daughter at the christening of her first child."

Agatha, says the worthy Vanderkamp, who seems to have hung over this story with fondness, ran away blushing, and Van Huysum afterwards found in Van Kostar one of his most liberal patrons.

The Dutch are very extreme in their love of collections. They describe this peculiar taste by the word *hief-hebberij*, which may be translated, curiosity-love. Some collect shells, some indulge in the luxury of medals; and in many a grocer's and cheesemonger's house will you find a library of strange and rare books of Elsevirs and primitive editions; or you will find the same man making unheard-of sacrifices for antique Chinese and Japanese ware. But the greatest instance of the *hief-hebberij* known, is this devotion of the Dutch to the art of flower-painting. They worship this branch of art; it is a subject of adoration. It will then be readily understood to what a degree John Van Huysum received encouragement,

when we mention that he succeeded in eclipsing Abraham Mignon. In the same picture he flattered both their love for painting and for flowers. It may, however, be remarked, that one of the first persons, after Van Koster, to purchase his works and to cry up his talents was the envoy of France, the Count of Morville, who ordered four pictures, two for the Duke of Orleans, and two for himself.

The generous protection of this friend soon made Van Huysum fashionable. It drew attention to him, particularly from foreigners of rank and wealth; and from that moment, we are informed by Deschamps, his pictures fetched as much as 1,200 Dutch florins (about £120). His reputation having spread far and near, several German princes and all the sovereigns in Europe were eager to possess flowers from the hand of

bouquets of Van Huysum, and informs us that the brother of the painter, James Van Huysum, "lived with Lord Orford, and painted most of the pictures in the attic story."

Though fashion does sometimes decide the temporary fate of an artist, yet when that reputation continues to hold its own, it can scarcely be deceptive. The unanimous suffrages of artistic Europe were never yet given to mediocrity. At all events, they were not in the case of John Van Huysum. He really did reach, in flower-painting, almost to perfection, and we may almost say of him what d'Argenville says of Baptiste, "his flowers only want perfume to make them real."

The arrangement, the drawing, the perspective, the *chiaroscuro*, the touch, were all studied by Van Huysum with ardour. He seemed to catch by intuition at the varied



THE LITTLE BRIDGE.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN HUYSUM.

a painter, whose workshop was the gardens of the richest floriculturists of Amsterdam and Haarlem; the King of Poland, the King of Prussia, the Elector of Saxony, the Prince of Hesse, ordered pictures of him, for which they paid him very large sums; and one, who, to use a French hyperbolic phrase, "was almost a sovereign," Sir Robert Walpole, obtained from him four pictures to adorn his mansion at Houghton-hall, in Norfolk. Huysum from that hour was a favourite in England. His charming productions were appreciated at once, at a time when it was fashionable to follow the example of a noble lord, and when the good opinion of such a man as Walpole did more for an artist than even his genius. The pictures purchased by Sir Robert Walpole, says Horace Walpole, in the account he gives of his father's pictures in 1762, were most highly finished. In this work, he only mentions two

elements of his glory. He may have been less skilful, he may have been less of a painter than Huet in the more artistic co-ordination of a bouquet. The French academician looked principally to the effect of the whole, and regarding flowers only as ornaments, made all the little sacrifices necessary to give relief, unity, and animation to his picture. Van Huysum often mars by certain little details the general whole. To render it more light, he cuts his picture up by small, fine, and capricious branches. The elegant lightness of all this ravishes the heart of the botanist, who recognises and names with joy the myosotis, the fuschia, and the blue campanula; but these delicate accessories sometimes injure the frankness of the general effect. There was a want of completeness which drew down the blame of other artists, and laid him open to criticism; men who see in a sprig of lily of the valley nothing

but a bunch of little bright points, and for whom an anemone is rather a tone than a flower, objected to the artistic carefulness of some of his productions.

Without falling into the insipidity which is the necessary result of an attempt to attain visible symmetry, the painter must give to his basket of flowers an order which, however, he must take care to hide. The young girl who has returned from the garden with her great straw hat full of flowers, has made haste to immerse their stalks into a vessel full of water,

other hand, be symmetrically divided, and present to the eye a too methodical arrangement. A tuft of anemones may counterbalance a hyacinth; the rose of Provins may be the companion of a double full-grown poppy; because the brilliancy of a tone increases the size of a flower, and exalts its importance: a daisy is larger in appearance than a violet of the same size. These ideas are suggested by the painting we have engraved (p. 136); for it is Van Huysum who speaks, and we are only translating, in an imperfect manner, what the admirable picture



GROUP OF FLOWERS.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN HUYSUM.

and with her simple hand, without thought and without design, she has given to her bouquet a charming aspect, an inexpressible and unexpected beauty. So must the artist do. What an ingenuous child, in whom grace is natural, discovers by instinct, the painter must attain by a scenic combination. In what that combination consists, it were difficult to say. We may affirm, nevertheless, that the corresponding parts must be unequal, and that if the bouquet does not look well when leaning entirely to one side of the vase, it must not, on the

eloquently teaches. It is the master himself who tells us to what degree perspective and design are necessary to the flower-painter, and that there is nothing so difficult to draw, for example, as a leaf foreshortened, or a flower with the petals curled inwards. It is he who shows us what art, what care, is necessary for setting these pretty models, so that, whether seen in full or in profile, bending forwards or backwards, they may always preserve the character and the form which we know to be peculiar to them. Inartistically repre-

sented, a round flower may appear square or triangular; and seen from a particular point of view, a cheanut-flower, which takes a pyramidal form in nature, may seem to be round.

One of the ablest writers upon painting, Sir Joshua Reynolds, has said, speaking of Rubens, that his paintings were *nosegays of colours*. This phrase darts like a ray of light through this difficult subject of flower-painting. It is evident that nature supplies those who follow this art with the proper tone of every one of the elements—we were going to say, of the personages—of their picture. The painter, therefore, has only to compose his *chiaro-oscuro* with the local colours, and without having to invent the harmony of his work, he finds it ready made. As Philip Wouvermans makes use of the variegated coats of his horses—the bay, the cheanut, the dappled gray, the black, and the white—to develop the gamut of his *chiaro-oscuro*, so Van Huysum, taking his flowers, in one sense, as so many tones and demi-tones already formed on the palette of nature, has only to dispose them to produce the nosegay of which Reynolds speaks; and may thus, by softening away towards his background, by means of flowers in demitint and of deep-coloured models, like the iris, the bluebell, and the pansy (grouping his light flowers towards the centre), discover, we will not say only optical perspective, but even a poetical aspect, from the fidelity of the imitation.

"The artist who wishes to attain a certain amount of talent in this department of art," says Millin, "should pass the greater part of his life in studying his models. He ought to possess a garden in which to cultivate them himself, in order that he may be able to procure the most beautiful of each season of the year, to make a choice of them, and to have nature under his eyes as he works. To be successful in painting flowers, certain natural dispositions are necessary, which every artist does not possess. There are, indeed, certain moral qualities which seem to favour the artist in this department who has possessed them. To the exact *coup d'œil* which makes them correct draughtsmen and good colourists—to the indefatigable patience in matters of detail—to the cleanliness of handiwork which leads to perfection—these artists commonly unite a gentleness of character, a serenity of soul, and an evenness of temper, which tend to make them at all times equally correct, equally pure in colour, equally certain and like in their 'handling.'"

Who would not believe that this portrait of the flower-painter is precisely that of Van Huysum? Who would suppose that the author of these sweet masterpieces—the assiduous companion of hyacinths, of tulips, and of roses—had lived an agitated and sombre life? It is, nevertheless, true, that in the midst of his triumphs Van Huysum suffered the pangs of jealousy. He had married a woman who, according to some biographers, was neither young, nor pretty, nor desirable; but it happened one day that the raileries of one of those men who feel a stupid pleasure in disturbing the happiness of others introduced grief into his soul. From time to time indeed his mind wandered. Once, in a moment of irritation, he insulted the master of the house in which he lived, and was turned into the streets. To these excesses succeeded a long fit of melancholy. As an increase of misfortune, the son of this suspected wife fell into evil ways, so that Van Huysum, seeing him to be incorrigible, was obliged to ship him off to India. It happened, however, as a rare exception, that his painting was by no means influenced by these miseries of his domestic life. His temper was sad and sombre. His paintings were always smiling and transparent. When he was at work no one was admitted into his studio, not even his brothers; as if he had desired, says his biographer, Deschamps, following Van Gool, to hide from all his method of purifying his colours, and making use of them. But, perhaps, we should believe that solitude was necessary to his disturbed spirit,—that Van Huysum, to paint his flowers, required tranquillity and silence, as Gerard Douw to paint his quiet interiors, did his readings of the Bible. His exquisite finish supposes, in fact, an attention which nothing had disturbed, an enthusiasm which no external accident had cooled. We must, therefore, attribute

to something else besides vulgar quackery, or the littleness of egotism, the habit which the painter had of hiding himself from everybody when he was in presence of his flowers.

Vanderkamp, in the collection above quoted, has preserved some particulars of the domestic life of Van Huysum which are worth recording. He differs, however, from other writers in stating that, although Catherine, the painter's wife, was ten years older than himself when he married her, he was led to the match rather by affection than by interest. He became acquainted with her one morning at the market, when he was purchasing some rare and curious flower-roots, while she had come out to get provisions for her father's family, which was by no means well off. He liked her appearance so much that he broke off a bargain, which he had nearly concluded, to follow her home. They talked together, and he almost immediately expressed a wish to marry her. She told him that she was free, but that for the present neither her father nor her mother could do without her assistance. "The matter may be arranged, however," said Van Huysum, who calculated very sagaciously that a housewife would be rather a decrease than an increase to the expense of his establishment.

"Catherine," says Vanderkamp, who was a contemporary and had, probably, often seen the lady herself, "though not remarkably beautiful, was an agreeable-looking, neat-handed person, and it was easy to understand the affection which a quiet man like Van Huysum experienced for her."

They were married in due time, and during the early part of their union lived happily together. Catherine seems really to have been a virtuous person, though somewhat light-minded, and given to other society than that of her family. Having been somewhat neglected in her youth, she listened with pleasure to the compliments paid her by the fine people who came to look at her husband's pictures, and as he often left her for days and even weeks, to shut himself up in his room, or wander through the country to study the beauties of nature, her ardent affection for him somewhat diminished. The very fact that many young men paid court to her proves that the common opinion of her want of fascinating qualities is erroneous. Among her admirers was a Frenchman of the name of Gervais, who used to express his passion by sending every day a large bouquet of flowers.

Catherine perfectly understood what was meant by this attention, and yet rewarded the sender by nothing more than a few gracious smiles, when he paraded up and down in the street before the house, smiling with that self-satisfied air which is peculiar to French *roués*. She was so far, indeed, from understanding the danger of what was going on, that instead of throwing away the flowers, she made a practice of giving them to her husband, saying, or leaving him to understand, that they were sent to him by his friends.

Generally speaking, he observed, simply, that the arrangement of the flowers was too formal. At other times he pulled the bouquet to pieces, and tried, by casting it loose into a vase, to give it a natural arrangement. This went on for some time, and at length M. Gervais, finding that his presents were always received, began to think himself entitled to an interview. He accordingly wrote to the painter's wife, and told her to meet him by the canal about sunset. To his first letter Catherine paid no attention; but as she had contracted habits of idleness, and often sat for many hours musing on the pleasures which the wives of less intellectual persons than her husband could freely indulge in, ill-luck would have it that the idea came to her, that if M. Gervais wrote again she ought to comply with his invitation, in order to tell him how very improper it was for him to pursue her in this way, and that she was determined to remain faithful to her excellent husband. The second letter came, of course full of protestations and entreaties; and Catherine, whose prudence seems to have been quite asleep, took the opportunity, whilst her husband was still shut up in his studio, to dress herself out in her best, in order to go and reprove the enterprising Monsieur Gervais.

Had the man been less certain of his powers of fascination,

he might probably have succeeded in leading her astray; but the boldness of his manners frightened her at the outset, and she understood of what an unpardonable imprudence she had been guilty. Gervais even proposed that she should run away with him, but instead of that she ran away from him, and returning to her house shed bitter tears of repentance. Her husband, seeing her in this melancholy mood, sought to comfort her, and asked the reason of her grief; but she would not explain further than to say that she was a very bad woman, undeserving of his love. He laughed at this, and thought she had probably upset one of the valuable pots of varnish which had recently been sent to him as a present from Paris, and like a prudent man thought it best to say no more of the matter. His gentleness only made his wife more sorrowful, and indeed there was reason for her sorrow, though she did not know it, for from that time forth unhappiness and discord were introduced into the house.

Monsieur Gervais, furious at having been made a fool of, as he thought, determined to revenge himself, and meditated for some time how to carry his project into effect. He began by writing a third letter to poor Catherine, expressing his sorrow for his previous conduct, calling himself all the villains in the world, and begging her to grant him that forgiveness without which he said his life would be miserable. The good woman was delighted on receiving this communication, and consented easily to a request which it contained—that Gervais should be allowed to continue his presents of flowers as if nothing had happened. Every morning, accordingly, a magnificent bouquet was brought to the door, and Van Huysum used to say, smiling, "I see that our friends, whom I had thought had forgotten us, begin to remember us again." Whereupon Catherine, in her innocent joy, would take the flowers and place them in various lights, that he might admire them. Some time afterwards, Gervais met Van Huysum out in the fields, and coming to him said, in a very mysterious manner, "I hope you are happy."

"I hope so, too," replied Van Huysum, smiling, and stooping down to gather a remarkably fine blue-bell that grew at his feet. The French Iago laughed in a curious way, until he succeeded in attracting the painter's attention.

"What do you mean?" said the latter, rising up and looking inquisitively at him.

"I mean," replied Gervais, "that if that be the case, all the foolish stories that the people tell about your wife Catherine must be mere malicious inventions."

"And what do people say about my wife Catherine?" cried Van Huysum, beginning now to feel uneasy, and remembering the unexplained tears of his wife some short time before.

"Nothing particular," said Gervais.

"Nothing! People don't allude to 'nothing' in that extraordinary tone," exclaimed the painter.

"Why," said Gervais, "if I thought that the reports abroad were true, I would not repeat them to you; but as they are evidently mere calumnies, you ought to know them. They say that your wife is in correspondence with one of the Spaniards recently arrived in the suite of the Duke of Alva; and the most amusing part of the matter is, that he pretends to be a Frenchman, and has even assumed my name. I know that every morning he sends a nosegay of flowers to your house; but perhaps this may be by your permission; although some add that letters are concealed among the flowers."

On hearing these words, Van Huysum turned very pale, for he remembered that he had never thought of asking who it was that sent the presents of flowers, which he had received as intended for himself. He broke away from Gervais, and hastening home, shut himself up in his studio, and began to paint that celebrated picture of the deadly nightshade, which is the only one remaining of his that possesses a sombre character. We say remaining, because it was last heard of in the Louvre gallery in 1815, when it was claimed as stolen property by one of the petty princes of Germany. It is not mentioned, however, in any of the catalogues we have seen, and may have been destroyed, or, which is more probable, forms the ornament of some private cabinet. This, at least, is the

account which is current in Paris. Probably M. Jeanron, the late able director of the Louvre gallery, and one of the most learned men in the history of painting in the present age, might be able to furnish some further particulars. He has paid great attention to the annals of Dutch painting; and no man would be more capable, if he felt disposed, of giving us an account of all that vast number of little-known painters who illustrated the period in which Van Huysum lived.

To return, however, to Vanderkamp's narrative of the domestic tribulations of our flower-painter. On the morning that succeeded his interview with Gervais, he watched carefully the arrival of the accustomed nosegay, and instead of allowing his wife to take it in her hands, seized it himself, and hurriedly saying that it contained a flower which he wished to copy, ran to his studio, and shutting himself in, tore it to pieces. Sure enough, there was a small piece of folded paper concealed amongst the stalks, containing these words, "Thank you, dearest, thank you; you shall hear again to-morrow."

This missive, signed "G.," naturally confirmed the dreadful suspicion which had agitated Van Huysum's mind. Instead, however, of going to his wife, and asking for an explanation, the unfortunate man determined to indulge his grief in silence; to create no scandal, and simply to watch the proceedings of Catherine with greater care.

This incident was the beginning of a long series of domestic unhappiness. Van Huysum was not able sometimes to restrain himself from making bitter allusions to Catherine's misconduct, and she, feeling that his accusations were in the main unjust, and forgetting what cause she had given to his upbraidings by a moment of imprudence, often answered with asperity, and terrible quarrels were the result. Van Huysum, by degrees, seemed to lose all self-guidance, except when his art was concerned. Among other things, he imagined that the son who bore his name was not really his, and the rough treatment which this suspicion naturally caused may have partly contributed to drive the youth into bad company. At any rate, the whole town began soon to talk of his excesses, and it became necessary, in fact, to send him away. Gerard, the husband of Agatha, of whom we have already spoken, put him under the care of the supercargo of one of his ships. He went to India, as above stated, and seems, as he grew older, to have seen the error of his ways. At any rate, we find him about fifteen years afterwards established as a merchant at Batavia, where the name is still preserved in that of the firm of Dewink, Van Huysum, and Co. We do not know whether Van Huysum ever came to a proper explanation with his wife. The story of his quarrel with the master of the house in which he lived, according to Vanderkamp, was connected with a much more unfounded fit of jealousy than that suggested by the malice of Gervais. It appears that the landlord used sometimes to remonstrate with the painter on the violence of his language and conduct, and to praise the general good behaviour and the decent demeanour of Catherine, who, at that time, might almost be called an elderly woman. Van Huysum imagined that there must be some improper reason for this interference, and once forgot himself so far as to strike the landlord in answer to some more than usually vehement remonstrance. This led to a terrible quarrel, at the end of which Van Huysum was driven from the house. It would seem, however, that he was not ultimately compelled to change his abode. Probably an explanation ensued; and there seems some slight reason to believe that in this explanation Catherine's conduct was in some measure cleared up, for the painter still continued to live with her, which it is not likely he would have done if she had been anything more than the innocent cause of the sufferings he temporarily underwent.

However, his melancholy mood of mind still clung to him, and in the advanced years of his life he became more and more fond of retirement, more and more exclusively attached to his beloved flowers. Even when not occupied in painting them, he would sit for hours contemplating their beauties, and communing with them as if they were beings endowed with life. In the mad fits which occasionally came upon him,

he would talk to his tulips and his anemones as if he believed that they were capable of understanding him and appreciating his feelings. Some pretended that this strange behaviour

been a simple-minded man, rendered unhappy both by temperament and circumstances.

It has been asserted that Van Huysum was accessible to



FLOWERS AND FRUIT.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN HUYSUM.

was affected merely in order to attract attention; but Vanderkamp, who knew him at this period of life, denies that affectation was any part of his character, and represents him to have

envy, a much more cruel and less easily avowed sentiment than jealousy; for envy is but a variety of hate, while jealousy is another form of love. The only pupil who was

ever brought up by Van Huysum—we speak on the authority of Van Gool—was a lady of the name of Havermann, who almost rivalled her master. The Dutch historian informs

received. He adds, that Van Huysum rejoiced at a circumstance that deprived him of a dangerous competitor. We may, however, very readily be led to infer, to the honour of



ROSES, AURICULAS, ANEMONES, POPPIES, AND AFRICAN MARIGOLD.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN HUYSUM.

us, that the young lady, dishonoured in the eyes of the world by impropriety of conduct, fled from her country and sought refuge in Paris, where she and her works were equally well

our artist, that Van Gool speaks here only from supposition, when we find him in error as to the career of Mademoiselle Havermann. He informs us, that on her arrival in France

she was received by the Academy of Painting, which is not correct. It is scarcely likely that Van Gool should be more correct on one point than another. However this may be, Van Huysum allowed no trace of this bitterness of character to appear in his pictures. It may have been that he allowed something to peep out, but he expressed it symbolically and mysteriously in a language understood only by himself. He may have allowed the complaints of his wounded spirit to find vent sometimes in the bitter perfume of some wild flower, which he mingles with his garden favourites. Antiquity had set an example of these delicate allusions, and the celebrated flower-girl of Athens gave a meaning, and that a clear one, to every garland she wove. But whether Van Huysum sought or not to emulate Glycera must for ever remain a mystery. All we know is, that he threw his whole soul into his works.

We regret that Vanderkamp, usually so copious in his details, has not given us some distinct account of Van Huysum's female pupil. He does not mention the name of Mdlle. Havermann at all, but alludes, with considerable vagueness, to reports of some symptoms of envy exhibited by his favourite artist. He declares them to have been totally unfounded, and a little afterwards tells the story of a Miss Petermann for whom Van Huysum appears to have entertained a great affection. If, indeed, we did not know his character too well, we should imagine that he sought a refuge from the unhappiness produced by his jealousy in the society of this young lady, who was an artist like himself, though not his pupil.

Her favourite subjects, indeed, were the bright-coloured birds brought home by the Indian traders; but as she introduced frequently a few flowers as accessories, it is probable that her friend gave her some advice as to their composition and colouring. From the similarity of the names we should be disposed to think that the whole story of the envy of Van Huysum for Mdlle. Havermann was an invention of his enemies. Miss Petermann, according to Vanderkamp, some years after her intimacy with our painter had diminished, married without the consent of her parents, and left the country in order to avoid their displeasure. She settled in Paris, and was no more heard of.

Haarlem was, in the seventeenth century, the city of flowers *par excellence*. It boasted of some of the finest gardens in the world. George Foster, one of the comrades of Captain Cook, thus speaks of the famous flower-garden of Haarlem:—"I can no longer deny that the winds scatter perfumes from Araby the Blest to the very ocean; for through the balmy atmosphere we could distinguish the balsamic odour of the hyacinth and other flowers." We all know the fabulous prices paid by certain Dutch amateurs for flowers, and particularly for certain varieties of the tulip. At the time when Van Huysum lived, certain squares of tulips were priced at six and eight hundred pounds. A passionate admirer of this plant, one day, in default of money, gave cattle and goods to the value of 2,600 florins (about £250). The proud owners of these rarities were the men who delighted to open to Van Huysum their marvellous conservatories, their incomparable gardens. Woerhelm is quoted as owing a portion of his great celebrity as a gardener to his extreme hospitality, and the friendship which existed between him and the painter. Our artist, then, had only to select the most lovely amid all that was lovely; and every one will at once appreciate the immense advantage he enjoyed in having before his eyes on all occasions the most perfect and choice examples.

By dint of constant contemplation, Van Huysum appears to have discovered in flowers every aspect of insect life; but as he has taken care to make details always subordinate to the triumph of his bouquet, it is only by careful examination that we discover those little insects which surround the rose with a shining, singing, buzzing escort. The queen of flowers, however, is not the only one that rejoices in a court; the narcissus, the forget-me-not, the honeysuckle, receive within their calyx the honey-bee; the Spanish jasmin has its parasites, and the more insignificant bell-flower has its winged ants and other satellites. The insects of our friend Van Huysum are almost as numerous as the flies which visit the strawberry-bed of

Bernadin de St. Pierre. "They were," says the latter, "distinguished one from the other by their colour, their shape, and their movements. There were some of golden, some of silver, some of bronze tint, some were spotted, some streaked, some blue, some green, some dark, some clear. Some had heads round like a turban, others long like the point of a nail; to some they looked like a point of black velvet, others they dazzled, as if they had been rubies." Such is this little world, and Van Huysum has given it life with as delicate a pencil as the pen of the poet. But he is not satisfied to raise a fly with its gauze wings on the clear ground of an apricot or other fruit; he further observes and studies, to enrich his work, the snail which crawls under the leaf of a raspberry-bush, the butterfly which flies around his vase, and the bright beetles, with their gold and copper hues. If we examine these beautiful bouquets, engraved by Eardom in mezzotint, we see admirably represented an insect which crawls timidly on a gooseberry branch, which serves as a junction between two peaches, like a bridge between two mountains upon a precipice. We often see the bullfinch making its nest at the feet of the bouquets of Van Huysum, and beside his little gray-spotted eggs are to be seen numerous rose-buds. Birds and flowers are about to burst forth together. Even to the very dew-drop is the painter accurate and admirable. He paints this little accessory with life in all its fresh transparency, and there stand trembling on a bunch of grapes, fresh, cool, and humid, in the pictures of Van Huysum, those liquid pearls which live but a fitful hour.

This may be a proper place to say a few words of mezzotint, alluded to above. Some writers have indicated, as the inventor of mezzotint engraving, the Prince Palatine Robert Rupert of Bavaria, nephew of Charles I. Others say that this prince was let into the secret by Louis de Siegen, an officer in the service of Hesse-Cassel, whose first work, published in 1643, was a bust of the Landgravine Amelia Elizabeth. The prince communicated the secret of De Siegen to Walleran Vaillant, a Flemish painter, and it was divulged by the indiscretion of some workmen. We shall return to this point.

It is generally known in what mezzotint differs from line engraving and aquatint. Instead of the engraver in aquatint and line using his point to form the dashes and the shades upon a polished plate which represents the lights, the engraver in mezzotint uses a particular instrument to produce the lights upon a granulated plate which represents the shadow. In other words, he spreads black on a white surface; the other distributes white on a black surface. The graining of the plate on which the engraver operates in mezzotint is obtained by means of a tool called a cradle. This tool, of a circular form, is armed with little, all-but-imperceptible teeth; it is moved over the surface of the plate in every way, so that the copper is covered with little asperities, which form the grains of which we speak. If the copper-plate thus prepared is placed in the press, there results a proof of a velvety black and of a perfectly even tint. This uniform black, obtained by a merely mechanical process, is the basis of the artist's work. After having traced his drawing, the engraver makes his lights and half-lights, wearing away the grain more or less with the scraper. These lights, the half-tints, and the black furnished by the upper grain, compose the effect of *chiaro-oscuro*, which is necessary to produce the desired effect. The labour of the engraver in mezzotint consists not exactly in engraving the copper, but in destroying artistically what the workman has engraved with the cradle.

Mezzotint is more fit than any other style to represent phantoms, enchantments, artificial lights, like that of a lamp, a torch, fire—in a word, all kinds of night effects. *Lairese* also declares that this process is the best by which to render the effect of plants, fruits, flowers, vases of gold, silver, and crystal, armour, etc. But this is somewhat of an erroneous opinion, and is surprising in one who was himself so able in mezzotint. Fruits, flowers, precious vases, and armour—all objects distinguished by the rich variety of their substances, and which present such divers aspects—are much better ex-

pressed in line engraving than in mezzotint. This is so true, that classical science has found a thousand ingenious ways of cutting copper to characterise each of these objects, and to have them recognised at the first glance—metallic and reflective bodies, as well as the satin surface of a flower, or its thorny stalk; the skin of an apricot, as well as the rough coat of a melon, or the tough skin of a pomegranate. While the one can easily represent the soft petals of the tulip, or the ruddy peach, mezzotint has not a grain to render all the other varied tints with energy and native softness.

The fact is, mezzotint, with its deep shades, its union of masses, and its bold demi-tints, suits fantastic subjects, subjects of sombre poetry, so familiar to the genius of Rembrandt; it is suited to moonlights by the melancholy Elzheimer, or night-scenes as understood by Schalhem and Gerard Douw. Certainly, if this style of engraving does not imitate solid bodies effectually, and render the apparent character of their substances, it is admirably adapted to the representation of rich hangings, of satins and velvets, and even of flesh; for the mezzotint engraver has not to fear that shiny effect which often renders the naked form unnatural in other engravings. In the reproduction of colours, this process easily gives almost inexpressible demi-tints, which made the Italians call the style *mezzo-tinto*, a name we have adopted instead of the *manière noire* of the French. But still it must be confessed, that if mezzotint colours a scene more broadly and more naturally, it is not so easy to render in it the finer elements of the art. It offers less scope to the genius and power of the artist.

Another defect of this style is, that it does not last, that the plate soon wears out when in the press. William Gilpin says himself that you cannot obtain more than one hundred good proofs in mezzotint, the rubbing of the hand, and the press, having soon worn out work that has scarcely penetrated beyond the surface of the copper. "Nevertheless," says this writer, "if you constantly repair the plate, it may give four or five hundred proofs of a very tolerable character. The best impressions are not always the first; these are too black and too crude; the good ones begin from the fortieth to the sixtieth."

By a singular contradiction in the usual order of things, it happens that mezzotint produced its best results in the early days of the discovery, so that the first engraver in mezzotint was the ablest and the most justly celebrated. On this point many writers have disagreed with the canon of Salisbury, who asserts that this art has gone on progressing with the age, and who says that the masters of the eighteenth century are very far superior to the contemporaries of Prince Rupert. Even the very existence of pictures executed by Rupert is denied by Gilpin, who says distinctly, "As for the works of Prince Rupert, I know those that are positively proved to be by him; and those which are given out as his are executed in a hard, black, coarse, disagreeable style, which the masters who succeeded him imitated." This is an error to be regretted in a man of such eminence as Gilpin. A very eminent and graceful critic says, "In the first place, it is certain that the prince did engrave; and what more convincing proof can I give of this fact, than that his arms are attached, by way of signature, to the works he has executed, especially to that admirable picture of the Executioner who holds up the head of St. John, an engraving after Rebeira." These arms are found on the plate when it has been reduced, and nothing but the bust of the executioner remains. To such a decisive proof need we add the testimony of Bason?

But without entering into a long analytical inquiry into the questions raised by Gilpin, we can by no means agree that the engravings are executed in the harsh, black, and disagreeable style which is ascribed to them by Gilpin. On the contrary, the full length piece representing the "Executioner" appears to us to be a masterpiece in mezzotint; especially, if we examine it in fine proofs, such as are sometimes found in England, generally very superior to those found in the National Library of Paris, in the valuable and inexhaustible print department. In fact, it is from this very production that we can judge what the full force of mezzotint is, when in the

hand of a master who knows how to remove its crudity, and to correct its natural difficulties by the boldness of his lights and shades, the suddenness of his transitions, and the proper use of his scraper. Thus treated, the engraving in mezzotint is a true picture, because to the tranquillity produced by broad and well-defined shadows it unites free and lively touches, masculine relief, and dashing touches which belong only to painters. These admirable attempts are difficult to reach in ordinary engraving, because the hand only touches the black, and is compelled to be chary of lights, instead of applying them with resolution and vigour, as you can in mezzotint, by energetic strokes and the careful use of the scraper. In other words, in ordinary engraving the whites are negative, and all the energy is in the shadows. In mezzotint, energy can as well be found in the touch of the deeper scratched lights as in the shadows, where softness is increased by aquatint.

"The character of Prince Rupert," says a somewhat partial historian, "is pictured fully in this fine engraving of the 'Executioner holding the head of St. John,' as boldly dashed off, as proud as the picture of the Espagnolet." In the midst of a refined court, as Horace Walpole says, Rupert looked like a rude artisan; but let us rather copy the portrait traced by the Tory Hamilton, and which Walpole himself cannot help quoting. "He was brave and valiant to a fault. His mind was subject to certain errors he would have been sorry to correct. His mind had been fertilised by experiments in mathematics, and by some study in chemistry. He was polite to excess when it was not required, while he was proud and even insolent when he should have been civil. He was tall and had a truculent look. His face was dry and hard when even he tried to soften its expression; when he was ill-humoured he looked like a demon."

Such was the man who rested from the fatigues of Naseby and Marston Moor, and from acts more than questionable; who fled from the fatigue of courts by giving himself up to an art of which he only knew the rudiments, and yet which he carried to perfection. If he really was the inventor of the mezzotint, as Horace Walpole affirms, it is curious to know how, according to this author, Rupert was brought to this discovery.

"Let us take the prince in his workshop," says Walpole, "covered with dirt, ill combed, and perhaps with a dirty shirt. On the day of which I speak, he certainly was not shaved and powdered to pay his court to Miss Hughes; for I speak of the time when he was living in retirement at Brussels, after his uncle's final catastrophe. Going out that day early in the morning, he remarked a sentry, who, at a certain distance from his post, was doing something to his gun.

"'What are you doing?' said the prince.

"The soldier replied, that the dew which had fallen during the night had rusted his gun, and that he was scraping and cleaning it.

"The prince approached, and, examining it nearer, thought he saw something like a figure on the barrel, with innumerable little holes close to each other, like damask work in silver or gold, and of which the soldier had engraven a part. Every one knows what an ordinary officer would have done in a similar case. If he had been a simple sprig of fashion, he would have scolded the young fellow and given him a shilling; but the 'genius fertile in experience' drew from this simple accident the idea of mezzotint. From what he had seen, the prince concluded that the means were to be found of covering a plate of copper with a grain composed of fine asperities, which would give, on being printed, a black proof; and that on scratching different parts, more or less, demi-tints and lights would be produced. He communicated this idea immediately to the painter Walleran Vallaht, and they set to work together. After numerous experiments, they invented a steel roller with teeth like a rasp, which produced a grain on the copper, that is to say, the black background they were in search of; and on this background, scratched or rubbed at will, they easily found every gradation of light."

Such is Walpole's version. According to this it appears that Rupert invented mezzotint at the time he was living in

retirement at Brussels; that is to say, after the death of Charles I., and consequently after the year 1649. But we have seen before, that already an officer in the service of Heese Cassel had published a mezzotint representing the portrait of the Landgravine Amelia Elizabeth, which picture bears the date of 1643. It is impossible, then, to admit that Rupert was the inventor of a process which a Bavarian officer found before him, unless we suppose, which is unlikely, that the prince knew nothing of the discovery of Louis of Siegen.

a small mezzotint engraving, representing a satyr, and then after taking a proof he finished it in another hour.

In France, mezzotint has never been a favourite style, either with painters or with the public. In England, however, it has been very popular, and many could be named who have given lustre and vogue to the style.

Van Huysum painted many flowers in water-colours, and they are his best, and those which at the present day fetch the largest sums, not only because of their rarity,



FLOWERS AND FRUIT.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN HUYSUM.

Horace Walpole, who in this instance simply put in order the manuscript of Virtue, assures us that he had the story from Killigrew, who had it from the painter Evelyn. It is, however, well known that other writers have attributed the discovery to Sir Christopher Wren, who communicated it to Prince Rupert. However this may be, this style of engraving has many advantages. Independently of the poetry which it lends to many subjects, mezzotint offers a more expeditious method, and on this point the painter Gerard de Lairasse tells us that he prepared in an hour, while walking in his garden,

but also because they so admirably represent the freshness and beauty of nature. As to his paintings in oil, they have all the qualities of a solid water-colour, and the faults of a painting on porcelain, fine and tempered, but slightly defective. They seem as if they were painted with water-colours on panels prepared with glue, and finished up in oil. The colours, still brilliant and unchangeable, show the extreme care he took to purify and to select them.

The landscapes of Van Huysum are highly esteemed by the Dutch, and they have been known to pay as dear for them as

even for his flowers. And yet these landscapes, to speak frankly, are but copies of Guaspre, imitations of Glauber, reminiscences of Poussin and Claude. Van Huysum lived at a time when the Dutch school was reverting to the foreign style. The naïve lovers of nature, the Karels, the Van der Velde, the Paul Potters, even Ruysdael—those great painters to whom the sight of a shady hut, the humblest rill, and a few houses, sufficed to inspire a masterpiece—gave way to landscape-painters influenced by historical pre-occupations. The great Gerard de Lairese, a learned master, "too literary to be a painter of the first order," had introduced into the

had to be rendered, produced, in these instances, insipid and cold pictures, which, despite all his talent, had neither the picturesque style of Berghem, nor the sylvan charm of Ruysdael, nor the grandeur of Guaspre and Goncels. The only reason why the Dutch are so proud of a landscape of Van Huysum is, that their very rarity makes them precious, and rarity is often more coveted than genius.

We must then, after all, come back to the bouquets of Van Huysum; and it really should suffice for an artist to be the greatest of flower-painters in his school, as great, indeed, as any. Even in fruits we must not wholly absolve him from



THE FISHERMAN.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN HUYSUM.

simple pasturages of Holland the nymphs and demigods of Poussin. Ancient dryads came to visit the groves where before had only wandered the buxom and short-petticoated farmers' wives of Berghem. But this bastard classicality could never inspire the same enthusiasm, and win the same success, as the productions which emanated from the simple impressions of the masters. The natural consequence of his composing his landscapes merely from the study of old engravings (and he certainly knew nothing of the countries he attempted to paint) became evident. Van Huysum, who was so admirable, so warm, so exquisite, when a leaf or a flower

having been unsuccessful. Some of them resemble wax, and assume the polish of ivory. We must confess, in fact, that in this department of his art Van Huysum is below David de Heem. His peaches are too firm, his prunes have "not a thirsty look," and his grapes are wanting in maturity, in golden hue, and in sunny warmth. He succeeds better in bunches of red currants, and the inside of pomegranates, divided by membranous skins into little red lodges full of pips; sparkling rubies, which rejoice the sight, and seem as it were to slake the thirst.

Whether his subject was fruits or flowers (and he was

very fond of mixing them up), Van Huysum liked to paint his pictures on light grounds; and these are the favourites with amateurs. "There is no colour," says Lairese, "which does not look well upon white, though really the most sombre then look best." By keeping his background slightly gray, Van Huysum could easily display clear flowers there with vigorous tone; and he had, moreover, this advantage, that this neutral ground, being less luminous, gave a reflection to the dark models which were projected upon it.

Van Huysum had three brothers, who were distinguished in painting: Justus, who died at twenty-two, and who painted large and small battle-pieces with astonishing facility, and without models, with great genius and taste. Jacob, who died in London, used to copy the works of his brother so as to deceive even a practised eye. He also designed pictures himself, after nature, which are much esteemed. The third, named John, lived still in 1773, in the year that Deschamps published the fourth volume of the "Lives of Painters." Van Huysum died on the 8th of February, 1749, leaving three children; and though he received, during his lifetime, considerable sums of money for his pictures, he died poor.

"The high price of Van Huysum's pictures," says a French critic, "is accounted for in several ways. In the first place, their finish is exquisite, and it is a circumstance worth remarking, that amateurs pay according to the labour which a picture seems to have cost; then to their beauty, for it is certain that, in the special instance of flowers, Van Huysum never had a rival; in fine, to their rarity, for in all Europe we can scarcely find a hundred pictures altogether." The painter himself sold them at a high rate, and his principal purchasers, therefore, were such men as the Count de Merville, the Duke of Orleans, the Elector of Saxony, the Prince of Hesse Cassel, the King of Poland, the King of Prussia, the Elector Palatine, and the Stadtholder.

The Museum of the Louvre possesses some of the finest Van Huysums known to the world. They consist of landscapes, flowers, fruits, etc.; some rated as high as £480. Smith says:—"He attained to as high a degree of perfection in painting fruit and flowers as is likely that science will attain. His best works defy imitation; but there are skilful copies in existence, which closely resemble his works. His imitators were his brother Jacob Van Huysum, who devoted his time to study and copying his brother's pictures, in which he became very skilful. He died in London, 1746. He lived for some time with Lord Orford, and painted a number of pictures for him. Another was Herman Van der Myn, born at Amsterdam, 1684. He studied under Ernest Steven, and being attracted by the beauty of Van Huysum, began to copy him, succeeded well—and none have arrived at considerable eminence in this branch of art, but became anxious to distinguish himself in others—painted distance and portrait subjects, but was not prudent, and died in London, in poverty, 1741."

John Van Os, father and son, studied Van Huysum; the younger produced some brilliant pictures; two of them are in the Royal Museum at the Hague. His other imitators were Wybrand Hendricks, Herman Van Brussel, and John Linthorst.

The Marquis of Westminster has a fine picture, worth £260. It is a rich assemblage of fruit, consisting of purple and white grapes, a cut melon, peaches, plums, apricots, an open pomegranate, a bunch of filberts, a cracked walnut, currants, and raspberries, some of which are disposed in a basket, and the whole skilfully grouped on a marble table, mingled with a few flowers, consisting of the cock's-comb, the hollyhock, and the convolvulus. This picture gives evidence of a master-hand in every detail; the effect of the whole is most exquisite.

In the Amsterdam Museum is a picture representing an elegant group of flowers, composed of roses, hyacinths, auriculas, anemones, disposed in a vase adorned with boys playing with a goat, placed on a marble slab, on which are a bird's nest with four eggs, and a pæony, some blue-bells, and a rose. Dated 1726, painted on a light ground.

There is another representing a fine collection of fruit, consisting of grapes, peaches, plums, apples, etc., and a vine branch and a sprig with raspberries on it, interspersed with a few flowers and insects.

In the Louvre is a very fine work—"A quantity of Fruit," piled indiscriminately on a marble table, consisting of grapes, peaches, and plums, amongst which are mingled an African marigold, hyacinths, and a cock's-comb. A basket of apricots is also on the table. It is on a light ground.

Another represents "A quantity of fine Fruit," consisting of melons, peaches, grapes, and plums, interspersed with flowers—white poppies, cock's-combs, and convolvuluses, grouped on a marble slab. In the background is a terra-cotta vase, adorned with Cupids.

In the Royal Gallery of Dresden is "A group of Flowers," consisting of red and white roses, irises, tulips, etc., tastefully arranged in a vase, standing on a marble slab, on which lies a chaffinch's nest with three eggs.

In the Royal Hermitage of St. Petersburg is the representation of "A beautiful Vase, embossed with Cupids," standing on a marble table, containing a rich assemblage of flowers, consisting of white, red, and yellow roses, auriculas, anemones, poppies, African marigolds, etc., upon the table. At the foot of the vase are a chaffinch's nest containing four eggs, a sprig of nasturtiums, and a full-blown rose. The background represents a park scene. Signed and dated 1722.

The companion to this is "A choice selection of Fruit," disposed in the most skilful manner on a marble table, amongst which may be enumerated clusters of grapes of different kinds, peaches, pomegranates, apricots, and plums; with these are tastefully mingled the white poppy, the scarlet lychnis, and the marigold. A bunch of red currants, a cracked walnut, and another in its shell, lie on the front of the table; and at the extremity of the group stands a handsome vase, adorned with nymphs, in which are a hollyhock, a rose, and other flowers.

THE PICTURES IN THE LOUVRE AT PARIS.

No artist or connoisseur should omit seeing the pictures in the Louvre—the most exquisite and complete collection of ancient and modern art ever brought together. How the collection has been made, and by what means the splendid altar-pieces, and other historical *chef-d'œuvre* of the great masters, have found their way from the cathedrals of Spain and the palaces of Italy, to the halls of one of the most ancient castles in France, the admiring visitor will scarcely pause to inquire, as he passes, catalogue in hand, through the various *salons*, and gazes, in mute wonder, on the famous Murillos, Vandycks, Raffaelles, Titians, Claudes, Rubens, Cuyps, Teniers, &c., with which these walls are decorated. Nor will it be necessary, in this place, to say more than that the principal pictures, illustrative of the various schools of classic art, were obtained for the Louvre by Napoleon, and that Louis Philippe, the greatest art-patron of modern times, spared no trouble or expense in adding to the collection such works as were necessary to its completion in a chronological point of view.

Thus there are now in the Louvre upwards of fourteen hundred pictures illustrative of the four great schools or styles of art—the Italian; the Dutch, with the Flemish, and German; the Spanish; and the French. Of this number, four hundred and eighty belong to the Italian, five hundred and forty to the Dutch and German, and three hundred and eighty to the French school. Besides these, there are eight modern copies of ancient pictures, and a very large collection of the works of recent French painters. The illustrations of the Spanish school consist of sixteen pictures by Francisco Collantes, L. de Morales, Ribiera, Velasquez, and Murillo.

The pictures of the old masters are nearly all contained in two large apartments, called the *Salon Carré* and the Long Gallery; those of the modern artists are distributed in the various saloons and galleries devoted to the exhibition of Egyptian and Roman antiquities, Nineveh remains, bronzes,

sculptures, &c. &c. The majority of these noble rooms are richly decorated with carving and gold work, the ceilings painted in fresco, with allegorical subjects, and the walls covered with silk hangings of the richest colours and designs, or tapestry from the famous manufactory at Gobelins.

But the most attractive objects in the Louvre are the pictures by the old masters; and towards them the discriminating visitor will make his way, despite the splendour of the Apollo Gallery, through which he will have to pass, and heedless of the peculiarly French glitter and display—walls of crimson covered with flying bees of gold; great windows which give no light; highly carved doors which never open and lead to nowhere; *fleurs-de-lis* encircling imperial 'L's'; vaulted ceilings, so new and brilliant, and laming with painted allegory, as to pain the eye; medallions, flowers, arabesques, emblems, escutcheons, &c., &c., which everywhere surround him. So passing up the grand staircase, built after the designs of Fontaine, and through the Apollo Gallery aforesaid, he enters the *Salon Carré*, newly decorated by M. Dubau, the architect of the Louvre, in a style at once massive, elegant, and appropriate. Colossal caryatides and genii representing the arts support a vaulted ceiling in white and gold, round the frieze of which are inscribed the names of the most celebrated masters in art. In this splendid apartment are collected some of the largest and most notable of the works of Raffaele, Vandyck, Rubens, Claude, and Murillo. Being a perfectly square apartment—as its name, indeed, implies—the correspondence in size of canvas rather than any in the style or era of the pictures has been observed, so that there exists in this saloon a harmonious distribution of parts—the canvases being fixed close to the walls and not leaning forward—which is seldom seen in a room devoted to paintings. It is, indeed, the most superb saloon, perhaps, ever devoted to the exhibition of works of art—a casket entirely worthy the jewels it contains.

A wide doorway opens from the *SALON CARRÉ* to the *LONG GALLERY*. This splendid apartment is 1,322 feet in length, by an uniform width of 42 feet—more than a quarter of a mile in length, and furnishing wall-space for upwards of three miles of paintings! The Long Gallery forms, in fact, the south wing of the entire edifice. It consists of two stories, the lower of which contains the apartments of the directors of the museum, the grand library, formed principally by Louis Philippe, and guard-houses for troops on duty at the palace, &c.—the upper gallery being occupied, as we see, by the national collection of pictures. This part of the palace was commenced by Ducerseau, in the reign of Charles IX., was continued as far as the central archway by Henry IV. of France and Navarre, and completed by Louis XIV. It was the intention of the latter monarch to have carried out the plan conceived by Henry IV., of connecting the Louvre and the Tuileries by a great northern and southern wing; but the funds voted by the government for that purpose were devoted by Louis to the erection of the palace of Versailles. For many years nothing further was done in the way of building in the great square of the Louvre; till, during the consulship and empire of Napoleon, the northern wing was about half erected. A slumber of many more years came over the design, and now again it is being carried forward with great activity by the present emperor. The style of the external front of the Louvre is not by any means uniform, each architect and restorer of the building appearing to have ignored the works of his predecessor in everything but the height of the external walls. But though the grand front of the Louvre, that towards the *Place du Carrousel*, is irregular in style—one part partaking of the Grecian and another of the Roman, while a third inclines to the florid Renaissance—the great length of the building, and the recurrence of alternate circular and triangular pediments filled with bas-reliefs, give to the whole a highly imposing and pleasing appearance—in fact, a more picturesque outlook than the regular architecture of the eastern or river front, though the latter had the advantage of being erected by one architect and in one style, the Corinthian.

But to return to the pictures in the Long Gallery. In this

immense arcade, no attempt at architectural display has been made. In truth, the very length, height, and width of the gallery render ornament unnecessary. The walls, to the height of about three feet, are encased in the red marble of Normandy, the pictures hanging above, with the smallest nearest to the spectator. A good uniform light has been obtained by means of skylights pierced through the roof. The gallery was formerly lit by side windows, but these being found insufficient, are now hidden by handsome crimson curtains, which, with the ottoman seats down the centre of the room, give it a rich and luxurious aspect; various groups and busts in marble and plaster are placed in appropriate situations, and serve to break the uniformity of the view. Nor will the lover of pictures fail to notice the charming air of freshness on the surfaces of the paintings, and the clean, bright look of the gilded frames—a perfect contrast to the dingy appearance of the old paintings in the English National Gallery, and a further argument, if any were needed, in favour of their removal to a purer atmosphere.

The number and variety of the pictures in the Long Gallery have enabled M. Frederic Villot, the intelligent conservator of paintings in the Louvre, to adopt a chronological arrangement in their hanging. Thus, on either side of the gallery, are hung pictures from the thirteenth to the eighteenth century—a period which embraces the birth, triumph, and partial decline of art in Europe. Of course, it will hardly be expected that we should give anything like a catalogue of the pictures exhibited; and, indeed, if our space permitted, such a course would be but a mere dry enumeration of names and dates—a great body of facts without a living soul of knowledge.

The number of pictures here bearing date previous to Raffaele is remarkable. Thus, in the Italian, Roman, Venetian, and Florentine schools, of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, we have examples, either by, or in the style of, Cimabue and Giotto, Taddeo Gaddi and Leonardi da Vinci, Mantegna and Roselli, Luini and Giorgione, Salario and Lorenzo Costa, Mariotto and Ludovico Mazzolini, with several other painters of less note. In the Dutch and German schools, also, there are several specimens of Van Eyck (about 1390–1441),* Quentin Matsys (1460–1531), Hans Holbein (1498–1564), Hans Hemling (1480), &c. The French school was not founded at so early a period; and the style of art known as the English school of painting is without record.

If a painter—not belonging to the pre-Raffaellite school—looks attentively at the works of these early artists, he will discover, despite their crudities, much to admire, much to imitate, and much to avoid. Though the faces are often positively ugly, and though gracelessness of position and want of perspective are evident, in spite of elaborate gilding and high colouring,—there is discoverable, in all these uncouth-looking saints, these staid virgins and unchildlike children, these unpoetical angels, and these imitations of such minute objects as could not be seen in nature—if the spectator stands at a sufficient distance to command the entire subject—a painstaking love of art, and a sincere desire to do the very best that could be done with the means at hand, which modern painters would do well to take to heart—not, however, so closely, as to outrage modern taste and modern knowledge.

But, passing onwards, the intelligent visitor will pause admiringly before some of the more important of the great works here exhibited. How shall we pass slightly by that famous conception of Murillo's (1813–1885), which was purchased for the nation, at the sale of Marshal Soult's collection, in 1852, at a cost of £22,000—the largest price, perhaps, ever paid for a single picture? or how express our enthusiasm at those efforts of the great Raffaele (1483–1520) which grace the walls of the Long Gallery? There are no fewer than twelve undoubted specimens from the hand of that great master here, besides eight paintings in his style, which may or may not have had the benefit of his artistic touch. Raffaele d'Urbino

* Dates given in this manner imply that the person spoken of was born in the first and died in the last-named year; when only one year is given, it means the time about which he flourished. This plan is adopted by most writers on art.

appears to have been before his age and art, for he certainly introduced a style of painting which has never been excelled. One of his pictures, known as "La Belle Jardinière," the Virgin contemplating the infant Jesus, with the child John in the background, would have stamped him as a great artist had he painted no other. There is here, among others, a good copy of "The School of Athens," that famous and world-known composition. It is said to be the best copy of the original in the Vatican now known in Europe.

Salvator Rosa (1615—1673) is represented by four capital subjects, all undoubted originals, besides a couple of marine paintings in his style by unknown artists. Guido Reni (1575—1642) has the large number of twenty paintings here, whose histories are well authenticated, besides a "Sleeping Jesus" attributed to his pencil, and two paintings after his style, one of which, "David vanquishing Goliath," may be compared to the original in this gallery. The three Carracci, who flourished between the years 1553 and 1619, are here illustrated by thirty-two paintings, all fine; Correggio (1494—1534), by two exquisite paintings, "The Marriage of St. Catherine and Alexander" and "The Dream of Antiope;" Angiolo Bronzino (1602—1572) by two subjects, "Christ appearing to Mary Magdalen" and the painter's own portrait, the former a fine study; Luca Giordano (1632—1705) by three, of which "The Presentation of the Child Jesus in the Temple" is confessedly the finest; Giorgione, sometimes called by his surname Barbarelli (1477—1511), by two authentic subjects and one doubtful painting, "St. John presented to the Saviour," from the collection of Louis XIV.; Castiglione, the prince of the Genoese school (1616—1670), by a fine painting representing "Melchisedec, King of Salem, offering the Bread and Wine to Abraham," and seven others; Christofano Allori, also surnamed Bronzino (1577—1621), by a single exquisite piece, entitled "Isabella of Arragon at the feet of Charles the Eighth;" Michael Angelo, the chief of the Lombard school, by four large paintings, of which one, "The Death of the Virgin," is alone worth the journey to Paris to see; Andrea del Sarto, sometimes called Vannucchi (1488—1530), by three original, and one more than doubtful, pieces; Giotto, painter, sculptor, and architect (1276—1336), by one authentic painting and several after his peculiar style, one of which latter, "A Virgin and Child," is really beautiful in its simplicity; Lanfranco (1582—1647) by five beautiful pictures, one of which, "The Coronation of the Virgin," has been engraved by Baudet; Panini (1695—1768) by eleven fine architectural subjects; Bartolomeo Schidone (1580—1615) by a half-length figure of "St. John the Baptist," and three religious subjects; Sebastiano del Piombo (1485—1547) by a single picture called "The Visitation of the Virgin;" Tintoretto (1612—1594), the pride of the Venetian school, by five subjects, including "Susanna at the Bath" and his own portrait; Paul Veronese (1628—1588) by no fewer than twelve specimens of his art, besides a doubtful picture or two, the best of them being "The Pilgrimage to Emmaus," which has been often engraved, and was formerly in the collection of Louis XIV. Vasari, the author of the first dictionary of painters (1512—1574), is represented by four fine subjects, the largest and best of which is "The Salutation of the Virgin by the Angel—Hail, Mary, Blessed art thou!" These, with nine pictures by, and after the style of, Leonardi da Vinci, and thirteen by Domenichino, also called Zampieri (1581—1641), form the most noticeable pictures of the Italian school in this collection. Murillo, besides the famous subject already named, has six other pictures in the Louvre. Of all the Spanish artists, this "painter of immaculate conceptions" was undoubtedly the first.

The Dutch, Flemish, and German schools of painting are well illustrated in this gallery; and but for the want of space, we should be induced to attempt a brief notice of some of them. But when once a man begins to talk of the merits of Paul Bril and Gerard Douw, Backhuysen and Vandervelde, Vandyck and Rubens, Holbein and Huysman, Wouvermans and Rembrandt, the Ostades and Gabriel Metz, Jacob Jordaens and Hans Hemling, Van de Mer and Paul Potter, Steenwick and Teniers, Wynants and Peter Keefs, there is no

knowing when he will stop; so, with some little consideration for the reader, we shall leave the tempting subject to the present—merely reminding him that some of these names are familiar in our pages. The French school, might be anticipated, is abundantly illustrated in the national collection of France. Here we have Charles Le Brun (1619—1690), Claude Lorraine (1600—1682), Grimoux (1688—1740) Rigaud (1663—1743), Watteau (1684—1721), Le Sueur and a whole host of others, in all the glories of their several styles; the sprightly wit and gaiety of Watteau contrasting pleasantly with the sober grandeur of Le Sueur and the calm beauty of the unmatchable Claude. But if we are unable, now, to speak satisfactorily of the Dutchmen and their glorious works, how shall we pass by the canvases of the modern Gauls? and how leave the long gallery without an enthusiastic acknowledgment of the genius and industry of Le Sueur, who has some forty or fifty paintings here—a studies; or take our departure from the building without once and again passing through those salons so resplendent in paint and gold, without bestowing the stranger's meed of praise upon the fancy, the variety, the taste, the charming unity and beauty of everything around? How come back to the dusty and dusky beauties of Trafalgar-square, without hope that their ruin may be quickly stayed?

THE AGED POET.

In the decline of life, what old man does not look back with regret upon the days of his youth, and sigh for the time when every object was adorned, to his ravished view, with the charms of freshness and beauty? But it is more particularly when he meets with children abandoning themselves to their lovely gambols, that these recollections occur to his mind with vivid force, and that he remembers with sorrow the happiness he himself once enjoyed. When he looks at these rosy-cheeked cherubs blooming with health; when his ear is assailed with their joyous shouts; when he observes their ingenuous spirit, which shrinks from vice, and refuses to admit the suspicion of evil; when he listens to their simple prayer, which is obscured by no doubt, and which rises to heaven as a living fountain of pure water; then he begins to bewail the bitter experience of life, which enriches the reason at the expense of the disappointed heart.

But if he has received the sensibility of soul and activity of mind which constitute a poet, he endeavours to flee from his old age, and take refuge in an imaginary world which the muse forms for him and adorns with the most delightful recollections of his past life. There, in an oasis of peace and innocence, he evokes the departed objects of his affection: he fancies himself at the favourite spots where his best days were spent, and once more becomes the joyous youth surrounded by kind parents; an angel appears to him, and smiles upon him in the guise of his mother; and he thus regains, at once his old friends, and his young days to solace his declining years.

But if he searches the treasures of his memory to find the rich materials from which he has created this world of the past, he knows also that death will open to him a glorious destiny in the future. He, therefore, prompts the muse to cheer him with delightful visions, and poetry exhibits to his view the treasures of paradise, whither he hopes to ascend through the mercy of God. Following the steps of Milton, he penetrates into the abode of the blessed; he beholds with admiration all the rural beauties and most smiling aspects of nature; he wanders amid the delights of this celestial region, a single moment in which comprises more enjoyment than a long life of happiness here below. He cannot sate himself with the numerous and varied pleasures which crowd upon his attention; then he adores the all-powerful Father whose goodness flows down to him; to fear and worship Him becomes his sole delight. In this way, escaping the weary hours of his old age, his spirit once more brightens up with joy, animated both by the pleasing remembrances of the past and the brilliant hopes of the future.



SYMBOLICAL REPRESENTATION OF THE JAPANESE MYTHOLOGY.

JAPANESE MYTHOLOGY.

THE SINTOO CREED, OR PRIMITIVE RELIGION OF JAPAN.

In order fully to understand the system of government in Japan, and the right by which the spiritual ruler, or *Mikado*, claims to hold his high, but, as will be afterwards seen, rather onerous, office, it is necessary that the reader should be made acquainted with the Japanese tradition respecting the creation of the world, and also with the principles of the religion of the country. We shall, therefore, proceed to give in this article a succinct account of the Japanese deities, premising that in the length of their names they almost rival some of the princes of the royal families of the continent.

Before the world was created, the Japanese believe that there was a confused mass of water, air, and earth, swaying to and fro on all sides, like the yolk of an egg mixed up with the white.

In this infinite space, which is entitled *Tako-mano-halo* (the plain of high heaven), arose *Ameno-minaka-nusino-kami*, self-created. His name signifies the superior god-like being who sits enthroned in the middle of heaven. After him came *Taka-mi-musu-bino-kami*, the highly elevated creating-god, and *Kamu-mi-musu-bino-kami*, the spiritually elevated creating-god. Each of these three primitive gods was independent of the other two.

At the time of the creation, the elements of chaos divided from each other. An under-stratum of the heavy and thick portions of the world was formed, while the clearer and lighter ones were carried upwards through their own want of weight. At first, though not sensible to the touch, they were visible, like smoke or a thick cloud. Gradually they formed themselves into the heavens, and, at last, attained such a degree of clearness as to become invisible.

The earth was still a young mass, as soft as mud, swimming about in the air, like the reflection of the moon in the waves, when there arose from it a kind of substance similar to the bud of the reed *Asi* (*Erianthus Japonicus*); and *Unasi-asi-kabi-hiko-dsino-kami*, the noble earth, god of the beautiful reed-bud, sprang into life; while *Ameno-soko-talsino-kami*, the architect of the vault of heaven, began and finished his creation.

Each of these two latter gods, also, like the first three, lived retired within himself, having nothing in common with the others. Combined with the former, they are peculiarly distinguished as *Amatsu-kami*, the five gods of heaven.

From the development and metamorphosis of *Asi-bud*, there arose between heaven and earth, the creator of firm land, by name *Kuni-soko-talsino-mikoto*. He reigned over the yet unfinished globe for more than a hundred thousand millions of years, a space of time which passes human comprehension. He is still worshipped in a temple of the district of *Oomi*.

His successor was *Kuni-sa-toutsino-mikato*, who also reigned for a like extraordinary period, until *Toyo-kumu-suno-mikoto*, the god of the richly overflowing marshes, assumed the reins of power, which he retained for a hundred thousand million of years. He, too, has a temple erected to him in the district of *Oomi*.

These gods had lived alone, floating in the immensity of the universe, without any female companions. From this period, however, we find female divinities living with them in a state of sisterly innocence. First on the list stands *Wu-hidai-nino-mikoto*, the god who cooks the muddy earth, with his companion *Su-hidai-nino-makoto*, the goddess who cooks the sandy earth. Both are worshipped in a temple in the district of *Issye*.

After a lapse of two hundred thousand millions of years, they were followed by *Oo-to-tsino-mikoto*, and his companion, the goddess *Oo-to-beno-mikoto*.

These two divinities disappeared after having reigned as long as their predecessors, and were succeeded by *Omo-taruno-mikoto* and his companion *Kasiko-neno-mikoto*, who, after thousands and thousands of years had rolled away, made room, in their turn, for *Iza-na-gino-mikoto*, with his heavenly bride, *Iza-na-mino-mikoto*.

With this couple ends the period of the seven dynasties of the gods of heaven, which reaches up to *Kuni-soko-talsino-mikoto*; and it is to *Iza-na-gino-mikoto* that the creation of Japan is attributed.

Standing on the bridge that was floating in the heavens, *Iza-na-gino-mikoto* one day addressed his wife, *Iza-na-mino-mikoto*, in the following terms:—

"Verily, there should be somewhere or other a habitable country of the world; let us endeavour to find it in the waters which are heaving beneath us." Speaking thus, he dipped his spear, adorned with jewels, in the wide ocean, and stirred the waves round with it. The thick drops of water which trickled off the spear when he had withdrawn it from the waves, instantly thickened and formed an island, *Ono-koro-sima*, or the island that flowed together of itself. The god and his wife descended upon it, and together, by their divine power, created the other portions of the globe.

The next thing that *Iza-na-gino-mikoto* did, was to call into existence eight million of gods, who spread themselves simultaneously all over the country, commenced the development of its resources, and produced vegetation. *Iza-na-gino-mikoto* created also the ten thousand things from which the countless objects of every kind which we possess at the present day have all sprung. Meanwhile, the goddess *Iza-na-mino-mikoto* was not idle, but created the teregod, the godlike couple of the mountains containing metals, and the goddess of water. While, too, the climbing plants were raising their tendrils heavenwards from the earth, she planted under the waves the germs of the mosses, and ordered the goddess *Hani-yama-himeno-kami* to cover the hills with fruitful earth.

All the gods who had preceded *Iza-na-gino-mikoto* and his wife had started into existence of themselves, without being descended from any one. But *Iza-na-gino-mikoto* and *Iza-na-mino-mikoto* had a numerous family, the most virtuous member of which was their eldest daughter, *Ama-terasu-or-kami*, or, as she is otherwise generally denominated, *Ten-sioo-dai-zin*, the great spirit that lights the heavens. She was chosen by her parents as their successor in their earthly kingdom, over which she reigned in conjunction with her brother, *Truku-yo-mino-mikoto*, the god-like moon that looks through the night.

After a lapse of 550,000 years, she resigned the empire to her nephew *Amato-ori-ho-mimino-mikoto*, whom she had adopted, and who, after a reign of 300,000 years, was succeeded by his son *Nini-gino-mikoto*, who, in his turn, was followed, after a reign of 318,533 years, by his son *Hiko-hobode-mino-mikoto*. The next divine sovereign, 637,892 years later, was *Wu-kaya-fuki-awaseruno-mikoto*, the last of the five earthly gods, his successor being *Zin-mu-ten-woo*, whom he had by a mortal wife, and from whom, as we mentioned in our last chapter, the *Mikados*, or spiritual rulers of Japan, trace their descent—a fact which must, of course, entitle them to the respect and admiration of all those persons who esteem a man not for the noble actions he may do, but for the length of his genealogical tree. We have not the least doubt that the *Mikados*, if they were acquainted with the aristocracy of Europe, would look down on them as mere upstarts, in the same manner as the latter do on those by whose toil and energy they are supported in comparative but noble idleness.

The most ancient religion of Japan is intimately connected with the tradition we have just laid before our readers of the creation of the world. Taking its origin from the divine ancestors of the people, namely, the celestial and terrestrial gods, its religion has existed during countless generations of a good-hearted, simple population of fishermen and hunters, and has, up to the present time, maintained its position in the palace of the sovereign as well as the hut of the peasant. Although it is now no longer the sole religion of the Japanese empire, it is still protected by the state, revered by the rulers, and loved by the people.

This primitive religion is known in the Japanese language under the name *Kami-no-michi*, that is, the way or doctrine of the *Kamis*, or gods. It was not until a later period that the designation *Sintoo* (*Schin-taō*), which is merely a Chinese translation of the old Japanese expression, was bestowed upon it. The word *Sintoo* was used to designate the primitive religion, in contradistinction to the Indian ritual of *Bultoo* (*Tā-taō*), which was introduced into the country at a subsequent period.

The principle of the *Kami* ritual consists in the worship of the celestial beings who created the universe and the island empire of Japan, and of the terrestrial gods who animated the young country with their presence, and whose descendants afterwards became its inhabitants and rulers.

The greatest amount of veneration, however, is paid to *Ama-terasu-kami*, the goddess of the sun, the great spirit who illumines the heavens, and who, in company with her brother, the moon, floats over her island empire, while 8,000,000 spirits follow her and do her bidding. No mere mortal dare address her directly in prayer, but must do so through the medium of certain inferior *Kamis*, who, on this account, are called *Sjo-go-sin*, protecting, helping, or watching deities.

The spiritual sovereign, or *Mikado*, is always looked upon as being descended from the goddess of the sun, through *Zin-muten-woo*, and it is believed by the *Sintoos* that her spirit animates each successive *Mikado*. They pay him divine honours, and believe that once in the course of every year all their gods assemble round his throne. His soul is held to be immortal, and on this doctrine is founded the popular belief of a continuance of existence after death. The *Sintooist* aims merely, it is true, at the attainment of earthly happiness, but he has still some notion, though faint and indistinct, of the immortality of the soul, and of an after-state of everlasting bliss or misery. He has also an idea of a reward for the good and a punishment of the bad, and a conception of some place or other whither the soul goes after this life. Heavenly judges require the soul to account for its actions. The good man's portion is paradise, *Taka-ma-naka-hara*, on entering which he is admitted to the realms of the *Kamis*. The wicked are punished and thrust down into hell, *Neno-kuni*.

The *Kami* religion lays down for the guidance of all believers who desire to attain earthly happiness and consolation hereafter a series of rules, which are in substance as follows:—To serve the *Kamis* a man must preserve pure fire. He must cherish belief and truth in his heart, make fresh and clean sacrifices, and pray to the *Kamis* to give him their blessing and prosperity, and to forgive him his faults. He must also beg that the sinner's soul may be purified, in order that he may be free from every ill.

It is, therefore, the endeavour of the conscientious *Sintooist*—

1. To preserve pure fire.
2. To typify by the cleanliness of his body the purity of his soul.
3. To keep festivals and holy days.
4. To undertake pilgrimages; and
5. To worship the *Kamis* both at home and in the public temples, and to offer up to them pure sacrifices.

Purity of body and soul is the principal article of the *Sintoo* faith. The purity of the soul consists in doing or leaving undone what the laws of nature respectively require or forbid, and also what the laws of the state and society demand.

The state of impurity is called *Fu-zjoo*. A man may be impure from the following causes:—

1. By the death of near relations; by contact with a corpse.
2. By the shedding of blood, or merely by his being spattered with blood, and by tasting the flesh of domestic animals.

The state of impurity does not extend to persons alone, but likewise to dwellings and other places in which any defiling event has occurred.

Another important point of the *Sintoo* faith is the due observance of the various festivals and holy days. From the moment of his birth to the instant of his death, the native of

Japan is engaged, either directly or indirectly, in their celebration. They lead him through the rolling year, reminding him, at certain months, days, and hours, of his duties towards his *Kamis*, his relations, his friends, his superiors, and himself. The acquirement of a proper knowledge of the various ceremonies to be used at these festivals constitutes one of the branches of a liberal education in Japan.

These festivals and holy days may be classed under the following heads:—Monthly festivals; yearly festivals of the whole population; anniversaries of the various *Kamis*; family festivals; lucky and unlucky days; days of prayer and penitence.

We now proceed to furnish the reader with some explanation of what the illustration which accompanies our remarks is intended to represent, that he may be able more easily to comprehend the artist's design. The first figure which attracts the reader's attention is that of the many-armed warrior, at the top of the picture. His name is *Maris'*, and tradition calls him powerful, persevering, brightly flaming. We recognise in him *Aries*, *Mavors*, or *Mars*, that mighty deity of the ancient *Scythians* and *Thracians*, that tutelary divinity who passed over with the *Pelasgian* hordes to Greece, and whose sons founded Rome, the city of the seven hills.

Thus do we find, at the extreme opposite ends of Asia, the same idol, whose birth-place was central India. That this idol did really first come from India, is proved by the first syllable of his name, which is seen upon his shield in the old work, *Devanagari*, and his appearance, costume, and arms, lead us to the same conclusion.

To the left of *Maris'* we behold the holy *Foo*, who appears in the Japanese and Chinese sagas as a being who always forebodes good fortune and happiness. This bird-like being is very generally used in the decoration of all works of art, such as paintings, statues, or metal-work, and is especially adopted as an ornament for the household shrines that are to be found in the residences of the Japanese. The feathered creature to the right of *Maris'* is *Tengu*, the guardian of the heavens, herald of the gods, and protector of the *kamis* and their shrines, or *Mias*. This idol belongs to the *Sintoo* worship, where it is sometimes represented in human, and sometimes half-human shape, while at others it is pictured under the form of a perfect bird. It is placed at the principal entrance of the *Sintoo* temples, as a safeguard against evil spirits. It is also borne at the head of all the processions that set out from the temple before which it is placed.

In our engraving we have a representation of one of the many popular legends of Japan, namely, the fight of a hero with an eight-headed dragon. A painting of this subject, in very gaudy colours, is often to be seen in the *Sintoo* temples; and the priests of the temple which is erected to the hero of *Yamato*, near *Atsuta*, still relate it to the faithful. According to their account, an eight-headed devastating monster used yearly to appear in *Yamato*, and was to be appeased only by the sacrifice of a virgin descended from a race of kings. At last, however, a mountain hero, *Yamato-take*, came across the fire-belching monster, and engaging in single combat, killed it. This hero was, as history informs us, *Anano-mura kuno*, a son of the *Mikado Kei-koo-ten-woo*, and a youth of rare strength and uncommon courage. His heroic deeds are recounted in the Japanese annals, which still preserve the memory of his conflict with the savages, who threw fire at him, but whom he destroyed by fire. They also mention in high terms his flame-like sword, which is now preserved as one of the three jewels of the empire. The Japanese used really to believe in the existence of monsters similar to the eight-headed serpent destroyed by the hero, and think that they were servants of the goddess of the sun, who sends them upon the earth to punish men for their misdeeds.

The above fable cannot fail to bring to every one's mind the combat of Hercules with the *Ternæan* hydra; and when the Japanese account goes on to state that *Koo-kajo-samuroo*, a friend of the hero, descended with the latter to the infernal regions, where the monster dwelt, and that he held a torch while the combat was going on, we are still more struck with

its resemblance to the Greek tradition, in which Iolas seared the neck of the hydra as Hercules cut off the heads. The rock on which the hero is represented in the drawing as placing his foot, may easily have given rise to the fiction of the rock under which Hercules buried the hydra. The swampy dwelling of the latter is easily recognisable in the sketch.

Like the fables of all the ancient gods and heroes, these allegorical personages float in a kind of indistinct manner over Japan. All around them, however, are a number of typical forms relating to art, science, husbandry, and commerce, and which, as being sprung from facts and not fiction, appear in a much clearer and stronger light.

The reader will doubtless be struck with the bird-like vessel to the left. It is a representation of the *Tori-kame*, which has stood for ages, as large as life, before the Temple residence of the Mikado, and is a proof of the proficiency that creative art had attained at a most remote period.

Opposite this vessel, and borne by a Sintoō priest, is one of the five heavenly musical instruments, namely, the big drum. According to the popular belief, the great goddess that lights the heavens suddenly disappeared, and night lay upon the face of the celestial land. Having been affronted by man, she concealed herself in a cave, whence music alone could draw her forth and cause her to be reconciled to man. So high an origin do the Japanese assign to Music.

The fan, made of the plastic wood of the *arborvita*, and decorated with evergreen creepers, was in olden times considered an ornament for the prince's hand. At the present day we still see, at the court of the Mikado, the fan as simple and as plain as ever, in remembrance of the old manners and customs of the country; while, as the nation became more civilised and advanced, its taste for magnificence in all other objects save this one became more and more pronounced; witness the costly stuffs of gold and silk of which the Japanese are at present so fond.

The Japanese husbandman was acquainted with *maize* long before European nations were, and he has also cultivated *pumpkins* and *melons*, that have become acclimated in all countries of the globe for countless centuries. These natural products may be taken to indicate the flourishing state of horticulture and agriculture in Japan, but they may likewise be taken as evidence of the intercourse which must, in the earliest times, have united nations that were separated from each other by wide and surging seas.

The reader may, perhaps, at first be inclined to believe that in the *Bow* he simply beholds an ancient specimen of this national weapon. But the philologist will see in it more than the form of a mere weapon, and recognise the Chinese character signifying a bow, and taken from among those characters which belong to the infancy of the art of writing, which, as it appears in its present more mature condition, is represented in the little book opposite the bow.

Turning to another part of the picture, we behold Japan, commanded by the remarkable volcanic mountain, Fusi, and lighted by the rising sun. Cheerful industry ploughs its valleys and cultivates even its mountain sides. Secure and free from apprehension, commerce and activity go hand-in-hand, and animate the shores and harbours with countless sails.

In the foreground we behold, in a sitting posture, the Mikado *Ten-ze-ten-wooo*, who reigned during the second half of the seventh century according to our reckoning. To this prince does Japan owe the rise of the arts and sciences. He was the first to found public schools and erect temples in honour of the Chinese philosopher Confucius. The Chinese characters which, at an earlier period, had been introduced into Japan, from Futara, a province of the neighbouring country of Corai, were by his exertions spread through the entire empire. This prince, too, who was himself a poet, endeavoured to elevate his native language; and the services he rendered in this particular still place him, even at the present day, at the head of the hundred poets who wrote in the old Jamato language.

By the Mikado's side, and standing out from the group of armed warriors, is the figure of his general, the Ziogoon. We have selected, in preference to any others, the portrait of the celebrated hero *Josimitsu*, who lived in the twelfth century, for the sake of showing the peculiar style of accoutrements worn in those days.

The portion of the drawing opposite the Ziogoon has reference to the *people*, their *habits*, and *customs*. It represents a scene from the ceremonies observed on the occasion of the new year, and shows a reigning prince, in the character of a father of a family, inviting good fortune into his house, and hoping that ill-luck will not enter it. He goes, at midnight, in state apparel, through his house, throwing about him, on all sides, roasted beans, and crying, "Evil spirit, avaunt; treasures, come in!" The impersonification of the evil spirit is worthy of remark, because it represents the devil as the people are taught to conceive him in the doctrines of Buddhism. It is with the greatest unwillingness that he obeys the exorcism compelling him to depart and allow riches and treasures to occupy his place.

The small chapel which rises in the background on a pyramidal pile of masonry, represents an ancient Sintoō sepulchre. The masonry consists of roughly-hewn blocks of basalt, and is exactly similar to the well-known Cyclopien walls. The walls of Japanese temples and fortresses are always built in this manner. The pillared gateway leads to the sepulchre, as is peculiar to the Sintoō faith. The pillars of such gateways are made of wood, stone, or bronze. They often rise to an immense height, and constitute a distinctly separate order in architecture.

In the foreground of the picture are some very remarkable objects which we have not yet explained. The three-footed vessel will afford the antiquary copious matter for comparison. The ornament in the form of a crocodile on the cover, the tortoise heads at the bend of the legs, and, in a word, the whole form of the vessel will not be viewed by him with indifference, when he finds similar ones upon the continents of Asia and America. In Japan this vessel is used as a censer on the altar of the tutelary household god.

The *magatama*, or crooked jewel, as well as ornaments and money of the ancient Japanese, are lying near the Chinese coin *hanrio*, which was cast in China in the reign of the Chinese emperor Zin Schi Hoang-ti (220 B.C.) and brought to Japan, at a very early period, by Chinese immigrants.

As an instrument for giving the key-note, we see the old Pandean pipes, and as the war-trumpet, the shell of the Tritons. Among the warlike weapons, we perceive the axe of the Roman forces. We have, also, a representation of the magnet, which, as early as the seventh century, is mentioned in the Japanese annals as being a *wheel that indicates the north*. This proves it to have been known to other nations before it was discovered by the Europeans.

Considering the veneration paid to the goddess of the Sun, *Mari*, who was introduced into Japan at a much later period by the disciples of Buddha, and who is merely a god of an inferior order, occupies too elevated a position, if considered as the type or impersonification of the religion of the country. The picture, however, may be satisfactorily explained in the following manner.

Mari, the god of war, hovers over the empire of Japan, which owes its foundation to *Zin-mu-ten-wooo*, the heavenly warrior, who united the various wild tribes into a nation, and was the ancestor of a dynasty that has lasted for more than two thousand years. *Mari*, therefore, is with propriety represented as continually floating above Japan, warding off evil with his many arms. *Foo*, the blessing of heaven, looks mildly down upon the peaceful mountains beneath him, while *Tengu*, the heavenly watcher, waves over this land of gods (*Zin-kok*) his sword against its foes. Bold and strong, *Yamato-tuke*, the conqueror of the many-headed monster, typifies the race of heroes who have at various times arisen from among a people which never bent beneath a foreign yoke, and which was never conquered since it was a nation.

THE VIVARIUM IN THE LONDON ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Few institutions have so well deserved the success they have met with as the London Zoological Society. It has, both by its meetings, its transactions, and its gardens, made many familiar

plants and trees of distant lands: the whole presented to him in a beautiful and well laid out garden, which, during the last few years, has made such progress that it may fairly rank with

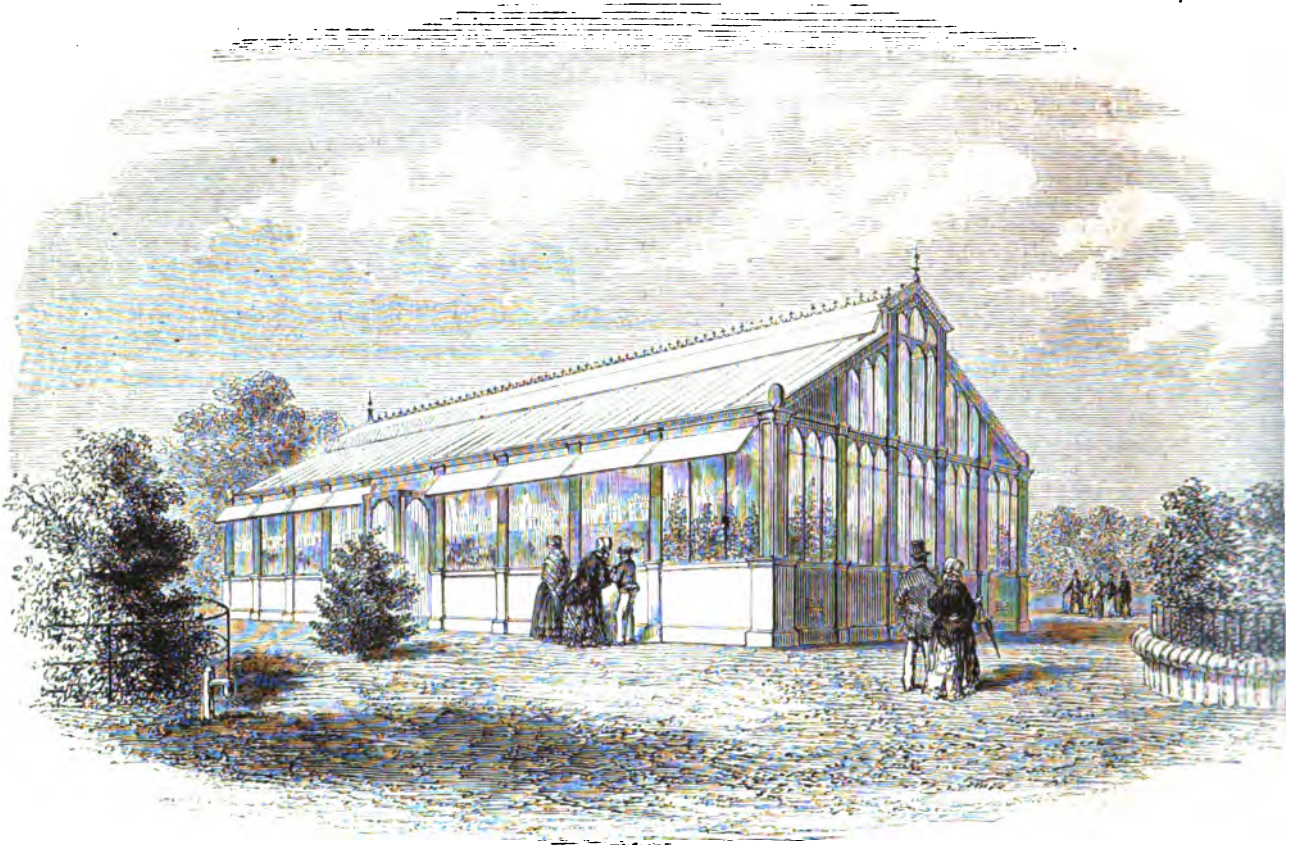


FIG. 1.—VIVARIUM IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK, LONDON.

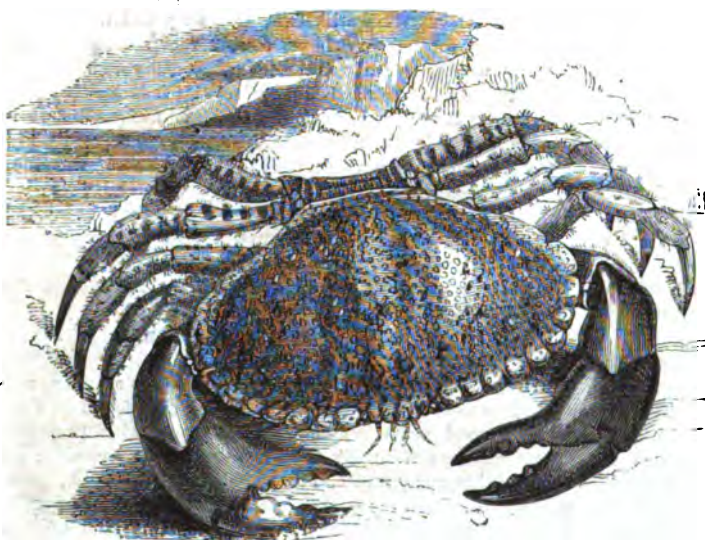


FIG. 2.—CRAB (*Cancer pagurus*).



FIG. 3.—THE MOLUCCA CRAB (*Minoculni Polyphemus*).

with many of the wonders of creation; it has enabled the very cockney, without losing sight of his beloved London, to gaze on the riches of animated nature, to delight his eye with the

the richest and most famed gardens of Europe; at the same time that by a liberal arrangement it is open on certain occasions, and under certain restrictions, to the humblest classes.

Recently an addition of great interest has been made to the institution. The wonders of the deep, the secrets of the life under water, of that semi-animal, semi-vegetable life, which is the least understood part of zoology, have been unsealed to us. Near the flower-bed of the Zoological Gardens has been

rock-sand, gravel, sea-weed, and water, they are then stocked with specimens of the various beings which belong to this department of natural history. The zoophytes have hitherto been a portion of animal creation very little understood. Lesson and Dujardin, in their extensive and admirable works



FIG. 4.—SECTION OF A TANK IN THE VIVARIUM.



FIG. 5.—SECTION OF A TANK IN THE VIVARIUM.



FIG. 6.—PRAWN (*Palaeon serratus* OF LEACH).



FIG. 7.—COMMON SPONGE.

erected a building, like the Sydenham wonder of the world, of iron and glass, with eight tanks full of specimens of zoophyte and crustaceous nature. It is perhaps the most curious and interesting feature in the establishment. The tanks are so arranged that we see their contents at a glance. Filled with

on the subject, confess that it is almost a new department of science. Until the commencement of the present century scarcely anything was really known about the matter, and the division of the zoophytes into classes is yet an arbitrary affair which it will require more complete inquiry to settle

finally. Some confusion will at first exist in the mind of the student of natural history, through the different views of its professors. But the time is not far distant when even this department of science will be bound by the same rigid rules which have been applied to others.

The reason why any knowledge of this department was necessarily vague and indistinct will readily be found in the difficulty of the study. The zoophytes could only be examined in their natural element, on the occasion of long voyages at sea, or by spending whole days on the banks of rivers and by the sea-side. These animal-plants could not be preserved, could not be kept; at least, the means of so doing had not been discovered. This part of the difficulty has been obviated by the indefatigable industry and perseverance of the secretary of the Zoological Society. We find the tanks plentifully supplied with specimens of zoophytes, with crustacea, star-fish, fish of the genera, *Labrus*, *Cottas*, &c. They live before our eyes, move, eat, and are eaten. The actinia and the pecten call attention; the former by the brilliancy of colours and his abundant tentacles, and the latter by his peculiarly shaped open valve. To describe the contents of the tank would be impossible, they are so numerous and varied. They are of English origin. They have long excited attention in Scotland; and Sir John Graham Dalyell, in his "Rare and Remarkable Animals" of that country, speaks of them. The department as yet most complete is that of the actinias. The tank in which they are contained presents a very remarkable appearance, from the variety and richness of the colours. The crustacea are a very interesting feature in the adjoining tank. The whole has somewhat of the effect of the kaleidoscope, the contents of every tank being in perpetual motion. Both the scientific and the unscientific may be interested and instructed by a careful examination of the Vivarium.

The zoophytes are the most imperfect of animals, a kind of connecting link between a sloth and a lump of sea-weed. Their nervous system is either elementary or non-existent, and they have no organs of the various senses. They differ from other animals in the circumstance that the body diverges star-like from a centre; hence their name of *Radiata*. Those who have seen them on the rocky sea-shore, spreading out their membranes, or clinging to each other in masses, must at once be struck by their resemblance to a flower, or even to a bush with many ramifications. They have in times past been confounded with an immense class of sea-weed (*Alga*), which much resembles the zoophyte creation.

The common sponge (fig. 7) has been included among the zoophytes, it being a doubtful substance found on submarine rocks. This substance, of a glutinous character, is in part composed of transparent and spherical globules, which produce *oroids*, which at times are expelled from the mass. These bodies, which move and have an almost imperceptible life, reproduce the sponge, which thus becomes entitled to the name of a zoophyte.

The principal class of zoophytes is that of the polypi. These animals owe their name to the tentacles which surround their mouths, which give them a resemblance to the polypus of the ancients. Their body is cylindrical or ovular, and there is no orifice, save at one extremity; their structure is simple, and their faculties are narrow in proportion to their simplicity. Nearly all are attached to extraneous bodies by their lower extremity, and have no motion beyond the extension and contraction of their tentacles, and of the anterior portion of their bodies. They multiply sometimes by means of eggs, which are detached and expelled, to fix and attach themselves elsewhere; sometimes by excrescences, which grow on the body and fall off. These become polypi in their turn. From this results an aggregation of individuals which seem to live of a common life, as if it were a composite being with one mouth and a thousand bodies and stomachs. Though these stomachs do not open one into the other, there is a vascular communication by which the alimentary matters digested by the one serve for the nutrition of the others.

The bodies of the polypi are often composed of semi-transparent tissue, but with most the lower portion of the tegument

becomes hard and petrified. The solid wrapper varies in its form, and represents so many tubes, or so many cells. These polypi, by congregating together, form vast masses, which rise into rocks and shoals in the tropical seas. They rise one upon the other from the bottom of the sea. The stony bark, with which each individual incrusts the lower part of its body, survives the animal, and serves as the basis for other polypi. Generations thus succeed, until they reach the level of the water. All those that find their way above, perish, and the soil formed by their remains ceases to rise; but this soil, which forms on a level with the water, becomes a sunken rock most dangerous to navigators. This draws around remains of vegetables mixed with sand, which form a soil favourable to the development of plants; then, wafted on the waves, come ligneous and herbaceous seeds, which germinate, mingle their roots, and then increase and multiply in this virgin soil, which in a few years is covered by luxuriant vegetation. These islands at last become habitable, and man soon takes possession of them.

The class of infusory zoophytes is composed of animalcules, which are developed in abundance in water where vegetable or animal matter has been infused. Their bodies, round or long, contain in the interior a great number of little cavities which appear to fulfil the functions of a stomach. This has given to them the name of the Polygastric infusories. Their mode of multiplication is doubtful. It would occupy volumes to describe the multitude of these creatures.

Crustaceous animals begin with crabs, lobsters, &c., and go down with some naturalists to the leech of the surgeon. They are articulate animals, which have heart and gills to breathe with in the water. The lowest order are ranged among the intestinal worms. The crustacea have bodies divided into rings, sometimes moveable, sometimes solid. Their tegumentary skeleton presents a strong consistence, due to a very considerable proportion of carbonate of lime. This crust, which has given them the name of Crustacea, is a skin in reality. At certain periods it is detached and falls, as the skin of serpents and the tegument of insects do. We shall allude more fully to this characteristic hereafter.

The head is sometimes free, sometimes fastened to the thorax. This latter supports the head, the pair of feelers, and the mouth, which is adorned with numerous appendages, some of which are regular claws, that serve as a defence against the elements, and aid the progress of the animal. The crab given in our engraving (*Cancer pagurus*) is the one usually consumed by lovers of crustaceous food. It weighs sometimes as much as five pounds. This is the species which reproduces its members, when they are pulled off or broken. The renewed parts are not added to a broken member. If a claw be broken in two, the whole must be extirpated. The animal does this itself, generally using its claws. The crab would bleed to death but for this process. When the operation is completed, the process of reproduction commences.

The river crab (*Astacus fluviatilis*), which lives in fresh water, hiding under stones and in holes, which it leaves only to feed on molluscs, fish, and eggs of insects, is an interesting study. These crabs eat also decayed animal matter, and are thus caught in the nets of the fisher. They are also caught by using the flare of torches at night. They live twenty years, increasing in growth every year. The female collects her eggs round the false claws, and the young crabs hide beneath their mothers while their shell is hardening.

The period of changing the shell is one of importance to the creature. It is a laborious, painful, and often a fatal operation. By putting a crab in a glass, at the proper season, it can be studied by any one. Some days before it throws its tough skin, it ceases to eat, and the shell begins to detach itself from the body, which becomes loose or thin. The crab begins to rub its claws together, turns on its back, moves its tail, swells its body up, and splits the shell. Then, swelling certain parts of its body, it draws its head back, loosens its eyes and large and small claws, and by a sudden jerk gets out of the shell. The operation is often fatal, but, if successful, the new shell is formed in twenty-four hours.

The organs of sight and hearing in the crustacea are small; their eyes have but very little power of sight, while their organ of hearing is at the external base of the antennæ, and is composed of a membrane like that of the tympanum, above which is a kind of cell full of liquid, where ends a nerve. Not much is known as to their sense of smelling and taste. Most live on animal matter, and very few imbibe any liquid matter. Their blood is white, or rather of a lilac tinge. The heart is situated in the middle of the back, and has but one cavity. Its contractions drive the blood to the arteries, which distribute it over the body. The veins are very incomplete. The crustacea being aquatic, their breathing is similar to that of other aquatic animals, though some breathe through their skin.

All the crustacea are oviparous. The female, after laying her eggs, keeps them for some time hanging under her stomach, or even among the numerous flaps of her tail. The young undergo scarcely any change after their adult age, except the increase of the number of their claws.

It would occupy too much time to describe all the genera of the class of crustacea. The Decapod Crustacea are the most numerous class. The head and thorax of these crustacea are confounded in a single mass, covered by a carapace. This dorsal buckler projects beyond the forehead, descends on each side to the edge of the paws, and goes back to the abdomen. The sea and land-crab are of this race.

A very common crab is the *Cancer puber*, which is covered by a yellow head of down, and has black claws. The *Cancer cursor* of Linnaeus, or running crab, which is found on the shores of the Mediterranean, runs with such velocity, that a horse at a gallop can scarcely catch it. During the day this animal lives in holes dug by himself in the sand, and comes out only at night. In the Indian Ocean there is discovered, in great numbers, a crab called by naturalists *Podophthalmus spinosus*, which has very long projecting eyes. The *Cancer ruficola*, which the French have christened the *Tourtourou*, or raw recruit, is blood-red, with yellow spots, which form the letter H very distinctly. This species is very common in the West Indies. The *Tourtourou*, instead of living in the water, dwells in damp woods. It breathes, however, in the same way as the water-crab, by the gills, which, however, require more oxygen than water can dissolve, and act in the air like lungs. Nature, to prevent their drying up, has placed at the bottom of the breathing cavity sometimes a sort of cell, which receives the water necessary to maintain humidity round the gills; sometimes a spongy membrane in the vault of this cavity.

These animals live chiefly on vegetables, and are nocturnal and crepuscular. They dwell in the hills, sometimes a long way from the sea; during the rainy season, they quit their land habitation, to go down to the water. They congregate in large troops, and start on their journey. The traveller who is delayed at night in South America on his road, will often fall in with this singular army crossing woods, fields, and rivers at a rapid rate; checked by no obstacles, and sweeping all before them in their ravages. These periodical journeys are taken in time to renew the water in their gill-supplying cells. Doctor Lamaout says: "Admiral Drake having landed, in 1605, some of his crew on a desert coast of South America, these famished crabs fell upon them, bit their legs, upset them, and devoured them." We fancy this must be a traveller's tale.

The sea spiders are a kind of crab with very long claws. The *Maia squinado*, or *Cancer maia*, is of this kind. It is four inches long and three broad. Its back is all covered by hairy pimples. This species is very common in the ocean and in the Mediterranean. The ancients considered it sacred to Diana of Ephesus. They attributed to it great wisdom and a love of music. On many Greek medals are fac-similes of this crustaceous animal.

Craw-fish and lobsters have their tails at least as long as their bodies. They are naturally swimmers, scarcely ever come on shore, and seldom walk at the bottom of the water. They keep moving about, and the vigorous movements of their

tails impel them forward with great rapidity. Lobsters are crustacea with cylindrical antennæ, very long and covered with prickly points; their paws are without claws, while on their forehead are two long bending horns. Such is the common lobster (*Astacus elephas*), of which we give an illustration (fig. 8). This is often a foot and a half long, and, with its eggs, will weigh twelve or fourteen pounds. Its armour is thorny, and covered with a kind of down. The back is of a greenish brown, and the tail is dotted by yellow spots. This race inhabits the coasts of the milder climates of Europe. During the winter they remain in the depths of the sea. In the spring they come out to the shore, and lay their numerous and puddy eggs in the holes of rocks.

The sea craw-fish (*Astacus marinus*) often reaches an immense size, even more than a foot and a half long. This crustacean is found in the European seas, and on the coast of America.

The Palemons include the prawns and shrimps. The *Palaemon serratus*, or common prawn, represented in our drawing (fig. 6), is from three to four inches long. It is of a pale-red colour, and is a favourite article of food with large portions of the inhabitants of Europe. A little parasitical crustacean is often found upon them, the *Bopyrus crangorum*, which by certain fishermen is taken to be the young sole.

The hermit crab (*Cancer bernhardus* or *Pagurus*, fig. 8) has a large abdomen, which projects backwards in a very peculiar way. The hind quarters of the animal are thus exposed to continual assault. But what nature has refused, the strange instinct of the animal provides. The hermit finds a univalve shell, in which it inserts itself by means of its hind claws; this parasitical protection it drags after it everywhere, and even sometimes gets into it altogether, its fore paws being alone visible. Every year, in the early months, when the animal changes its skin, it goes about looking for a fresh shell—a shell more proportioned to its new growth. The crab may be seen lodging-hunting with all the care and precision of a particular old maid. It pokes its nose and then its tail into every spiral shell it meets, until it finds precisely the fit it wants. As soon as the brute finds one which thoroughly suits it, the old house is cast away, and the new one popped into with the utmost agility. The shell sticks so fast, that you can only get the crab out by using fire. Many different names have been given to this animal—the soldier, Diogenes, the hermit—all of which are significant enough. A very correct representation of it is given in our engraving.

The *Birgi* are great crustacea of the Indies, somewhat like the *Pagurus*. The most remarkable of the species is the *Cancer latro*, or robber crab. This animal leaves the sea at night and climbs up the cocoa-nut tree to steal the fruit, of which it is very fond. Some of our young readers may recollect a humorous scene in illustration of this, in the "Swiss Family Robinson." This animal, by its peculiar habits, brings to the knowledge of the naturalist a singular anomaly in amphibious life. The robber crab is followed in its land trips by another animal, breathing through the gills. A rare animal of the *Bercha* species, the *Perca scandens*, also quits its natural element as if in search of the crab, which it follows to the trees where it is feeding. The *Perca* is peculiarly constituted to retain a certain quantity of water to moisten the gills, which, by the closing of their extremities, are preserved from the air.

There are many other minor crustacea. One of these is the *Oniscus ceti* (fig. 13), found on the body of the whale, and on the mackerel. The *Oniscus asellus*, or common woodlouse (fig. 16), and its varieties, are well known in our houses and gardens. It is a small animal, with eight rings of shell. Its gills are under the front scales over the tail. They roll up into a round ball when touched, which makes them an object of wonder to children. These animals frequent retired and dark places, and are found often under stones. They feed upon corrupt animal and vegetable matter, and rarely come forth, except in damp weather. The female collects her eggs in a membranous pocket under the thorax; the little ones come to life there, and are carried about by her everywhere she goes. If you take one of them and turn it on its back, the little ones may

be seen running in and out of the membranous pocket. The common woodlouse is smooth, of the colour of ashes, with black spots, and a little yellow; but some are found in the country which have, like it, ten rings, without counting the head and tail. The front is very smooth, of a brown hue, specked with gray, but without any yellow spots. The arma-

link between the crustacea and the mollusca. They all belong to the sea, swim freely when young, and then fix themselves for ever on some submarine body. They adhere by the back. Their form is elongated, their bodies are bent, and contained in a shell of several parts. They have no eyes, their mouth is like that of the crustacea; the lower part of



FIG. 8.—THE COMMON LOBSTER AND THE HERMIT CRAB.

dillo woodlouse is broad, smooth, and shining. It is black, with a little white about the edges of the rings. Of the first ten rings which compose its body, without counting the head and tail, the first seven are wide, and the three others are narrow.

Passing from these to the cirrhipedes, we find them to be a

their body is composed of two ranges of gristly lobes, with two horned appendages with numerous projections. These, about four and twenty in number, the animal keeps constantly in motion, and thus draws within her little vortex the animalcules on which it feeds. They have their heart in the dorsal part of their backs, and breathe through gills.

The *Lepas anatifera* is enclosed in a kind of gauzy cover, suspended on a fleshy tube. This tube serves for them to fasten

The class of worms are divided into annelida, rotators, and intestinal worms. The worms of the order of annelida have red

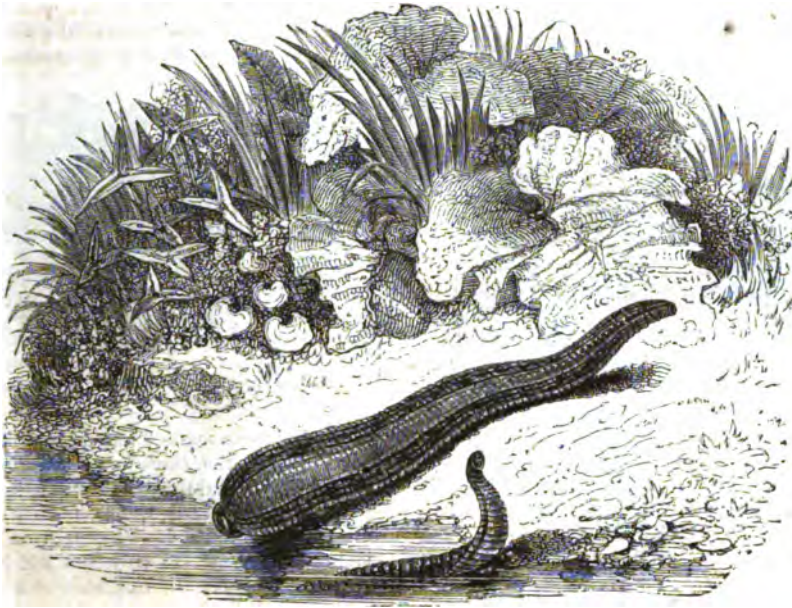


FIG. 9.—THE MEDICINAL LEECH (*Hirudo medicinalis*).



FIG. 10.—LEECHES IN VARIOUS STAGES OF DEVELOPMENT.

on to rocks and bottoms of ships, where they are known as barnacles. There was a time when birds were said to grow out

or highly-coloured blood. This analogy with the superior order of animals made some naturalists place them at the head of

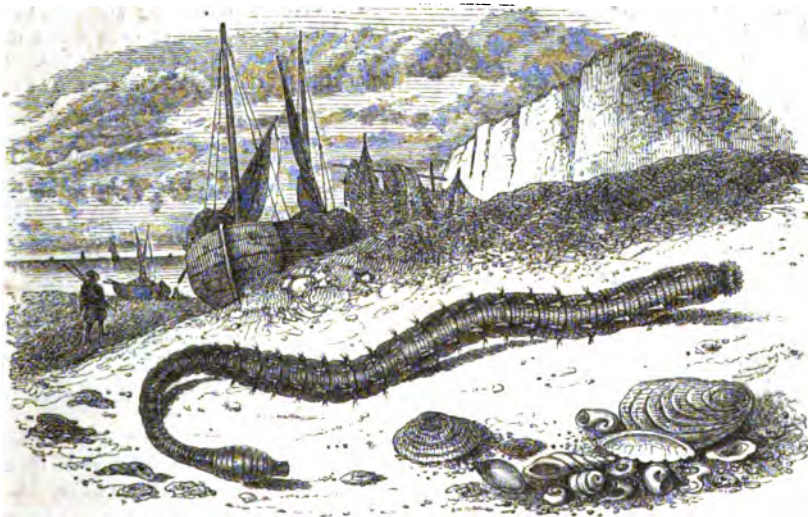


FIG. 11.—THE FISHERMAN'S SAND-WORM (*Lumbricus marinus*).

of them. The sea-acorns are a small species of the cirrhipede group. They are enclosed in a short shell (figs. 14 and 15).

articulated animals; but in every other point of their organisation they are compared to insects and crustacea. Their body

is long, soft, and divided into a great many rings. Some have little spots, which have been suspected to be eyes. The mouth is at the extreme end, while they breathe, some in the ordinary way, some by gills.

The wandering annelida have the organs of respiration fixed upon the lower part of the body, or throughout the whole length. They have little silky knobs, which serve as feet. They swim and walk, and live generally under stones, among shells or fixed in the sand. A kind of mucous secretion

no eyes, no antennæ; but towards the tail are numerous appendages doing the office of all these members. They inhabit a tube. Such are the serpulæ, which live in calcareous tubes, upside down, with a tufted extremity, as will be seen from the cut (fig. 12). They have been called sea-brushes. The particular specimen given is the *Serpula vermicularis* of Linneus, found



FIG. 12.—THE VERMICULAR SERPULA (*Serpula vermicularis*).•

spread over the body collects a tubular sheath round them, in which they dwell; but they can leave it at will. They are of the sea, and very numerous. Some only can be quoted. The *Lumbricus marinus*, or fisherman's sand-worm (fig. 11), is about ten or twelve inches long, and has no gills, save in the middle of the body; its head is not defined, and presents neither antennæ, nor eyes, nor jaws: fishermen use it as bait. When taken up in the fingers, they exude a liquid which stains the skin. They are found two or three feet deep in the sand, and

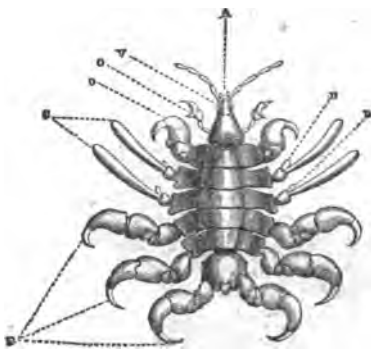


FIG. 13.—THE WHALE-LOUSE (*Oniscus ceti*).†

their retreat is marked by the pile of sand ejected from the hole they make.

The tube-dwelling annelida have no distinct head, no jaws,

• 2, The animal in its tube; 3, The animal out of its tube; 4 and 5, Extremity of a gill.

† A, The mouth; v, The eyes; o o, The first pairs of feet, the anterior of which is fixed below and behind the head; b, the third, fourth, and fifth pairs of claws; c, Appendages of the second and third segments, having at their base the orifice of the respiratory organs, d d.



FIG. 14.—THE FURROWED SEA-ACORN (*Lepas balanus*).

in the European seas. There is one little known member of this division, the *Dentalium elephantinum*, which lives in a regular tube, slightly arched, and open at both ends.

The common earth-worms (*Lumbricus terrestris*) are, as every one knows, red. They feed on animal and vegetable matter. They are the only ones which do not live in water.



FIG. 15.—THE FURROWED SEA-ACORN (*Lepas balanus*), FULL GROWN AND OUT OF ITS SHELL.

They breathe through their pores, and multiply by the division of their bodies into one or more parts.

The division of sucking annelida have no silky down on the skin. They have at each end a dilatable and catching cavity, which acts like a cupping-glass. The animal fastens on to anything firmly by this means. The mouth is at the bottom

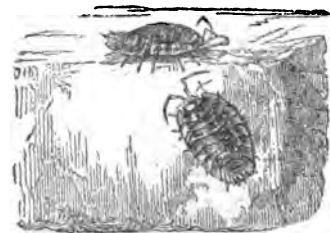


FIG. 16.—THE COMMON WOODLOUSE (*Oniscus asellus*).

of the anterior suction organ, and is armed with jaws, while there are spots around, which may be eyes. All feed on other animals, which they suck or swallow. Some fasten on to fish and frogs; some devour mollusca and the larvæ of insects; some fasten on to animals, and even to men when in the water. Some are known to enter the mouths of horses when drinking, and creep under their tongues, or into their throats. Such are the leeches, which have an oval organ of suction ten eyes,

and jaws armed with teeth. When a leech wishes to get through the skin of the animal to which it is fixed, its fangs are fastened upon the skin, the tubercles which support the jaws stiffen, contract, and the dental appendages cut the skin. Three little wounds are made, like the letter Y, whence the blood issues drop by drop, and passes into the animal's vast stomach. Every one is aware of the use made of these, and to many our design will be more familiar than agreeable. Of late years the use of leeches has become so general, that these animals form an important branch of commerce. The ponds of Spain and France have been entirely cleared, and they are now brought from Hungary and Turkey.

The medicinal leech (*Hirudo medicinalis*, fig. 9) is from four to five inches long, with ninety-eight equal rings. The opening of the mouth is found longitudinally under the upper lip, while the belly is olive-coloured and spotted with black. The mode of reproduction in leeches was very little known until recently. They are oviparous. The eggs, to the number of eight or fifteen, are surrounded by a membranous capsule, which is covered by a regular cocoon; this cocoon is formed of a semi-transparent tissue. The young leeches creep out of a small orifice at the proper time (fig. 10).*

The rotatory worms have only been known since the discovery of the microscope. As long as this instrument only magnified them a hundred-fold, no distinct organ could be seen in their interior, and they were quoted as examples of a kind of animated jelly, feeding by absorption. But modern naturalists have, by means of powerful instruments, discovered that their organisation is only apparently simple. One of this division, the *Furcularia rediviva*, has been made celebrated by the experiments of Spallanzani. It lives in fresh and salt water, and is found in gutter-pipes of houses. Its life is suspended by loss of humidity; but when it has been apparently dead for weeks, it suffices to damp it with one drop of water to give it life and motion.

The last division consists of those worms which are capable of existence only in the interior of other animals, which lodge in the liver, the eyes, and the digestive canal. They are

oviparous and viviparous. The tape, or solitary worm, is well known. There are many individuals of this species. All animals are subject to them. They cause sickness, thinness, devouring appetite, suffering, and even death. The *Tenia vulgaris* has reached three hundred feet in length. Boërhaave freed a Russian nobleman of one as large as that. They are, like the *Tenia solium*, very difficult of extirpation. Some are found in the brains of sheep, others in the liver of animals and man.

The mollusca and the zoophytes form the last divisions of zoology. The mollusca include oysters, snails, &c. They are without spinal-marrow and any interior skeleton. Their nervous system is composed of several medullar masses, disposed at different points, and of which the principal, which may be called the brain, is situated across the œsophagus. They are extremely varied in form, soft, and with the muscles adhering to the skin. In most instances they have shells. In nearly every case, the beautiful and varied shells which are so much admired are only coloured on the outside.

Of the zoophytes little more can be said. Below them are other aquatic creations, which were thought to be produced spontaneously in water where animal and vegetable matter had been infused. Their mode of multiplication is even yet disputed. It is, however, now pretty generally allowed that they propagate by the division of their bodies into parts. They are in some instances so small as scarcely to be conceived. Imagine an animal one-2,000th part of a line in diameter, digesting his food in a stomach the coats of which are one-6,000,000th of a line in thickness! Still we have not arrived at the most infinitesimal product of creation. Leuwenhoeck and Malesieu have studied animalcules, of which 10,000,000 united would not reach the size of a grain of sand; and others 27,000,000 of times as small as a mite, which is invisible to the naked eye.

* Note to fig. 10.—1, Capsules recently laid; 2, A capsule developed; 3, A developed capsule, showing the eggs; 4, A capsule containing the young leeches about to be hatched; 5, A leech lately hatched; 6, Mouth of the full-grown leech, showing the three triangular jaws.

VALLEY OF LAUTERBRUNNEN.

THE Valley of Lauterbrunnen is the favourite resort of summer tourists in Switzerland. Its length is about fifteen miles; its breadth seldom exceeds half a mile. It has been likened to a deep chasm formed in a mass of mountains, and straitened between the vertical walls of the cliff. There is scarcely any country in the world which contains so many cascades in so small a space as this valley. A recent writer says, "In the way of valley there is nothing like it; the crag, the torrent, the lonely chalet, the rock of the hunter, the eternal Alps, and all the delicious fillings up of turf and tree are here strewn about by a mighty hand." On the western side, the enormous chain of rocks is more lofty and craggy than on the opposite side, and from this abrupt declivity the streams rush down to swell the waters of the Lütchine. About a mile and a half up the valley is the Scheinige Platte, with its red and rounded summit, from which it is said the genius of the mountain once flung a chamois hunter.

A strange old story is this Lauterbrunnen legend, and a fitting locality is that which has been selected as the site of the event. Once upon a time a hunter, bold as a lion, and an ardent lover of the chase, pursued a doe heavy with young, from rock to rock, from crag to crag. At length the poor animal was completely exhausted, and on reaching the edge of a steep precipice her strength failed, and she sank down to die. The stag, when sorely pressed, when no hope of escape remains, when the bay of the hound draws near—weeps—so wept the doe; but the hunter's heart was steeled, and preparing his cross-bow, he took a deadly aim. Suddenly his hand shook, his limbs trembled, his eyes were fastened on the figure of an

aged man, who, seated on the rock, stretched out his hand, which the chamois licked with affection. "Man of the valley," the stranger said, "to whom God has given all the riches of the plain, why dost thou pollute this mountain with thine unhallowed footsteps? I do not come down and take your chickens from the coop, your oxen from the stall; why then do you come up to me, to slay the chamois of the rock, the eagle of the clouds?" The man replied, though trembling and afraid, that he was poor, that he could not obtain food in the valley, and so had been driven to seek it on the mountain. At this the ghostly man, the apparition of the Lauterbrunnen, appeared to reflect, and after a little began to milk the doe, and the milk changed immediately into cheese. "Here," said he, "is something to satisfy your hunger. It will last for ever, provided you leave unmolested the chamois and the eagle." And so the man took the cheese and departed; and sure enough, the story goes, his cupboard from that day was always found well supplied with this dainty and miraculous cheese; it bulked out an endless feast, and the chamois gained confidence in man and came down into the valley. One day the old love of sport came strongly on the man, and as he watched the chamois play before his chalet, he lifted his cross-bow, took aim, and killed it. Like the albatross, shot by the ancient mariner, it proved a bitter curse to him. The cheese lasted no longer. The man hunted as heretofore up among the craggy tops and mountain heights, until at last came the end: a chamois, shot by him, fell over a precipice; he watched its terrible descent, striking now upon this outstretched branch, now on yon craggy point; but, lo, at the bottom there

were two eyes, fiery eyes, eyes of the old man of the mountain, from whose steady glance he could not conceal himself, could not draw back, but turning dizzy, trembling like a leaf, fell over and was seen no more. Such is the legend of the Scheinige Platte.

The village, which takes its name from the valley, is simple and unpretending, and consists of a church, a parsonage, an inn, and a few cottages. The Staubbach—"fall of dust"—is the grand feature of the district, and just before the traveller

demns it as "a poor thing," which, she remarks, is high treason in the valley, but true nevertheless. Wordsworth calls it "a sky-born waterfall." Says he:—

"Uttered by whom, or how inspired—designed
For what strange service does this concert reach
Our ears, and near the dwellings of mankind,
Mid fields familiarised to human speech?—
No mermaids warble, to allay the wind—
Driving some vessel toward a dangerous beach—



THE VALLEY OF LAUTERBRUNNEN, AND THE CASCADE OF THE STAUBBACH.

enters the village, a fine view of this cascade may be obtained. The water falls nine hundred feet perpendicularly—
And flings its lines of foaming light along
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
The giant steed to be bestrode by Death,
As told in the Apocalypse.

The Staubbach is remarkable not so much for the volume of its waters as for the height from which it falls. To be seen to the best advantage the cascade should be viewed when illuminated by the rays of the sun. Perhaps no object in Switzerland has excited so much observation, and so many contrary opinions. One calls it "a river rising in the air;" another, "a wave impetuously rushing from the empyrean;" another says, "it wants sublimity;" and a fourth, a lady, con-

More thrilling melodies; witch answering witch,
To chant a love-spell, never intertwined
Notes shrill and wild with art more musical;
Alas! that from the lips of abject want,
Or idleness in tatters mendicant,
The strain should flow—free fancy to enthral,
And with regret and useless pity haunt
This bold, this bright, this sky-born WATERFALL!"

The valley of Lauterbrunnen is remarkable for the luxuriance of its vegetation. M. Raemond examined very carefully the formation of the valley, and was led to consider it as an accidental crevice formed by some revolution of nature, by which the rivers were broken in their course, and left to pour their waters into the gulf that opened before them.

THE CAUCASIAN RACE.

THE classification of man has been a puzzle to all naturalists who have applied themselves to the task. Blumenbach regards man as a single species, with five great varieties, viz.:—1, the Caucasian; 2, the Mongolian; 3, the Ethiopian; 4, the Malay; and 5, the American. Cuvier simplifies the preceding arrangement by reducing the primary divisions to three, namely, the Caucasian; the Mongol, or Altaic; and the Negro or Ethiopian. As to the Malay race, Cuvier does not know how to localise it, or to what affinities he may refer it. We will not take upon ourselves to pronounce that the arrangements of Blumenbach and Cuvier are more philosophical than all others, or more correct, but they are at any rate among the most popular and best understood.

Of the three races of man enumerated by Cuvier, that termed by him Caucasian is universally considered to be invested with the greatest amount of corporeal beauty, in connexion with the most exalted mental organisation. By the term Caucasian, in its most restricted sense, is meant the natives of the Caucasus range of mountains, a population of known and acknowledged beauty, fair of complexion, magnificent of form. In a wider sense, the term Caucasian is applied to races which participate more or less in the physical qualities of the native Georgians and Circassians. The term, however, is used very loosely, and the assumption of the Caucasian origin of various so-called "Caucasian races" is to be reckoned amongst the wildest flights of ethnologists. Nevertheless, the expression answers the purpose of roughly grouping together certain tribes of man; and being convenient in this way, and generally understood, we will still continue to use it.

Let the reader, however, banish from his mind the idea of *whiteness* as being indispensable to a Caucasian; for although the English are white, as indeed are all their European fraternity, and although they and all their European neighbours (nearly) are Caucasians, yet the Hindoo is jet black, and the Abyssinian black almost, nevertheless both are regarded by Cuvier as of the Caucasian stock. In point of fact, the characteristics of the Caucasian race may be summed up as follows:—Head oval, forehead open, nose prominent, cheek-bones either not projecting, or but slightly so, the zygomatic arches being moderately compressed; ears small, and close teeth, vertical in their direction; jaws moderate, with a well-formed chin; hair long, flowing, sometimes crisp, but never woolly; beard mostly full; colour variable. Such, then, are the general characteristics of the Caucasian stock, which is also the Japetic or Iranian section of different authors, and which involves the *Celto-Scyth* Arabs of Desmoulins.

A FEW WORDS FROM AUSTRALIA.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

McIvor Diggings, Victoria, July 1, 1863.

THIS winter we have travelled up to the new diggings. Great was their fame when we were in Melbourne. Wonderful were the accounts of large nuggets, and large fortunes being found. We have arrived, and again find it all moonshine. A rush of diggers from Bendigo, of upwards of a thousand per day, was the consequence of these grand rumours; three miles of ground have been turned up to find next to nothing. The Bendigo men have hastened back again, and troops of others are from day to day following them. This is the constant experience; such are the diggings. But to give some idea of what *getting* to these diggings is, it is only necessary to state, that this distance of seventy-five miles has cost us *six weeks* to accomplish! or about two miles a day on the average, bringing up a load of little more than a ton. The roads we found still more frightful than those to the Ovens. They are such, that the iron axle of our cart has been broken *four* times, and has cost us £13 in repairing it. Nor have we been singular in this respect. All along the road has been the spectacle of carts and bullock-drays, bogged or broken down by the way-side. These bullock-drays are drawn by

twelve, sixteen, and twenty bullocks each, yet they are constantly sticking fast or breaking down, and occasion delays of a week and a fortnight at a time. The whole road was again strewn with dead horses and oxen. In fact, no one who has not seen it can conceive anything of the enormous labour and waste of animal life and property in getting up to the diggings. In coming down from the Ovens last autumn, we counted between thirty and forty bullocks and horses lying by the way.

Then as to the weather, we are told by all the accounts that I have seen, of the paradoxical nature of this climate, of the winter without ice and snow. My brother Richard, in his account of the colony,* by far the most faithful account of it that I have ever seen, was vehemently accused by the colonial papers with having stated that there was such a thing as ice there in the winter, and he so far qualified his statement as to say that there was none on pools or creeks (brooks). Now on this journey I have seen more snow than I have seen in England for the last three years. One day, near Kilmore, it snowed as heavily as I ever remember it to have snowed in England, from eight o'clock in the morning till three o'clock in the afternoon. It was then three inches deep, and the settlers said, that in the gullies of the neighbouring mountains it was in many places three feet deep. The snow lay so heavily on the trees, which are all evergreens, that it broke them down like carrots. As for ice, we have had severe frosts for a week together, the ice in the morning being upwards of a quarter of an inch thick on the pools and the still places of the creeks. In our buckets it was often half an inch thick, in our washhand-basin the ice was frequently a solid mass of more than an inch thick from one night's frost. It is true that the sun in this latitude has so much power that the frost has never, in our experience, lasted through the day; on the contrary, the days are warm and fine, often for a week together. To-day, as I write, the thermometer stands at 70° in our tent. Indeed, we like the winter season much the best. Though there is often very severe cold at night, that we can keep out by a good tent, and plenty of blankets and rugs. And though we have a rapid alternation frequently of roaring winds, fogs, and dreneching rains, yet we are at this season free from the fierce heats and the myriads of tormenting insects of summer.

As to heat, I have not yet seen a single thermometrical table of this country which has not been most grossly inaccurate. Refer to the work of Mr. Westgarth, one of the most careful statisticians of the colony, and you find the highest degree of summer heat, as quoted from the government observations at Melbourne, at 73.48, in January, about the hottest month of the year, corresponding with our July. That is quoted as the hottest day of the year, the observation being taken at 2.30, P.M. While in June, the mid-winter here, the lowest degree was 46.96. The intermediate months range, according to that table, at about from 55 to 68 degrees.

Now from this you would conclude that Port Phillip was one of the mildest climates in the world. It could not even be so hot as in England, where I have known the thermometer stand at 110° in summer; and it could never possibly freeze, for the thermometer, according to this table, never descends to 42°. Nay, Mr. Westgarth, speaking of the hot winds which visit this country in summer, actually shrivelling up the corn into tinder, says, "At Melbourne they commonly last for two or three days at a time, with a temperature of from 80° to 90° in the shade, ascending sometimes, though rarely, as high as 100°. In the Sydney district they blow with greater severity, and are more apt to injure or destroy the crop."—p. 37. Mr. Westgarth again gives a table of the government observations taken at Adelaide, which states the highest degree of heat occurring on a summer day, at noon, as 106½°; the lowest, in June, as 47½°. So that nobody in Adelaide, if the government can be relied on, need suffer any excess of heat in summer, nor fear such a thing as frost

* "Impressions of Australia Felix," by Richard Howitt.—Bohn: London.

in winter. But here, as at home, the weather is neither regulated by act of government, nor act of parliament, but by the act of God; and people are therefore much surprised, in this country, to find themselves in summer broiling under a sun shedding a heat of 139° and more in the sun, and freezing them in winter at about 26° or 28° . Last summer, amongst the hills in the Ovens district, not far from the Snowy Mountains—therefore notoriously a much cooler region than the plains and lower country—we had the heat very commonly in our tent 120° at noon. On one occasion it stood at 139° in the sun, and 120° in the shade, and the following night sank to 40° ; having thus varied nearly 100° in the twenty-four hours. This summer, the inhabitants tell us, is the coolest summer they have experienced for many years. If you refer to the works of Count Strzelecki and Montgomery Martin, they give you the same statements as Mr. Westgarth, and drawn, probably, from the same sources. As I have said, in winter the thermometer has frequently sunk considerably below the freezing point. On Wednesday last it stood at 31° at sunrise. Perhaps the inaccuracy of the government observations may, in a great measure, be explained by their being taken in close-built rooms, and not, as they should be, in the open air. They ought also in the morning to have been taken at sunrise; between that and eight o'clock the rise of the mercury is wonderful.

Now these accounts are as unwise as they are false. If the writers in this colony would not try to give us "better bread than can be made of wheat," if they would leave the country as God and nature have made it, those who come hither would find it a good and pleasant country, instead of feeling, as they almost to a man do, imposed upon, and therefore indignant and full of denunciation. The drawbacks and the climate ought to be stated fully and fairly, as well as the attractions, *e.g.*, the hot, suffocating dust-winds of summer; the countless swarms of insects and reptiles, mosquitoes, flies, ants—many of them an inch long and stinging as badly as wasps—by millions; scorpions, centipedes, poisonous spiders, and venomous serpents. The latter of these vermin, however, are of small consideration in comparison with the "Little Black Devil of Australia"—the small black fly, which is legion. This most pestilent insect is as numerous as it was in Egypt during the plagues there. It gives you no rest for about five months of the year, and is, in truth, the greatest curse of the country. Mosquitoes, however bad, do not deserve a mention beside them. You are obliged to envelop your head and face in a veil, or you would be driven almost mad, and be in danger of being blinded by the envenomed ophthalmia which they occasion.

Those who describe the climate should tell us, too, of the rains, the frosts, the violent winds of winter; and then poor wretches would not attempt to walk up to the diggings with only a single blanket or rug to wrap themselves in on the ground at night, and to walk as in noonday for two or three days at a time. Still, as I have said, we like the winter best. The air is then, at considerable intervals, mild and temperate; there are fresh breezes blowing about you. The feeling is more that of the climate of England. You have plenty of good water running in the creeks, and are exempt from the intolerable plague of flies, and the broiling oppression of a perfectly tropical heat.

Let me now say something of the modes of getting up to the diggings. These are chiefly three. The first is to engage a bullock-dray for a whole party, to carry up your tent and effects. Bullock-drays are the most certain, and in many cases the only vehicles that can make their way through the bogs and deep miry roads. With twelve or sixteen bullocks, they seem to stick at nothing, but go on steadily but surely through places that are impassable to horses. Yet even these are not proof against the difficulties of the journey. They are seen, ever and anon, sticking fast up to the axles; their wheels and poles, though massy, smashed to atoms; their ponderous iron axles snapped like glass; and their cattle with their necks broken, or drowned in the creeks. For these wagons the rate of carriage to the diggings is enormous. Last year it

was £150 a ton to the Ovens; at present it is £80 a ton hither, or more than £1 per mile. The disadvantages of going by these drays are, that you not only walk the whole way, but have to sleep under them, or in the open air, whatever be the weather. The tents are most commonly packed so that you cannot have them on the road. You are, of course, liable to be delayed by the accidents I have mentioned. The expense is severe if you have much baggage, especially stores for the season. It cost a friend of ours £50 to go thus to the Ovens, though he had but a moderate quantity of effects. Next, on arriving at the diggings, you are set down at the first place that the drivers can get rid of you, and as it is a matter of no small difficulty to decide where it is best to locate yourself, so as to combine all the requisites of being on the best part of the diggings, of wood and water, you have probably to hire another cart or dray to remove your effects to the spot fixed on as a digging, and that at a most extravagant price. At every bush you find yourself pinned, as it were, to the ground, having no conveyance of your own, and are in danger of coming in too late. At every move, whether to different parts of the diggings or to different diggings, you must still hire, hire, hire, at a heavy rate. You must also pay for the carting of your washing-stuff to the nearest creek or water-hole, at an average, about £1 per load. Therefore, the second plan is the most independent.

This is to purchase a cart of your own, with two or three horses, and convey your own effects. These will cost you, in Melbourne—that is, a cart with two good horses, capable of carrying the tent, tools, and some stores for a party of four, with harness and oats—about £200. With these you can make the journey at your pleasure, as far as the roads will let you; have your tent every night, if you will, and on the diggings be able to move and remove as you please; provided—that your horses are not stolen! This, however, is a most common occurrence, and horses are, therefore, a perpetual care and anxiety. Every day there is an immense inquiry after stolen or strayed horses. For one of the things that people coming to this country should most carefully bear in mind is, that it is notoriously a land of thieves. Though not a convict colony itself, the gold diggings have drawn into it swarms of transported felons, housebreakers, pickpockets, and the like vermin from Sydney and Van Diemen's Land; and not the less so, adroit scoundrels, in my opinion the worst of all, direct from the lowest purlieus of London. From the moment you put your goods into the lighter from the ship you are in the midst of these gentry. They are about the lighters as porters, on the wharves as the same; and if you do not miss a good quantity of your most valuable effects before getting into Melbourne itself, you may deem yourself lucky. Again, these fellows swarm on the roads to the diggings as bush-rangers, and at the diggings as thieves. There have been hundreds of them collected on these new diggings; people have been plundered on the way, their tents ransacked; on the diggings, their horses carried off—nine, ten, or a dozen in a single night; and one man was actually robbed the other day at noon in the very midst of the diggings. As I write, the police are carting down a dozen thieves to the prison at Melbourne. You may chance, therefore, on the road to find your horses missing some morning, and may stay there till you can walk down to Melbourne to purchase others. We have known various cases of this kind. The same thing may any day occur at the diggings. Otherwise, this is by far the most independent plan.

The third plan is, to walk up merely with what is called your swag—that is, a rug or blanket rolled up, containing a change of linen, some tea, sugar, and flour. This, with a quart tin pot to boil your tea in, and a pint tin panikin to drink it out of, is all your baggage. You live on tea and damper, a heavy cake baked in the ashes of your fire; and at night cut down a quantity of leaves for a bed, and roll yourselves in your blanket. The advantage of this plan is expedition. You can walk up to the diggings in a few days. You have no pulling, dragging, and struggling with bullocks or horses and heavy loads through the terrible roads of the country. But, on the other hand, you are exposed to the

weather and great hardships, especially in winter and rainy weather. I have seen scores and hundreds—I may say thousands—of young men, new-chums, that is, fresh to the colony, thus wending their way up the country. A great number of these young men have been accustomed to all the comforts of life at home; most of them to comfortable homes, however, in many instances, humble. To see these young men thus wading along the deep miry roads, often up to their knees, picking their way, often in utter despair, drenched with whole days and nights of rain, foot-sore and jaded, having to live on the hardest fare, and always the same—tea and damper, morning, noon, and night, for they cannot carry meat and frying-pans with them—has often made my heart ache.

Many of these adventurers, after coming from good beds, daily change of linen, and plentiful tables, often do not pull off their clothes or change their shirts for a month together. Their hair and beards become bushy, and wild as the wilderness they live in. On arriving at the diggings they have no tents, no tools, no cooking apparatus, except such as they must buy at most fabulous prices. They often raise huts of boughs or bark to shelter them, lie on leaves, and fare hardly, only adding mutton-chops to their tea and damper. All the articles of food which they have to purchase are so costly, that it requires good success to be able to get them. Tea and meat are the cheapest. Tea is only about 3s. 6d. per pound, and meat 6d. Flour is here now £10 per bag of 200lbs., or 1s. per lb.; bread, 4s. the quartern loaf; sugar, 1s. 4d. per lb.; butter, 5s. per lb.; cheese, 2s. 6d. to 3s. per lb.; onions, 1s. 6d. per lb. Shovels are £1 6s. each; cradles, good for anything, from £3 to £6; picks, 12s.; second-hand, 8s.; tubs for puddling the washing-stuff in—indispensable articles—£2 each. These are the halves of beer casks, cut in two, which I suppose you would get in England, just as they are, for 2s. 6d. the whole cask. Tents, unless you can buy them of parties going away, five times the price that they are in London. This may give you some idea of what getting up to the diggings is, and the cost of it. The outfits, necessary tools, cart, horses, expenses of travelling and living, have not cost my party of four much less than £1,000. I have already said what is the amount of success generally achieved; but I must add, that the holes sunk for gold at the diggings, far from being only four or five feet deep, are often fifty, seventy, and a hundred feet deep, and through such hard strata, that one foot per day at Balaarat has often been considered good progress.

The long and short of the story, therefore, is, that gold digging is not only one of the most arduous, anxious, and laborious undertakings on the face of the earth—an undertaking in which you must make up your mind to abandon all the amenities and most of the comforts of life, must live a rude, restless, unshaven, and, as is too commonly the case, unwashed life—in ragged and mud-stained garments, to hazard health and life, but it is by no means remunerative. It is, in fact, a life only fitted for hard, rough men, such as navvies, labourers, porters, carters, and the like. It is, indeed, rapidly resolving itself into this, and will continue to do so. It is becoming a regular employment for the hardest and rudest of the working classes; men used to the pick and spade, miners, quarrymen, agricultural labourers, porters, gardeners, and the like. You find fewer and fewer gentlemen amongst these diggers; and these few soon draw out into more lucrative and congenial pursuits.

The delusion in England arises from contemplating the gold produced here in the aggregate, and not calculating the numbers now engaged in obtaining it. The repeated arrivals of tons and tons of gold in London, and of occasional large nuggets, has a dazzling and overwhelming effect. But if it were taken into account that perhaps 200,000 people are now engaged in the gold fields, the individual gains would soon present themselves under no very encouraging aspect. From all the calculations that we have been able to make, we cannot estimate the average gain of each individual digger—were it the luck of all to get some, which is by no means the case—at more than one ounce per week, that is, on the diggings, about £3 12s. I do not know precisely what is the total average weekly amount

of gold sent down to Melbourne just now, because we have no very recent papers; but from this place the amount last week was 8,000 ounces, while there were last month 9,000 licenses issued: that itself would not give an ounce per man. But it is notorious that seldom more than two-thirds of the diggers take out licenses, which reduces this amount seriously. There are calculated, indeed, to be 20,000 people, men, women, and children, in these diggings.

At the Ovens, last summer, the highest amount sent down thence, for a fortnight, was 15,000 ounces, while the licenses were 10,000: that does not give half an ounce per man, per week, on an average. The most favourable accounts do not give much more than an ounce a week for each man.

If we then take into account the expenses of outfit, voyage, means of getting up the country, and cost of living at the diggings, the prospect is not very cheering. If hardy, labouring men, by perseverance and care, can save a few hundred pounds in a few years, enduring all the inconveniences attendant for that object, that may be to them something desirable; but a mere attainment of £150 or £200 per annum, with the living, travelling, and other costs deducted, cannot be any remuneration to gentlemen, or to such as leave any tolerable situations in England. Even such hardy workmen can do far better at other occupations in the colony. And here I come to the real inducements for people to emigrate to this colony. There are few active and careful people, excepting shopmen and clerks, of whom there is a glut—situations of course being limited—who may not do exceedingly well in Victoria. *It is, in fact, the paradise of labour.* The enormous and still continued influx of population has created an equivalent demand for houses, furniture, food, clothing, and everything necessary for civilised life. While this remains—and remain it will so long as gold flows down from the diggings—every species of labour is in the highest request. There is no mechanic or artisan, who has a trade in his fingers, who cannot make from his £1 to £1 10s. per day. Joiners, carpenters, bricklayers, slaters, brickmakers, quarrymen, woodmen, smiths, tailors, shoemakers, hatters, saddlers and harness-makers, wheelwrights, gardeners, agricultural labourers, etc., with women for servants, find themselves exactly in the place where they are wanted. The commonest porters get their 10s. per day. The government pay for working on the roads is £3 per week, and they cannot procure half the men they want. I have seen gentlemen's sons very contentedly working on the roads at these wages of 10s. a day, with a tent for each party and a cook. Even carters up in the bush get £2 per week, a hut, and their rations. Shepherds—and any sort of a man, men getting into years and fit for nothing else, do for shepherds—get their £70 a year and rations. Men who can get a cart and horse, and cart goods up from the wharf into the town, or water or wood into it, can make their £3 and £4 a day. In fact, the opportunities for most lucrative occupation are endless. I have seen parties of gentlemen of high family taking goods on bullock-drays up to the diggings—a most profitable occupation at per £60 to £100 a ton. Those men who have been getting as agricultural labourers in England their 6s. or 12s. a week, and mechanics who there get their £1 or £2 a week, find it here, even when the high price of everything is taken into account, a most advantageous change for them to £3, £6, and £9 a week. Bullock drivers get £1 per day with rations.

Trade is as lucrative as labour, and numerous and enormous fortunes have been made since the discovery of the gold, and are still making in Melbourne and other parts of Victoria, by trade, and by watching the land market. Let, then, our countrymen at home consider the contents of my communication well, and they will be at no loss to see where the true advantage lies in this colony. Let them come as fast as they will, they cannot do wrong. There is labour enough, trade enough, room enough, and profit enough, for all. Let them only come divested of the empty delusion of making fortunes by gold-digging; the digging, planting, and selling of cabbages at a shilling a-piece is far preferable. Let them only come disabused of the idea that this country is a perfect paradise, and its climate that of the seventh heaven, and they will find a

good country and a fine climate. Let them expect swinging heat and a host of pestilent flies in summer; a good share of rain, snow, and ice, as well as warm sunshine, in winter; plenty of stinging ants and other insects in the bush; and knowing the drawbacks, they will in a while learn to think little of them. Let them remember that it is *unavoidably a country of thieves*, and they will be on their guard; that thousands are rushing hither with the sole object of making fortunes as rapidly as they can, and that consequently this colony is the very hot-bed of speculation and of exorbitant charges, and they will come properly prepared with money to meet the inevitable demands upon them. They will then not expect too much *conscience* or too little grasping in those with whom they will have to deal. Let them tread under their feet the *fable*, that this country is so free from diseases and disordered health, that doctors are unnecessary, and they will endure with more patience the attacks that they are pretty sure to pass through before they are acclimated. In Melbourne alone there are already about a hundred and fifty doctors, who seem well employed, and at the diggings especially the doctors flourish. Fever, dysentery, and influenza are the prevalent and fatal disorders. But perhaps the hard, monotonous diet in the bush and at the diggings—tea, mutton, and heavy damper—heavy damper, mutton, and tea—with the vile trash they sell for spirits, have more to do with these illnesses, in connexion with the exposures to rapidly alternative heat, cold, and wet, than simply the climate itself. But if people only weigh these things in the scale with the allurements held out to them by interested parties, who draw Arabian Nights' pictures of Australian felicity for them, they have little to fear and much to hope here.

It is true, that the continued influx of population will gradually reduce the price of labour, and divide and diminish the individual profits from trade; but, after all, there will be room enough and scope enough on this great island-continent. United Australia, such is its extent, the amount of its fertile as well as of its sterile land, its various advantages of sea-coast, of timber, of minerals, of climate for the growth of the products of the tropical or the more temperate latitudes, must assuredly become a mighty and magnificent empire. England is reproducing herself here on a larger scale; and the science, the industry, and the indomitable energies of her children will gradually diminish the drawbacks, while they increase the amenities, of the country and climate. When towns and villages are sprinkled over the country; when the land is opened up by cultivation, and water is carefully reservoired where it so extensively may; when ants, flies, scorpions, and centipedes are rooted out by the axe, the spade, and the plough, and are succeeded by cattle, corn-fields, and cocks and hens, this country will wear a far more smiling and inviting aspect. Instead of millions on millions of square miles of wild forest encumbered with dead timber, swarming with almost every species of insect, there will be the cheerful homestead, the finest fields, the bright verdure of vineyards and of gardens of European fruit-trees, and all the animating sights and sounds of civilised life. Those who come now are the pioneers of this pleasant futurity, and they must be content to do the work of pioneers, sure at the same time to be well rewarded for their toils.

I have thus written a brief statement, the result of my own experience, of what people ought and ought not to expect here. The details of our adventures up and down in these colonies, the scenes in the bush and at the diggings, which by-and-bye will appear, will, I think, form as curious, amusing, and I trust as important a narrative as has for a good while been produced.

Bendigo, July 25th, 1853.

Since I began these remarks, I have laid my hand upon the "Report of the Produce of the Gold Fields of Victoria, for 1852," published by Mr. Khull, the bullion-broker, of Melbourne, which being drawn chiefly from official sources, may be considered substantially correct. By this report, it appears that the total amount of gold, during last year, produced from the diggings of Victoria, was 4,176,247 ounces. Now this,

divided by 200,000, the number of diggers estimated to be now engaged on the gold fields of this colony, gives less than £1 per man for the whole year, or much less than *half* an ounce per week per man! This is a far less amount than I have calculated on above (p. 159); and that 200,000 cannot be an over-estimate of the diggers, is shown by the same report which makes, from government returns, the number of persons arriving in the colony in 1852, no less than 104,883; being, in the words of the report, "an increase of 100 per cent. over the census of 1851." The amount, moreover, of arrivals this year has been far greater, as stated above.

But if we were to estimate the diggers at only half the number I have stated, or 100,000—an estimate far under the fact, for there are calculated to be 40,000 on this field of Bendigo—that will not give an ounce per man weekly. Again, it is asserted that all who come out hither do not dig. I ask why? It is notorious that nine-tenths of those who come hither come expressly with the intention of digging, and thus of reaping a share of that amazing harvest of gold which interested parties, amongst whom ship-owners and ship-brokers are not the least, have led them to expect. If they do not, then, dig on their arrival, it must proceed from substantial reasons. Either they are disabused on their arrival in Melbourne, by plain facts, of the delusive ideas with which they set out, or they go up the country, do dig, and are cured of the gold-digging mania by their own sharp experience. In any case, there are the facts before you, and every one not determined to shut his eyes to the simple truth, can form his own conclusions.

This field of Bendigo covers an area of eight square miles. In one direction it extends about twenty miles in length, and the expanse of surface perforated and turned upside down is perfectly astonishing. I find many of the sinkings are from fifty to seventy feet deep—I have already been down such—and present all the aspect of a regular mining country. Whole hills are undermined, so that you may go all the way under them through the tunnels driven by the diggers. Yet even here, in the very metropolis of the diggings, and where the produce is confessedly more steady than anywhere else, I find the diggers complaining that they cannot, many of them, procure gold enough to purchase the necessary food and pay the monthly license. There is, therefore, a great and zealous agitation going on to compel government to reduce the monthly license from 30s. to 10s.; whether they will succeed remains to be seen. There is a general expectation that this coming month a large body of diggers will make a determined stand, refusing to take licenses.* Meantime, the number of fellows taking to the roads as bush-rangers is rapidly on the increase. We had two visits from them on the road from the M'Ivor, and it was only by a determined show of resistance that we got rid of them. But on the very same spot where they a second time made their appearance, they committed a daring robbery on three ladies the very next day, and I saw one of the scoundrels soon after brought into the government camp. Since then, twelve of them have attacked and robbed the private escort, four of the escort being severely wounded, and six of the bush-rangers being already taken; or, rather, six men are taken on suspicion of being part of them. Two of the wounded escort-guards are not expected to live. Out of eight persons, the number of the escort, two only escaped unhurt, and one of these, the officer, had fourteen shots fired at him. The rogues carried off 2,200 ounces of gold. The officer galloped off, having fired his last round of ammunition, to the government camp at M'Ivor, and in forty-five minutes after he announced the robbery there was a strong force of commissioners and troopers on the ground at fourteen miles' distance; but the scoundrels were off with their booty, leaving the poor men wounded on the ground. I hear from the commissioners here, that three hundred diggers are scouring the country in pursuit of the bush-rangers, and vow that they will Lynch them if they catch them.

* This has been done successfully, the license system being now abandoned by government.—ED.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

CHAPTER XV.

ow sweet and refreshingly, after the noontide heat of a summer day, does the sea-breeze blow in upon some long, low strand, where no tree spreads its shadow-flinging branches against the sunbeams!—with what a grateful coolness do the pour and moisture of the briny air fall upon the senses! Have you ever, readers mine, lay upon, or walked along the beach just at that time of day when the sun is westering half-way between the zenith and the horizon—that time when scenery, whether of the earth or the ocean, looks so distinct and tint-marked? How beautiful are the purple and the brown of the hills! how sparkling and white the naked and scarred cliffs! how the long shadows of the dim headlands shoot out far into the water, and the tempered light of the sun comes aslant upon the sails of ships, and makes them shine white as the rings of the swan!

Just at this hour of the day which succeeded that on which he was captured, three persons loitered along the shore at Palestrina, a short space beyond the fortifications. Now came a moment to look upon the galleys of the Venetian republic, which lay upon the peaceful bosom of the Adriatic, just before the mouth of the Porto di Chioggia; now pacing slowly along the sand northward, and gazing from time to time towards the region of the horizon where the distant city of Saint Mark lay reposing amid her watery highways. But other thoughts than the freshness of the air or the beauty of the sun-tints occupied them. Their heads and their hearts were busy with the schemes of life. The anxious cares, the hopes, the fears, the turmoils, the jealousies, which ever trouble the peace of rulers, as the shadow troubles the sunshine.

"So please your highness," said one of the three, "my counsel is that there should be no more delay. Every day that this siege is protracted increases our perils and adds to the burdens of the state."

He who spoke was a dark and gloomy-looking man, with a black gown—the member of the Council of Ten whom the jealousy of the state had assigned to the doge as his nominal adviser but real controller.

"What you say, signore," replied the venerable old doge, "is but too true. Nevertheless, we must be cautious how we act in opposition to the views of both our general and admiral. The state reposes much confidence in those her well-tryed sons."

"The state, so please your highness," retorted the other significantly, "does so indeed; but, like a wise parent, she reserves to herself to decide upon what is best for her honour and weal, while she expects her sons to respect her counsels and to obey her mandates."

Conturini looked at the dark visage of the speaker, and bowed in dignified silence.

"It seems to me, if I may be permitted to speak my mind freely, that your highness and the council should forthwith decide upon more active measures. The overtures of the Genoese have been rejected. Despair will now impel them to a final effort, for they may as well sell their lives dearly in battle as surrender them bootlessly. If we now turn this siege into an assault, we shall take the enemy by surprise, and terminate this tedious and dispiriting warfare,—if warfare, indeed, it can of late be called."

"And how say you, signore?" asked the doge, turning to the person on the other side.

"As your highness seeks my opinion," said the senator, after he had exchanged a glance with the member of the Neri, "I fear that the risk of a speedy assault is less than the peril of continuing this blockade. Scarce a day comes that some tumult or discontent does not arise amongst the foreign soldiery: how long our own may remain uninfected, who can tell? It is rumoured, too," he added, lowering his voice to a whisper, "that even our general has not been unassailed by temptation."

The old doge started, and his eye kindled with somewhat of its youthful fire.

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"It is false, signore!—by my life and honour, it is false!"

"Nay, your highness will not understand me as saying it is true; yet the tale goes that large sums have been offered to him from Genoa."

"He would scorn the bribe and spurn the briber. The noble Zeno's life is the best refutation of the slander."

"And yet," said the dark-robed councillor, "may not some men think that his former life might warrant some suspicion—that the spendthrift and the gambler might not be above the allurements of money—or that the priest who had forgotten his vows to the church might possibly forget his allegiance to the state?"

"There may be those who know so little of our Zeno's real nature as to think thus unworthily of him," said the doge with spirit; "but I will not believe that your excellency is one of them."

The eye of the councillor fell, and the shadow of his brow became darker, as he said coldly,

"I neither accuse nor defend; the province of those who take council for the state is to watch events, and be impartial."

"Your excellency has spoken wisely," replied the doge "and I am much your debtor for the aid of your counsel. On the one hand, I entirely concur with you both, that the siege should be speedily terminated; but on the other, our general demands his own time to work out his own views. To force him to abandon his own plans, and to act upon ours, is a proceeding that is delicate and difficult—besides involving much responsibility. How do you advise? which of the two courses are we to take?"

"May we not steer our way between them?" said he of "the Ten."

"As how, signore?"

"Why thus. Zeno demands time; but he has pledged himself that a very short time will accomplish his object. Well, the state has granted this to him, perhaps already to the full. I would, if it meet your highness's approval, suggest that the further time to be accorded to him be limited to three days. If within that time the besieged unconditionally surrender, well; if not, your highness should direct the troops to assault Chioggia on the following day."

"It is wisely counselled, signore," replied the doge. "We shall forthwith intimate to the general our resolve to this intent."

The three lingered yet awhile along the strand, and then passed onward to the fort, and disappeared.

The decision of the doge was communicated to Zeno without loss of time.

"It is but a scant time," thought he, when the messenger had retired, "three days; and, yet, if my expectations deceive me not, and my plans do not fail, three days will see the standard of Saint Mark once more floating over the walls of Chioggia. At all events, we shall see what those three days will bring forth. Should my object be then unachieved, it will be time enough to decide whether the veteran soldier is to be controlled by the crafty civilian. Meantime, the hours are precious, and much is to be done. It should be near the hour when—" At this moment Alexis entered the room where Zeno was musing.

"Is all ready?" asked the general.

"Yes, signore."

"My cloak, good youth—now let us forth." And so saying, Zeno stepped out into the open air as the last glimmer of twilight had faded into the night.

The general and his attendant proceeded through the camp fortifications, visiting the troops in their respective quarters. This did not excite any surprise, inasmuch as it was the habit of Zeno to take the rounds of the army at various hours of the day and the night, in order to come upon the soldiers unawares. Nevertheless, Alexis did not fail to take special notice of everything as they proceeded. At length, as they reached the quarters of the English archers, the voice of one chanting

pleasantly fell upon the ear, and the massive frame of Hodge o' the Hill was soon discovered stretched on his back at full length by the fire, singing with closed eyes, while some of his comrades were cooking their evening meal.

"How now, goodfellow," said Zeno, touching his foot lightly; "thou art a very nightingale, and takest to singing before it is well dark."

Hodge was on his feet in an instant.

"If it please your excellency, I was but rehearsing for my comrades one of our Island ballads. We Englishers love to think of our old homes, and carry the memory of the forests with us wherever we stray."

"Aye, and pleasant memories they are, I'll be sworn," said Zeno. "I'll warrant me, too, that the form of some sylvan maiden flits across thy mind to make the memory all the sweeter."

Hodge smiled, and then he sighed, but he made no reply to the insinuation of the general.

"Well, well, where is thy gallant captain? I would fain see him."

"He is not far off, signore—shall I summon him to your presence?"

"No, I would seek him, if you will show the way."

The archer stepped forward, and the general and his attendant followed him. They soon found Sir William Cheke, and, at a signal from the latter, Hodge retired and left them together.

Long and earnestly did Zeno and the English knight hold converse as they paced to and fro in the dark night, while the eyes of Alexis kept keen watch that no one should approach upon their conference unperceived. At length Zeno prepared to depart, and as he did so he took the hand of the knight in his own, and said, "Sir William Cheke, I have now disclosed to you without reserve how I am situated, and what are my plans. On your full and faithful assistance I rely unhesitatingly."

"I will not fail your excellency, on my honour," said the Englishman.

"I know well you will not, if there be faith in knightly honour or truth in English pledge. So, then, to your care I commit the preparations I have mentioned. You have those on whom you can rely to watch the movement. Meantime I shall arrange for the night. You will be with me at the place appointed half an hour before midnight. Till then farewell."

Zeno then left the quarters of the English archers, and with Alexis proceeded on his way, but ere he reached his own apartments he visited yet one other of his tried friends, the Count Polani.

At the appointed hour four men were assembled in the apartment of the general, to which we have so often, in the course of this story, introduced our readers. From their anxious and thoughtful demeanour it was manifest that some critical event was not far distant: they were all in complete armour; two lamps stood lighted upon the long table that ran down the centre of the room, and seats were placed at either side, as if in expectation of other visitors being added to their number.

"Count Polani," said Zeno, "have you instructed this youth? You answer for his faith?"

"Aye, noble Zeno, Giulio is my son; let that be the pledge of his truth."

"A better I wish not to have, my tried, old friend," said the general. "And now, signori, to business, for the time of action is near at hand. Is the camp still all quiet?"

"There were none stirring save the sentinels on watch, as I came hither," said Sir William Cheke.

"Aye," said Zeno, with a bitter smile, "the stillness of the mine ere the train is fired; woe to him that shall put the match to the fuse. Well, it shall be my care to crush with my mailed heel the train and quench it. Better so, than to extinguish it in blood; even that, too, may be requisite."

As he spoke, the fine and manly features of Zeno flushed with the spirit of wild energy that reminded those who looked at him of the strange stories which were told of his reckless

youth. In a moment, however, the excitement seemed to pass away; he rose from his seat, and going to a cabinet unlocked it and took out a roll.

"Here," said he, spreading it before his colleagues,—"here is the list of the names of all the captains who command the mercenaries now in the service of the republic. Opposite to each name I have placed my own comments. I know well, from long experience, how far condottieri are to be trusted. Your pardon, Sir William, I speak of the class, and not of those whose honour is above all suspicion—'*Chevaliers sans peur et sans reproche*'—such as thyself. I know how often the soldier of fortune differs but little from the licensed brigand; how readily he will transfer his allegiance; how lightly he holds the obligations of society, esteeming plunder his lawful right. Still, I know well, that though mercenary, they are not mean; though easy in their fidelity, they are not treacherous; and that the most of them are too honourable to join with assassins and cut-throats. I would now avail myself of your experience. Look down this list, and tell me whom we may or may not trust, when a fair appeal is made to their honour."

Polani and the English knight examined the paper carefully, and made such comments as their own knowledge or general reputation enabled them. Giulio was too inexperienced and too short a time in the camp to be competent to form a judgment, and so he modestly abstained from taking any part in the scrutiny. When it was finished, Zeno observed,

"Our estimate agrees to a marvel, signori. Well, then, I shall summon these to attend me in council forthwith. I have purposely abstained from giving a longer notice, lest my plans should be suspected. What ho! Alexis!"

The Greek appeared, and Zeno quickly wrote down the names of those captains whom they had selected, and giving it to the youth, said,

"You will with all speed notify to these that I require their presence here at midnight upon matters of urgency. And take good note of how thou findest each of them employed."

The young Greek went out upon his mission, and the general and his friends occupied themselves during the short time that was still to elapse before midnight in discourse upon the subject which was to be brought before the council.

Now it happened that our old acquaintance, Hodge o' the Hill, just a little before the time that Alexis left Zeno's apartment, alight quietly forth from amongst his now sleeping comrades, till he came to where some half dozen archers lay, still in their ordinary attire, stretched before the guard-room fire. Silently motioning to these, they arose, took their pikes and swords, and, following Hodge, passed out noiselessly into the open air. In a few moments they had reached the quarters of the Italian lancers under Recanati, and concealed themselves beneath the projecting angle of one of the bastions. It was manifest that Recanati's band had not retired to rest; here and there dim lights twinkled forth into the gloom of night and again disappeared, as if quickly shaded from observation; the ring of mail and the clank of weapons were occasionally heard in the silence; and words were whispered and answers given as if the whole force was mustering. In a short time all these sounds ceased, and then the door was opened, through which, by the faint light from within, the watchers perceived two men pass stealthily out. They paused for a moment as if endeavouring to look through the gloom, and to catch any sound that might indicate the vicinity of other persons. Apparently they were satisfied, for one muttered to the other,

"Tutto va bene."

And then they proceeded rapidly to traverse the camp.

"Now," said Hodge, when he had suffered them to proceed till they were almost lost in the gloom; "now, comrades, we must follow the trail; be silent as the grave, and sure as death."

Preserving their distance, they dogged them almost breathlessly, till the lancers reached the quarters of the German mercenaries. Then Hodge and his party made a swift detour so as to meet the others face to face, as if apparently coming from the place to which the others were going.

Buona notte, compari," said one of the two lancers; hence are ye?"

From Von Richter's band. Siamo Tedeschi."

Good; lead us to him instantly; we have good news and ring, brothers."

Hodge and his companions led them somewhat from the action, and surrounding them without being suspected, they suddenly seized the two men, and muffling their heads, pressed a sound from escaping their lips. They next handed each, and enjoining them to offer no resistance, led them quickly to the quarters of Sir William Cheke.

So far all is well," said Hodge, as he led the two men into a small room. Then, removing the covering from their heads, good fellows, if you will promise to make no disturbance, I am even content to leave you to breathe freely; but if you are noisy, I shall be forced to gag you both. My orders are empty on this point. How say you?"

The lancers, finding they were in the power of the archers, gave a sullen assent to the terms proposed.

"Good," said Hodge; "I must now leave you, my masters. When you are wanted, I shall call for you."

So saying, he withdrew, bolting the strong door after him.

"Morris," he continued, addressing one of his companions, "you will keep ward upon these fellows. I have good warrant for what I do, and shall justify it to our captain. Let the others follow me."

Hodge now proceeded amongst the rest of the band, whom he unceremoniously aroused from their slumbers.

"Up! my lads, up! It is the desire of our good captain that you arm in all haste, and hold yourselves in readiness in case he sends for you."

"How now, Hodge," cried one of his comrades grumblingly, "he rose up, and stretched out his arms with a yawn, "God mercy, man, what's in the wind?"

"Marry, Robin," said the other laughing, "thou shalt find when thou art out of thy kennel and puttest thy nose to the wind; 'tis just the night for the scent to lie. But be nimble, set hearts, be nimble, and lie close till the time comes to start the game."

By this time the English archers were all up and busily pouring themselves, which when Hodge saw, he turned to one of those who had been with him upon his recent errand, and said:

"Come, Hubert, thou shalt away with me; and so, comrades, farewell. Let one keep watch without, with his ears wide open. When he hears the forester's whistle, then let him who is next in command lead down our merry men all towards the general's quarters."

Ere the last words were well past his lips, Hodge, O' the Lil' and Hubert Leslie were rapidly treading their way towards the council chamber.

The hour of midnight was now come. In the chamber of the Venetian general were assembled those captains of the several companies of mercenaries whom he had caused to be summoned. One might readily discover, from the general surprise and anxiety that appeared on the countenances and in the demeanour of these, that they awaited the disclosure of some important intelligence, the nature of which they in vain endeavoured to speculate upon. Some had come in haste, and partly or partially without their armour, as if aroused from sleep; others appeared completely clothed in mail. After a moment's thoughtful silence, Zeno arose. Never did he appear more noble, more composed, more self-reliant, than at this moment; and as his eye passed in slow review over the countenances of those now around him, as if its gaze could penetrate into their secret souls and read their hidden thoughts, he felt that his was indeed the master-spirit of the whole camp. Then he spoke amidst profound silence.

If there be any faith to be placed in what the chronicler of his life has reported to us of this occasion—and we are inclined to think it most faithworthy, first, because that chronicler was Jacopo Zeno, the nephew of the great captain, and ought to have known the whole truth; and, secondly, because he was

a right reverend bishop, and ought therefore to have spoken nought save the truth—if, as we say, there be any faith to be placed in the account that has come down to us of this memorable night, the speech of Zeno was one of singular address and power. By turns he touched on every topic that could arouse the fidelity, pique the honour, and excite the sympathies of knights and soldiers, and stimulated the minds of his auditory with the picture he drew of those perfidious conspirators who were plotting the ruin of them and the republic, ere he detailed to them what were the plots, or disclosed who were the plotters.

"Brothers," said he, "I see that you are all in a state of anxious suspense, and would fain know why I have called you together thus suddenly in the dead of night. But I have done so because I well know your fidelity and love to me as your generalissimo, as you know mine for you as true and brave chieftains. Of these mutual sentiments we have each given proofs in abundance during this protracted war." Then he proceeded to adduce various instances in proof of what he stated; and as he recounted many a deed of daring, many a victorious encounter, many a peril and many a privation in which they had been engaged together, one might see the effect upon those who listened as the memory of these things came back upon their hearts, and made them warm with pride and affection towards their illustrious comrade—the great captain of his age, the great leader under whom they had fought and triumphed.

"But no more of this," he continued; "if you have suffered straits at times, so have I, and well you know, my friends, that I spared not my own patrimony to share it with you, brother soldiers."

A general murmur of assent attested the cordial acknowledgments of his auditory.

"Aye, brothers, I may well rejoice to be surrounded by hearts so brave and worthy; but I am grieved to think that there are amongst us, those," and his brow grew dark as he spoke, "who are as rash and dishonourable as they are ungrateful; not against me alone, who have ever sought to win them from their schemes and engage their love, nor yet alone against the republic to which they owe allegiance and respect, have they plotted, but even against you their companions in arms. Ah! you look in wonder; but it is so. This very moment, even while I am speaking, we are all in deadly peril—our safety, our lives are in jeopardy. Know you that this night would have been our last, had not heaven itself befriended us. And, as it is, I see that all which your valour and your toil has achieved will in an instant be rendered abortive, unless indeed your wonted fidelity and truth and honour ward off the calamity that is now impending. Aye, there are those in our army who have entered into a foul conspiracy against us all. We are betrayed by some of our own, who have sold us like merchandise to the enemy, and a price has been put upon our heads, and they who should be the first to protect us are the first to hand us over to the Genoese to be butchered in the darkness of the night."

Zeno paused, for his emotion well-nigh mastered him. Astonishment, horror, and curiosity were visible on every brow. None, however, spoke, but awaited the further disclosures.

"You will ask, brothers," he resumed, "why I have waited thus till the last moment. Well, it is because until this very day I have not been able to procure evidence sufficiently complete and convincing to lay before you; but now I shall submit the proofs to your own eyes, you shall touch them with your hands," and he laid his own on a portfolio of papers that lay before him on the table. "But first I demand a pledge from you; I claim from you as well the aid of your arms as the advice of your judgments. Promise me that, when I shall expose the treason and exhibit the traitors, you will be true to me, to the republic, to yourselves. Promise me that the traitors shall be left to suffer the punishment which they deserve—let them pay the penalty of their crimes. So, while they shall afford an example to posterity of perfidy and baseness, you shall now consecrate your names to future ages as valiant soldiers and faithful allies."

AIR BALLOONS.

THE accompanying engraving is a specimen of the numerous caricatures which were brought forth by the invention of air balloons, like so many insects fluttering in a sunbeam.

The satirical drawing of the *Volomanist* was most probably aimed at Faujas de Saint-Fond, a young geologist, the friend and *protégé* of Buffon, whose gigantic theories, his observations on the formation of the earth, and his researches respecting extinct volcanoes, he supported. When an official report, signed by the deputies of the state of Vivarais, together with various private letters, arrived to inform the Parisians and the members of the Academy, for the most part men who

lous exactness of the details which it contained enabled M Charles, professor of experimental philosophy, and the Messrs Robert, skilful machine-makers, to satisfy, in the space of month, the expectations of the subscribers, and to dispense with the presence of the inventors whilst making use of their discovery. However, one of the Messrs. Mongolfier arrived in Paris in time to see that he had enabled his fellow-town people to make the experiment without his help.

The words in which he describes his ascent, and the means which he employed to effect it, are very striking, from their extreme simplicity and clearness. He says:—



THE VOLOMANIST.—A CARICATURE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

did not easily imbibe new ideas, that two young manufacturers had launched into the air, at Annonay, a globe of considerable size, which sustained itself and sailed through space, there was a general burst of enthusiasm before envious feelings had had time to display themselves. M. Faujas was among the most ardent admirers of the new discovery, and in order that the experiment might be repeated at Paris, instituted a national subscription, to which the people entered their names at the Café du Caveau, now the Rotonde.

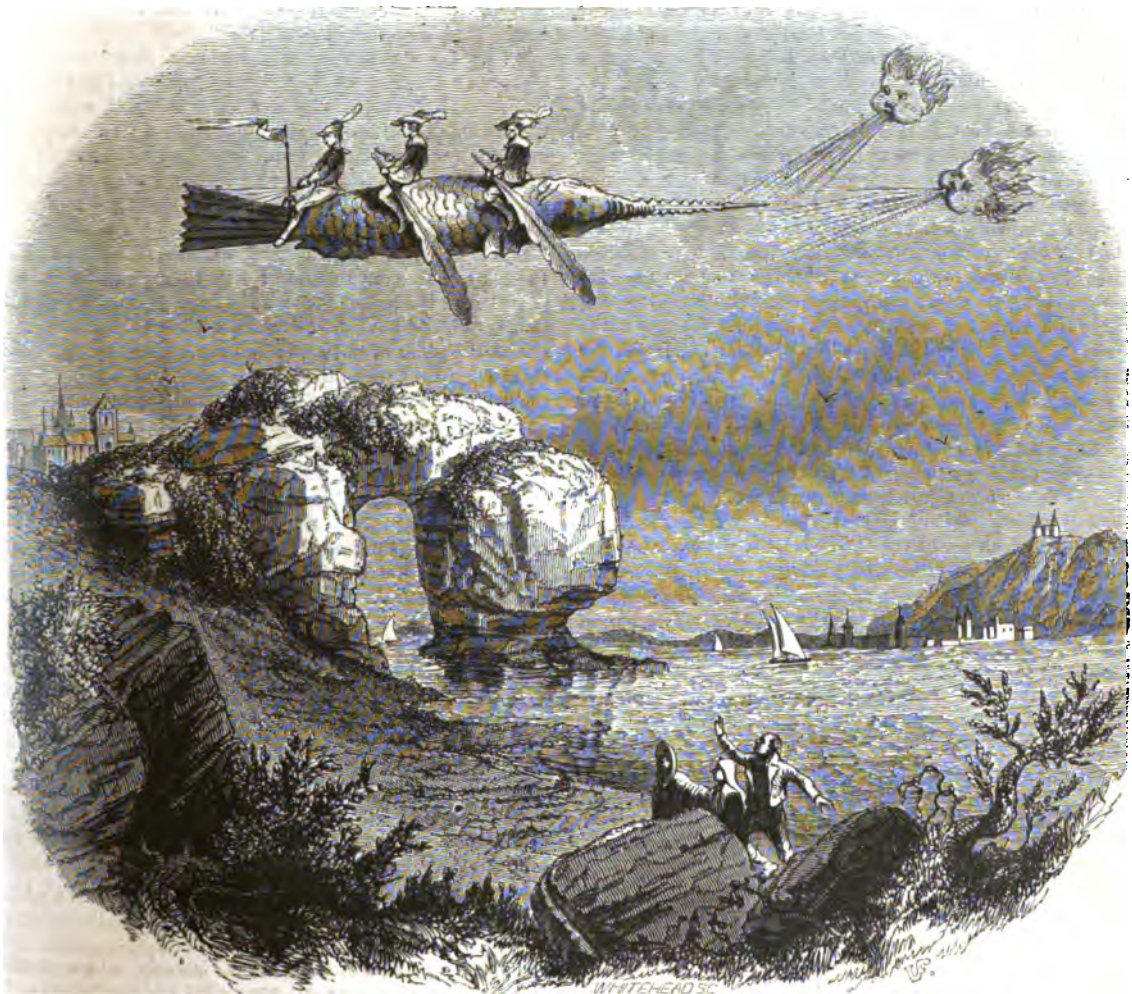
Etienne Mongolfier gave an account of his ascent at Annonay, which was expressed with a moderation seldom met with in that age of exaggeration and hyperbole. The scrupu-

"The aerostatic machine (p. 165)* with which the experiment was made before the gentlemen of the state of Vivarais, on Thursday, 5th June, 1783, was made of linen, lined with paper sewn to a network of twine. Its form was nearly spherical

* The first experiment of the aerostatic machine, with the means of directing it at will, by Dr. Jonathan, took place at the village of Dessebrugue, in France, whence this machine ascended, December 22nd, 1783, at nine o'clock in the morning. It descended at the place whence it had risen, after having traversed ten miles. This machine was constructed of very fine brass wire, covered with a sheet of cotton, coated with cement. The rudder was of the same material, and the sail of common canvas.



AEROSTATIC MACHINE.



AEROSTATIC FISH.

and its circumference measured 110 feet; a wooden frame, 16 feet square, held it fast at the bottom. Its capacity was about 22,000 cubic feet, so that it displaced, supposing the weight of air to be an 800th part of that of water, a mass of air weighing 1,980lbs.

"The weight of the gas was half that of air, for it weighed 990lbs., and the machine, with the frame, weighed 500lbs. Therefore, it was still 490lbs. lighter than common air, which has been proved by the experiment. The different pieces of the machine were fastened together by means of simple buttons and button-holes. Two men were sufficient to set it off, and to fill it with the gas; but eight persons were required for the purpose of holding it down, who did not release their hold until the signal was given. It rose with great velocity, its motion becoming less rapid towards the end of the ascent, to about the height of 6,300 feet. A breeze, scarcely perceptible upon the surface of the earth, carried it a distance of 76,000 feet from the place from which it had started. It remained ten minutes in the air; the loss of gas through the button and the holes made by the needle, and other imperfections in the machine, causing it to descend sooner than it would otherwise have done. The wind, at the time of the experiment, was in the south, and it rained. The machine descended so lightly, that it broke neither the stem nor the props of the vine upon which it alighted."

This account is quoted in the work of M. Faujas, upon the experiment of the Champs de Mars, where a globe, twelve feet in diameter, made of taffeta coated with india-rubber, was inflated and launched into the air, on the 27th of August, 1783, by means of the constant labour of many workmen for the space of four days, and by employing 1,000lbs. of steel filings, and 498lbs. of sulphuric acid. M. Charles, and the Messrs. Robert, who worked under the direction of the above experimental philosopher, filled their balloon with hydrogen gas, the use of which the brothers Mongolfier had abandoned since their first experiment, because they found the expense of it too great.

Admission to the Champs de Mars, where the public were diverting themselves with his discovery, was refused to Etienne Mongolfier; he gave his name, and being repulsed, quietly retired. Faujas considered himself personally insulted by this conduct towards one of the inventors, whose genius he so much admired, and in honour of whom he had set the subscription on foot; displeased, moreover, with the Roberts, who had filled the balloon in such a manner as to cause it to explode, he complained loudly, and a virulent paper warfare was soon declared between the subscribers—M. Faujas at the head—and the philosophers and machine-makers employed by them. The caricature of the *Volomanist* was doubtless connected with this contest. Grimm, who relates in detail the literary and scientific events of the time, mentions this conflict more than once in his correspondence.

"We have had the honour of giving you an account," writes he, "of the pretensions of M. Charles, the experimental philosopher, to the discovery of M. Mongolfier. Whilst the latter was occupied in perfecting his machine, ascending to the height of more than 300 feet in the air, M. Charles sought out pamphleteers, and, in his circumstances, could only find the Chevalier de Rivarol. This writer interested himself less in maintaining the pretensions of his client than in seeking to lessen, as much as possible, the fame of M. Mongolfier, and to bring into ridicule M. Faujas de Saint-Fond, who was zealously engaged in forwarding the principles and repeating the experiments of the Messrs. Mongolfier, by raising a subscription, and having a medal struck in their honour."

Now the question was, who should derive profit or glory from the discovery made by the two quiet, retiring philosophers. What then took place recalls the allegory of the East, where a young prince, by dint of labour, perseverance, courage, and intelligence, succeeds in reaching the precious nut which grows on the highest branch of the tree of science. He opens it: all sorts of wonders burst from it; but those who, not daring or not being able to climb, have stopped at the foot of the tree, dart in crowds upon this booty,

possess themselves of it, and the two empty shells of the mysterious and fruitful nut are all that remain in the hands of the true and courageous victor.

From that time innumerable pamphlets announced experiments which had only been projected. Tradesmen enriched themselves by selling little balloons, made of gold-beaters' skin, or varnished taffeta. Some printed their hypotheses, and pretended means of guidance; others, like Blanchard, had engravings executed of balloons, which were not always even constructed.

Thus the balloon of Dr. Jonathan, with the explanations which accompany it, probably only existed upon paper. The cannon represented in front of the gondola was never discharged, either to announce the arrival or the departure of an aeronaut, and never accelerated the course of a balloon, for none was ever made fit to cleave the air. The only trace which we find of the experiment of Dr. Jonathan is the notice of the ascent of a simple fire-balloon on the 24th of December, 1783, which quickly disappeared.

The aerostatic fish*, represented in our engraving (p. 165), appears to be a burlesque on the balloon, in the shape of a fish, which ascended on the 19th of September, 1784, in Spain, guided, it is said, by Don Joseph Patinha, and which was impelled by a favourable breeze.

Indeed, it would be difficult to conceive any form for balloons which the first inventors had not taken into consideration. That of a fish, among others, was foremost in the minds of the two elder brothers, who were the most highly endowed of a family generally remarkable for intelligence. We will quote, on this subject, some passages from a letter of the canon Mongolfier, the old president of the college of Autun, dated Annonay, 1st of December, 1783, and addressed to his brother, Etienne:—

"You know that Joseph is having a large machine, from eighty to a hundred feet in diameter, made at Lyons. I joked him about it the other day in a letter which I wrote; nevertheless, this idea runs in my head, and though I am not much of a philosopher, I think I may be allowed to consider myself at least equal to Joseph, since he has written me that I have given him a new idea. Now, having sung my own praises, *revenons à nos moutons*.

"It is not exactly the form of a sheep which I should give to your machine, nor should I, like your pamphleteer, advocate that of the horse, Pegasus; but it is that of a fish, with a tail, broad, but not thick, covered with whalebone or cane to supply the place of sinews, to move this immense helm, which should be filled with inflammable air. The wings, or rather the fins of the fish, of the same material, should be of taffeta, but as long as possible, and always filled with gas, in order to be lighter than the same volume of atmospheric air—in fact, any alterations which you may consider advisable. But as the Author of Nature has given to each individual that which is best adapted to fulfil his destiny, follow the models which he places before you; and since your object is to sail through a fluid, imitate the animal which traverses a fluid with the greatest ease. You will say, perhaps, 'Why not imitate the bird?' But it is specifically heavier than the air. Your machine, being lighter, bears more resemblance to the fish, which is lighter, or at least as light as the same volume of water. The bird's excess of weight is counteracted by the great extent of its wings, compared with the size of its body, and the multiplicity and vigour of its movements. The fins of the fish would be much more economical, much easier to put in motion, and would suffice for your experiment.

"However, as we must give justice to whom it is due, the first idea was Jean Pierre's; the arguments are mine. You will tell me, perhaps, that neither the one nor the other is common sense; as I know the difficulty of a lawsuit, I will submit to the sentence, though I could dispute it, considering that to judge is not to prove," etc.

* The aerostatic fish was set off at Plazentia, a town of Spain, surrounded by mountains. It was guided by Don Joseph Patinha as far as the town of Coria, on the banks of the river Aragon, at twelve miles' distance from Plazentia, March 10th, 1784.

BELLS AND BELL-FOUNDING.

HISTORY OF BELLS.

It may be as well to state at once, that for much of what follows we are indebted to an amusing and well-written little book, by the Rev. Alfred Gatty, vicar of Becclesfield, entitled, "The Bell, its Origin, History, and Uses." The author of this work has, with much patient ingenuity, traced the history of

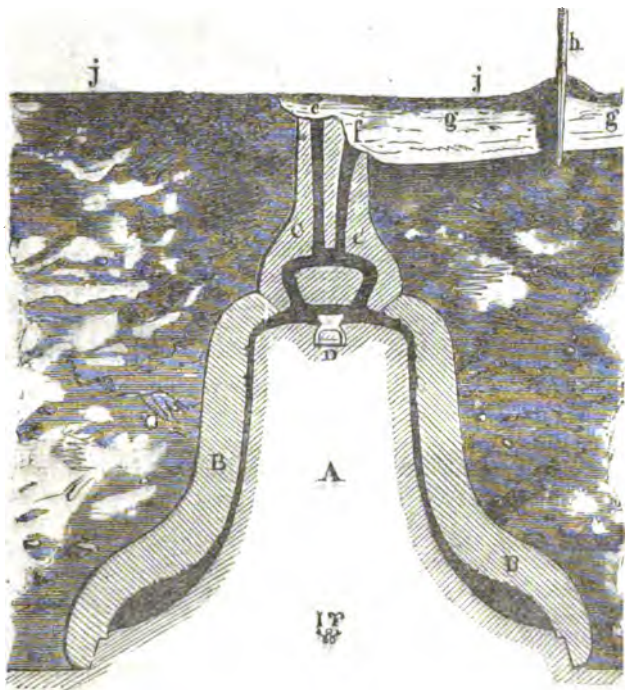
———"The crazy old church clock
And the bewildering chimes;"

and shown in what numerous ways the bell is mixed up with our social life.

The music of bells is of a very venerable and old-fashioned character, and from the earliest ages of the world has been used in various religious and other ceremonials. It is a matter of doubt when bells were first introduced, but it is unquestionable that they are very ancient. Their origin must be sought for in the records of Egypt, the mother of nations. Recent discoveries have made it apparent that the bell was known to

Israelites. In the writings of Moses, we have mention of the "bells of gold" with which the dress of the high priest was adorned—"a golden bell and a pomegranate upon the hem of the robe round about;" that when Aaron disappeared from the sight of the worshippers within the veil of the temple, the ringing of the bells upon his robe might be an intimation to them that he was still living in the Divine presence. Again, in Zechariah xiv. 20, there is mention of bells as forming part of the harness or decoration of horses; and it is suggested by Mr. Gatty, that even Tubal Cain, the sixth in descent from Adam, "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron," might have scooped the sounding metal into some species of bells.

These small bells were, it appears, attached to the garments of Hebrew women, virgins, and boys, as well as to the pontifical robes. It seems, indeed, that small toy-like bells have been used in the service of religion from the earliest times; and prefixed to an old MS. edition of the Psalms of David,



SECTION OF A LARGE BELL, WITH THE MOULD AND COPE, AS IT LIES IN THE PIT.*

the inhabitants of Assyria, Etruria, and China; and Thompson, in his "Etymons of English Words," says, under the article "Bells," that, long before they were known in Europe, they were in use in Hindoo temples to frighten away evil spirits. Be this as it may, we have certain record that bells—that is, small hand and ornamental bells—were in use among the

* A is the inner mould or core; B is the outer mould or cope; C is the crown or head, which is made independently of the other moulds, and is fitted on accurately just before the pouring in of the fused metal represented by e, which is running from the furnace in a glowing mass, g g; f is the hole left for the escape of the air between the two moulds; h shows the method employed in stopping off the supply of fused metal, so that the stream may be directed into a new channel; j j shows the earth surrounding the bell and mould; D is the metal ring to which the clapper is afterwards to be hung, and which is affixed when the casting of the bell is completed, the configuration of which is shown by the black line between the inner and outer moulds.

believed to be of the fourteenth century, is an illuminated representation of the "sweet singer of Israel," sitting before a small wooden frame, playing upon a row of bells with little hammers. This representation must, however, be considered rather as an illustration of the illuminator's own time, than as any authority for believing that hand-bells such as those represented were ever in use among the Hebrews.

The Greeks and Romans probably derived their knowledge of bells from the Egyptians, the first colonisers of Europe. The royal costumes of the shahs of Persia were also decorated with golden bells; and there is reason to believe, that in the decoration of mules and horses, as well as on the garments of the nobility of various nations, small bells were used long before the Christian era.

But not only in religious ceremonies was the bell anciently employed. Æschylus and Euripides inform us that the Greek warriors had small bells concealed within the hollows of their shields; and that when the captains went their rounds at the



FIG. 1.—THE FOUNDRY.

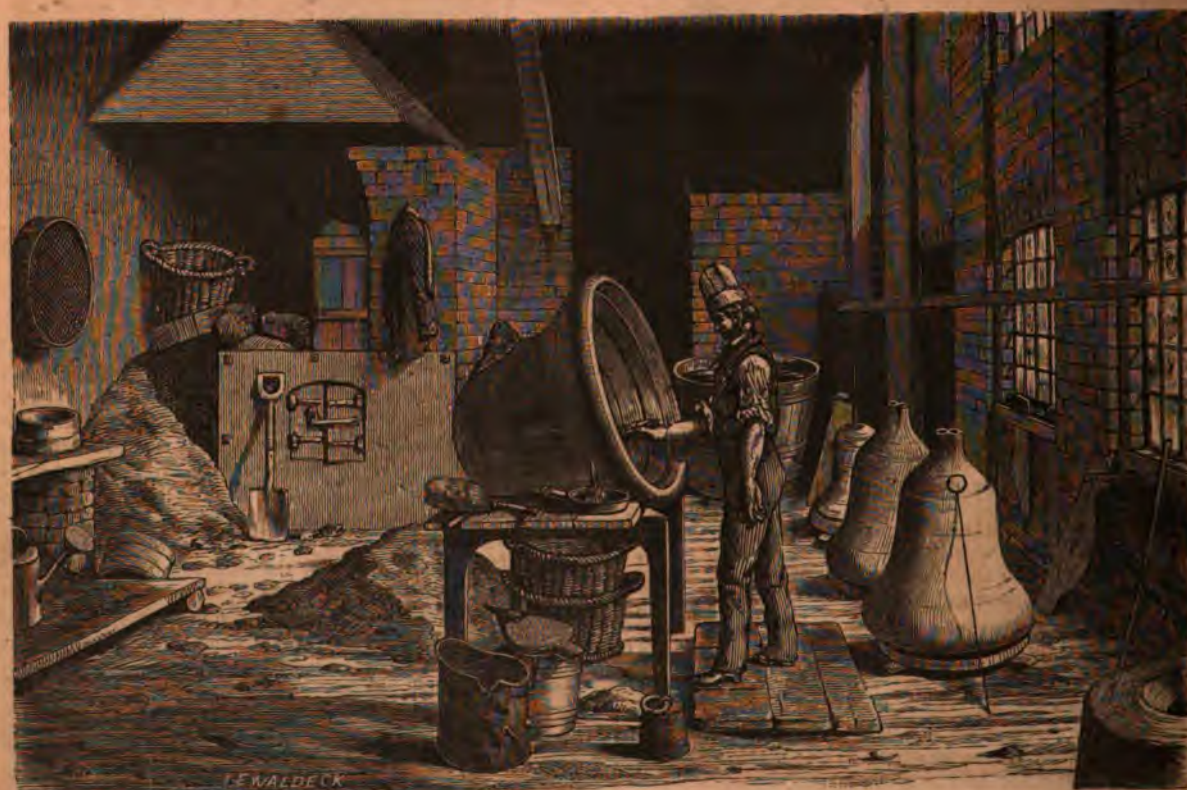


FIG. 2. —FINISHING THE COPE.



FIG. 3.—FINISHING THE CORE—THE CROOK.

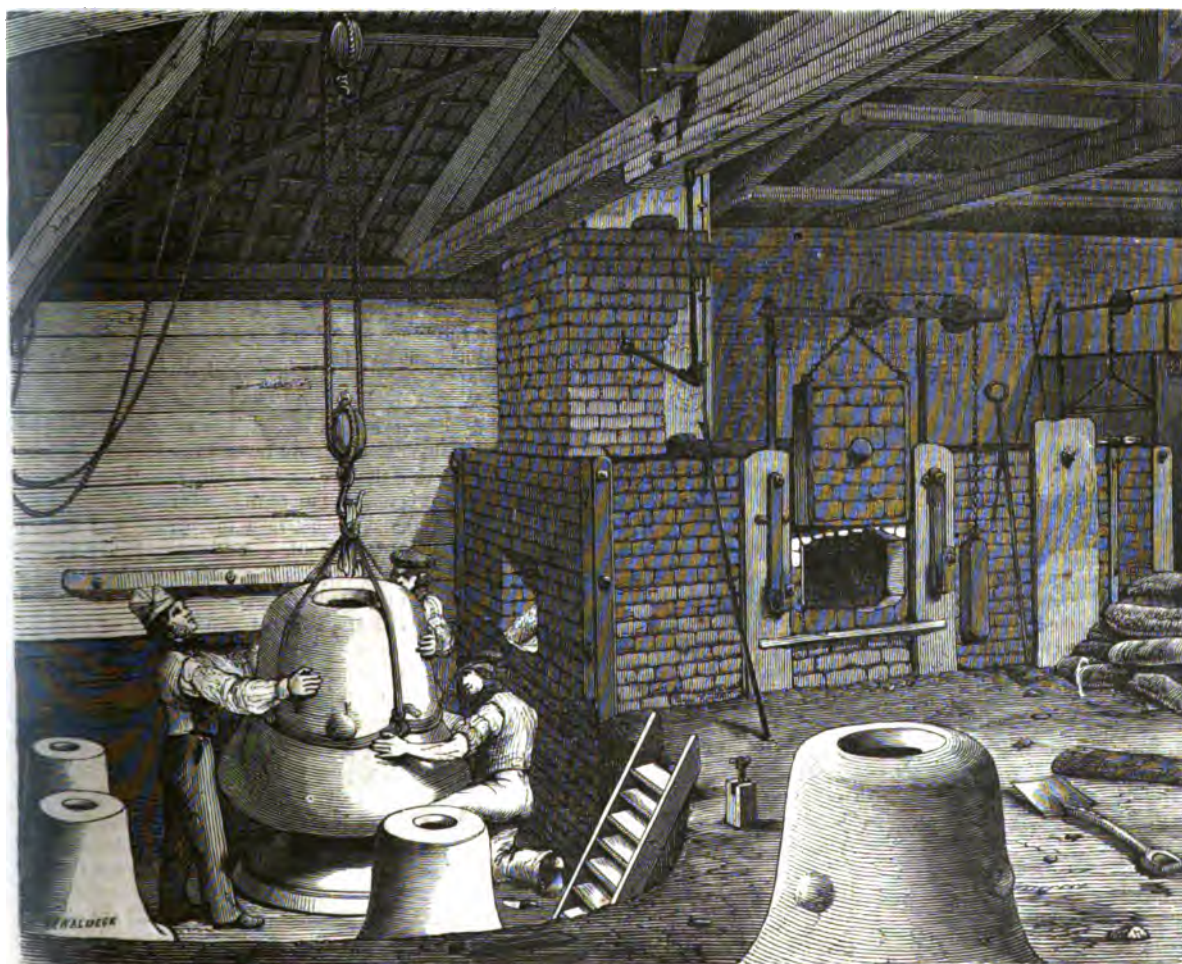


FIG. 4.—PUTTING ON THE COPE.

camp at night, each soldier was required to ring his bell, in order to show that he was awake and watchful at his post.

Bells were both Bacchic and mystic, as may be seen by reference to the ancient marbles in the British Museum; and it was from their use in the celebration of the mysteries that Plutarch endeavoured to show that the Jews worshipped Bacchus. In the triumphal entries of conquerors bells have also played important parts. They were hung as emblems and ornaments on the car of the warrior—as on that which conveyed the body of Alexander from Babylon to Egypt, as described by Diodorus Siculus; they were in use in the islands of the Archipelago to announce the opening of the markets, even as now; they were employed, as we learn from Plutarch, to detect and prevent the escape of the unhappy Xanthians. When the city of Xanthus was besieged, some of the inhabitants tried to escape by swimming and diving through the river, but nets with small bells attached were spread across the stream under the water, and by the ringing of the bells each capture was announced.

In later times we find that the garments of the chief men and civil officers among the Germans were decorated with bells. They came, too, in time, to be regarded as the messengers of sorrow as well as of joy and triumph. The criminal had a bell suspended from his neck as he was led away to execution, and its sound announced his speedy death as he walked sadly in his own funeral procession.

The period when large bells first began to be used in churches is uncertain, but by the seventh century they were in pretty general use. At the end of that century, the venerable Bede mentions their existence in English churches. Their introduction has been variously assigned to Paulinus, bishop of Nola, a town of Campania, in Italy, in the year of our Lord, 400; to Pope Sabinianus (A.D. 604), to whom the honour of introducing bells into churches is given; and to various other persons.

Bells have been known under the various names of *Tintinnabulum*, a little bell so called from its tinkling sound; *Petulus*, a larger sized bell, so named from its resemblance in shape to a broad-brimmed hat—by this latter instrument it was that the Greeks opened their fish-market, and the Romans invited the public to the bath; the *Codon*, from the Greek term, signifying the open mouth of a trumpet; *Nola*, a bell of similar size to the last, and named after the town of its inventor; *Squilla*, a little bell used by the Italians; *Dodonai lebetes*, the cauldrons of Dodona; and *Campana*, the true turret bell, so called from the town of its birth—whence Campanolo, a bell-tower. It is probable that all, except the last, were made of forged metal, and were struck on the outside by a wooden or iron hammer, and that they all, more or less, resembled flat dish-like disks. Indeed, the very word Bell is said to come from the Latin *pelvis*, a basin or foot-bath; and if this be so, the configuration of ancient bells is at once determined.

In the history of the church of the middle ages the bell had much to do. First, it was christened with all ceremony; then it was employed in the various services of the day, convoking congregations, excommunicating the disobedient and the infidel, and, finally, being tolled at the moment when the spirit passed from out the earthly body. The ceremony of Christian baptism was certainly one of the most curious observances connected with the bell's history. The fused metal was blessed by the priests; and then when the bell was turned out perfect from the mould, it was regularly passed through the ceremonies of baptism. Its sponsors were persons of rank, and the most considerable priest, or even a bishop or archbishop, officiated—with all the accompaniments of naming, anointing, sprinkling, robing, &c.

Excommunication by "bell, book, and candle," was long practised. The bell was rung to summon the congregation to this ceremony; the priest read the service from a balcony; and when the anathema was pronounced, the candles were put out, as an emblem of an extinction of hope in the sinner's soul.

The Complin bell it was which summoned the people to the last religious service of the day. The Sanctus bell was

formerly hung in a small turret outside the church, as may still be seen in some of our old churches; it is now merely a small hand-bell, which is rung during the service of the mass, to call the attention of the congregation to its more solemn parts. The Passing bell was so named because it used to be tolled as the spirit passed out of the body.

"Prayers ascend

To heaven in troops at a good man's passing bell,"

says Donne, in allusion to the fact, that at the sound of the passing bell, all who heard it were enjoined to pray for the soul of the dying. From this custom is derived that of tolling the church bell at a funeral.

Everybody has heard of the *Couvre feu*, or Curfew Bell, which was introduced into this country from France by William the Conqueror. At eight o'clock in the evening it rang out its evening peal, and at the last stroke of the hammer on the metal, all lights and fires were ordered to be put out. We will now enter

THE FOUNDRY,

and describe the modern process of bell-casting. For illustration we will take the establishment of Messrs. Mears, Whitechapel, the oldest, largest, and best known of the kind in London or England. Before we describe the process of casting a bell, it will be as well to inform the reader that bell-metal consists of an amalgam of copper and tin in the proportion of about three parts of copper to one of tin. Mention has been made of the old custom of adding a few gold or silver coins to the metal when in a state of fusion, but it is quite a popular error to suppose that the metal of old bells is of greater value from such a circumstance. The actual value of bell-metal, when formed into bells, is about £6 a cwt., including the cost of production; and when old bells are received in exchange, it is usual for the founder to allow about £4 per cwt. for the metal inclusive of the silver it may or may not contain. There are, of course, various trade secrets as to the exact proportions of the different metals necessary to constitute a first-rate amalgam.

There is no great mystery in the bell-founder's art; but extreme care is necessary, in order to produce a good-toned bell, that all the preliminary operations should be conducted with the greatest exactness. With the aid of our artist, then, we will endeavour to explain the *modus operandi* observed in founding or casting a bell.

Passing through various yards, in which are stored quantities of old timber, old bell-metal, and a multitude of odds and ends, in the shape of old cannons and great masses of old copper, destined one day for the furnace, we arrive at the

MOULDING-ROOM.

Here a sight presents itself which is at once peculiar and striking. All along the floor are ranged the moulds of future bells. In describing the casting of a bell, it will be necessary to observe, that it is nothing more than a layer of metal which has been run into the space between the mould and its outer covering, and allowed to cool. A glance at the diagram (p. 167) will explain this very readily. Here we have a section of a bell as it lies in the pit during the process of casting. If the reader keep this diagram in his mind's eye, he will have no difficulty in comprehending all that we may have to say on the subject. The various parts of a bell may be described as the body or barrel; the clapper or striker, hanging in the inside; and the ear or cannon on its top or crown, by which it is hung in its chosen position in the tower. The following description, therefore, applies to all bells, large and small, the various modifications in the shape, &c., not interfering with the principle on which it is manufactured.

The first principle to be observed is the construction of the shape or form of the future bell, so as to insure that due harmony in all its parts which shall give to it the proper degree of tone and vibration. Various theories have obtained in different countries, and among the several founders of our own country, as to the best proportions for bells; but the fol-

lowing scale has been proposed, and generally followed as coming nearest to perfection: "Taking the thickness of the sound-bow or brim—that is, the part where the clapper strikes—a bell should measure: in diameter at the mouth, fifteen brims; in height to the shoulder, twelve brims; and in width at the shoulders, seven and a-half brims, or half the width at the mouth." These proportions, however, are very variable, and depend greatly on the taste, experience, and skill of the founder, an approximation merely being arrived at in these figures.

The size and proportions, then, of the future bell being ascertained, the making of the mould is proceeded with. The outer form of the mould—by which the inner shape of the bell is determined—is made by means of a *crook* which is made to revolve on the clay, &c., of which the mould is composed. This *crook* is a kind of double compass formed of wood, one leg of which is cut or curved to the shape of the inner sides of the intended bell. A glance at the engraving (fig. 3) will render this plain to the reader. This *crook* or compass is made to move on a pivot affixed to a beam above, and its lower end driven into the ground. In the case of very large bells, the mould is perfected in the pit in which they are to be cast. The *crook* is driven by the hand of the moulder; and the mould being composed of plastic clay, &c., the form of the inner side of the bell is defined by a few revolutions of this simple machine. Thus is formed the *core*, or inner mould. The *cope*, or outer mould, is formed in much the same way, except that its inner surface is smoothed to form the outer side of the bell.

The *core* is first roughly built up of brickwork with a hollow in the centre. It is then plastered over with soft clay, &c., and moulded as described by the action of the *crook*; and is afterwards dried by means of a fire in the hollow mentioned. When baked sufficiently hard it is covered all over with a composition of tan and grease. On this composition the outer leg of the *crook* is made again to rotate, and the exact shape of the bell is thus determined. When the whole has been sufficiently dried by the action of the fire in the *core*, the crown or head—which contains the parts necessary to hold the clapper by which the bell is to be rung—are then fitted on, and the model of the inside of the bell may then be said to be complete. Any device or inscription necessary is then moulded and fixed upon it. Upon this mould the *cope*, or outer mould, is formed. Having been made of destructible materials, the *fac-simile* of the bell is easily destroyed, and the space between the *core* and the *cope* is, of course, the exact shape of the future bell. The inner and outer moulds being examined, retouched, and otherwise finished off, the *cope* is fitted over the *core* (as represented in figure 4) like an extinguisher over a candle, with a vacuum left between them to receive the fused metal. One indispensable precaution is necessary, however, in making the mould, that is, to leave a hole for the escape of the air when the metal is poured in, the failure of which would cause the destruction of the bell in the process of casting. This hole is left in the cap of the mould.

We will suppose all the preliminaries successfully accomplished, and the various moulds ready to receive the melted metal; for, although we have described the working and preparing of only one set of moulds, there are generally some dozens of bells cast on the same day. We step into another large room, and here we witness the actual

OPERATION OF BELL FOUNDING.

The various moulds having been brought into this part of the factory, they are firmly embedded in the earth, and nothing of them is visible but the holes in their caps. On the occasion of the casting of a peal of large bells, the fused metal is carried at once from the furnace to the pit by means of a series of gutters, and when one bell is completed the fiery wave is stopped off and directed to the mouth of another mould. Our artist has very graphically described this scene (fig. 8). The bell-metal being tested and found to be of the right temperature, the furnace doors are opened, and out rushes the liquid

fire, bubbling and boiling in a white heat too fierce to look upon. "Is the bell," says Schiller, in his famous Song of the Bell—

"Is the bell in the ground well-bedded?
Is the mould well set and steadied?
Skill and diligence to pay,
Will it issue fair to-day?
Should the cast not hit,
Should the coping split;
Ah! perhaps while hopes elate us
Now, e'en now, mishaps await us!"

Mishaps, however, seldom happen at Messrs. Mears' foundry, where everything is conducted on sound and scientific principles. As many as a dozen large and many small bells are cast at one melting, and as much as twenty tons of metal consumed. In the Montreal Foundry, so called from the fact that the great bell mentioned below was cast in it, a pit is especially prepared close to the furnace door to prevent the waste or cooling of the metal, on the occasion of any "great cast;" on ordinary occasions, however, the metal is melted in crucibles (as shown in figure 5), and being carried from place to place is poured into moulds just as the poet describes the process:—

"In the furnace the dry branches crackle; the crucible shines as with gold
As they carry the hot flaming metal in haste from the fire to the mould;
Loud roar the bellows, and louder, the flames as they shrieking escape,
And loud is the song of the workmen who watch o'er the fast-filling shape.
To and fro in the red glaring chamber the proud master anxiously moves,
And the quick and the skilful he praiseth, and the dull and the sluggard reproves;
And the heart in his bosom expandeth as the thick bubbling metal upswells,
For like to the birth of his children he watcheth the birth of the bells!"

In our day no song of the bell greets the final accomplishment of the successful day's work; but what is much better, the workmen are well paid, intelligent, and contented. Some of the persons in Messrs. Mears' employment have worked in the foundry for more than thirty years.

In the casting of small bells, such as hand and house tintinnabulums, precisely the same process as above described takes place, with only such modifications as their size renders necessary. An ordinary-sized bell takes about twenty-four hours to cool; but a bell like that cast for the Montreal church would not be touchable to the hardest of fingers under about four days. When they are cool they are dug out of their pits, the moulds being destroyed in the process, when they are taken at once to

THE TUNING ROOM.

On the occasion of our visit there were in the tuning room a peal of eight bells, which had just then been cast for a church in Port Phillip, ready tuned, and only waiting to be shipped. Standing on their crowns, the tuner very dextrously struck out such a "change" as made us almost exclaim with the Frenchman—

"Disturbers of the human race
Whose chimes are always ringing,
I wish the ropes were round your necks,
And you about them swinging;"

but, then, it must be stated, that the sound of such a powerful peal as this is not often heard in a room less than twenty feet square.

The process of tuning a bell is a very simple one. Sometimes a peal of bells is cast in harmony, in which case it is called a maiden peal, and no tuning is required. Such peals we were assured are by no means common, and are nearly always imperfect. Separate bells do not require tuning. The action of the wheel and cutters of the machine employed in the

process of turning is very simple, and will be readily understood by any one acquainted with machinery. This instru-

lessened in proportion to its substance. But such is the general correctness of the scientific principles in use in

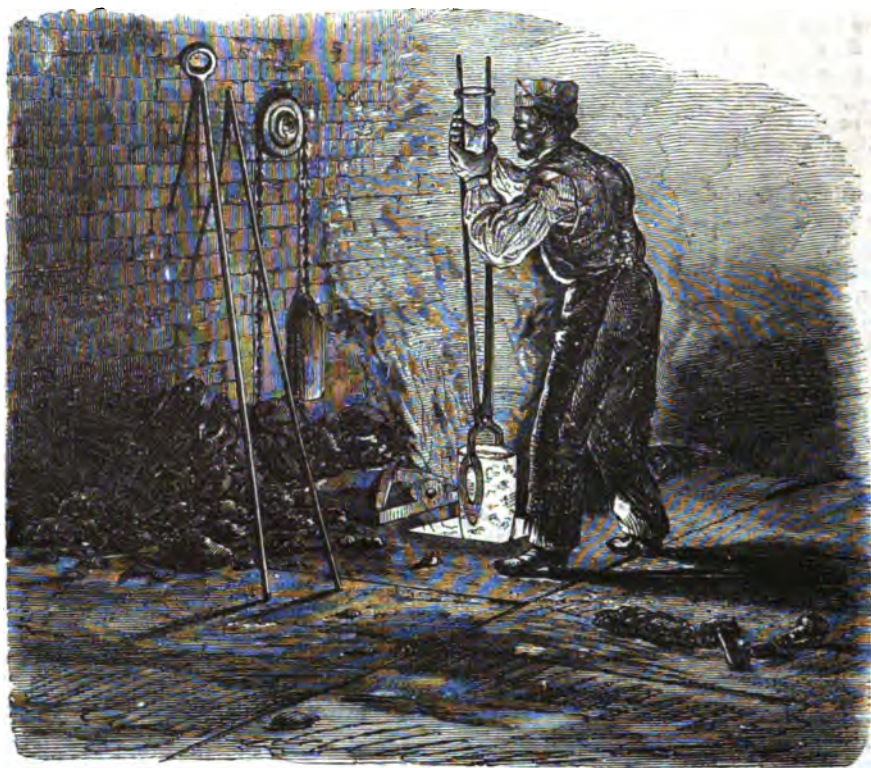


FIG. 5.—DRAWING THE CRUCIBLE.

ment is driven by a small steam-engine, which also does a great deal of work in the different parts of the factory, in the

this foundry, that very little tuning is requisite. If the quantity of metal in a bell is too small in proportion to its

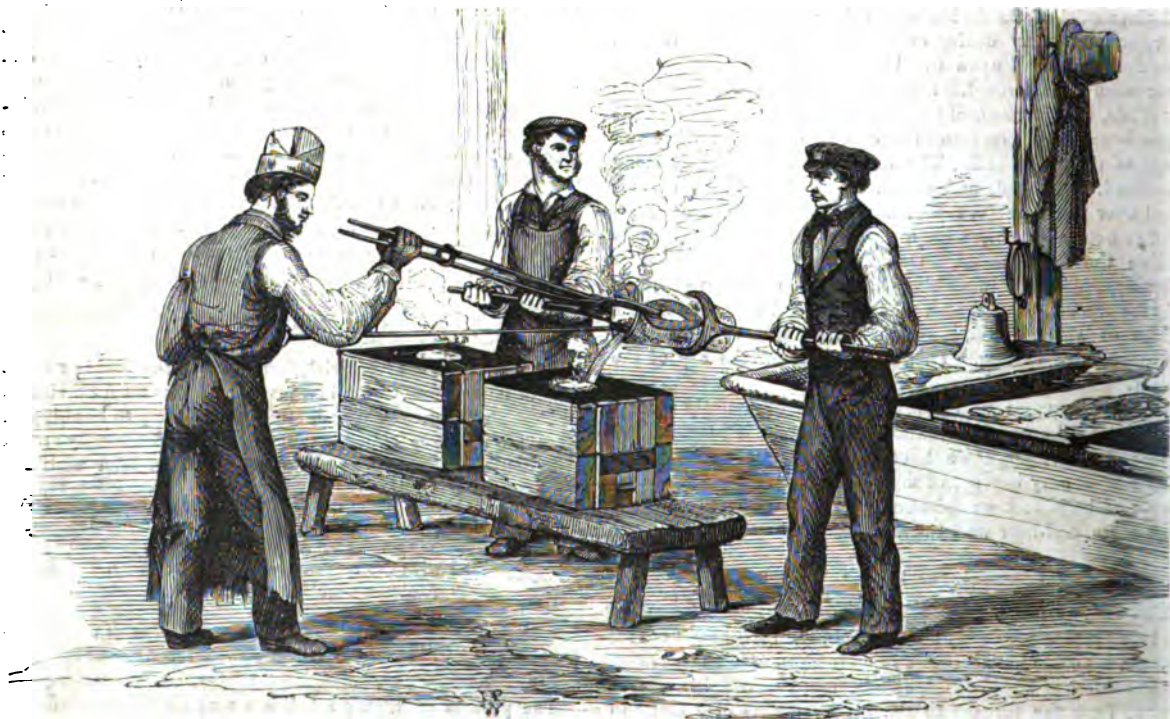


FIG. 6.—CASTING SMALL BELLS.

way of lifting, carrying, &c. When the tone of the bell is too sharp, it is turned thinner; and if it be too flat, the diameter is

calibre, as is sometimes the case, the power and quality of its tone is altogether lost, and only a *panny*, harsh, iron-like



FIG. 7.—POURING THE METAL IN THE MOULD.

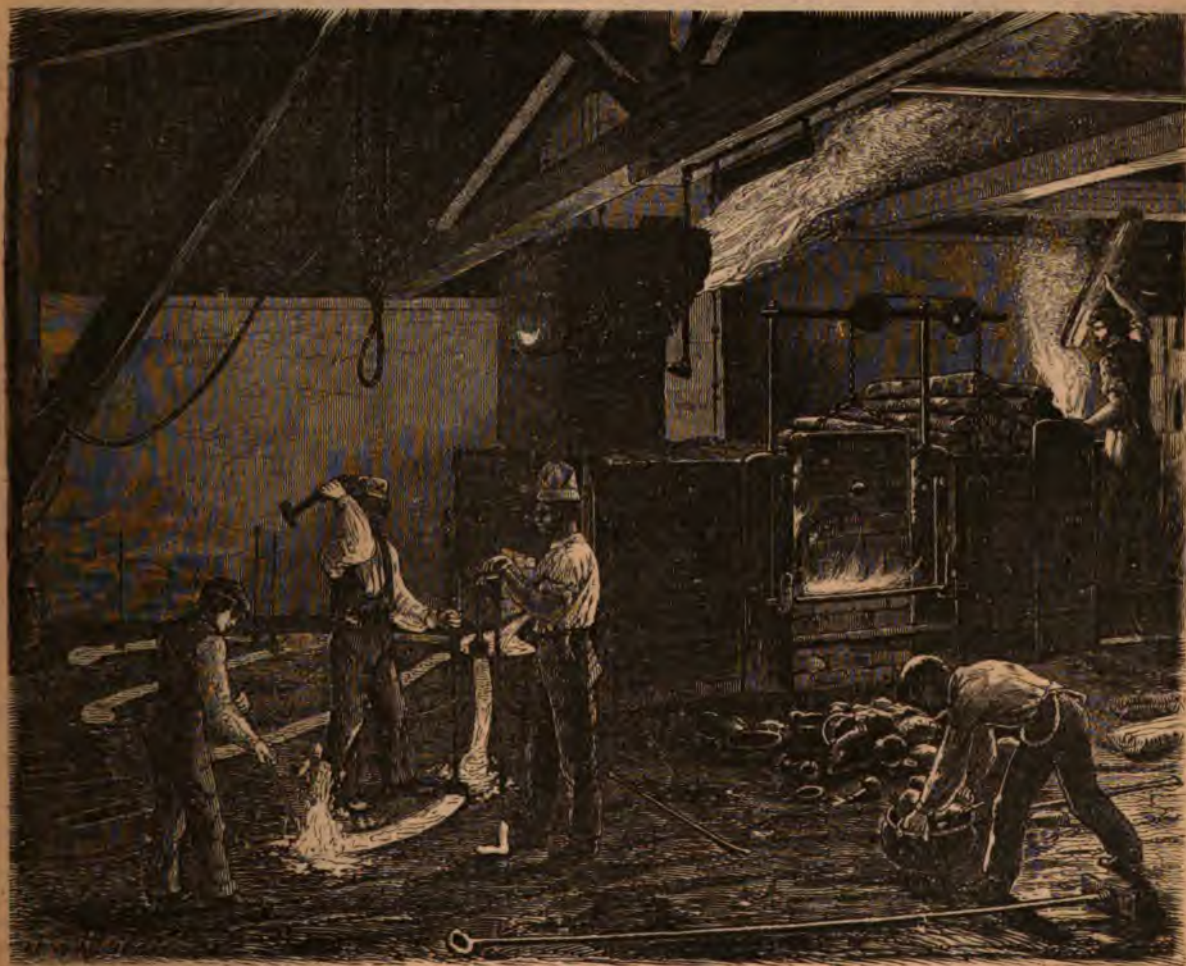


FIG. 8.—CASTING LARGE BELLS.

sound is produced from it. In such a case it is invariably re-cast.

There is really very little to be said of the *manufacture* of bells. Much may, however, be written of their associations. An old and charming kind of music is that of bells; and there are few of us who do not associate some of the pleasantest ideas with their ringing. It is not every one, indeed, who can look back to a youth passed among quiet village scenes, in which a full peal of bells invited all to enter a gray old church on Sabbath morning; but whether in country or town, in quiet hamlet as yet undisturbed by the rush and whirl of a railway engine, or in the midst of London population, the sounds of "the church-going bell" are equally welcome to the ear. There is, indeed, something particularly pleasant and soothing in

"The bells and chimes of Motherland,
Of England green and old,
That out from gray and ivied towers
A thousand years have toll'd;"

and so we have ventured to ring a few change upon bells. Not a peal, however, which, in strict bell-ringers' science, means no fewer than five hundred changes; not a "plain bob," nor a "bob major," much less a "grandsire boh-cator," but simply a few changes. The English people are fond of bell-ringing; and we have the authority of Doctor Southey for affirming, that "great are the mysteries thereof." More than three hundred years ago, a certain German traveller, named Paul Neutsner, visited England, and amongst other strange things which struck him, was their national fondness for great, and, what he pleased to call, discordant noises—such as cannon-firing, drum-beating, bell-ringing, &c. Of course, when he returned to "fatherland," he could not but tell his countrymen what a curious people they were. "It is common," said he, "for a number of them (who have got a glass in their heads) to get up into some church belfry, and ring the bells for an hour together." Now, although we do not allow our admiration of the bell's music to carry us quite so far as to affirm, with Charles Lamb, that it is the harmony nearest to heaven—except in the sense of a pun upon the adjective *near*, when applied to bells rung from towers—we are quite willing to admit, with Longfellow's friar of Strasbourg, that

"—The bells themselves are the best of preachers,
Their brazen lips are learned teachers;
From their pulpits of stone in the upper air
Sounding aloft, without crack or flaw,
Shriller than trumpets under the law;
Now a sermon, and now a prayer."

Who has not listened, "delighted, yet sad," to the chimes as they float across the water at night? Who amongst us cannot sympathise with another of our poets, when, in full harmonious swell, he breaks out into a strain like this?—

"Hear the mellow wedding bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night,
How they ring out their delight;
From the molten—golden notes
All in tune.
What a liquid ditty floats
To the dove, that listens while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh! from out the sounding cells
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells?
How it swells,
How it dwells
On the future! How it tells
Of the rapture that impels
T the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
To the rhyming and the chiming of the BELLS!"

Our changes are almost rung out, but we may yet indulge for a little space to notice the origin of

CHIMES, CARILLONS, AND PEAL-RINGING.

And here again we must acknowledge our obligations to Mr. Gatty's charming little volume. England has been called "the ringing island." In other countries, the music of bells is obtained by striking them from the outside, as in Russia; or by means of chimes regulated by pegged barrels moved by clockwork, as in France; or by means of carillon pedals, played with keys like an organ, as in the Netherlands. All these methods of bell-playing have also been adopted occasionally in our own country, but notwithstanding that chimes have been often fitted to our cathedral bells, the old national plan of ringing by ropes and manual labour is at once the most popular and most musical, "Carillons," says Dr. Burney, "are played with some difficulty, as the keys require to be struck with considerable force before the bells will give forth their true full sound; and in consequence of the player possessing no power to stop the vibrations of each bell, the notes of one passage perpetually run into another, and become so inarticulate and confused as to occasion a very disagreeable jargon,

"Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh."

In fact, no plan of ringing bells can be considered so entirely appropriate to their peculiar kind of harmony as the old English plan of peal-ringing and musical changes.

The antiquity of the custom of bell-ringing, by means of a rope, is undoubted; for in this way the single bells in old churches were rung; but the date of the introduction of peal-ringing—that system of ringing by peals or numbers, which, while it brings out the true tone of the bells in a succession of musical notes, is managed with mechanical precision—is unknown. The first peal of bells, of which we have any reliable account, is that peal of five bells which was presented to King's College, Cambridge, by Pope Calixt III., in 1466. From that period, the placing of several bells in the towers of churches became more common; but it was not till the middle of the sixteenth century that peal-ringing became reduced to an art. Parnell gives the following account of the probable invention of these changes:—"The earliest artist and promoter of change-ringing of whom we have any account, was Mr. Fabian Stedman, born in the town of Cambridge, 1681. He introduced various peals on five and six bells, and printed them on slips of paper—being by profession a printer. These being distributed about the country, were soon brought to London, but what progress the art has made in the metropolis at this time* does not appear. The society of College youths,† in the summer of 1657, on a visit to Cambridge, were presented by Mr. Stedman with his peculiar production on five bells, since called Stedman's principle, which was rung for the first time at St. Benet's, Cambridge; and afterwards at a church on College Hill, Doctors' Commons, London, where the society at that time usually practised, and from meeting at which place they obtained that name. It appears from this account that change-ringing must have been earlier than 1657. Before those curious and cross-change peals were discovered, single changes were universally practised; i.e. only changing two bells at one time. The improved plan of double and treble changes, &c.,—namely, every bell to change at one time—appears to have taken place however, long before 1657, from Mr. Stedman's having produced such a complex method of ringing as his

* Thomas Parnell was a poet and writer in the beginning of the eighteenth century. He was the associate of Addison, Steele, Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot, and contributed several amusing papers to the *Spectator*, *Guardian*, &c.

† This appears to be the most ancient society of ringers. They are said to have been established in the sixteenth century, and a book containing the memorials of that society in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, after escaping the ravages of the fire of London, has been unaccountably lost. It is not improbable, however, that several copies exist among the waste of the public libraries; and whenever that waste comes to be fully examined, we may naturally expect many prizes to turn up.

principle. In 1668, he published a book entitled 'Campanologia, or the Art of Ringing;' which, before 1680, had gone through three editions."

This work is still considered the standard authority on the subject; and, if we come to consider for a moment, we shall soon discover what an infinite variety of sounds may be produced by the judicious *changes* which may be rung upon an octave or diatonic peal of eight bells. If we take three bells merely, we shall perceive by the following arrangement that six changes can be rung upon them:—

1	2	3
1	3	2
2	1	3
2	3	1
3	2	1
3	1	2

Four bells can in the same manner be shown to ring four times as many changes as three, viz. twenty-four; five bells, five times as many as four, viz. a hundred and twenty; six bells, six times as many as five, viz. seven hundred and twenty; seven bells, seven times as many as six, viz. five thousand and forty; and so on. And in this way it has been calculated that it would take ninety-one years to ring the changes upon twelve bells, at the rate of two strokes to a second; and to ring the full changes upon a peal of twenty-four bells, would occupy, at the above rate, the trifling period of a hundred and seventeen thousand billions of years!

Although peals of ten and twelve bells are often hung, those of five and eight are much more common. We have mentioned that the business of bell-founding has existed in the Mears' family for more than half a century: during this time they have cast—besides the great bell already mentioned, and a set of hour and quarter bells for the Queen at Osborne-house—no fewer than—

	cwts.
10 Peals of 13 bells each, weighing in the aggregate	350
28 Peals of 10 bells each	900
175 Peals of 8 bells each	2500
260 Peals of 6 bells each	2750
80 Peals of 5 bells each	400

But, in addition to the above, there have been cast at this establishment, up to the present time, including bells of four hundred weight and upwards, with chimes added, no fewer than two hundred thousand single bells—an amount of work of this kind unprecedented, perhaps, by any other founders in the world. In the above enumeration, moreover, no account has been taken of the almost innumerable number of hemispherical and conical bells, clock-spring gongs, musical hand-bells, railway, postman's, dustman's, house, sheep, dinner, and latten bells, constantly in course of manufacture; carillons, and various other descriptions of harmonious combinations of this ancient and beautiful kind of music. Who that possesses, as Cowper has it, a

"Soul in sympathy with sweet sounds,"

can listen unmoved to

"— The music of the village bells
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet,—now dying all away;
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on."

"Bell," goes the old German song, "thou soundest merrily when the bridal party to the church doth hie; thou soundest solemnly when, on Sabbath morn, the fields deserted lie; thou soundest merrily at evening, when bed-time draweth nigh; thou soundest mournfully, telling of the bitter parting that hath gone by! Say, how canst thou mourn or rejoice that art but metal dull? And yet all our sorrows and all our rejoicings thou art made to express!" In the words of the motto affixed to many old bells, they "rejoice with the joyful, and grieve with the sorrowful;" or, in the original Latin,

"*Gaudemus gaudentibus,
Dolemus dolentibus.*"

An old monkish couplet, quoted by Henry Spelman in his glossary, makes the bell thus describe its uses:—

"*Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, congreco clerum
Defuncto ploro, pestium fugo, festa decoro.*"

"I praise the true God, call the people, convene the clergy;
I mourn for the dead, drive away pestilence, and grace festivals."

We will conclude with some account of

A FEW CELEBRATED BELLS.

China has been celebrated for its bells; but the Chinese bells have all the old saucer form. In the sixteenth century four great bells were cast and erected at Nankin, the largest of which weighed, it is said, not less than 50,000lbs., and was twelve feet in diameter at its base. The weight of the bells brought down the tower in which they were hung. At Pekin there were seven bells of enormous dimensions. One of these is described by Magaillans as weighing no less than 120,000lbs., and has a height of 12½ feet, a diameter of 13½ feet, and a circumference of 42 feet. They are used for denoting the five watches of the night; but we learn from the author of "China, and the Chinese," that they are now out of repair.

Russia, among the countries of Europe, is the one most celebrated as possessing enormous bells; at Moscow, in particular, there are bells of most enormous size. The largest of them has been described by Dr. Clarke as a mountain of metal, and is termed by the Russians the "Tsar Kolokol," or King of Bells; and from the metal of which it is composed, it is said that thirty-six bells as large as the great one in St. Paul's could be cast. In the tower of St. Ivan's church, Moscow—says Mr. Gatty—there is a bell weighing 127,836 English pounds. The largest bell in Russia, however, is that described as the King of Bells. It is the largest in the world, and is said to weigh 443,772lbs. The height of this bell is 21 feet 4½ inches; its circumference, ten feet above the extremity of the lip, is 67 feet 4 inches; its diameter is 22 feet 5½ inches, and its greatest thickness 22 inches. It is said to have been given to the Russians by the Empress Anne, and its value in money, merely as old metal, is estimated at \$66,565—an immense sum to lie uncirculated and waste, for the bell has never yet struck a note. This monstrous mass of metal was for nearly two centuries allowed to be partially buried in the sand of the pit in which it was moulded—an object of wonder to the traveller and of deepest reverence to the natives, who visited it with pride at their festivals, and were extremely jealous of its being touched or measured by strangers.

The tones of the bells of Russia are said to be very fine. That one already spoken of as being hung in the tower of St. Ivan's church, is said to produce, when sounded, a tremulous effect which is felt all over the city.

The great bell of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, measures ten feet in diameter, and ten inches in thickness of metal. The tone is very fine in the musical note A, concert pitch. The hour is struck on the bell by a large hammer, which is drawn by a wire in the clock-works, and falls on the outside brim of the bell by its own weight. The clapper of this bell weighs 180lbs., and is only used to toll on great occasions, such as the death of one of the royal family, or of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Dean of St. Paul's, &c. The last time it was brought into use was on the death of the Duke of Wellington, in September, 1852.

"Great Tom" of Oxford—that famous bell fixed in the tower of Christ Church, and which strikes one hundred and one times every evening at nine o'clock—is seven feet one inch in diameter, six feet nine inches high, and six one-eighth inches in thickness. It was originally suspended in the magnificent abbey of Osney, in the suburbs of Oxford. It was presented to the see of Oxford by Robert King, the last abbot of Osney, and its last and only bishop, in 1545. In the year 1680, "Great Tom" was recast at the expense of John Kell, bishop of Oxford. "Great Tom" of Lincoln was recast in 1835, with an additional ton of metal.

In the scramble which took place at the Reformation, the bells of the monasteries formed rich spoils for the spoilers.

"They were gambled for," says Blunt, "or sold into Russia and other countries, and many of them were lost in their sea passages, and remain to this day among the spoils of the ocean." In confirmation of this assertion, we may mention a fact given by Stow in his "Survey of London." In the ward of Farringdon without, says the chronicler, was a cloister in which were hung four bells, called the Jesus bells, which Henry the Eighth took down, because he lost them in a game of dice with Sir Miles Paltridge, who wagered £100 against them with his Majesty.

In the cathedral of Rouen, there is a large bell bearing this inscription:—

Je suis George de Ambois,
Qui trente cinque mill pois;
Mes lui qui me pesera
Trente six mill me trouvera

The following are the reported weights of some of the most celebrated bells in the world:—

	TONS.	CWT.	QRS.	LBS.
The great bell at Moscow	198	2	1	0
The bell in the tower of St. Ivan's Church, Moscow	57	1	1	16
Another bell in the same church	17	16	0	0
Another, cast in 1819	80	0	0	0
The great bell at Pekin	53	11	1	20
One at Nankin	22	6	1	20
One at Olmutz	17	18	0	0
One at Vienna, dated 1711	17	14	0	0
One at Paris, placed in the cathedral in 1680, twenty-five feet in circumference	17	0	0	0
One at Erfurt, in Germany, and con- sidered to be of the finest bell metal extant	13	15	0	0

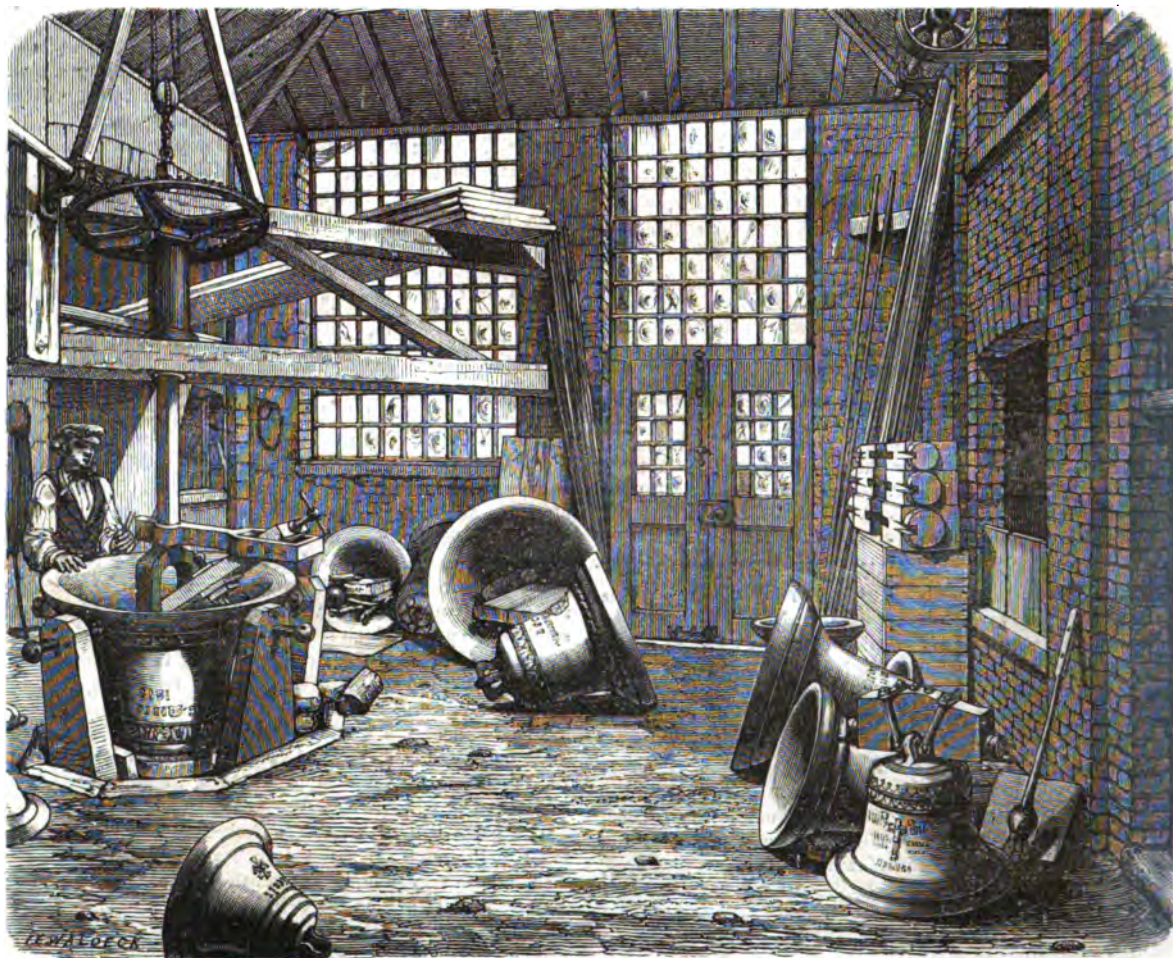


FIG. 9.—THE TUNING ROOM AND TUNING MACHINE.

Which may be thus translated:—

I am George of Ambois,
Thirty-five thousand in pois;
But he that will weigh me
Thirty-six thousand shall find me.

An inscription of a similar character appeared on one of the bells placed by Edward III. in the clock or bell-tower of the little sanctuary at Westminster:—

"King Edward made mee thirtie thousand weight and three;
Take mee down and weigh mee and more you shall find me."

Henry VIII. *did* take them down, though not perhaps simply in order to weigh them; and some wag of the day is reported to have chalked under the inscription—

"But Harry the Eight
Shall bate me my weight."

"Great Peter," at York Minster, which cost £2,000, and was erected in 1845	10	15	0	0
Great bell of St. Paul's, which originally weighed 3 tons 13 cwt. 3 qrs. 1 lb. ..	5	2	1	22
"Great Tom," at Oxford	7	11	3	4
"Great Tom," at Lincoln	5	8	0	0
"Dunstan," at Canterbury	3	10	0	0
The great bell at Montreal	13	10	0	0
Another at Montreal	7	6	0	0

The latter two large bells were cast by the Messrs. Mears, who also recast the Great Peter of York, the Great Tom of Lincoln, the Dunstan at Canterbury, and the peal of bells in the tower of the Royal Exchange, London. These last bells have lately been recast in consequence of the works of the clock, built by Mr. Dent, not being sufficiently powerful to move the chiming apparatus in a proper manner.

OMAR PASHA.

THE rise of statesmen and generals has not in all cases been either creditable or satisfactory. Even in this country intrigue has been known to outstrip merit, and connexion sometimes proves more powerful than service. Yet our greatest civil functionaries, and pre-eminently, our first

slow steps, that his chief officers commonly attain their eminence. Certainly, men who were yesterday in a very low, if not the lowest, station, may find themselves to-day at the head of an army, or councillors in the imperial divan. Sudden and extraordinary has been the rise of Omar Pasha. His



OMAR PASHA.

military officers, owe their advancement and their position to a long series of meritorious deeds, and to achievements, for the accomplishment of which the experience was necessary which ensues from a patient apprenticeship and a gradual elevation.

In the Ottoman Empire distinguished eminence seems rather given by fate than earned by desert. We do not mean, that without merit subjects of the sultan can vault into power; but we do mean, that it is by a leap or two, rather than by

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proper name is Lattas. His family are immigrants in Croatia; consequently, by birth, Omar Pasha is an Austrian subject. His father held a military post in the Austrian service. He had an uncle, who was a Greek priest, of more than ordinary merit. A son of that priest is also an officer in the Austrian army. Omar Pasha himself is said to have been born in the year 1811 (another account gives 1801), at Plaski, in the district of Ogulin, in Austrian Croatia. Frequenting the

military normal high school in that city, he acquired the knowledge and mental discipline whence have flowed his power and distinction. Among acquirements of a much higher kind, he formed a beautiful hand, which proved of no small service in the commencement of his career. Afterwards he became a pupil in the mathematical school at Thurm, near Carlstadt. On completing his studies in that institution, he was incorporated in the Ogulin regiment in the capacity of cadet. Then he accepted a civil office, in which his calligraphy was his chief recommendation. Major Cajetan Kreezig, his employer, is said to have taken special pains to improve and guide the young man, who, however, seems to have neglected his duties, and in consequence found it convenient to relinquish his post. Hastening into Bosnia, he entered the service of a Turkish merchant. There his higher qualifications became known, and received recognition. Having renounced Christianity, and given his allegiance to the prophet of Mecca, Omar Pasha was made domestic tutor by his employer, whose children he accompanied to Constantinople. In that city he became writing-master in a military school. In that office, Lattas, now Omar Pasha, acquitted himself so well, that he was appointed by the now deceased sultan, Mahmud, writing-master to prince Abdul Medshid, at present the reigning sovereign. At the same time he was incorporated in the Turkish army as an officer. When, not long afterwards, his pupil came to supreme power, Omar was advanced to higher military posts. He proved very serviceable in the reform of the training system of the Turkish artillery, which has now so high a character. In consequence of his services in this and in other measures of improvement, Omar Pasha rose rapidly in the confidence and favour of the sultan, received the high appointment of Mushir, or Field-marshal, and was employed in several very difficult tasks, as the suppression of the rising of the Druses in the Lebanon.

In two recent events of great importance to Turkey, Omar Pasha has played the leading part: we allude to the pacification of Bosnia and to the Montenegrin war. It is well known that the sultan has for years past been endeavouring to reinvigorate his disjointed empire by the introduction of a system of civil reforms. The work has everywhere been one of great difficulty. It was so in Bosnia, where, instead of one head, there were a multitude of feudatories, small and great, each of whom exercised considerable power within his own district. Those vassals, descended from the old Bosnian nobility, established there in the time of the Hungarian domination, were Mohammedans, but in their relations with the Porte the diversity of races was not effaced under the power of a common religion. Yet those Bosnian feudatories, though of Slavonic blood, as are the Christians who dwell near and among them, were far from making common cause with those interesting populations. Here the sentiment of a unity of race disappeared before the diversity of religion. Thus the great proprietors of Bosnia were at once suspected by the Turks, whose dominion they disliked, and hateful to the Christians, whom they pitilessly oppressed.

These beys, or local princes, had always resisted the introduction of the Tanzimat, or system of reform; and when, in 1849, the Porte attempted to impose it on that province, it encountered a well-concerted conspiracy. The prevalent representation on which it had been raised was, that the sultan aimed thereby to substitute for the local authorities his sovereign power, and, as a consequence, to exact heavy tribute from the feudal lords. The insurrection was at first feebly opposed. It soon became necessary to send into the province

a complete army; the command naturally devolved on the first general of the Kalifat, Omar Pasha. He entered on the duty of suppressing the insurrection with zeal and prudence; but it was only after a long and costly expedition that, in 1851, he succeeded in gaining the mastery over those sanguinary agitations. The conduct which the commander-in-chief observed toward the Bosnian Christians in the settlement partook no little of the spirit of a Moslem conqueror; yet it is true, that from the reforms which he succeeded in enforcing they derived no mean advantages. Nevertheless, their condition remained sufficiently unsatisfactory to give some colour to those claims of Russia which have led to the Russian invasion of the sultan's dominions.

That invasion was made with the less hesitation, from the result of the Montenegrin war, which seemed but too clearly to show the weakness of the Ottoman empire. Montenegro (Black Mountain) is a small province lying south of Bosnia, in the extreme west of the sultan's territories on the Adriatic, and in the immediate vicinity of the lands belonging to the Emperor of Austria. Of old, the Montenegrins were Ottoman subjects. But near the close of the last century they vindicated for themselves some sort of independence. This they were enabled to effect in consequence of the mountainous character of their country. The death of the *vladika*, or prince, Peter Petrowitch Niegosh, led to the transformation of a theocracy into a purely civil government, in the hands of an hereditary monarch, Daniel Petrowitch Niegosh, a creature of the emperor Nicholas, which seemed an open renunciation of the rights of the sultan, as undoubtedly it was a diminution of his power, if not an encroachment on his dominions. The revolution was joyously welcomed by the Montenegrin people. Omar Pasha, whose experience in the Bosnian war had taught him the political and military importance of Montenegro, did all he could to impress upon his government the danger to which Turkey would be exposed, should these events become ratified and lead to their natural consequences. While war from the sultan was debated in the Divan at Constantinople, the Montenegrins took the initiative, and commenced hostilities. Turkey was not slow to give a corresponding reply. Omar Pasha invaded Montenegro, and in spite of the bravery of its people, gained some advantages. Then Austria appeared on the stage. Retaining a grudge against the Porte for its liberal conduct in regard to Kossuth and the other Hungarian refugees, and being dissatisfied with measures taken by Omar Pasha in his military administration of Bosnia, and no little annoyed that in the Turkish army were many Polish exiles, Austria was but too glad of a pretext for interfering between the sultan and his dependants, and sent to Constantinople Count Leinigen (*Linange*, in French), to put forth complaints, and compel redress by supporting the Montenegrins. Meanwhile the Ottoman arms obtained but partial success. The natural strongholds of the land, defended by native valour, proved impregnable. Even the ability and prowess of Omar Pasha could do little more than maintain a doubtful position in the country. At length Austrian diplomacy prevailed, and the sultan drew out of the contest with a loss of territory, and a loss of credit. Omar Pasha had again proved himself a brave soldier and a great general, but he had failed to ward off from his sovereign a heavy blow.

With a zeal peculiar to renegades and recent converts, Omar Pasha has manifested active hostility against Christianity and Christians, and finds in that hostility a ground of confidence on the part of the Mohammedan Turks, who regard him as the hero of their cause.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER VII., PART II.

YOUTHS and children passed the dusty careering cab, in which, sunk back in a corner, lay poor Agnes, devoured with strange feverish horrors, and yet planning great plans for the future. These youths and children grasped in their hands bunches of blue hyacinths, and cowslips, and primroses, telling

of happy strolls among the distant woods; their faces were full of joy, and they all talked merrily among themselves, but Agnes heeded them not. Neither did she heed a poor sun-burnt countryman, who, standing at the corner of a squalid street, exhibited, with stolid mien, to a squalid crowd, a mar-

vellous banner of his own construction—a banner fit to have been borne in a procession to the honour of Flora. Primroses, and blue-bells, and cowslips, and tulips, and narcissi, all in thick clusters massed together with bright contrasts, and upborne by a thick hazel-pole wreathed with ivy. The children, with their hot dirty hands and faces, eagerly stared up at the beautiful banner, attracted by its magic, as was also a certain astounded white butterfly which had bewildered itself among the smoky London roofs. Even the policemen's hearts were touched by the vision of spring beauty, and left the stolid countryman unmolested; and he had stood there all that livelong day with the same unmoved features, except when a most unusual gleam had passed across his copper-coloured face, as a tall gentleman, whom he had observed watching his banner for some moments, placed in his hand half-a-crown. Yes, Leonard had heeded the countryman whilst passing along this same great thoroughfare, although Agnes had not. And the tall gentleman, and the vast wealth of the half-crown, remained the one bright memory of London in the heart of the bearer of the floral banner for long dull years to come.

On rattled the cab past crowded stalls of fish and vegetables, where miserable flowers had baked in the sun's rays the hot day through, their parched leaves covered with dust, and fainting amidst the squalid crowd; and on rattled the cab out among suburban pleasantness, where lilacs were bursting forth into their fresh greenery, and where the little garden plots were gay with bright spring flowers; but Agnes heeded them not. Neither did she heed the darkened windows of a little house especially gay with spring beauty; and little did she divine that within its shadow Leonard's spirit had brooded, these last many hours of misery; nay, was still mysteriously linked with its sorrow. Agnes, forgetful of the Gaywoods and of their connexion with Leonard, was utterly unobservant of the road she was pursuing, and remained oblivious to all but her partial delirium.

Within the green duskiness of the Gaywoods' little sitting-room was an awful visitant. The Angel of Death already cast his shadow across the brow of little Cuthbert. Mary and Lucretia, with hushed breath, knelt beside the sofa where the child still lay, sleeping as Leonard had left him a few hours previously, but the features were sharper and the complexion more transparent. Suddenly his large eyes flashed open with a strange intelligence, a smile beamed over the whole transfigured countenance, and then the head sank with leaden weight upon the encircling arm of Lucretia. The supreme moment had arrived. The sisters sank their faces upon the little corpse with a sickness of the soul too deep for tears; and, marvellous to relate, through the brain of Lucretia passed a strange vision of seraphic awe. The spirit of the child shone down upon her with eyes of joy and purity unutterable—as if of effulgent glory was his whole being—and stretching forth his loving hand, suddenly another spirit was at his side, dimmer, sadder, yet scarcely less beautiful, and as if flaming up into brightness as it touched the hand of the child, and as the unheard accents of the child-spirit's quivering lips fell upon his ear. It was the spirit of Leonard!

And where was Leonard? Rousing himself at length from his torturing meditations, with a stern determination to meet Agnes, Leonard arose from beside the sofa of the dying child, and without indulging in a natural grief at what his soul told him would be his last glimpse in life of his beloved little friend, he quietly left the room and house, unseen by any one of the small household. But once more within the vortex of the metropolis, and approaching the presence of Agnes, disgust and world-weariness seized yet firmer hold upon him; he seemed impelled to fly from his stern judge, as if some irrevocable repulsion dwelt within her sphere. Her countenance, her fancied words, harrowed his morbid and vacillating nature, till, mingling with the old pain, a paroxysm, it may be, seized upon him, not unlike the misery of his poor mother, whose face was ever haunting him in strange juxtaposition with that of Agnes. Now Agnes' stern cold features melted into the unrecognising gaze of his mother as last he had seen her;

now as vacantly he stood staring into a toy-shop—the toys unconsciously bearing his memory back into the years of his childhood—the passionate words of his mother's love rang in his brain, but the words were words spoken with Agnes' stern, unrelenting, cold lips. Impelled as if by a demon, Leonard posted out of London. On and on he walked for hours, with a strange delirium upon him, which, as in the case of Agnes, showed itself in a restless desire for motion.

When the rejoicing rays of the morrow's sun darted sparkling through the matted boughs of a solitary wood, some miles from London, they fell upon the pallid face of a man who lay prostrate at the foot of a twisted and gnarled old thorn just bursting into blossom. The sun's rays danced merrily among the leaves; the soft morning breeze arose shivering through the branches, and scattering down the rain-drops which hung upon them from a shower fallen in the night. The little birds suddenly burst forth into their morning anthem, and the whole wood was awake and filled with an active joy. But the man lay unmoved. The glittering rain-drops fell upon him, glancing upon his soft but matted hair, and quietly rolling over his white face like bright tears. The wind waved his hair and the skirt of his coat; and a little bird, fluttering down from the thorn tree, perched upon his uncovered head, and began pecking the long, dank hair which fell upon the mossy ground, and with several hairs in her bill flew up again to weave them into her nest. A lovely green and orange beetle crawled wonderingly out of a hole in the thorn-tree root, and passed slowly across the man's clenched hand, as it lay outstretched upon the moss. Trees, birds, insects, and flowers had all awoke to activity and joy, but the man lay motionless among them. The sun rose higher into the heavens, and his rays fell through an opening among the trees with a searching violence upon that passive face; and then came a sudden shower, drenching the hair and clothes; but the form remained quiescent and as fading as a mass of crushed flowers which lay beside him. And sounds of gay laughter, from pic-nic parties in distant parts of the wood, floated upon the breeze to the old thorn tree; and the cheerful splash of oars from a little river which flowed through the wood; and the quiet bleating of sheep from sunny uplands; and the barking of watch-dogs and the crowing of cocks from lone homesteads and the yet more distant village. The sad face grew darker and more ghastly, and birds continued to sing over the poor corpse for three days, and grass, full of its young vernal vigour, and convolvulus, and vetches, had begun to nod over the face and hands and catch at the fearful fingers with their innocent, loving tendrils. But about sunset on the third day, a keeper, passing through the deep wood, discovers by his dog this strange trespasser. His face grows dark almost as the one upon the moss at which his dog barks and whines, and the keeper rushes out of the wood, and up to the distant village. And the passive figure lying at the foot of the thorn tree occasions a mighty convulsion within and around that rose and honeysuckle festooned and whitewashed public-house. And the doctor, and the beadle, and the landlord, and the keeper, and various other notables of the village, are off with a cart to fetch out of the wood this sad, terrible figure; and the coroner is sent for post-haste.

And when the moon slowly rises and shines between the clump of pines which grow upon the terrace of a beautiful Italian villa lying among the hills above the village, where the slender spire of the village church seems to melt away into the tender night heaven, and where the breath of May sweeps across meadows and into the open casements of cottages, cheering the hearts of the sick and wafting sweet dreams to the slumbering children, slowly comes the cart along with its fearful burden; and there is a busy hum of voices around the cart from the men who accompany it, and women and children glance fearfully at the procession as they stand outside their gardens in the dusty road; and some of the children begin to cry; but the women's voices murmur as busily as the men's who attend the procession.

And the clergyman and others are awaiting the arrival in the

dimly lighted mouldering church. And when the sad form is displayed by the glare of candles, the changed face is still not so changed but that the landlord gives a great gasp, and exclaims, all hot and excited—"Lord! Lord! if it aint that painter gentleman as used to be down here last summer a painting—a mighty great friend of Miss Pierrpoint's,—Lord! Lord! but my missus will take on a bit I reckon: he took a picture for her of our pretty little Rose as is gone, and was a right nice pleasant gentleman—Lord! Lord!"

And among the people looking in at the church door was the countryman of the floral banner; but the face glared upon by the dismal candles, and stolid in the midst of that excited assembly, was faded as the banner now was, and scarcely less an object of scorn. Though the countryman had only that very hour been showing his marvellous half-crown given by the tall gentleman, even he did not recognise the giver.

CHAPTER VIII.

O friends—O kindred—O dear brotherhood
Of all the world! what are we, that we should
For covenants of long affection sue?
Why press so near each other, when the touch
Is barred by graves?—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

WE left Agnes Singleton driving along in a cab towards the first glimpse of country freshness and repose which she should reach, with her being fevered with the memories of the awful Hamburg fire, and her soul sick with its renunciation of her love for Leonard. We will not follow her along her wild walk across the lovely stretch of undulating country, lying between Highgate and Hampstead, which so peacefully reposed that beautiful May evening, with its rich woods, and gleaming ponds, and soft green slopes, beneath the golden sunset sky—on, on she walked, like one in a trance, oblivious to all around her, and it was only a kind of instinct which led her back to London and her solitary home, when night had closed in. Neither will we describe her miserable awakening upon the morrow, nor how with this morrow still no Leonard came! Alas! Agnes little could divine that the earthly husk of Leonard's spirit lay fading and changing into an object of dread beneath the pleasant leaves and blossoms of the beautiful, peaceful woodland. Could she, as she wandered frantically along that soft May evening, but have manifested the richness of her love to him, instead of hardening her soul against him, would it have availed aught? Could she have withdrawn him from his miserable fate by the strength of her warm life—could she have bound him to the earth and to its beautiful realities? Had Agnes' eyes looked into his with all the devotion which filled her heart, would they have laid the phantoms which tortured his brain? Had the voice of Mary Gaywood reached Leonard's ear, clear as a bell and holy as a seraph's hymn pouring itself forth in "I know that my Redeemer liveth," as upon many a twilight—would the demon have been laid, as within Saul's breast by the touch of David's harp? Could aught have rescued Leonard from the last sad act? Alas! Leonard was one of those beings left, in the extreme moments of their existence, to struggle utterly alone; abandoned, as it seems, by man—abandoned even by their better self; and whose cup of misery flows over in completest bitterness through the loss of faith in the one True Friend, the Father without whose knowledge not a sparrow falleth to the ground.

Honorina is standing beside the bed of Agnes with an extraordinary mournfulness and pallor upon her noble countenance. Agnes is lying dressed upon her bed, and appears sunk in a profound sleep. There she has lain for two days and a night. Honorina has learnt from Agnes' servant that she has awakened once and drunk a cup of coffee, and again fallen into her death-like sleep. Agnes was not one of those people who would fall into a brain fever, or pine away and break their hearts, however bitter the pain; her physical being was utterly exhausted, but Nature, that marvellous restorer, sank her into the Lethe of sleep in order to again brace up her being for fresh endurance! Alas! poor Agnes, thou art proud and filled with a bitter indignation, which for the time would have silenced thy

cry of love—had Leonard lived! How will thy soul array itself in sackcloth and ashes for each shadow of reproach and anger, when thou shalt hear that Leonard is dead—has died by his own hand!

Whilst Honorina gazed upon that calmly sleeping pale face, the tears rolled quietly over her cheeks, and stooping down to impress a kiss upon her friend's brow, the eyes of Agnes suddenly unclosed and looked at her for a moment in bewilderment.

"Oh, Honorina!" cried she, hurriedly, and started up, "Honorina! Where am I?—Oh!—I begin to recollect—but how kind of you, Honorina! How did you learn of my return? What a great, great joy to see you, beloved friend! I have been so strangely exhausted by all that great fatigue of the fire—that awful fire at Hamburg, Honorina. You can tell me what news has arrived since I left. I have been in a strange dream ever since, but am quite refreshed now." And she rose from her bed, and drawing back the window-curtains, looked out into the sunny street. "Honorina, I have lost all count of time; I have no conception what hour of the day it is; scarcely what day it is of the week. I feel like one of the sleepers of Ephesus," with a deep sigh and her head sinking upon her breast. "Honorina, I shall have such sad things to describe to you about that fire, when I feel less weary than I do now; and some noble and beautiful things, too; but oh, my God!" and Agnes, dropping her arms upon the toilet-table, buried her face upon them, and deep sobs shook her frame. Honorina watched her friend in the most painful state of suspense. Had she seen Leonard since her return? did she know any circumstances which might throw light upon the termination of his life? what did this demonstration of a great grief denote? and Agnes, too, ordinarily of so undemonstrative a character? Honorina knew not how to enter upon the miserable inquiry, how to break the sad intelligence to her.

Agnes soon restrained herself. "Honorina," said she, with a sad, faint smile, "I am so utterly exhausted by this great excitement, my nerves so thoroughly unstrung, that I must appear in your eyes little better than a weak child; but you must have read of some of the horrors of the fire in the papers. And, Honorina, only think, I have had a great loss myself: all my papers—all my labours of the past winter at Upsala and Stockholm—are probably lost. Is it not a sad thing for me? But you do not seem to appreciate my loss, dear Honorina—the loss of such valuable material?" "That seems to me at this moment but a small loss, Agnes," spoke Honorina, with trembling lips, and her eye riveted with an unspeakable sadness upon her friend. "Of course, of course, Honorina, in comparison with the loss at Hamburg of life and property; but, just at this moment, to me this loss of mere written paper is very sad; it was so very, very dear to me!" And again tears chased themselves down Agnes' face, and her lips quivered convulsively. "Agnes, my dear, dear Agnes!—But there is Leonard!" and Honorina would have drawn Agnes' bowed face upon her breast; but Agnes started violently up, and exclaimed,—her face flushed crimson, and her eyes sparkling with a wild light—"Honorina, never, never speak that name to me: our love is at an end: with him it never existed! He is to me as one dead. For his sake—for mine—let us never, never speak of Leonard!"

"Have you seen him since you returned, Agnes?" eagerly inquired Honorina.

"No, no, Honorina; he loved so little that he never came, although I summoned him—yes, in the first hour of my arrival. Oh! Honorina, was *that* love?" and the poor girl trembled with a bitter passion.

"My Agnes, Agnes! Leonard is DEAD!" cried Honorina, flinging her arms around her friend, and pressing Agnes convulsively in them.

"Dead!" spoke Agnes, in a low hoarse voice, tearing herself from Honorina; then, as if in whisper, "Dead!" and Agnes had sunk upon the floor in a swoon.

It was a most painful task to communicate to Agnes, upon her awaking, the truth regarding the death of Leonard, and

little was the light which the unhappy girl could throw upon the motives leading to such a deed as self-destruction. That he had been seized with a sudden fit of insanity was their sad verdict, as well as that which the coroner had passed the evening before.

News of Leonard's death had been brought with the early dawn to Honoria upon the very day we find her now with Agnes. Accompanied by her father, she had hastened down, post-haste, into the neighbourhood of Dorking, when, having satisfied themselves that the body was indeed that of poor Leonard Hale—having learnt all the very small information that could be given by the villagers, and arranged with the clergyman what was necessary to be done for the interment respectfully and mournfully of the poor corpse within the

hasty note in Agnes' hand, and to which, sobbing violently, the good old woman of the house pointed. For, like every one brought within his sphere, Leonard had inspired her, through his gentleness, with a strong affection for him.

"Oh, *do* you think, Miss Pierrpoint, mum, that there was anything wrong between Mr. Hale and Miss Singleton. Oh, if we had but known that the poor gentleman had had anything upon his mind—my old man and I—I'm sure and certain we'd have worked the very flesh off our bones to have given him a bit of ease. He was such a sweet-spoken gentleman! Yes, indeed, Miss Pierrpoint, mum, and Mr. Pierrpoint, sir, he was far more like a lady in his ways than any gentleman—never a cross word; but it was always—'If you please, Mrs. Buddle;' and, 'I'll be obliged to you if you will have my



AGNES IN LEONARD'S STUDIO.

precincts of the quiet church-yard—they returned as rapidly again to town, there to prosecute fresh inquiry. Honoria, upon their journey, communicated to her father, the, to him, most astounding intelligence, that Leonard Hale and the son of Augustus Mordant were one and the same person. The old gentleman appeared unable to realise such a surprising fact. "And yet, and yet, Honoria, you remember how the likeness to Mordant always struck me in the young man: but it is surprising, surprising!" he repeated a dozen times as they hurried back to London.

Honoria knew that Agnes was expected from Sweden about this time, and her anxiety regarding her waxed great; but that she had really returned Honoria first learnt at Leonard's lodgings, whither she and her father had immediately hastened. There, upon a table beside Leonard's easel, lay the little

breakfast ready at the hour I ring for it; and, 'You'll oblige me by not disturbing my pictures; always 'please' and 'thank you' so natural like, and so punctual in his payment. Mum, it's true *this* month is owing for; but then, poor young gentleman, he could not have foreseen his death, you know.' And she sobbed violently into her checked apron. "And all his traps, mum—Mr. Pierrpoint, sir—what's to be done with them? Mr. Buddle and me, we've had a precious deal of talk about who'd look after them. If Miss Singleton—but I don't think she cared much for the poor departed gentleman—that I don't, indeed, mum; for Mr. Hale, he never seemed revived like by her letters; and the very last morning that I set eyes upon his blessed face, came that trumpery bit of a note there from her, and she just come, her servant said, from across the sea, and to send such a two or three lines as *that*! And he

seemed to think so too, for he drew and drew a mortal long time before he went out—to see *her* we supposed. Now that does not look much as though she cared for him—do it, mum?”

And so Mrs. Buddle sobbed and chattered, and passed judgment upon Agnes Singleton, whilst Honoria gazed round the room filled with its traces of poor Leonard's sad life and beautiful genius, till her heart swelled with a sad pain. Mr. Pierrpoint meantime condescended to communicate all the details of the discovery of Leonard's body and of the inquest to Mr. Buddle, who, with spectacles on nose and newspaper in hand, listened breathlessly to every word. The newspaper contained a paragraph descriptive of the discovery of a dead man within a wood near Box Hill, and that paragraph had greatly excited Mr. and Mrs. Buddle's nerves—already excited by the disappearance of their cherished lodger—and Mr. Buddle, in a nervous trepidation, had just made up his mind to set off that very afternoon to look at the corpse, so soon as Mrs. Buddle should have fortified him for the journey by a hot luncheon, when the sad mystery was partially cleared up by the appearance of Mr. and Miss Pierrpoint. And now Honoria sought out poor Agnes, as we have already seen.

Within a week's time Mrs. Buddle had to retract her hard judgment upon Agnes.

“Oh Mr. Buddle, it is enough to make one's very heart break to see the face of that poor young thing Miss Singleton! Not that she takes on like as I should have done, a crying and a sobbing like; but she looked so very white in her black dress when she stepped out of the carriage in which Miss Pierrpoint brought her, that I'd a mighty piece of work of it not to begin a crying myself in her face; and they says not a word, but Miss Pierrpoint and she they just goes into Mr. Hale's painting room as was, and I hears the key turned in the lock, and Miss Pierrpoint comes down directly—‘and don't disturb her on no account,’ says Miss Pierrpoint, in her noble, commanding way; ‘leave her quite alone, Mrs. Buddle, I shall call again for Miss Singleton.’ But I assure you, Mr. Buddle, I got quite frightened—she stayed so long up in that there room. Thinks I to myself, if she should now make an end of herself, what a tragedy that would be! If she should fall into a fainting fit, or take on dreadful, whatever could one do for her? I listens, and listens, and listens, and I hears nothing at all, but the old clock ticking in the passage just as usual, and the distant cries in the road. I gets quite fidgety, and at last I remembers that I'd opened the window of Mr. Hale's painting-room this morning, and that if I stepped into the garden, without being inquisitive like, I could just quietly see what the poor thing was a doing of—it is but taking a motherly oversight, I says to myself—and then I steps across the flower-bed. I took care and did not trample upon your sweet-williams and sweet-peas, Mr. Buddle, so don't be so frightened!—and there I gently looks in—and Lord a mercy!—I was ready to give a skreetch; for I sees the poor young lady lying upon the ground, and one grows quite narvus with such horrid histories; but she was neither dead nor in a swoond, I see immediately, for her hands were clasped and her head, as it lay upon a chair, shook with her violent crying; but all so quiet, Mr. Buddle; and there was the picture Mr. Hale were a drawing of—the woman dead at the foot of a cross—the very last day he were alive; she'd put it, poor young lady, up upon the easel; and there hung his cloak and garden hat behind the door, and all his colours and brushes and painting things and books lay about just as he'd left 'em—I'd not had the heart to touch them; and the sun shone in so warm through the window, and the birds were a singing so cheery, and some way I never felt sorrier for anything nor anybody in all my life, Mr. Buddle, I do assure you, and I did not know which to pity most, him or her; and I stepped quite back from the window and prayed that the spirit of peace might enter into that poor young thing's heart, and that she might put her trust in what is more than man. And then, whilst I was crying a bit to myself in the garden, and tying up your balsams, Miss Pierrpoint comes again, and

comes out to me in the garden, and asks me a deal about Mr. Hale, and she looks very sad; and says she, ‘Mrs. Buddle, says she, ‘Miss Singleton thinks she should like to come ov into this quiet place and live with you—she would like to liv in Mr. Hale's rooms; and you must disturb nothing till sh comes—poor thing!—she was to have been Mr. Hale's wife you know, Mrs. Buddle, and every thing is very dear to her. Now, if she comes to live here, you will be very attentive t her and kind, and will not disturb her in any way, for she is great writer and very clever, and must be quite quiet, espec ially now she is so unhappy. Now, remember, she take your rooms from this time, but she will not return here fo some weeks, as she is going away with me into the country. But here is my address, and if you want anything, write t me; and if there are any little bills of Mr. Hale's to be settled let us know.’ Very handsome that of Miss Pierrpoint; but I don't think there will be many bills, he was such a very abstemious gentleman was Mr. Hale. And, then, Mr Buddle, Miss Pierrpoint went up into the room, and directly after, without ringing for me, they lets themselves out and drives away.”

Some ten days after Honoria and Agnes had thus abruptly left Mrs. Buddle's, and were located in a quiet village in one of the most beautiful districts of North Wales, whither Honoria had conveyed her friend, the following letter was received by Honoria from Ellis Stamboyse:—

Nottingham, May 25th, 1842.

MADAM,—Learning from my confidential clerk, Andrew Gaywood, of your friendship with Miss Agnes Singleton, I am induced to address you in preference to her, considering the natural state of her feelings in consequence of the rash and fatal act of my relative, Leonard Mordant, more particularly as the circumstances which I have to communicate bears upon her connexion with that unfortunate man.

A succinct narrative will perhaps be the best mode of presenting my communication.

On hearing of the fatal fire of Hamburg I hastened immediately to that city, but arrived only to learn, although the whole of the property and premises of our home remained in substance intact, that still we had sustained an irreparable loss in the death of the valued head of our house, Michael Stamboyse. He appears to have perished with several others, towards the close of the fire, in endeavouring to save a valuable amount of property lying in the city warehouses. My relative, who was a man of the strictest business habits, appears on the day previous to this event to have made a final will, which I found in his bureau properly attested, and which, to my astonishment, was made principally in favour of Miss Agnes Singleton, supposing her to become the wife of his unfortunate nephew, Leonard Mordant.

I have said that I made this discovery with surprise, because at that time this young lady's connexion with my relative was quite unknown. On inquiry, however, I soon learned of the singular circumstances of her arrival in Hamburg, and of the extraordinary manner in which these two strangers, of apparently such opposite characters, were thrown together, and became co-actors amid such appalling events. From Miss Singleton herself you will probably have heard the particulars, and more than I myself know of what passed between her and my deceased uncle, relative to Leonard Mordant.

From what I hear regarding this young lady's character, I deeply deplore the rash, and I must say sinful act, of poor Leonard, which has thus deprived both him and herself of benefits which Providence evidently designed for them.

This is perhaps hardly the time to express my sincere and earnest admiration and esteem of such portions of Miss Singleton's character as have come to my knowledge. At some future time, I trust that I may be enabled to evince to her the sincerity of these sentiments, and my earnest sympathy with her in this deep trial.

I remain, madam,

Yours truly,

ELLIS STAMBOYSE.

Of the tempest of affliction which had burst over the little home of the Gaywoods by this accumulation of death and sorrow, we will not speak; the sympathetic reader, who has accompanied us so far, will easily have conceived it.

BEYROUT.

BEYROUT, called by some travellers Beyrouth, Bairout, or Bayruth, is a city of Turkey in Asia, in Syria, in the pachalic of Acre, within twenty-five leagues of that place, and distant twenty leagues from Damascus. Beyrout is the ancient Berytus, the beginning of which history has almost lost in the night of time. So long ago was this old city built, that its origin is enveloped in fable, and the mythologists declare Saturn to have been its founder, and to be the first who made it a place of habitation. Strabo, Pliny, Ptolemy, and others of the ancient writers, record the wonders of Berytus.

The name is supposed to be derived, by some, from the Phœnician idol Baal-Berith, a temple in whose honour was erected on this spot. Others, on the contrary, suppose the word to have originated in the salubrity of the locality, owing to the abundant supply of water which is there to be found. In the Phœnician language it signifies a well.

The old town was destroyed by Diodotus Tryphon, but after the conquest of Syria by the Romans it was rebuilt near the site of the ancient city.

Historians who eschew the mythological origin tell us that Berytus was a colony of Sidon (the modern Saidā), and the fatherland of that celebrated historian of Phœnicia, Sanchoniaton, who lived, according to some writers, among which Porphyry is numbered, in the days of Semiramis, and, according to others, in the times of Gideon, the judge of Israel, twelve hundred and forty-five years before the commencement of the Christian era. In Berytus, it is said, the invention of glass was first made, a fact which gives additional interest to the spot. The Emperor Augustus in later days made it a Roman colony, and called it Julia Felix—the name Julia in honour of his daughter, and the epithet *Felix* (happy) to express his admiration of the fertility of the neighbourhood, the incomparable climate, and the magnificence of the situation. Medals were afterwards struck in honour of the Roman emperors bearing the legend, "Colonia Felix Berytus." Herod the Great held at Berytus a solemn court of judicature, at which he condemned to death his two sons, Alexander and Aristobulus, on a charge of treason. At Berytus, also, Agrippa, the grandson of Herod the Great, built a theatre, an amphitheatre, and baths, and instituted a variety of games, which made the place notorious. When Jerusalem had fallen before the Roman soldiers, Titus celebrated, at Berytus, the birthday of his father, Vespasian. But the place was famous for other things besides its stately theatre, or the grand revels which were held there: it was famous for the study of the law. Alexander Severus had founded a celebrated school there. Justinian called it the "nurse of the law," and would permit no other professors to expound Roman justice but such as had been educated at Rome, Constantinople, or Berytus. Berytus was one of the fairest cities of Phœnicia, celebrated all over the East for its civil government, and counted as a very school and pattern for other cities. There happened at Berytus, in the year of grace 556, a terrible earthquake; in 1109, the city sustained a memorable siege against Baldwin, king of Jerusalem, who took the place from the Saracens; and in 1187 was besieged again, this time by the redoubtable Saladin, sultan of Egypt and Syria. Three-quarters of an hour's ride from Beyrout may still be seen the stately pines, from some of which the Saracens constructed their besieging apparatus, and which proved too strong and powerful for Christian chivalry. Until the time of Saladin, the good knights of Christendom had successfully defied the crescent; but his military skill and daring overcame them at Beyrout, and Moslems rejoiced in the streets of the city. In 1197, the crusaders and the Mahomedans fought a hard fight between Tyre and Sidon, and victory was declared on the side of the cross. When the people of Beyrout heard that the Christians were marching down upon the city, and that Makel Adel and his troops had been defeated, they fled from their homes, and the conquerors found the city well supplied with provisions, arms, and other military stores, and not one follower of the Prophet to dispute the spoil! Thus changing

hands between the Turks and Christians, Beyrout was the scene of many a defeat and many a victory in crusading times. It is the scene of the fabled encounter between St. George and the dragon, and the glorious triumph of the saint over the beast. The last struggle came; the glory of the crusaders was over; and the Christian lords of Beyrout had to submit to their destiny.

"The knights are dust,
Their swords are rust,
Their souls are with the saints we trust."

Christian rule in Beyrout ended in the year 1291; after that period the city was under the domination of the Emirs. One of the most celebrated of these was the Emir Fakhr-Eddin, who made it the capital of his dominions and his own favourite residence. This prince undertook a journey to Italy, and continued for nine years at the court of the Medici at Florence, studying the fine arts, particularly architecture. When he returned to his own country, he built a splendid palace at Beyrout, the remains of which are still to be seen; but alas! his cultivated taste brought swift destruction on him. The sultan, jealous of his power and renown, commissioned another petty prince to dispossess the Emir of his dominions, and to bring him prisoner to Stamboul. It was a hard struggle for the unfortunate Emir to obtain even the privilege of being allowed to live; and when, a short time afterwards, his grandchildren raised a revolt, even this favour was taken away, and the poor Emir lost his head, which was exposed to the public gaze, and left to rot and blacken in the sun, with this inscription under it, "The head of the rebel, Fakhr-Eddin." The dominions once belonging to the unfortunate Emir were now made over to another lord, of a noble Arabian family, dwelling at Mecca, in which family the authority has continued to be invested to the present time; and the family tree taking deep root in Beyrout, numbers no less than two hundred and fifty Emirs.

In 1783, Djezzar Pacha, the same who, a few years later, defended with great tact and success Saint Jean d'Acre against the French army, returned to Beyrout, and made that place a Turkish garrison. When Ibrahim Pacha, at the end of 1831, invaded Syria, Emir Beschir did not attempt to resist him. Beyrout, Jaffa, Acre, Tripoli, were abandoned; but the Arabs relate a curious incident which occurred as Ibrahim was about to enter Beyrout. At a short distance from the gate, as the Pacha was traversing a cross-road, an enormous serpent uncoiled itself directly in his path, and as his horse approached, prepared for the fatal dart. The attendants shrieked and retreated in alarm, the horse reared frightfully, the only man unconcerned was the Pacha, who, drawing his sabre from its sheath, struck at the reptile, and, with one well-aimed blow, cut off its head! Then, without a word, he continued his route and rode into the streets of the old city.

Beyrout possesses, from its commercial character, an air of greater bustle and activity than any other town in Syria. The situation, on the borders of the sea and in close proximity to Lebanon, renders it exceedingly beautiful. Near the gate there is a small eminence from which a commanding prospect may be obtained; a panorama of unequalled grandeur presents itself to the eye. There, in all their magnificence, rise the hills of Lebanon; to the east there is a low, long promontory, on the end of which are situated the Lazaretto buildings, near which vessels ride at anchor in the roads; and all round the town are richly wooded environs, dotted with villas and the rural residences of merchants. A Genoese wall surrounds the town itself, but this is of no great strength; the harbour is commanded by an old fortress, which is in a ruinous condition. There is a small pier for loading boats. The roads are so exposed that, when it comes on to blow, ships generally make for the mouth of Nahr-el-Kelb, or the Dog River, where they are more securely sheltered. There are still remaining some curious old fragments of the ancient city; a half-circular ruin, supposed to be the amphitheatre of Agrippa,

part of an aqueduct, and traces of the Roman baths, are the principal.

The population of Beyrout is composed of Maronites, Greek Catholics, and Arab Mussulmen, numbering in all about 10,000 souls. There are several British and Continental mercantile houses. Near the bay is the residence of the British Consul, and not far distant is the house of the American Consul. The Mahommedans have lost much of their fanaticism, and are more disposed to be tolerant than they were in days gone by—perhaps it may be that Christians have likewise grown more tolerant; but, however this may be, men of all faiths are allowed to worship without danger in the city of Beyrout. There are representatives of the Greek church, and the Maronite church, a Protestant congregation, a Jewish assembly,

service is conducted in the Presbyterian form at the American Consulate.

The usual characteristics of eastern cities are to be found in Beyrout, such as narrow streets rendered almost impassable by camels, asses, mules, and crowds of busy and idle people—the same sort of shops, and stores, and way of doing business; but the whole neighbourhood is remarkable for its beauty and fertility. The entire country is richly wooded, the mountains being covered with vines and olives in terraces, and watered by small canals or streamlets. Dehr el Kamer, where the Emir dwells, occupies the side of a hill, and the palace is a very splendid building.

The Druses, who form a large majority not only of the population of Beyrout but of the surrounding country, are a



BEYROUT, AND THE MOUNTAINS OF LEBANON.

and a host of Druses and Mussulmen. The Christians have four churches, and the Mahommedans three beautiful mosques, with minarets, courts, and fountains. In the very centre of the city is the Grand Mosque, and, hard by, an ancient church dedicated to St. John, and ornamented with a Gothic colonnade. The French have a small chapel and convent of Capuchins, in the garden of which six Englishmen lie buried. They died of wounds received in the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, in 1799; so, to the English traveller, this Capuchin garden becomes a place of pilgrimage.

Several American missionaries have taken up their residence in the environs of Beyrout, and by their unpretending labours are accomplishing great good, distributing, by means of schools and a printing press of their own, a great deal of religious and general information. Every Sunday, divine

wild, ungovernable race of people. They are equally opposed to Turk and Christian; they stand alone in the world. There is a strange mystery hanging over their domestic life, internal government, and especially over their faith. From some of their books it appears that they worship Flakem Bamri, the fifth of the Fatimite Caliphs. One peculiar portion of the people is set apart for the ministration of religious rites, as the tribe of Levi is distinguished among the Jews. They are initiated into the mysteries of the faith; but respecting these mysteries the great mass of the people remain in entire ignorance. The Druses are a race quite distinct from the other Arabian tribes; some, indeed, suppose them to be the descendants of those armies of vast European hordes which formed the Great Christian Crusade.

ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.



PAINTING is a sort of freemasonry, which has its mysteries and its gradations. Certain men of the world, from the mere influence of their love of art, have acquired a vague and rudimentary notion of it; have learnt a few proper names, and some historical facts, without connexion and without continuation. They know just enough of it to make many



throw a great light upon the æsthetic or historical parts which they have preferred to explore: this is the second degree of initiation. Some, finally, have resolved to unite the pleasure of the love of painting with the pleasure of making it a study. They have dug deeply into the matter. By dint of seeing and comparing, by dint of sagacity, attention, and love, they have found the cause of their emotions; and in ascertaining this by an analytic process, they have discovered the great principles which compose all the poetry of the art: these are of the highest grade. These alone can appreciate Adrian Van Ostade, one of the most profound masters, the most learned and the most original who has existed since Rembrandt.

Adrian Van Ostade belongs to that generation of painters who, in the seventeenth century, left Germany, their country, in order to settle in the Low Countries. Holland, peopled with amateurs, and filled with picture-galleries, was at this epoch a sort of Italy of the north, which attracted by turns Adrian and Isaac Ostade, Backhuysen, Lingelback, Gaspar Netscher, all originally from Germany. Adrian was born at Lubeck,* in 1610. We are ignorant of his family; and

* Born at Lubeck, Adrian Van Ostade would be classed, legally and geographically speaking, among the painters of the German school, as well as the other artists whose names we have cited. It is well here, for the pretensions of some writers, such as Huber and Brulliot, that their nationality renders them little suspected. Deschamps eludes the question by comprising, without saying a word on the subject, Adrian Van Ostade in the generic title of his work—"The Lives of the Flemish, German, and Dutch Painters." Dargeville himself is not undecided; he classes the two Ostades with Albert Durer, and Holbein among the German painters; as he also ranks Petilot, the famous miniature-painter on enamel, well known by his portraits of the women of the court of Louis XIV., among the Swiss artists. Bartsch, on the contrary, preserving a prudent silence upon the question, as became a wise German, describes the works of Ostade in his first volume of the *Peintre graveur*, consecrated to the Dutch school. Amateurs have

mistakes; but they are already in the first stage, for it is no small thing to speak of art, even with some blundering. Others have multiplied and generalised their knowledge; they have attempted to form arbitrary inductions; they have created for themselves a mode of seeing founded upon first impressions; they have taken their temperament for a judge. These rank among amateurs; their province is to

scarcely anything is known of this skilful master, as of so many others. Who, then, was occupied at this time in collecting the materials for a history of painting? Strange, truly, that an art so charming has not found among so many admirers one serious, interesting historian, worthy of some attention. The life of Adrian Van Ostade only commences for us at the moment when we meet him at Haarlem, in the studio of François Hals, called Franck Hals. This was a bold, vigorous painter, of free manner, and strong colouring. He represented the Flemish traditions; he even went beyond them, to such an extreme, that Vandyck advised more wisdom and moderation. Adrian, on the contrary, was by his nature, and in spite of his origin, a true Hollander. He was so as much in his exterior physiognomy as in his genius. His grave appearance, the benevolence and simplicity of his countenance, declared the purity of his soul and the regularity of his life; the precise arrangement of his pictures, and the precious finish of their execution, speak of the conscience of the artist, his scrupulous care, his patience.

But why attempt a portrait of Van Ostade, after that which he has so marvellously painted of himself in the celebrated picture which is in the Louvre, where he is represented with his numerous children? The genius of Holland is wholly here,—family feeling, tranquillity of mind, interior life, rigid, and simple. And here the method of the painter exactly corresponds to the thought of the picture. Ostade, his wife, and eight children, are here disposed in a large space softly lighted, the furniture of which consists solely of an avenue of columns; the tone of the walls is of a fine gray, mingling a little with the green, which serves as a basis to the harmony of the picture. Upon this agreeable tint stand out the white necks and black vestments of all the members of the family. The girls and the boys, the youngest about eight years of age, have the flat features, the rounded nose, the projecting chin, and the sharp eye. They resemble their parents, as becomes well-born children, and are equally remarkable for the uniformity of their ugliness and of their costume. All the heads are uncovered, with the exception of that of Van Ostade, the father, who wears his hat as the king of this race, upon whom he looks with paternal regard. The house is neat and simple, nothing is seen upon the waxed inlaid floor but two or three flowers, fallen perhaps from the bouquet which the children have come to offer to their father; for by the expressions of the faces, the Sunday dresses and correct deportment, it may be imagined that it is a fête day with the family, a domestic and friendly fête. The drawing is sober, the light softened. There is no coquetry in the choice of the tones; scarcely is the monotony of the black drapery interrupted here and there by tobacco-coloured petticoats, or by trowsers of a hazel tone; the contrast of the black and white at first appears abrupt, but it is conceived on a scale so skilfully tempered, that it enlivens the picture without being glaring, and arrests the attention without offending the eye. It is a charming composition, which breathes tranquil emotion, the peaceful felicity of a united family, from the father who holds in his hand that of his wife, to the youngest child, who offers cherries to its little sister!

As soon as the very name of Van Ostade is mentioned, it brings some masterpiece to memory. Before he had arrived at this degree of perfection, the young Adrian had long worked with his master Hals. Wise and industrious, he was not seduced, as many others have been, by the love of travel. Italy, whose name alone then excited the artists of all nations, as formerly the name of Jerusalem had fascinated whole nations, Italy had seen only Rembrandt. In the studio of Franck Hals, Ostade formed a friendship with Brauwer, who was also called Adrian, and who had already, without being aware of it, sufficient talent to be made by his master the cut short all these uncertainties, and, without regard to questions which concern the art less than the custom-house, they have declared the two Ostades, Backhuysen, Lingelback, Gaspard Netscher, and some others, to be Dutch in style and talent; and in the fulness of their assumed authority have classed these eminent artists among the painters of that school.

subject of what is now called an *exploitation*—a new word to express a very old thing.

Franck Hals was avaricious, and his wife so well seconded his views, that the unhappy Brauwer, who was retained in prison, worked on his master's account, painted charming pictures, and received scarcely sufficient food. Ostade, who witnessed this shameful treatment, showed Brauwer that he was sufficiently skilful as a painter, and advised him to take flight. Brauwer followed this advice and fled—by the door of celebrity. Leaving, in his turn, the studio of Hals, Adrian Van Ostade devoted some time to discover his own style. First he attempted to imitate Rembrandt, to whom François Hals occasionally bore some resemblance,* but in the triviality of this great master—we speak of Rembrandt—there was a sublimity, an incomparable poetry, far beyond the humble genius of Van Ostade. He then turned to Teniers, whose nature and talents he better comprehended, and who, besides, although of the same age as Ostade, had preceded him in painting village scenery. Brauwer, who had become a master, found his old comrade in the midst of these perplexities; and quickly proved to him that Rembrandt was inimitable, and that, after all, the name of Ostade was worth as much as Teniers'. The friend of Brauwer then resolutely took his own stand, although he still retained something of his first tendencies. In abandoning Teniers and Rembrandt he preserved the impression he had received from the genius of the two masters, and became what Adrian Van Ostade is to us, a familiar Rembrandt and a serious Teniers.

The large and fine city of Haarlem, which holds the second place among the cities of Holland, offered to Van Ostade all that could please his taste for comfort, regularity, and employment. At some distance he could find in the large villages of Hemstedt, Sparenwou, or Tetrode, studies of the rustic manners of which he so often reproduced the picture. The beer of Haarlem was in great repute throughout all Friesland and the country of Drente; the drinkers and the smokers, the other models so familiar to the pencil of Ostade, would not, therefore, be wanting. Besides, he had early married a daughter of the great marine painter Van Goyen, and we have already seen that his family increased rapidly enough to oblige him to lead a laborious and sedentary life. Ostade was one of those philosophers who care to hold but little place in the world, and to change it rarely. Nothing less than the rumour of neighbouring wars could have decided our peaceful artist to leave his residence and his habits, and return to Lubeck, his native city. "He passed through Amsterdam," says the historian Houbraken, "intending to go to Lubeck; but an amateur named Constantine Sennepart induced him, by his fair words, to remain with him. He pointed out to him the advantages of residing in so considerable a city, where his works were esteemed, and where he would find numerous purchasers who could afford to pay him well. It was about the year 1662 that he arrived at Amsterdam. He commenced a great number of designs, which were purchased by M. Jonas Witzer, with some by Batterm, for 1,300 florins.†

At the period when Van Ostade settled in Amsterdam, this rich and fine city was filled with amateurs, and the most celebrated painters flourished there. There was not a class of Dutch society, not a variety of the Batavian race, not a single condition, which had not in Amsterdam its chosen painter. Lingelbach there displayed his lively fairs, his hunting-pieces in the style of Wouvermans, and his charming sea-ports. The

* There is in the gallery of Cardinal Fesch a superb portrait of François Hals, which was long attributed to Rembrandt, as we learn from the learned author of the catalogue of this famous gallery, M. George.

† Arnold Houbraken, *La Vie des Peintres des Pays-Bas. Die Grootte Schouburgh der nederlandsche konstschilders en schildersessen, Amsterdam, 1718.* The invasion of Holland by Louis XIV. having taken place in 1672, it is possible there may be a mistake in the figures 1662, given by Houbraken, and repeated by Deschamps. In this case, it would have been the rumour of the invasion which decided Van Ostade to return to Lubeck.

citizens went to Gerard Douw for small and delicately finished portraits, and to Abraham Van Tempel for those noble full-length portraits worthy of Vandyck, brilliant with flesh colouring and satin. Gabriel Metsu represented the wealthy interiors of Holland, ladies at the toilet or the harpsichord, young gallants writing love-letters or practising the graces in the drawing-room, or, better still, pretty waiting-maids pouring water for their mistresses from a silver ewer. Adrian Brauwer was the painter of alehouse brawls, of libertines, of gamblers, and of drunkards. Paul Potter was privileged to wander with his shepherds and their flocks. Finally, the old Rembrandt, in the depths of his mysterious studio, reigned over the crowd of amateurs, impressing his genius upon them, and exciting their admiration. In the midst of all these great artists, Adrian Van Ostade came to seek his place, and found it. He did in protestant Holland what Teniers had done in catholic Flanders. And, without carrying this idea too far, it appears certain that the diversity of the two nations, so apparent to him who had come from Antwerp to Amsterdam, is very evident in the difference between the two masters. It is only necessary to have seen the Low Countries, to be struck with the sudden change as we pass from Belgium to Holland. The farmer of the neighbourhood of Meehlin does not in the least resemble the Dutch peasant. The fair of Flanders is full of joy and clatter; the rural fêtes, in the neighbouring countries of Haarlem and Amsterdam, are less noisy and more dignified. There the rustic smokes and laughs, gets drunk and sings, and gives expression to his joy in vulgar sallies; here he remains serious, meditative, at least in appearance, and even taciturn; he drinks conscientiously and in silence. But who knows what he absorbs, what liquor he swallows? In this respect Van Ostade, in painting reality, expresses the grotesque ideal of Rabelais, and the debouches of his fancy. In the inn, as well as in the interior of their cottages, the peasants of Ostade display the pleasures of drinking in frightful proportions. Men and women hold enormous fantastic glasses; the servants ascending and descending the cellar stairs can hardly supply these imitators of Gargantua. "A butler should have a hundred hands, as Briareus had," said the curate of Mendon, "for this incessant pouring." And truly we see it on looking at these red faces, these eager eyes, these enormous mouths, which, finding the glasses too small, though broad and deep as wells, seize the pot itself, and drain it to the bottom. A century before, Rabelais, in his artistically coloured style, had painted the models of Van Ostade—those drinkers with diapered nose spangled with purple blotches; enamelled, embroidered with gules, "of which race few loved *ptisan*,"* but all were lovers of strong September." Ah! these lovers of "strong September," Van Ostade has made portraits of them, and so true to life, that his compositions would well adorn a Dutch edition of Rabelais, in that part of the book where Gargantua feasts brother Jean des Entommeures, and cries, "How good is God, who has given us this good wine!"

It is not known whether Van Ostade took lessons of Rembrandt; but it is certain that he yielded to the influence of this great master, and that he adopted his *chiaro-oscuro*, especially when he painted interiors. With Rembrandt, light has a dramatic effect, his shadows are imposing and awful, as if inhabited by phantoms. If he throws a fantastic ray in the obscure abode of a recluse, it speaks to our imagination, and we perceive unknown poetry hidden in this mysterious marriage of the day and the night. The simple Ostade did not rise to the conception of these poems of light; but he borrowed of Rembrandt his gradually receding lights, those marvellous gradations which give transparency to shadow, interesting the eye and even delighting the thought. This single ray of light introduced into the cottages of the poor, through the lozenge casement, frequently falls only upon subjects and objects most strikingly trivial. The heroic gleam of Rembrandt falls with Van Ostade only upon prose, misery, and ugliness;

it, nevertheless, adds a serious interest to the humble personages whom he represents. Observe "The Rustic Household"† (p. 192). While the children are playing with the house dog, their little sister, holding by the knee of her mother, stretches her hands towards a toy which she wishes to have. The father and elder son look with delight upon this simple action: this is all the plot of "The Rustic Household." But even this simplicity is charming. We would not wish to leave this cottage without going over its numerous details, without counting the utensils scattered about in the most picturesque disorder. We look with interest upon the wicker cradle from which the child has just been taken; the half-cleared table with the old-fashioned pitcher chequered with blue stripes; here the grandmother's wheel, there, in the embrasure of the window, the cage with canaries; against the wall some glasses and plates stand upon a wretched plank in form of a dresser; higher up, hanging from the beams of the ruined ceiling, the basket full of straw in which the fowls are carried to market; here and there some clothes drying upon the line or upon the wooden balustrade which leads to the loft; not forgetting the barrel of beer which completes the provisions of the family, nor the engraving fixed upon the wall, showing that the idea of art is not absent even from this miserable cottage. Well, it is the *chiaro-oscuro* especially, which gives to this humble scene its principal value. The light enters freely through the large casement, but it is soft, warm, and caressing; it leaves a great part of the picture in the repose of shadow, and falls only on the principal objects. From the window to the cradle the ray meets all the figures, including the dog, who is also of the family; each of them stands out with vigour and clearness. Then follow the details of the furniture, which the light distinguishes according to their degree of importance in the mind of the painter; that is, as they may serve for effect by throwing back the light, or contribute to the general harmony of colour, by the happy distribution of their tone.

In contemplating these interiors, where we breathe domestic peace and simple happiness, we may judge of the character of Van Ostade and his private life. He has painted himself here, rather than in smoky alehouses, where neither his tastes nor his genius could penetrate. The history of art offers more than one example of the contradiction between the style and tastes of a painter. We have seen that Teniers lived as a gentleman in the castle of Trois-tours, and had nothing in common with the habits and feelings of the subjects of his pictures. Adrian Van Ostade was neither a drunkard nor a gambler. While his friend Brauwer, living in the midst of his vulgar models, spoke their language, drank their wine, and shared their drunkenness, Van Ostade himself preserved the dignity and gravity of his manners. If he occasionally painted the same subjects as Brauwer, it was doubtless to satisfy the demand of purchasers, or from caprice and as an exception. We easily recognise, on looking closely at the picture painted by Ostade, called "Pleasure interrupted," (which was engraved in the last century by F. David, and the print dedicated to Voltaire!) that the angry players in vain draw their knife and frown their passion; we feel that the peaceful talent of Van Ostade, has not sufficient violence of gesture or ferocious expression in the drunken figures, and that he must leave to Brauwer the representation of these brutal struggles, where the drinkers slay each other amid the cries of the servant, and mingle their blood with their wine.

A simple and profound observer, a perfect painter, an harmonious colourist in the originality of his tints, Adrian Van Ostade was never more admirable than in his rural pictures. There he combines his charms and places them in a true light. Under the arbour of hops, before the village inn, behold the strolling singer, who scrapes upon his shrill violin

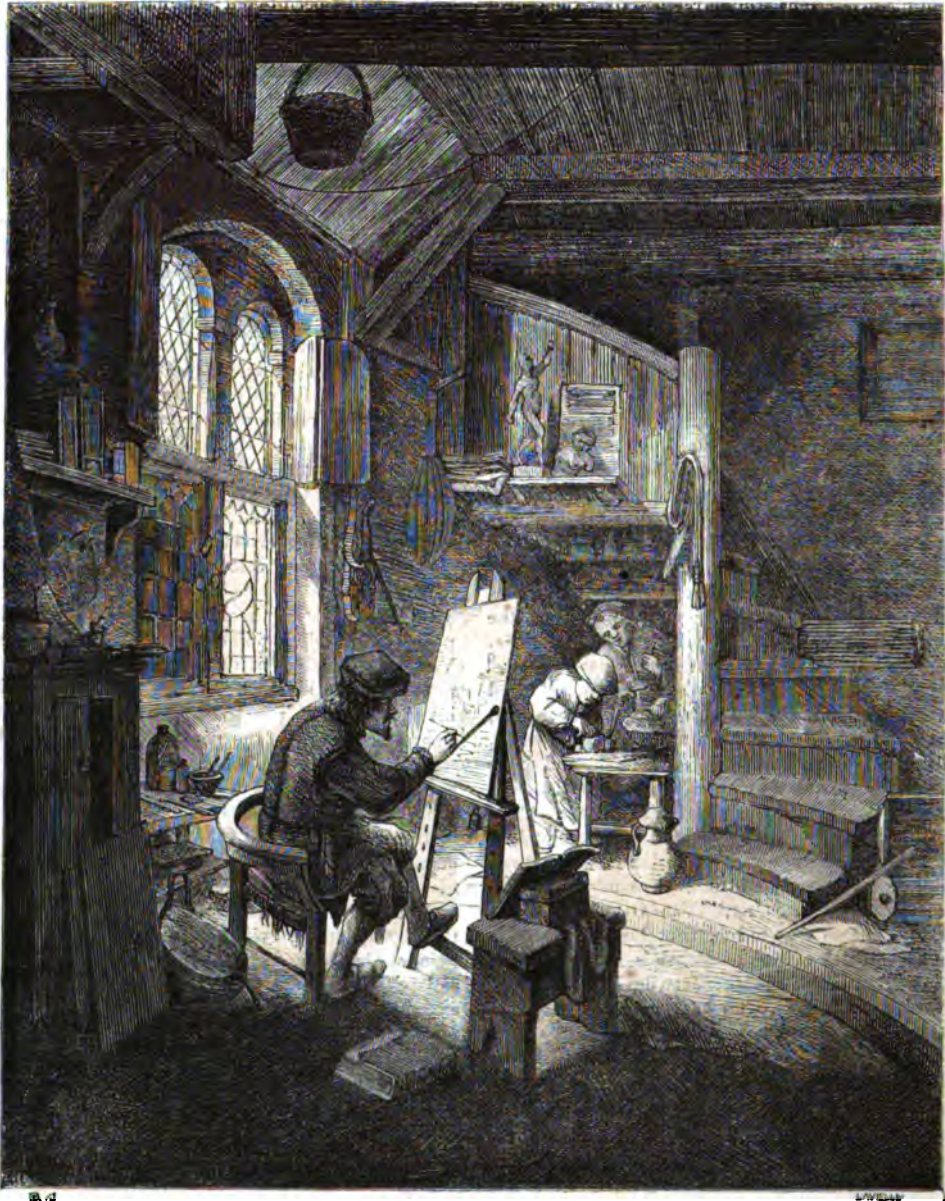
† An engraving of this exquisitely finished picture was exhibited at the *Salon* of 1849, and the jury decreed a gold medal to its author, M. Adrian Lorveille. The original painting is now in London, in the valuable collection of Mr. Holferd, Russell-square.

* *Ptisan* is a medical drink made of barley, boiled down with rhuins and liquorice.

a gay strain from his collection. To cover his lank and withered body he has borrowed the tinsel of a comedy lord; a cock's feather in his nether button-hole waves in the wind. Near him a little boy, seen from behind, standing as proudly as a *primo uomo* upon the boards of a great theatre, seems to accompany him upon an instrument, though we cannot see it. The countenance of the singer—sharp, mocking, merry, and almost impudent—leaves no doubt as to the nature of the words which he utters: he carries to the village the ways of the town; he has just uttered a vulgar jest, and lends to the

picture, playing with a dog. Within stands the hostess, grave and modest; her serious countenance forbids a laugh, and behind her two men are listening, partly concealed in the half-tint—one would smile, but disdainfully; the other, without standing on ceremony, enjoys it heartily and freely, and freely yields himself to a half-stupid admiration.

Is not this truly a little scene of rustic comedy, of comedy of manners, full of free gaiety? Has not the most learned analysis of human sentiments dictated the details of a composition where unity of effect rules variety of expression?



A PAINTER IN HIS STUDIO.—FROM A PAINTING BY ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

formality of his features the mimicry of his profession. The varied expression of the personages is rendered with rare truth and skill. First, there is the jolly fellow in a fit of laughter sliding from the stone bench on which he sits. Two children are seated by his side; one appears scarcely to comprehend what he sees, while the other, about the age of the boy who accompanies the singer, with open eyes profoundly admires the precocious talents of the young artist. Further off a little girl holds by the hand a young frightened infant, while the last of the family sits on the ground in front of the

And what idea may we not form of this masterpiece, if we remember what the pencil of the colourist has added to charm the eye by the harmony of his tints and the disposition of the light! "The place of the scene," says a clever critic, "is shaded by a tree, and by the bushy stalks of the hops climbing over the poles. The light introduced through the

* Musée Robillard. This picture, painted on wood, was in the Musée Français in the time of the empire; it was taken back in 1816.

branches strikes vividly upon the wall in the centre of the picture, and spreads over it in delightful gradation. The general tone is clear; the transparent foliage throws upon all the objects a greenish reflection which mingles softly with the strong colours. This greenish tint, which was familiar to Van Ostade, has become here, as in many of his works, a great beauty, on account of the foliage over which it is spread, and the strong light, which animates the picture. The wall, the door, and the ground, offer a true colour, lively tones, fine half-tints, and careful details. We see here the perfection of art, so far as this kind of painting is concerned."

pressed by exterior objects, should be able to draw upon copper the passing scenes which strike them. For example, a ray of sun-light, passing between two clouds, falls by chance upon the hump-backed violin player, who stops at the door of the inn;* or upon a baker who cries his hot bread;† or rather upon a group of grotesque beggars in great hats; here is a picture complete, but without the delay of painting, the artist vividly traces his impressions upon the varnish, he takes notes with his graver as the poet takes his with the pencil, and it afterwards happens, that this rapid sketch interests us so much the more, inasmuch as he has here expressed



THE HUMP-BACKED FIDDLER.—FROM A PAINTING BY ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

How many things could we not add here respecting the effect of the picture, the idea, the original order of the design,—in a word, the sentiment of the whole. What proves that transparency of colouring, is not with Van Ostade the only merit of his works, and that this time the colourist is, so to speak, above the market, is the inestimable value of the prints engraved from his pictures, especially those which he etched himself, and in which, notwithstanding, we find his peculiar defects—careless handling, and occasionally a feeble design. Like almost all Dutch painters, Ostade was an engraver. It is necessary that artists, who are easily im-

with more freedom and vigour the impression received. The etching of Van Ostade is distinguished by great sobriety of

* This print, which we have engraved above, is numbered 44 in the catalogue of Bartsch.

† Gersaint, in one of his precious catalogues, explains the local custom represented in the picture of Ostade which bears this title: "The Baker who trumpets his hot Bread." "It is a custom in the Low Countries," says this amateur, "often to eat hot bread, in which they put some butter; but almost always on Saturday evening among the citizens. This day is generally devoted to

workmanship. The white of the paper here performs an important part. Not a line is without purpose, not a hatching which is not there to give expression to the features, to arrange a fold of the drapery, or to indicate a movement. The parts of light and shade are neatly cut, and when the half-tints are multiplied it is entirely exceptional. The print called "A Painter in his Studio" is an example of this. For the rest, Van Ostade is, in his own style, what Berghem is in his: he understands picturesque forms best, he gives character to the slightest details; in truth, he lends unknown grace to the falling boards of a damp, green, rotten pent-house. An old roof where grass is growing, an ancient casement window, the remains of an old basket, and even the lizard on the wall—all with Ostade are invested with charms, attract notice, and, as amateurs say, are full of *ragout*.

Adam Bartsch reckons fifty etchings of Adrian Van Ostade, not including a doubtful piece.* If we now reckon the precious, highly-finished pictures which we see from his hand in the galleries of Europe—so many interiors, alehouses, fêtes under the vine arbour, as well as the portraits by this master, for he executed some superior ones—we shall see that the life of Ostade was that of an artist of great industry and extent. It is even curious to notice the kind of moral seclusion in which nearly all the great painters of Holland lived. It is said that they carried with them a sort of atmosphere, impervious to rumours and events from without. In their pictures we seek in vain for any trace of the great facts of contemporaneous history. The youth of Rembrandt and that of Van Ostade was spent in the midst of the disasters of the Thirty Years' War; and the former remained all his life wrapped up in an exalted dignity, most foreign to the outer world; from the depths of his cavern where he painted his philosophers in meditation, he heard not Count Mansfeld's cavalry passing. The other, more troubled by the war since he fled from it, did not once regard the soldiers who defiled under his windows, did not go out of his rustic inns, or his silent smoking-houses.

If by history we understand a picture of the movements of nations, the recital of their quarrels with foreigners, of their negotiations, and of their battles the works of Dutch masters, and particularly those of Van, Ostade, have nothing historical. But on the other hand, how they show us the interior of things, how clearly these little canvases, these vivid etchings tell us the other history, that of the feelings, the habits and the manners of the nation! How they assist us to penetrate into the inner life and thoughts! No part of the Dutch character has been more clearly expressed. Let us, for example, turn our attention to the celebrated picture by Adrian Van Ostade, which they call the "Inconveniences of Play;"†

cleaning the house; and as it is supposed that the servant is occupied all day in this work, and that she has not time to prepare the evening meal, they are content with hot bread and butter, which is quickly prepared; therefore, at a certain hour, the bakers of each quarter announce by a trumpet that their batch is ready for distribution, and each then hastens to make provision."—"Catalogue raisonné des différents effets curieux et rares contenus dans le cabinet de feu M. de la Roque, par E. F. Ger-saint. Paris, 1745."

* The catalogue of Rigal (pp. 277, 278), speaks also of two other prints attributed to Ostade, one of which is marked with the letters "A. O. S." The safest course is to refer it to Bartsch. The work of Adrian Van Ostade is usually accompanied by a portrait of the painter, engraved by J. Gole, after Coneville Dusart, and a copper plate, upon which is engraved this title: "*Werk compleet van den vermaarde schilder Adrian Van Ostade, alles door hemzelf geïntenteert en geest*:" the complete works of Adrian Van Ostade, the celebrated painter, designed and engraved by himself. This work thus complete, in proofs, from worn-out plates, would scarcely be worth £6; but a work composed of first proofs, which they call *proofs de remarques*, would not be worth less than £600 or £800.

† This picture was in the Musée Napoleon in the time of the empire. It was retaken in 1815.

a board serves for a table, two men are playing at cards. One of them, a bad player no doubt, and, alas! always having the contrary chance, is out of humour, and throws the cards upon the ground. The other rises indignantly, and with his hand resting upon the edge of the board, leans towards his companion, and sharply reproaches him for his bad faith. Evidently a violent quarrel is about to follow this contest, as yet peaceful. Every one around the players is watching their quarrel. A woman, whose glass and pot of beer stood upon the board, hastily removes the precious objects; a smoker has taken his pipe from his mouth, and looks gravely upon the scene; the violin-player, whose bow mechanically continues the air already commenced, is looking at nothing but the two actors of the drama which is preparing. A critic is astonished that this work should be known by the name that we have quoted. Everything in the scene seems to breathe a peace which would not be troubled by the trifling altercation which has taken place between the two players. No doubt there is profound peace under this fine green foliage, the violin of the fiddler rejoices the ears of the tranquil drinkers and the ecstatic smokers. Nevertheless, in a corner of this picture, a man is standing with flashing eye, clenched fingers, and hat over his eyes. In rising, he has violently thrown down the bench on which he was sitting. The struggle has not yet commenced, but it is inevitable. And it is precisely in having chosen this moment when peace still continues, that Van Ostade has shown himself the ingenious and profound observer. In a French tavern the bottles would have flown about without any explanation. But the Dutch painter has been able to represent a man highly irritated surrounded by people who are interested in his emotion, and whose physiognomy, notwithstanding, is placid, because this slowness to throw off his habitual calm is natural to the Hollander. There is a very considerable interval between the moment when he is moved and that in which he allows it to appear. Sober in movements as in words, he speaks fewer words, and makes fewer gestures in the course of a whole year than a Parisian in one day. We may mention, while on this subject, that in Haarlem, just by the city of Van Ostade, two masons were one day seen pulling a rope in order to raise a large stone. Presently the two men, exhausted by the enormous weight, found they had not sufficient strength to raise the stone to the required height. The stone remaining suspended a few feet from the ground, the two masons turned towards the passers-by, showing them by a look that they needed assistance. Immediately two or three men advanced from among the people without speaking, assisted the masons, who spoke not a word to them, and then withdrew, still preserving the silence. As the task was long, several persons succeeded them, still without a single word having been exchanged, and without a single gesture having been made, beyond the movements by the manoeuvre.

At all times amateurs have recognised in the works of Adrian Van Ostade two perfectly distinct styles:‡ one which is a little that of François Hals, that is, a bold, free, and decided manner; the other soft and fine, resembling a painting on enamel, not, however, what is depreciatingly called the porcelain style. There is in the Louvre a celebrated specimen of this—the picture of "The Schoolmaster." Although fineness of execution in small works is a law in painting, and there is a law as imperative requiring bold execution in large works, it cannot be denied that Van Ostade here deviated in practice from what his master had taught him, and he himself practised with such success on other occasions. We need only notice as examples the portraits of small dimensions, which, without speaking of the character and expression of the heads, are marvels of touch. The pencil is there managed with circumspect and abundant freedom, the folds of the skin are sharply defined without roughness, the details are marked without any reserve, and in a head where nothing is wanting the whole dominates, nevertheless, to that degree that this head may

‡ See what Hagedorn says in his "*Lettre à un amateur de peinture, avec des éclaircissements historiques*." Dresde, 1775.

serve as a lesson to a painter who executes large portraits. It is not, then, easy to conceive why Van Ostade has occasionally thrown himself into the manner of which we speak, and why he should even go so far as to polish his painting with processes of his own invention, as is thought by M. Paillet de Montabert:—"I suspect that Van Ostade, who represented 'The Fish-market' which is seen in the Museum of Paris, and in which we perceive upon the tables various kinds of fish, arranged in order one above the other; I suspect, I say, that he obtained this transparency from colours ground with oil alone, and laid on with particular art, an art which consisted not only in the touch, but in a certain polish which resembles the effect that block marble receives from the burnisher, which renders it brilliant and as clear of tarnish as it was at first. The custom of rubbing a painting to polish it has been noticed by several Flemish writers."

However that may be, the touch of Van Ostade, whether deeply marked or softened, firm or smooth, was always obedient to the will of the painter when he wished to display one of the most precious qualities of his art—expression. How many times, in going over the gallery of the Louvre, have we not been arrested and powerfully retained by the little picture of Adrian's which represents a Dutch merchant reading a letter. The man seems so attentive that in turn he compels our attention. But what is contained in this letter which he holds in his hands, and devours with his eyes? What, in our simple imaginings, have we not read there? No doubt, he is the rich owner of a privateer, who has received news from a distant country. The letter which interests him so deeply relates the unforeseen adventures which have happened to his ship, perhaps inauspicious, but the immovable Dutchman reads this serious correspondence with apparent calmness. Sensibility in this Batavian is latent, it has not wrinkled his forehead, marked his cheeks, nor weakened his eyes; the expression of it leaves him not less tranquil and vigorous. Also, in spite of the vulgarity of the features, the countenance of this model interests us: it is elevated by the manly lines which the pencil has so vividly marked, it is ennobled by the philosophic character which distinguishes it, and, in a word, by the presence of thought. In this the master is seen.

Adrian Van Ostade died at Amsterdam in 1685, at the age of seventy-five years. He had his brother Isaac for a pupil, one of the most astonishing landscape painters that ever existed. If so many writers have declared him very inferior to his master, it is, because they have found it more convenient to copy the four lines devoted by Deschamps to Isaac Ostade, than to go to see his landscapes, full of golden mist and rustic poetry. Corneille Dusart, Corneille Bega, and David Ryckaert, the younger, were also the pupils or the imitators of Adrian. Like him, their subjects were the conversations of the peasantry, the interior of their houses, their simple pleasures, their artless emotions, their quarrels. Some have often been pleased to compare Ostade with Teniers, and we acknowledge the justice of the parallel which has been drawn by the good Deschamps, to whom we must now and then render justice—a parallel which has been developed, continued, and completed with skill by Emeric David. Teniers, say they, grouped his figures better, and knew better than Ostade how to dispose his plans. In fact, the latter sometimes placed the point of light so high that the apartments appeared odd, and would have been ridiculous if he had not known how to fill up the vacancy by details which interrupted the large spaces. The colouring of Teniers is clear, bright, silvery, and altogether very varied; that of Ostade, with the same transparency, is vigorous, warm, and often florid.† The one has a light, vivid, and spirited touch; the other is sustained, flowing, and soft. The one manages the light, in order to soften it, bringing it across the thick bushes, or allows it to glide into the cottage of the poor only through the climbing plants with which the window is shaded; he

charms us, in fact, by mysterious and striking effects. The other, on the contrary, places his figures in open air, and without expressive shadow, without betraying his learned combinations, he gives to his picture the tone, the interest of life. In imitating nature Teniers represents her amiable, smiling, and especially admirable for her variety. If he paints a rustic fête, we recognise in the games of the peasants, in their joy, in their anger, in their quarrels, the diversity of their characters. Each state, each age, has its manners. By the side of a stupid drunkard are shown persons who adorn the fête by the dignity of their attitude and their bearing. Van Ostade, contracting the circle of his models, chooses only the figure and the actions of the peasantry of Holland from the most ignoble and the most grotesque that nature and manners offer. "A satirical author," said M. Emeric David, "Ostade makes his personages ugly, in order to render them more pleasing and more ridiculous." The latter sentiment appears wanting in justice. It is for the jester Teniers to ridicule his world. No, the kindly Ostade should not be transformed into a satirical author. The painter of dull cottages and of peaceful smoking-houses, has not made his peasants, his poor and his silent smokers, ugly in order to please; he has not mocked his models, he has copied them seriously; and under the rags which cover them, in the profound misery into which they are plunged, he has many times made us feel the presence of the soul. Teniers has sought the comic, Ostade has perhaps found it, but without knowing it. He placed himself at his window framed with honeysuckle, and saw human comedy pass by. If you desire to hear drinking songs and indulge in a roar of vulgar laughter, enter, without ceremony, the alehouse of Teniers; but if you prefer to mingle with the poor villagers, and in smoking round the hearth forget, as they do, the labours, the hardships of life, go see that little picture by Adrian, which represents the entrance to the village inn. Upon the wall hangs a bill where the painter has written these words:—"House to be sold: apply to Van Ostade."

The work of Adrian Van Ostade holds an important place in the portfolios of amateurs. It is composed of fifty prints. The best, according to Bartsch, are "The Hurdy Gurdy Player," "The Family," "The Barn," "The Father of the Family," and "The Quack," all very superior to No. 16, which has for its title "The Doll demanded."

The art of well detaching the figures is particularly seen in "The Quack," "The Dance at the Inn" (p. 197), and "The Luncheon." "The School" and "The Singer" may be noticed as the least successful engravings of the master.

The pictures of Adrian Van Ostade are rarely to be met with among amateurs. They are nearly all in museums or in very rich private galleries.

The Louvre reckons no less than seven of the finest. "The Schoolmaster," "The Family of the Painter," and "The Fish Market," are true masterpieces.

In the Museum of Munich are five pictures by Ostade. "A Still Life, with vases, fruit, fish, and a dead cock." "A Dutch Inn," where peasants are fighting, and their wives, modern Sabines, come to separate them. The three others represent drinkers and young villagers; charming compositions of feeling and method.

In the Dresden Museum are five pictures by Ostade, besides two copies of this master. It is not uncommon to meet acknowledged copies of the great masters in the museums of the North. Is it not the finest homage that can be rendered to the talent of these painters when we cannot procure the originals?

The Musée Royal of Berlin only possesses a single Ostade; it represents an old woman under a vine arbour, believed to be the mother of Ostade.

The Hermitage at St. Petersburg contains no less than twenty works of Ostade, among which a series of "The Five Senses," and some charming interior scenes.

The heirs of Sir Robert Peel possess, in their collection in London, "An Alchymist," by Adrian Van Ostade. The execution of this picture is of rare perfection, and Waagen

* "Traité complet de la Peinture," tome 8. Paris, Bossange, 1829; p. 234.

† Musée Robillard, tome 2.

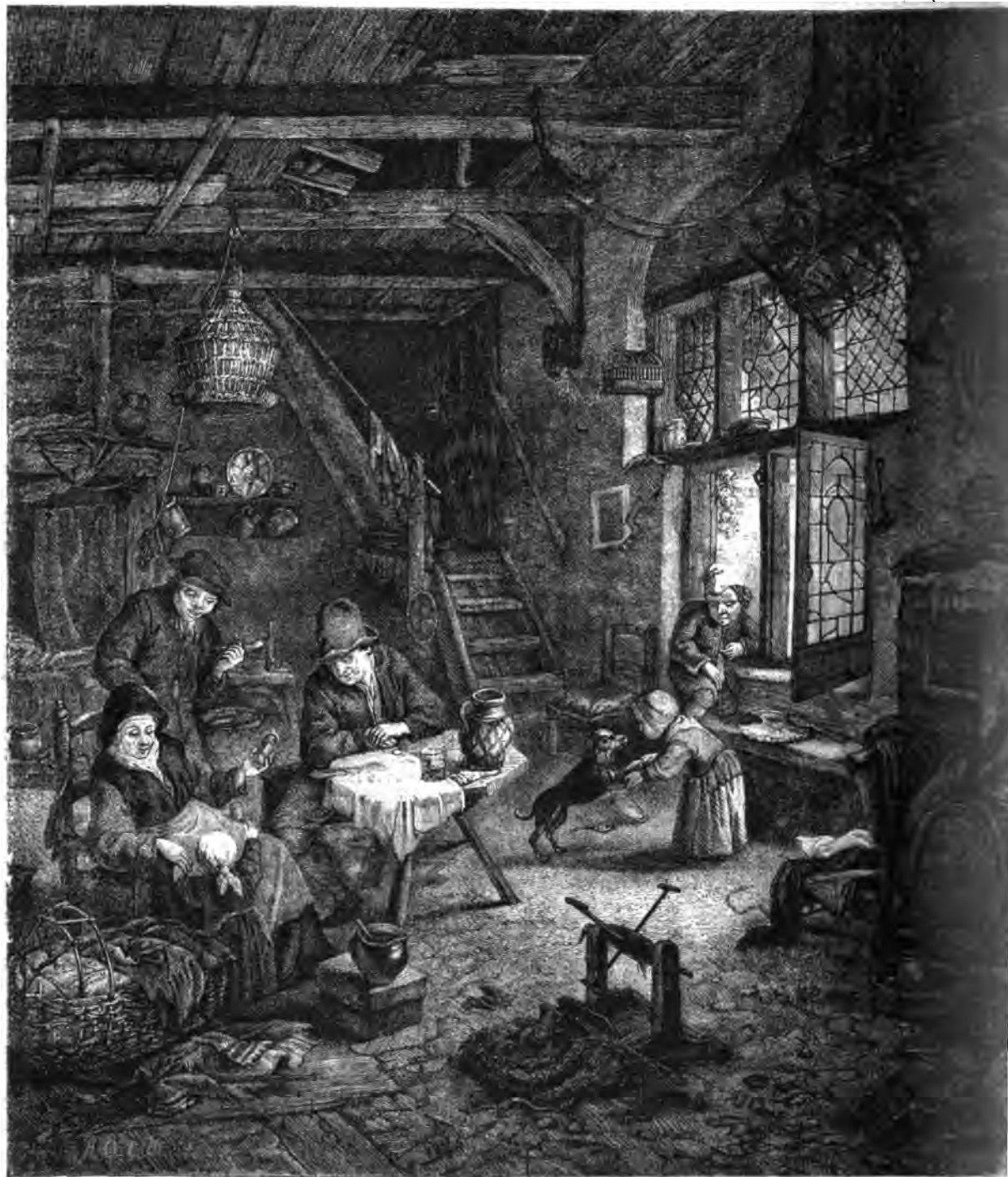
says, in his "Voyage Artistique en Angleterre," that this work cost at least 800 guineas.

In the Bridgewater Gallery there is "A Game at Backgammon," by Adrian Van Ostade, played by two peasants.

In the collection of Lord Ashburton there is, by the same master, "A View of the Village," ornamented with thirteen

the preceding, from the Braamcamp collection, represents "Three Peasants drinking, smoking, and playing, round a Table."

In the collection of Mr. T. Hope, a picture by Ostade represents "An old Peasant Woman leaning against an open door, talking to a Boy."



THE RUSTIC HOUSEHOLD.—FROM A PAINTING BY ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

figures, a cart drawn by a white horse, some pigs and poultry; dated 1676. This charming little picture was formerly the ornament of the Blondel de Gagny, Trouard, Praslin, and Solirene collections. There is another, representing "A Man and a Woman at a Table," and a third, which came, as well as

Among the pictures composing the collection of Mr. Beckford, in London, is a fine picture by Ostade, representing "Six Peasants round a Table." This picture was sold for 400 guineas, at the sale of M. Delahante.

In the gallery of the Marquis of Bute, at Luton House,

there is a small picture by Ostade; it represents "A Man of Law in his study, reading a Manuscript."

There are in the Royal Museum of Madrid some little

eyes; in the second impression a lower bonnet nearly touches the eyes.

"A Family of Peasants at table saying grace. 1647."



THE DUTCH SMOKING-ROOM.—FROM A PAINTING BY ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

pictures by Ostade, full of spirit and gaiety; they are interiors of cottages.

"The following are his most esteemed prints:—

"The Painter seated at his Easel. The first impressions of this plate are with the high cap considerably above the

"An Assemblage of Peasants, occupied in killing a Pig; a night-piece, producing a fine effect of the *chiaro oscuro*.

"A Mountebank surrounded by several figures.

"Several Peasants at the door of a Cottage, with a fair in the background.

"Several Peasants fighting with knives.

"The Cottage Dinner. 1653.

"The Cobbler's shop. 1671.

"A Man standing on a Bridge angling.

"The Interior of a Dutch Ale-house, with figures drinking and dancing.

"The Inside of a Cottage, with a Woman suckling a Child.

"The Spectacle-seller.

"A Man, Woman, and Child at the door of a Cottage. 1652.

"Several Peasants at a window; one of them is singing a ballad, and another holds the candle.

"A Man blowing a Horn, leaning over a hatch.

"A Village Festival, with a great number of figures diverting themselves at the door of an ale-house. His largest plate."

We now turn to a list of prices of the pictures of Ostade, furnished by the public sales.

In 1744, at the sale of Lorangère, "The Backgammon Players" was sold for £17. At that of M. de la Roque, in 1745, two little pictures representing half-length figures, one "A Sailor," the other, "A Peasant," were valued at £1 the two; another, representing "A Baker, who trumpets hot Bread," at £5.

At the sale of M. de Julienne in 1767, there were offered five pictures by Ostade; the first, painted in 1661, represented "The interior of a Chamber," in which, near the fire, are a woman and child, and four men, each holding a pipe, the fourth, sitting in the chimney corner, holds a pipe and a pot; to the right, near the casement, are a woman and two men standing. This picture, painted upon copper, was sold for £300. The second, dated 1662, represents the famous "School-master," which is in the Louvre; it sold for £260. The third, representing "The Players at Ninepins," by the side of a violin player, fetched £109. The fourth represents "A Man, a Woman, and two Children," one sitting in a chair, while the mother is feeding it; dated 1667, price £40. The fifth is "A Lower Room, lighted by a large casement," in which there are five figures, price £103.

At the sale of the Duke de Choiseul, in 1772, several pictures of Ostade:—"The Game of Shuffle-board," which we have reproduced (p. 220), sold for £186. "The interior of a house of Peasants" (the great smoking house, engraved by Wisscher), four principal figures, one with his back to the fire, fetched £356. "An Interior;" upon the table, which is covered with a cloth, are plates, bread, and glasses, near it a man and a woman, further off two children under a window, a third sitting in a chair, in the foreground a large spindle; price £120.

At the sale of the Prince of Conti, in 1777, an "Interior of a Peasant's house," dated 1668; the same, which at the sale of the Duke de Choiseul, sold for £356, now only realised £283.

In 1812, at the sale of the cabinet Clos, was put up, "An Interior of a Farm;" twenty figures, men, women, and children; advance to the sounds of a bagpipe; a child sitting upon a bench. This picture sold for £242. It came from the cabinet Servad of Amsterdam, where it was sold in 1778 for 2,430 florins, or about £243.

At the sale Laperrière, in 1823, the same picture fetched the price of £613; "A Rustic Interior," £168.

In 1825, at the first sale of the Prince Galitzin, was sold for £520 a picture by Ostade, representing "An Interior of a Smoking-house."

At the sale of the Chevalier Erard, in 1832, was sold "The Dutch Smoking-room" (p. 217); a woman and four men by the side of a violin-player, accompanying a woman who is singing, other persons talking or smoking: price, £400. "The Adoration of the Shepherds," which Ostade is said to have painted on the birth of one of his children, produced £470.

At the sale of the Duke de Berry, in 1837, was offered "The Village Dance," No. 14 of the catalogue. This very capital picture, dated 1660, has been engraved by Woollett; it was valued at £880. In 1768 it made part of the collection of Gaignat; in 1777 that of Randon de Boisset; in 1801 that of Tolosan.

At the sale of Paul Perrier, 1843, "The Fish-market" was valued at £440; "The Empiric" at £240.

Adrian Van Ostade signed his etchings and his pictures as indicated below:—

AO AO

A. ostade

PICTURES IN EDINBURGH.

LONDON has splendid galleries and magnificent pictures. The National Gallery and Marlborough-house contain priceless gems. Then in the halls of English nobles the works of the immortals are to be seen. Also, for those who have time, there are Hampton-court Palace and Dulwich with their treasures, rich and rare. The Londoner need not travel to Venice, Vienna, or Rome. There is much for the stay-at-home traveller to see and admire.

Edinburgh has, also, a collection of pictures, but little known, but which is an additional attraction to that beautiful and romantic city. Though of recent growth, it promises to do credit to Scotland, and to supply that deficiency in the study of art which has hitherto prevailed there to so great an extent. This fine collection, to which we beg to call the reader's attention, consists of that class of the genuine works of the great masters which are more especially of an instructive character to artists, rather than such as are usually selected with a view to the adornment of a gallery as a public spectacle. The directors wisely seek pictures which may be relied upon as safe models—upon which the student may advantageously form his taste and correct his practice. Although these may prove less attractive to the cursory observer, or be less calculated to dazzle by the brilliancy of subject and effect, the advantages of such a course of instruction are too obvious to require much detail in this place, as its tendency is to exalt and purify public taste, to moderate the extravagancies of the untutored aspirants in arts, to check the dangerous precipitancy with which they are too apt to overstep the slow and certain measures by which alone excellence in art is to be obtained, and to assist the artist in subduing the delusive estimate of his own powers which he is so ready—especially if he be very inexperienced—to form; for it is true, as has been well remarked, that "those accustomed to teach in the academies of painting, have generally found that the slow and laborious student was more likely to rise to eminence, than those who pressed forward in the confidence of genius." After everything is acquired that experience can teach, an ample field will yet remain for the exercise of genius and invention. The scope is boundless. But the basis of painting ought to be laid in study, in an intimate knowledge of the works of the best masters, in acute observations of nature, and unwearied combat with the difficulties of execution. These are the substantial promoters of the art, and in so far as associations or private patronage can supply facilities of employment, and objects of emulation and study, they have done their part.

The Royal Institution, in which the Edinburgh collection is placed, stands in Princes-street, not far from the finest of Scotch monuments, that erected to the memory of Sir Walter Scott. The original collection, acquired at considerable expense by the directors of the Royal Institution from various private collections in Italy, has, from time to time, been enriched by additional pictures, the gift of persons friendly to the advance of art in Scotland. There are also added some pictures of modern artists, acquired by or presented to the institution; but the most important addition is that of the valuable collection of paintings, marbles, and bronzes, the property of the late Sir James Erskine, Bart., of Torrie, which, by an arrangement recently entered into by the Board of Trustees and the trustees nominated by the late Sir James Erskine, are now deposited in the galleries of the institution. On his death, Sir James Erskine, of Torrie, bequeathed to his brother, Sir John Drummond Erskine, his whole property

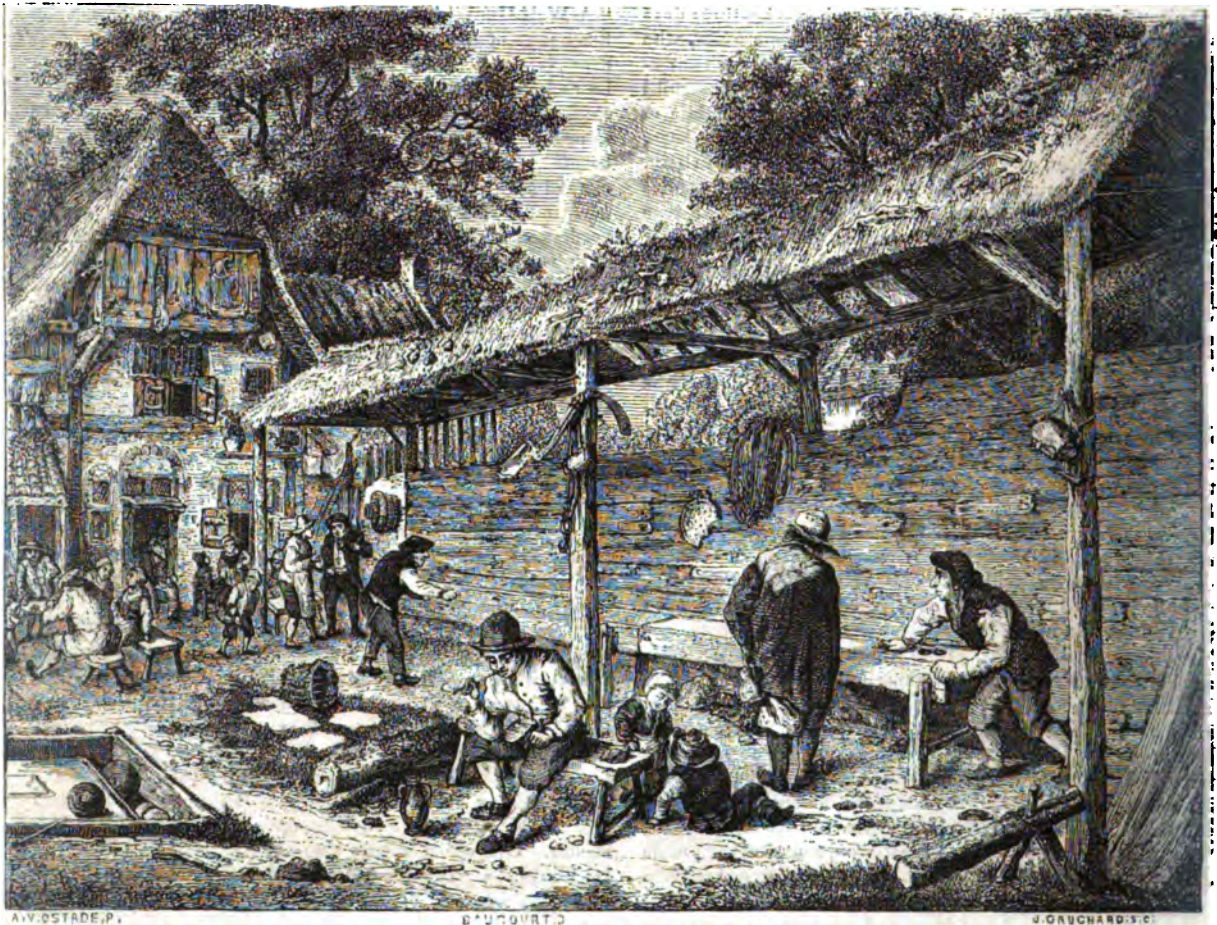
under burden *inter alia*, "That at his death he make over to the College of Edinburgh, to be entailed upon it, all my pictures, bronzes, and marbles, in the House of Torrie, for the purpose of raising a foundation for a gallery for the encouragement of the fine arts. And for the better security of this, I nominate and appoint my next heir of entail and the succeeding heirs of entail to the estate of Torrie, chancellor of the college—the sheriff of the county, and the provost of Edinburgh, to be trustees." Sir James died in 1825, and his brother died in 1836, when the trustees removed the collection to the College of Edinburgh, and by special agreement in 1845, between them and the Board of Trustees for arts and manufactures in Scotland, the entire collection, the pictures of which are in the finest preservation, and have been collected with much judgment as choice specimens of the works of the different masters, especially in the Flemish and Dutch schools, were placed under the charge of that Board in the Royal Institution. The institution, comprising the two collections, is open gratuitously to the public, two days each week—three days being set apart for the accommodation of students of art, who are supplied with tickets on applying at the office. On entering, the first picture that attracts the eye is "The Lomenilli Family," one of the most distinguished in the Republic of Genoa. It is on canvas nine feet square. This is, perhaps, the finest specimen of Vandyck's pencil now in Great Britain. It is in good preservation, and abounding in all the peculiar excellencies of that great master; in the rich and mellow tone of colouring, the delicacy of touch, and above all, in the power he possessed of displaying character in his portraits. The principal figure is probably the most successful example Vandyck ever produced of masculine beauty, and noble and unaffected bearing in attitude and expression. Another picture of Vandyck's, is the "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," which has always been esteemed one of the best historical works from that master. The attendants, five in number, are binding the martyr to a tree; two are Roman soldiers on horseback. The landscape and background are in beautiful harmony. It is the sketch for the finished picture now at Munich, which Sir Joshua Reynolds saw at Düsseldorf. He says, "He never afterwards had so brilliant a manner of colouring, it kills everything near it." Behind it are figures on horseback, touched with great skill. This is Vandyck's first manner, when he imitated Rubens and Titian, which supposes the sun in the room. In his pictures afterwards, he represented the effect of common daylight. Both were equally true to nature, but his first manner carries a superiority with it and seizes our attention; whilst the pictures, painted in the latter manner, run a risk of being overlooked. A picture of Titian's, on a panel, called "A Landscape," is a fine specimen of that great master. It is one of four panels painted by Titian, to ornament the bed of his patron, the Emperor Charles V., representing morning, midday, evening, and night. Jerome Buonaparte, when the bed came into his possession, removed the panels and had them framed as pictures. After his departure from Spain, the bed and the four pictures were restored to their original owner, the Duke of Vivaldi Pasqua, from whom the one in the collection was purchased. A "Madonna, Infant, and St. John," is one of the finest specimens of the master which has been exhibited in this country. The "Summer," "Autumn," "Winter," of Tintoretto are bold but somewhat extravagant sketches. There are two very fine specimens of Barbieri; one representing the repentance of St. Peter, and the other the Madonna, Infant, and St. John. One of Huisman's pictures, entitled, "Landscape with Cattle and Figures," fully bears out the criticism common on Huisman—that his pictures generally have a striking effect of light on the foreground. In the same collection there is a woodland scene, in the fresh, juicy manner of Hobbema, with a river-bank in the foreground, on which appear some small figures. Another Hobbema is a woody landscape, has the remarkable light pencilling of the foliage for which that artist was celebrated. A picture of a young lady, richly attired, presenting flowers to the Infant Saviour seated on the knees of the Virgin, is attri-

buted to Titian, on account of the splendour of the colouring and the exquisite truth and transparency of the flesh in shadow. At any rate, it is of the time of Titian, and belongs to his school. There is one Cuyp, which appears to be an early picture. The scene is a sunset, in a Dutch landscape. In the middle is a river with several groups of nude figures some are about to plunge in—others are already immersed. They are principally in shadow, with strong gleams of light on their shoulders, producing a peculiar yet harmonious effect that tones well with the view of a distant town, and the softened tints of a serene evening sky. There is one fine picture by Jacob Ruysdael: it is apparently a Flemish view, with a river in front, a richly wooded and broken bank in the middle distance, and the lofty towers of a church more remote. On the left is a group of gnarled oaks, for delineating which Ruysdael was so famous. The figures are painted by P. Wouvermans. It is an harmonious and forcible picture. There are two pictures by Francis Snyders; the one called "A Wolf Hunt," is a very large forcible picture, in which the fierce rage of the wolf, surprised in feasting on a slaughtered deer, is energetically displayed in seizing one dog by the buttock, while his own fore paw becomes the prey of another courageous hound; the other, "A Boar Hunt," in spite of some spirit in the dogs, is a very inferior picture. There is a beautiful Italian landscape by Richard Wilson, affording an exquisite specimen of the skill of the English Claude in aerial perspective and clear sunny effect. The scene is on the borders of a small lake, on which rises a steep bank covered with wood, and crowned by a village. A "Salvator Rosa" will also please his admirers. The scene is the shore of a wild lake on which appear several armed banditti. A rocky boundary on the further side occupies the middle distance on the right, and declines so as to give a distant view towards the left hand. There are a few straggling trees, but the whole composition is grand, solemn, and forcible, with the utmost clearness of aerial tints. There are several pictures by Dutch and Flemish masters for those who admire that homely and faithful style of art for which those painters are so famed. A picture of Poussin is one of the gems of the place. It is a "Land Storm," with beautifully designed figures in the foreground and middle distance. The conception is poetical, full of vigour and genius. The branches of the trees, the drapery of the figures, and the action of their muscles, proclaim the violence of the tempest, before which man and cattle are succumbing. A dark lurid tone presides over the scene in unison with the scorching heaven and the allied lightning that strikes on the castellated cliffs in the distance. One of Guido's pictures also adorns the place. It is an "Ecce Homo," or a Christ crowned with thorns—one of that artist's favourite subjects. The mild resignation of the picture triumphs over mortal agony. The colouring is of that lucid softness that gives a charm to the principal works of this master. One other picture also we must allude to—one of Backhuysen's. It is the "Return of small Craft into Harbour during a brisk Gale." Figures on the jetty are observing the entrance of a vessel. The water is broken with his usual skill, and tones well with the lowering sky. But, after all, the pictures we like best in the collection, are some of the moderns. We believe as much in the present as the past. Old art, like old wine, is not necessarily good. There are exceptions, occasionally, in favour of what is new; and Edinburgh can boast of some of the exceptions. Among them are some of Etty's pictures. If one goes into the celebrated Vernon Gallery, he almost forgets that Etty painted anything but *genre* pictures. He forgets that Etty started as an historical painter—a calling he forsook when the British public fell in love with his women—nude, large-eyed, and black-haired. But of his historical power Edinburgh has some splendid specimens, superior to the "Joan of Arc," another of his pictures in the historical style, exhibited in the Dublin Exhibition. There are five of his pictures in Edinburgh. We give them in the order of their merits. The first is "Combat—Woman interceding for the Vanquished," then "Benaiah slaying the two lion-like men of Nob," and a series of three pictures

representing the story of Judith and Holofernes—the last especially is a gorgeous and striking picture. Judith, and Holofernes, and the maid are very fine. In one picture we have the maid listening at the entrance to the tent, while Judith within is doing the bloody deed; then we have in another the terrified appearance of the maid as Judith issues from the tent with the head of Holofernes in her hands. Etty in this series of paintings has succeeded in telling the entire story with wonderful accuracy, and fidelity, and power. It will be long before we gaze upon three such magnificent pictures again. Turning away from their terror and splendour, there are two pictures of a different description which you will do well to look at before you leave the rooms. The one is a delicious picture of Paton's, "The Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania." Theatrical managers know how difficult it is to put the creatures of fairy mythology

up with life and beauty was soon seized by a stronger. Another fine modern picture, also, is "Christ teaching Humility," by Robert Scott Lauder. This, with Paton's picture, was purchased by the Society of Arts in Scotland, and was presented by them to the collection. This society was the first of the Art Unions established in Scotland, and has an income, we believe, of about £4,000 a-year.

One advantage which you have in the Edinburgh gallery is, that you have plenty of time and room for the study of the pictures. You are not jostled or inconvenienced by your company. A thing that strikes onewith amazement is, that in the modern Athens—the home of all that is elegant and refined—you should be requested not to spit. It is strange that in such a place such a notice is necessary. We mention the fact with profound respect. It is said the arts refine the manners; let us hope such will be their effect in



THE GAME OF SHUFFLE-BOARD.—FROM A PAINTING BY ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

upon the stage—their machinery and art are too gross and sensual for that, as is at once apparent, whenever they try to act the "Midsummer-Night's Dream;" but it is different with the plastic arts. What the one cannot, the other can. You can paint them, and Mr. Paton has done so in one of the most delicate and delicious pictures we have ever seen. Every inch of it is alive with fairies—dancing under mushrooms—drinking from acorn cups—sleeping in flowers. Fairies with light-blue eyes and ruby lips gleam on you from every corner. The canvas is crowded with incidents. It is a picture you might gaze on for hours. The other picture to which we refer, is a noble fragment of the genius of Scotland's great painter, Sir David Wilkie, being an unfinished picture of "John Knox administering the Sacrament at Calder House." It is an outline, nothing more. The hand that was to have filled it

Edinburgh, and that in a few years the obnoxious notice may be taken down.

A happy hour may be well spent in the Edinburgh gallery. If you be no artist, your contact with art will lure you out of yourself into a nobler and larger sphere—and if you be an artist, your soul will burn purer, and your aim will be higher than before. In the words of Barry Cornwall:—

"There is Raffaello still before thee, Titian, Michael, Rembrandt all,
Now for a vigorous effort; trust thy sinews and thou shalt not fall.
In thy land is Hogarth's glory; side by side with Reynolds' fame,
Much to spur thee, naught to daunt thee; DARE, and thou shalt do the same."

CHARLES FREDERICK LESSING.

CHARLES FREDERICK LESSING, no less distinguished as a landscape than an historical painter, the grand-nephew of the celebrated Theophilus Ephraim Lessing, is, like that illustrious poet, one of the most gifted men of his age. He was born on the 15th of February, 1808, at Wurtemberg, in Silesia. From his early youth he displayed a much stronger propensity towards the study of nature than the learning of the schools. Nevertheless, his father placed him at the Berlin academy when he was hardly fourteen years old. His intercourse with young painters, and a journey to Rugen, during which he had an opportunity of seeing the ocean and vast rocks, awakened in his mind an irresistible impulse towards painting; but his father strongly opposed every entreaty for permission to indulge this propensity, and would not yield to the urgent remonstrances of young Lessing's patrons, who discerned his

Schadow to copy some landscapes by Reinhard. The copies were so excellent, that the professor at first took them for the originals—so fresh and lively did they appear—and he was quite indignant because he thought Lessing had attempted to impose upon him. But when he had ascertained the true state of the case, and perceived the great merit of the young artist, he took him at once into his studio, and acted as mediator between the father and son. Schadow, who possessed the rare talent of quickly and accurately discerning ability in others, as well as penetrating with keen critical insight into their peculiarities, deserves honour for having advanced Lessing to his high position and contributed to his versatility of talent. For scarcely had Lessing acquired a certain skill in the drawing of figures; when a vast number of compositions proceeded from his creative imagination; but Schadow succeeded, by strong representations, in convincing him that in this path he would accomplish nothing really solid



THE DANCE AT THE INN.—FROM A PAINTING BY ADRIAN VAN OTADE.

remarkable talent. After a long conflict between his filial duty and his inclination, he abandoned the instruction of the academy without his father's knowledge, and declared with firmness that he had already become a painter, and would not be kept back by anybody from following the calling to which he felt he was destined by nature. He now applied himself to his art with the utmost diligence, and his progress completely amazed his instructors, Professors Kollman and Dähling. His first pictures, "A Church-yard with Tombstones," and "A Church in Ruins," painted in 1825 and 1826, immediately excited general attention. But though even his father now became convinced of his superior talent, and a complete reconciliation between the two took place, an earnest, melancholy tone lingered in his mind after this period, and is still often perceptible in his works.

In the year, 1826, Lessing was ordered by Professor

and worthy of fame. Lessing now closely applied himself to his "Silberchloss," his first great work in the Wagner collection at Berlin. When the hall at Bonn and the court of justice at Coblenz were adorned with frescoes, Count Sree had scenes from the life of the emperor Barbarossa painted for his saloon, and Schadow instructed Lessing to prepare a cartoon for a panel. This last was "The Battle of Iconium," the grandest and most vivid of all these productions. At this time, the poems of Uhland were the principal study of the Düsseldorf artists, and they suggested to Lessing two of his finest works—"The Castle on the Sea-coast, by Moonlight," and "The Royal Pair in Sorrow." German art had never before displayed so grand and profound an earnestness, or produced an oil-painting so finished in every part. At the exhibition in 1830, it was without rival; everything else appeared to a disadvantage by its side. This invaluable gem

of art is no longer in Germany, but at Petersburg. A very successful lithograph from it, by Jentzen, was spoilt; but there is still an excellent copper engraving by the master-hand of Lüderitz.

About the year 1829, the well-known poet Von Uechtritz began to exert an influence over Lessing. When Professor Schadow, in 1830, went to Italy, with other artists, he entrusted Lessing with most of his duties, and from this time his works exercised a most decided sway over the tone and character of landscape painting. In the year 1830 also, his "Leonora" was completed. The two following years successively witnessed the commencement of his "Hussites Preaching," and his "Council at Costnitz." The former of these pictures, which was completed in 1836, and is in the possession of the King of Prussia, has met with the greatest success in most of the principal towns of Germany, as well as in Paris, and it procured for the painter the cross of the Legion of Honour from the King of the French. By this work he gave that protestant direction to art, which is still his great characteristic. The same tendency is prominent in his "Ezzelin," where the wounded man spurns the consolation of the monks, and refuses to allow the representatives of the court of Rome to interfere with his communion with God. It is well known that Schadow, on observing this strong protestant tone, found great fault with the design, and did his utmost to dissuade Lessing from completing the picture. But art, and Lessing's inward impulse, triumphed; and the noble *chef-d'œuvre*, which was painted in 1841 and 1842, is now the principal attraction in the gallery at Frankfort. No previous or subsequent painting attracts such universal attention, and justly excites such warm admiration. The number of Lessing's noble productions is too great to admit of a detailed description within our limits. Those we have mentioned are among the chief.

Lessing's figure and appearance are of a grand and noble character, his features are distinctly marked, and their expression is full of meaning and interest. With art he also successfully cultivates hunting sports. His usual dress is a green over-coat and a green cap, which give him the appearance of a forester. He is a most affectionate and attentive husband and father. It is rather difficult to get acquainted with him, but he is a faithful and constant friend to those with whom he is on intimate terms. The slightest deviation from truth gives him great pain. He is a noble, genuine German in the fullest sense of the term, and demands fidelity and truth in life as well as in art. Every year he goes on a journey for improvement in his profession, that he may constantly repair to nature as the source of his inspiration. In the pursuit of his studies he is unwearied and discriminating. He does not consider study from nature really useful unless the student copies striking objects with the utmost fidelity and fulness of detail that art and skill will allow. He willingly communicates the benefit of his advice and assistance to all young artists. To many he answers the purpose of an ideal model, and Düsseldorf owes much to him both in his personal and artistic character.

Germany is with good reason proud of the grand creations of this genial and real German artist; for every new historical work is a fresh triumph of art. He has studied the development of the reformed religion from his youth up with great interest, has grasped the subject with considerable power of mind, pursued it with a deep sensibility to its stirring incidents, and drawn from it the materials for some of his finest efforts. The composition of his "Hussites Preaching," and his "Luther Burning the Papal Bull," displays a strength of belief and a peculiarly religious tone, which prove him to be not merely an artist, but a man of deep religious convictions—a Christian hero of the grand order. Each of his superior works has for its groundwork, not only a great historical event, but a profound idea, which serves as a central point for the whole. His "Hussites Preaching" admirably depicts the tendency of the time in question. His Huss, who appears before the pile on which he is about to be burnt, who is condemned to the flames as a heretic, and whose ashes are to be scattered to the four

winds, that no trace of him may remain—this Huss, Lessing has pictured kneeling before the pile, and by the warmth and earnestness of his devotion irresistibly compelling even his enemies to pray with him.

Similarly Luther stands forth, in his large painting, as a mighty hero, with his head raised to heaven, attracting towards himself the animated gaze of the bystanders, and looking just as we may easily imagine he did look when he uttered those well-known words at the Diet of Worms—"Here I take my stand, I cannot alter, God help me, Amen!" Close behind Luther appears the church in all its glory, for Luther struggled not against the church, but against what he considered the corruptions of the church. No artist has ever yet succeeded in portraying the impetuous reformer with so much power. All the interest is concentrated upon that part of the picture where his figure appears; and the mind of the spectator is absorbed in the contemplation of the impressive scene before him, and the mighty results which have flowed, and may yet be expected to flow, from this significant event. On the right of the picture are youthful students engaged in stirring the fire; on the left Melancthon, Duke George, Carlstadt, and other eminent Protestants. In the first sketch, which Lessing made in 1848, Luther stood as in the finished picture; but in the group on the left were several distinguished nobles in military attire, and on the right students and people.

In the large Indian ink cartoon-drawing, which was executed in January, 1852, Luther has his head turned towards the fire, preparing to throw the bull into the flames. While the attitude is admirably appropriate to Luther's fiery temperament and impetuous mode of action; the expression of the face indicates a firm, warm confidence in God, and a lofty animation of soul. On the right of Luther stands a young, richly dressed student; on the left, in the foreground, we see Duke George, wearing an expression of evident dissatisfaction with the proceeding. The figures are about two-thirds the size of life. The picture has, it is true, neither academic style, nor regular arrangement according to artificial rules, but is so pure, so smooth, so true to life without any exaggeration, that not only is the beholder struck with the truthfulness and living force of each figure, but the whole composition exhibits a perfect harmony and unity which cannot be too much admired.

Even before the completion of this great work of art, London, New-York, Brussels, and Rotterdam were competitors for it. It is now the property of Herr Notteboom, of Rotterdam, and will form one of the chief attractions in the exhibition of German (particularly Düsseldorf) paintings, which is about to take place in London, next July. The Germans, not unnaturally, feel great regret at the loss of a painting which excited so animated a competition all over the world, so to speak, even before it was finished. All that they have left is the cartoon drawing of the sketch, which belongs to Dr. Lucanus, of Halberstadt, and is open to the public. The right of engraving it has been conferred by Lessing upon Janzen, of Düsseldorf, the copper-plate engraver, who has already acquired great fame by his engraving of "the Rescue from Shipwreck," by Jordan, and who expects to complete his task within two years.

C. A. FRAIKIN, THE BELGIAN SCULPTOR.

AMONG the sculptors of the present time who are flourishing in the full vigour of their artistic power, Fraikin deserves to be mentioned with honour as a genuine artist of the highest order. He belongs to that class of men who are worthy to attract the attention not only of their own countrymen but of all who take an interest in art and artists.

C. A. Fraikin was born at Herenthals in the year 1818. His father was a public notary in that town. Even as a boy he gave evidence of a strong and even irresistible inclination towards art. Drawing was his fondest, his constant delight. His father was too wise a man to offer any opposition to this evident indication of natural genius. Hardly had his son received an elementary school education, when he was sent to Brussels, at the age of thirteen, to pursue the course of study

n that academy with a view to perfect himself as an artist. The young aspirant fondly hoped he had now attained the object of his desire; but his dreams of artistic greatness were destined to be soon disturbed. Only a month after the commencement of his career at Brussels, he was called to fulfil the melancholy duty of accompanying the remains of his honoured father to the grave. With him all Fraikin's plans were buried, for his practical guardians would hear nothing of his talent, his irresistible propensity, his brilliant expectations of artistic celebrity, and the bitterness of his disappointment if he were prevented from continuing his course. The lad was peremptorily ordered to decide upon a calling which would ensure him worldly prosperity and a respectable position in society.

Fraikin was obliged to abandon his pursuit of art and prepare for the study of medicine. Such was the fixed resolve of his guardians, and he could not but comply. The time for preparation passed by, but with his Virgil, his Homer, and historical compendiums, pencils and chalk were frequently in his hand. So also during his professional studies at the university, which extended over four years, he was busily engaged in increasing his artistic skill. The hours which could be withdrawn from the study of *Æsculapius* were devoted to art. In these stolen moments he completed a vast number of drawings from copper-plate engravings, and drew portraits of all his fellow-students with whom he was on friendly terms. At length the young disciple of *Æsculapius* had completed his curriculum; he passed his final examination with success; and went and settled down in a small town near Brussels to obtain his livelihood as a medical practitioner. As may be easily imagined, he had many leisure hours, all which, according to his custom and inclination, he sedulously devoted to art. He drew various heads and figures in chalk; but of models in clay the young doctor had as yet no idea. At length it came into his head to make a full-size bust of himself. He procured some plaster of Paris, moulded a block, and set to work to cut the bust out of the plaster of Paris, for as yet he was completely ignorant of the ordinary procedure of sculptors. In spite, however, of all difficulties, the perseverance of the young artist brought the work to a state of completeness. The bust was finished, and, what was more, bore a strong resemblance to him.

Fraikin not unnaturally looked upon this as a great triumph. He sent the bust to his brother, who was residing in Brussels. His brother lost no time in showing the work to some of his acquaintance. All were more than surprised; they were at a loss to conceive how such a bust could have been made by a young man who had never handled the sculptor's modelling tools, nor made sculpture his special study. They supposed that it would require at least five years to complete such a bust as the young medical practitioner had cut out of plaster of Paris, with no other instruments than his scalpel, knife, and file. Scarcely had Fraikin been made acquainted with the unexpected success of his first attempt at sculpture, and the warm encomiums that were lavished upon it, when he resolved to abandon the medical profession, and devote himself entirely to art, which he felt deeply convinced was the calling for which he was by nature intended. He bade farewell to medicine, and at once repaired to Brussels, where he commenced a regular course of study under a sculptor. In three months he had learnt the art of modelling, was entrusted with important works, and attended constantly at the Brussels academy. He rapidly passed through, or for the most part leaped over, all the different classes, and after five months' most diligent application, obtained the first prize in composition and modelling from nature.

This took place in the year 1842. The young artist immediately went to work, and modelled "*Venus and the Doves*." The charming statue attracted great attention, and made so favourable an impression, that he forthwith resolved to go and take up his residence at Brussels. By his earliest considerable productions, which were finished one after the other in rapid succession, he soon acquired a European celebrity. His reputation was at once established; for all recognised in his

works a highly gifted artist, who was in the fullest possession of the antique gracefulness of line and form. His fine talent met with support and encouragement, while he was plentifully supplied with commissions to execute, some of them of considerable importance, both from the government and the town of Brussels; for which latter he, with others, ornamented the noble portal of the town hall with eleven statues of great artistic merit.

In a contest of plastic art appointed by the Belgian government, Fraikin came off victorious over many very able competitors, by his well-known and greatly-admired sculpture of "*Love*," which he worked in marble for the public museum by order of government. This work, in delicacy of outline and gracefulness of posture, is one of the most beautiful that have been produced in any country during the last ten years.

The artist was now able to gratify a wish he had long cherished of visiting Italy. In the year 1846 he repaired thither, and remained there a year, studying and labouring with the greatest perseverance and assiduity. He returned home enriched with new views of art, having a better knowledge of his capabilities, and more skilful, if possible, in the practical part of his art. Scarcely had he arrived, when he was elected a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences and the Fine Arts. Similar expressions of admiration for his rare talents and his exquisitely graceful productions were lavished upon him from all sides. In the year 1848 he completed his celebrated "*Psyche*," as a companion to his "*Love*," and was made a knight of the Order of Leopold.

His talent met with equally deserved recognition in foreign countries. The petty envy of rivals may have been excited by his appointment to prepare a statue for the Ostend civic authorities in memory of the Queen of Belgium, shortly after her lamented decease. But the result has proved the wisdom of those who selected him for that purpose. With cheerful courage and a genuine artistic inspiration, Fraikin set to work, and what he has achieved affords striking proof that he perfectly understood the task he had undertaken, and knew how to give perfect development to the beautiful conceptions which he had formed in his mind. The artist had the high satisfaction of learning that the committee appointed to examine his work pronounced it completely successful. Indeed, how could it be otherwise? It strikes every beholder at once as the production of an artist animated by a spirit of genuine devotion, and impressed with a deep sense of the dignity and importance of his art.

The queen, whose figure is an admirable portrait, strongly resembling the original, is on the eve of dissolution, and, in anticipation of future glory, is rising from her couch to grasp with her right hand the heavenly crown which an angel is bringing her from on high, with the golden palm of victory in the left hand, and overshadowing her with his outspread wings. The earthly crown has fallen off the queen's brow, who is striving with her right hand after the crown of immortality, which the heavenly messenger has brought. Her left hand, sinking down by her side, throws back the royal mantle which partly covers the couch, and out of it fall flowers and fruits, emblems of the deeds of her beneficent gentleness and philanthropy.

At the feet of the queen sits an earnest female figure, the hands folded in an attitude of devotion, looking up at the dying queen with an expression of intense grief. It is an allegorical representation of the city of Ostend, which is seated on the stern of an ancient vessel bearing the arms of the city. The head of the figure is adorned with a species of helmet in the shape of the national cap of the Ostend women, and surrounded with reeds. The mantle, which falls in richest folds, half covers the breastplate.

The whole group breathes an artistic harmony of the loftiest character. It bespeaks the simplest, and yet the noblest majesty; the several figures are particularly successful in elegance of outline, natural ease of attitude, and the subordination of the purely sensual, without, however, at all trenching upon the beauty of the sculpture.

The head of the queen is no less remarkable for its won-

derful fidelity than its beauty as a work of art; the posture is most pleasing and life-like; the attitude of the arms is at once pleasing and true to nature, and the whole drapery light and graceful. A mild and tender expression clothes the brow of the angel; the figure of whom is no less elegant in form

out all its parts, finely conceived and skilfully executed down to the minutest details. It is a real masterpiece of sculpture, which conveys the idea of the artist in the most expressive manner to all who are susceptible of artistic impressions. Both as a successful realisation of the sculptor's conception,



THE STROLLING MUSICIANS.—FROM A PAINTING BY ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

than natural in attitude and drapery. The almost masculine earnestness in the head of the female figure which represents Ostend, forms a most striking and effective contrast to the other figures, and gives wonderful life to the whole group. In this figure a calm earnestness of pious resignation is most powerfully expressed.

The whole work is executed in a masterly manner through-

and in itself an exquisite piece of workmanship, it is a noble monument, well worthy of the object to which it is devoted. For centuries it will remain a fit emblem of the veneration of the Belgians for the departed queen, an honour to the state which cherishes her memory, and no less honourable to the established reputation of the artist whose creative genius and skilful hand gave it existence.

ADRIAN BRAUWER.



We do not know whether Vandyck lent his personages any of that dignity which he possessed in so large a degree him-



self; but on seeing the portrait of Adrian Brauwer, which he has left us, we can hardly fancy that a man with such a lordly air, who could twirl his moustache so haughtily, and fold his

cloak so gracefully, could have been the painter of sottish peasants, debauchees, and low players. It must be confessed, that if the portrait be not flattering, the painter has not given us any means of forming an idea of his personal appearance from the figures he drew. But, unfortunately, it is only too true that his own habits were exactly those which he was fond of depicting, that he lived a drunkard, and died in an hospital, and that he was one of those prodigals who never think of returning, but to whom pardon is granted because they have loved painting not wisely but well.

Houbraken has recounted Brauwer's life in such a way as to surround him with interest, and make a full display of the accuracy and depth of his own information. A letter of Nicholas Six, burgomaster, quoted by Houbraken, proves that Brauwer was born at Haarlem, and not at Oudernarde as stated by Cornelius de Bie, the Flemish writer, and also by M. de Piles. He belonged to a poor family, and was possessed of a natural genius which his parents were unable to develop by education. Chance, however, brought it to light. His mother was a milliner and dressmaker for the peasant women of the neighbourhood. Her son sketched for her with a pen the flowers, fruit, birds, and other little ornaments that she embroidered on the collars, caps, &c. A painter of considerable reputation, Francis Hals, was one day passing by their little shop, and saw little Brauwer designing, and struck by the ease and taste which his sketches exhibited, stepped in and asked him whether he would like to be a painter. The boy said he should, if his mother would allow him. The latter consented, but only on condition that his master should support him until he was able to support himself.

Hals agreed, took the boy home with him, and installed him in his studio, but kept his promises very badly. Perceiving very soon the advantage he might derive from talent displaying so much freedom and originality as that of Brauwer, he separated him from his other pupils, and shut him up in a

little garret, where he made him work from morning till night without rest or relaxation, and gave him barely food enough to keep him alive. Adrian's disappearance, however, awakened the curiosity of his fellow-students, who seized an opportunity afforded them by their master's absence to pay a visit to the prisoner. They ascended to the garret in terror, and, by peeping in through a little window, were able to discover that he was executing very good pictures. One of them proposed to him to paint "The Five Senses," at two-pence each. Brauer accordingly completed a sketch, in which the subject, trite as it was, was treated in a manner entirely new, for he had never seen it from any other hand, and yet with great simplicity. Another ordered "The Twelve Months of the Year," also for two-pence each, but promising at the same time to increase the sum if he would work out his sketches.

It was a piece of rare good fortune for the poor recluse thus to find employment for such leisure moments as he was able to snatch without awakening the suspicions of his master.

But Hals and his worthy spouse, who was, if possible, still more niggardly and hard-hearted than himself, soon began to perceive a falling off in the amount of Brauer's labours, and set a watch on him; so that he was compelled to fag away without ceasing, and, by way of punishment for past remissness, they diminished his rations. Happily it is with boys as with young ladies in love: if you want to give nothing and address to the simplest or most stolid, you have only to shut them up. So Brauer began to plan an escape. But here we shall let his biographer Deschamps tell the tale:—

"He escaped, and ran through the whole town, without knowing where he should go; or what he should do. He at last went into a baker's shop, and laid in a store of gingerbread, sufficient to last him the whole day, and concealed himself under the organ-case of the Great Church. Whilst he was ruminating on his position and prospects, he was recognised by a passer-by, who frequented his master's house; and who readily guessed how matters stood from Brauer's forlorn aspect. He inquired what ailed him; Brauer, with his usual frankness, recounted everything that had happened, dwelling at length upon the covetousness of Hals and his wife, who, not content with the profit they drew from his labour, were letting him die of hunger and nakedness. The pallid looks and the rags of the narrator corroborated his statements, and interested his hearer to such a degree, that he took him back to his master, and promised him that he should receive better treatment in future."

The remonstrances of his new friend were not without their effect. He experienced more kindness, and was rigged out in a new suit of second-hand clothes. He now set to work with renewed vigour, but still for his master's benefit, who sold his little paintings at a high price, pretending they were the productions of a foreign but unknown painter, and thus stimulating the curiosity of the amateurs. Brauer, inspired with new vigour by his good clothes and good food, gave full vent to the inspirations of a talent of which he alone was ignorant, but which was already making a good deal of noise out of doors. Amongst his fellow-students was one destined afterwards to be a great painter, Adrian Van Ostade, who was better able than the others to appreciate Brauer's genius, and the delicacy, warmth, and harmony displayed in his works. Ostade was indignant at the Hals' conduct, and told Brauer that he was a fool not to break loose from his servitude; that he was talented enough to live by his art, and draw from it, not profit only, but honour; that with a very little energy he might regain his liberty and make a name for himself; and advised him to go to Amsterdam to seek his fortune, where, as he was credibly informed, his paintings already sold at a high price. Brauer was easily persuaded, escaped a second time, and made his way to Amsterdam, where he had no friends, relatives, or any recommendation whatsoever. On his arrival, his good genius led him to the French Crown Inn, kept by a certain Van Sommeren, who had practised painting in his youth, and whose son, Henry Sommeren, executed very good landscapes and flower-pieces. He could not have fallen into better hands.

Our young vagabond, finding the cookery of the French Crown better than that of Madame Hals, took heart, and opening his haversack, took out his colours, and sketched some pieces which astonished his hosts, and induced them to make him a present of a fine copper-plate, upon which he was to display all the talent of which he was capable. He accordingly painted a gambling quarrel between some peasants and soldiers—representing the tables overturned, the cards scattered on the ground, the players throwing pots of beer at one another's heads; one of whom, badly wounded, lies foaming with rage upon the floor, half-dead, half-drunk. The picture was full of nerve, and executed in a warm tone, with great vivacity in the figures and truth of expression. He was at once recognised as the "foreign artist" of whom Hals had boasted so much. M. du Vermandois, a distinguished amateur, gave him no less than ten pounds for this work as soon as he saw it. Brauer could hardly believe his eyes—he who had begun by two-pence each picture! He took the money, lay down on his bed, and kicked and rolled for joy. After a little, he jumped up and ran out without saying a word. It was evident that so much wealth was burdensome to him, and that he was already longing to see the end of it. At the end of nine days he re-appeared, singing and laughing, and when asked what he had done with his money, exclaimed, "God be praised; I have got rid of it!"

This anecdote alone portrays Brauer's character to the life. His rude apprenticeship in Hals' garret, as well as the ardour of his own temperament, made him prone to the free enjoyment of life. Painting was in reality but a secondary passion with him. His chief aim was, to eat, drink, and be merry—we were going to say, his chief talent, for it was from this sort of life that he drew his inspirations, being able to paint drunkards all the better from being constantly in their society. His studio was the workshop which he made the scene of "The Gamblers' Quarrels," and the furniture of which consisted of a cask on which the clowns have just thrown down the four aces, a broom, a kettle which the light fills with golden hues, and a bucket turned upside down, and upon it the smoker's chaffing-dish, without reckoning the burden leaning against the wall, as we always see it in Teniers' pictures. It was from this locality, when harassed by his landlady for payment of her bill, that he sent his paintings for sale to the amateurs. If they did not bring the price he expected for them, he burnt them, and set to work anew upon others, upon which he bestowed more care, till at last he got what he wanted.

There is no species of pleasantry or facetiousness that the Flemish or Dutch biographers have not attributed to Brauer. Cornelius de Bie states, that having been plundered by pirates on the coast of Holland, he bethought himself of getting a coat made of coarse brown holland; and on it painted flowers and foliage in imitation of Indian shawls. Having then given it a shining appearance with gum or varnish, he walked about the streets, attracting great attention from the ladies, who were in raptures with his costume, and were inquiring on all sides where they could procure this new stuff. He then went in the evening to the theatre, and at the close of the piece managed to mount upon the stage, where he walked up and down with a wet sponge in his hand, calling upon the audience to examine the material of his coat, of which he said, he was the sole maker, and carried the only piece in the world upon his back. Then, to the great astonishment of the pit, he rubbed off the painting with his sponge, and revealed the calico in its native coarseness, declaring it to be an emblem of human life, upon which one should place as little value as upon the wretched garment which a moment before had appeared so costly and beautiful. This "pointing of the moral," otherwise commonplace enough, was performed by him with a better grace upon another occasion. Some of his relatives invited him to a wedding, evidently, as he believed, because he had just got a new and very showy velvet coat. At dinner he took some of the greasiest and thickest sauce on the table, and smeared the coat with it, saying that the velvet had a right to the good cheer, inasmuch as it was the velvet

which was invited. He then threw it into the fire, and went back to the tavern for his old rags.

James Houbraken, who ably engraved the portraits which illustrate his father's "Lives of the Painters," conceived the idea of placing a monkey beside Brauwer's portrait, to express that buffoon humour which far from diminishing as age advanced, in Brauwer's case only increased and became more repulsive. In fact, what in the child might be called drolleries, in the man were nothing but gross tomfooleries, which smelt of the places frequented by their author. Happily, Brauwer, during his lifetime, achieved better things than pasquinades and farces, and has rendered his name immortal by some masterpieces of expression, touch, and colouring, to which the graver of *Visscher* has lent new life. Their scarcity, too, has enhanced their value. What nerve, what life, and what accuracy of observation do they not display! Nowhere else, save in the reality, do we find those grimaces, those red and bloated faces, that coarsen merriment of tatterdemalions, and those indescribable attitudes and postures of beastly drunkenness. What imagination could conjure merely up by guess those physiognomies of the gamblers—the winner singing with all his might, the crest-fallen visage of his antagonist, and the bumpers which the spectators are engulphing in their huge throats in honour of the occasion? No one but an *habitué* of taverns could have risen to the height, or rather descended to the lowness, of scenes like these. In wine Brauwer found the truth of his sketches.—*In vino veritas.*

It would, doubtless, have been far better for such a painter if his life were wholly unknown to us, and nothing remained of him except these admirable little works, which might lead us only to suspect his taste for carousal. But it would seem as if history had a predilection for scandal, if we may judge from the complacency with which she records all the follies and weaknesses of her heroes, while she is silent regarding so many charming artists who needed nothing but the *clat* of a great vice to make them famous, and hand down their names to posterity. Brauwer lived at Amsterdam until having earned a great deal, but spent more, he had to fly from his creditors. He took the road to Antwerp; but as he was not so well versed in the current politics of the day as in the gossip of the tap-room, he was imprudent enough to present himself at the gates of the town without a passport from the States General, which were then at war with Spain. He was arrested as a spy, and imprisoned in the citadel. He there met with the Duke of Aremburg, also a prisoner by order of the King of Spain. Taking him for the governor of the place, he recounted to him, with tears in his eyes, all the misfortunes which had befallen him, and assured him most solemnly that he was merely a painter, who had come to Antwerp to make use of his talents, and offered to prove his statements if he were furnished with a palette and brushes. The duke immediately sent a message to Rubens, asking him to forward the articles; and the latter forthwith sent back canvases, colours, and everything that was necessary. In the meantime, some Spanish soldiers had got themselves down to play at cards in the courtyard in front of the painter's window. Brauwer took them for the subject of his picture, and painted the group with extraordinary truth, exhibiting the minutest traits of character, attitude, and physiognomy in each. Behind them appeared an old soldier seated on his haunches, and watching the game. His face was striking and original, and between his half-open lips appeared the only two teeth that were left him. The artist had never succeeded so well—had never displayed so much fire and vigour. As soon as the duke saw the picture, he burst out laughing, and sent for Rubens to come and see if the work of his dauber was worth preserving. Rubens came, and had no sooner cast his eye upon it, than he exclaimed, "It's by Brauwer; no one else could paint subjects of this kind with such power and beauty." When pressed to value it, he named seventy pounds. "You are right in thinking it is not for sale," said the duke; "I intend it for my own collection, as much because of the singularity of the incident, as for its intrinsic excellence."

Rubens used all his influence to get Brauwer out of prison.

He went to the governor and succeeded in convincing him that the supposed spy was a painter of genius, and obtained his liberation, upon his becoming security that his *protégé* was in reality what he said he was. He then took him home to his house, assigned him a chamber, a place at his table, and procured him suitable dress. But Brauwer, instead of being grateful for these acts of kindness, was only embarrassed by them. The libertine and riotous hero of tavern brawls and merriment felt but ill at ease in the well-ordered, sober, but elegant mansion of Rubens. In a few days our hero was heartily sick of it, and took to his heels, sold his clothes, and returned to his old haunts and associates, declaring that life under Rubens' roof was to him as insupportable as imprisonment in the citadel.

There was then at Antwerp a haker, named Joseph Van Craesbeck, a native of Brussels, who professed to be very fond of painting, and sometimes acted as a broker. Brauwer made his acquaintance, and seeing he had a handsome wife, conceived it to be incumbent upon him to fall in love with her. But, in accordance with the old saying that husbands generally pave the way for their own misfortunes, it so happened that Craesbeck offered Brauwer board and lodging, in case he taught him painting. This was exactly what the artist wanted, and he accordingly snapped at the proposal with the utmost eagerness. No two men were ever better matched. They had the same tastes, the same characteristics, and they soon had the same style. By dint of admiring and imitating Brauwer, Craesbeck began to display some talent, but he made no better use of it than his master, for he employed himself mostly in painting drunkenness, debauchery, and pots of beer. It appears that the two painters had, doubtless at the close of some carousal, some difference with the police, which obliged them to quit Belgium and take refuge in Paris. Brauwer did but little work there, and soon returned to Antwerp, carrying disease with him, and died miserably in the public hospital in that town, in 1660. He was buried in the cemetery of the plague-stricken, that is, on a straw bed, at the bottom of a well. On hearing of this sad end of a life of so much glory and shame, Rubens, it is said, was moved to tears. He was unwilling, however, that due respect should not be paid to art in the person of one of its great professors. Accordingly, he caused the body of Brauwer to be exhumed, and paid the expense of the funeral rites, which he caused to be celebrated with great pomp. Roger de Piles has made the assertion that Rubens caused a magnificent tomb to be erected to Brauwer in the church in which he was buried. The truth is, that Rubens did entertain the idea of erecting such a monument, and sketched a design for it, but his own death prevented his carrying his intention into execution, and consequently the epitaph given by Cornelius de Bie, in Flemish verse, had no existence save in his own imagination.

The best proof of Brauwer's power and imagination lies in the fact, that, though Hals' pupil, his style differed completely from that of his master. Hals is impetuous, and consists mainly in bold touches so placed as to conceal the precision, often painful, of the sketch, and to produce their effect at a distance—and at a distance only. On the contrary, Brauwer's pencil is free and easy; he expresses and finishes his objects without minuteness and without coldness. His pictures are only finished sketches—the impastment is so thin that the priming of the canvas appears through it. But besides this, Brauwer had another style, in which there was more impastment and visible touches; in which lightness and softness are united to firmness, and delicacy to breadth. Fine and *spiritual* as Teniers, Brauwer is warmer in his tones, shows more of reddish-brown, and in this approaches Ostade and Rembrandt. In a word, Brauwer is as much to be imitated in his execution as his example is to be avoided in his choice of subjects. Ostade and Rembrandt are never ignoble, because they never seek to be so; while Brauwer, having boldly and openly renounced decency, never fails to call up those feelings of disgust which every man, however blunt his perceptions, must feel at the sight of a vagabond or ruffian engaged in his orgies. And, nevertheless, Brauwer, despite the coarseness of his models,

the vulgarity of their acts, and the ugliness and repulsiveness of their visages, has succeeded, during two centuries, in delighting all lovers of art by the delicacy, the warmth, and the harmony of his works.

Brauer executed, with a good deal of skill, some etchings, of which M. de Heinecke has furnished a list: they are nineteen in number:—

8, 9, 10.—"Two Peasants," a piece marked, *Abraham Brauer, fecit.*

11.—"A Tall Man and a Little Woman with an Ap: smoking," with the inscription, *Wats dit voor en gedroeht.*

12.—"A Peasant Girl making Cakes."

13.—"A Peasant lighting his Pipe at a Chafing-dish held by a Woman."



THE FIDDLER.—FROM A PAINTING BY BRAUER.

1.—"Four Peasants," underneath, *T'sa vrienden.*

2.—"A Peasant Girl playing a Flageolet, and two peasants dancing"—*Lustig spell.*

3, 4, 5, 6.—"Three Peasants smoking"—*Wer aent smoken.*

7.—"A Peasant sleeping in the foreground, and in the background three Peasants drunk"—*Brauer.*

14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19.—"A series of Peasants and Peasant Girls;" six pieces without any mark; the first represents a "Woman asking Alma."

The portrait of Brauer, painted by Vandyck (p. 201), has been engraved by Schelte; John Gole has also engraved it and Boulonnais has copied it. Adrian Brauer is one of the

Dutch painters who have been most engraved. The names of the principal engravers are Meyssens, Blooteling, MacArdell, Lebas, Basan, Bary, Brenden, Delfos, Demouchy, Wenceslas Hollar, John Gole, T. Major, Malceuvre, Mathan, Marinus, Nicholds, Ploos Van Amstel in his "Imitations of Drawings after the principal Flemish and Dutch Painters;" Riedel, father and son; Van Schagen, Seiler, Schenck, Van Sommer, Spilsburg, Spooner, Jonas Suyderhoef, Wallerant Vaillant, Le Vasseur, Verkoljje.

drinking. This painting, which we have reproduced (p. 204), is called in Holland "The Fiddler."

John de Visscher has also engraved, after Brauer, a series of four tap-rooms, all of which are excellent, particularly in point of colouring.

This is not all; the famous Lucas Woestermann has engraved, after this master, "The Seven Mortal Sins," represented by half-length figures. Voluptuousness is there sketched in two ways, so that the seven sins form eight pieces. They bear



THE DRINKERS.—FROM A PAINTING BY BRAUER.

Amongst these we must distinguish, as beyond comparison, Blooteling, Lebas, Hollar, John Gole, and Suyderhoef, and we must add to the list the great name of Visscher. He has executed, after Brauer, two pieces of the greatest beauty, and greatly sought after by amateurs, "A Surgeon dressing a Man's Foot," the first proofs of which bear the inscription, *Ure, seca, purga*, and a tap-room, in which one man is playing a fiddle and winking his eye, three others singing, and one

the cipher V.; and the "Five Senses"—five pieces. We see in Brauer's drawings a pen outline, aided by a little wash of Indian, and a few bold touches and hatchings of the pen, which produce all the effect that could be expected from them. The short, thick-set figures, their grimaces, and the appearance of their heads, covered with straight, stiff hair, indicate their author at a glance.

Lebrun informs us that David Teniers painted in his earlier

style (not the fine silvery gray) some paintings which have been often attributed to Brauwer, in order to enhance their price, and because they did not seem handsome enough for Teniers himself.

The following are some of the prices which Brauwer's works have fetched:—

The Laroque Sale—Gersaint, 1745: A small landscape, in a gilt frame, 16s. 8d.; a small beginning certainly.

The Caulet d'Hauteville Sale, 1774: "A Dispute at Play," containing six figures, and forming a pendant to one of Cornelius Dusart's, was sold for £2 only. It is true that at the same sale a fine Rembrandt, engraved by MacArdell in the dotted manner, brought only £24.

Burgraaf Sale, 1811: A little painting containing two peasants smoking beside an upturned cask, and a third in the background, £2 10s.

Erard Sale, 1832: "The Interior of a Public House," on wood, from the Willie Cabinet; ten figures, £38.

There is but one of Adrain Brauwer's paintings in the Louvre, the "Interior of a Tap-room." A man seen from behind is asleep upon a table; a smoker is lighting his pipe, and another is kissing the maid. In the background two men are chatting with a little girl.

Amongst Brauwer's pupils were Gonzales, Craesbeck, Tilborg, Bernard Fouchers, and Jan Steen, who was also the pupil of Van Goyen.

THE PROPRIÉTAIRE.—II.

JULIA and her mother were in the midst of their meal when a knock came to the door. Julia rose and opened. It was the *concierge*.

"Bon jour, madame," said he gruffly.

"Bon jour, Monsieur Germain; what can I do for you?"

"I come for the money. I have my accounts to make up with the *propriétaire* to-morrow, and I must be *en règle*."

"But, monsieur, I am sorry to say our letter is not yet come."

"There is five weeks' rent due," answered the *portier* brutally; "I must have my money."

"But we are very much in want of the money too," said Julia gently; "I wrote three days ago to say that mamma was very ill, and very likely—"

"All this will not pay my *propriétaire*," cried M. Germain. "I like to have my books all square; no laggers for me. My principle is, 'People who can't pay should not live in lodgings.'"

"Go down, sir," said Mrs. Robinson firmly; "you shall have your answer to-morrow."

"I'm going! I'm going! English beggars," he muttered as he turned away; and then he added aloud, "but mark my words—my money by twelve o'clock, or I seize."

"What are we to do, mamma?" cried Julia, bathed in tears.

"You must write to the *propriétaire*, state our case, refer him to our agents in England, and beg for time."

"But M. Germain will never deliver it," said Julia.

"You must run out and put it into the post, directed to the *propriétaire* of No. —, Avenue de Champs Elysées. He will not dare then to keep it back. Be sure he will not suspect it is from us."

Julia did as her mother advised: the letter was written, and put into the post, and then they sat down to reflect on the future. It was clear that things in England were very bad, as they had heard nothing since the five pounds had been sent. They must give up their humble lodging, and take to a garret. One room in a very poor neighbourhood was all they could possibly afford. Having come to this resolution, which was to be carried out as soon as they could get rid of their present apartments, they went to bed.

They rose early, expecting the visit of their dreadful *propriétaire*. They had heard that he was a severe man, and they looked with great anxiety to the result of the missive. Twelve o'clock arrived, and no sign of any visit, but exactly

as the clock struck, in walked the *concierge*. His aspect was dogged and stern.

"Are you ready, madame," said he, addressing Mrs. Robinson, who sat in an arm-chair near a fire—it was now the month of October.

"I am not, M. Germain; you must have patience. I shall write to England again to-day, and do my utmost to have the money sent by return of post. My daughter has money due to her for lessons, too, which you can have on account on Saturday," was the quiet reply of the lady.

"Mere idle tales!" cried M. Germain. "I never allow any one to get behind with me. I must have my money, or you must go, leaving security for the rent."

"But, M. Germain," replied Julia, quietly, "we cannot go until we have another apartment. We cannot take another apartment until we have more money. But we should not stop under even these circumstances, were we not sure of paying you after a brief delay."

"Once more I declare, that all these explanations are nothing to me. You must pay, or go," exclaimed M. Germain, raising his voice.

"To day," replied Julia, firmly, "we can do neither."

"Do neither!" cried M. Germain, putting himself into a passion, while he seized the young girl by the arm and shook her, "I tell you, you shall go out at once, or my name is not Germain."

Next instant the savage *concierge* rolled on the floor, receiving as he fell a couple of kicks, which made him bellow with hearty good will. He sprang to his feet, cursing and swearing; but when he saw M. Rousset shaking the ladies by the hand, he stood transfixed with terror and astonishment.

"Godown, sir; make your packet, and leave the house in a quarter of an hour," said M. Rousset passionately.

"But, monsieur," began the man humbly.

"No words, obey."

"But *mon propriétaire*," said M. Germain.

"You are landlord," exclaimed Julia, blushing crimson.

"I have that honour," replied M. Rousset, bowing, "and I have just read your charming note. I was coming up to answer it in person, when I heard this brute's voice."

"But you will pardon him," said Julia earnestly, "it will not happen again."

"I protest," began M. Germain.

"This young lady's requests are commands in this house," replied M. Rousset; "no words! but go. Let me never have such a scene again in my house."

The *concierge* bowed low, and left the room.

"My dear friends," said the young man, "what is all this you tell me. This delay in your remittance is very annoying. But as a banker, I have an agent in London; if you will allow me, I will have him call round."

"We shall be most grateful," replied Mrs. Robinson.

"In the mean time, said the young man in a hesitating tone, "you will, I hope, open an account with me."

"Monsieur Rousset," replied Mrs. Robinson much affected, "I cannot think—"

"Madame!" cried the young man passionately, "I have come here for a very different purpose from what you expect. I love your daughter. I loved her from the first evening that I saw her; but I had made up my mind never to marry, and my pride revolted at being vanquished so early. Every time I saw her, again I found my affection growing upon me, and at last, seriously alarmed at the state of my feelings, I fled to Italy. It was in vain. I visited Rome, Naples, Florence, I revelled in beautiful scenery, I gazed with delight on the fair plains and picturesque hills of that lovely country, but it was in vain; and I came back, post haste, conquered, overcome, to lay my heart and fortune at your daughter's feet."

The young man paused, out of breath at the vehemence of his emotions.

"But, Monsieur Rousset," exclaimed Mrs. Robinson, while Julia hung her head to hide her tears and blushes; "you can not be serious. Though of good family, we are poor. My husband died of a broken heart, after a bankruptcy, leaving

us a poor pittance of £72 a year, which, with Julia's lessons, is all we have."

"Madame! I ask not what you have. I am rich, very rich. My time is my-own. I have no tie to keep me here. My share in the bank needs no attention, save on settlement day. Give me your daughter's hand, if she is good enough to consent, and let us return to beautiful Italy together. You have no proper home, your child's will of course be yours. Madame, I earnestly wait your reply."

"Monsieur, I can make you but one answer. Ask my daughter—I can but consent."

"Julia," cried M. Rousset.

"Henri," replied she, placing her hand in his.

"And now," said M. Rousset, when the first quarter of an hour of emotion and excitement had passed, and Mrs. Robinson had returned after leaving them ten minutes alone, "you have been annoyed and worried this morning; you must come for a drive, *sans ceremonie*, breakfast in the Bois de Boulogne, and dine in the Palais Royal. To-morrow I shall, since you permit it, have all the necessary papers prepared, and in fifteen days the wedding will take place."

The young man spoke with animation and joy, and they could not refuse him anything. They dressed hastily, and in a few minutes returned to the happy lover, who, with Julia on his arm now, went down stairs. As he passed the *portier's* lodge M. Germain came out and bowed.

"The first floor is vacant?" he asked.

"Yes, monsieur," replied the *concierge*, bowing.

"Then let it be ready this afternoon for these ladies; engage

a couple of good servants, a cook and chambermaid, and let everything be at their disposal before the evening."

M. Germain bowed low, to hide his astonishment and humiliation.

"And if anybody asks questions," continued M. Rousset, gravely, "you will say, that I am going to be married to M^{rs}s Julia Robinson to-morrow fortnight."

The *concierge* dropped his old pipe, which he had previously concealed in his doffed cap, and it broke into a thousand pieces, so great was his astonishment—a state of moral petrification, as an American friend of mine is wont to observe. M. Rousset moved away at the same time, and handing the ladies to his carriage, they drove off. Quickly passed that day, for all were happy; and swiftly passed the fortnight which elapsed before they were married; and, then, away for Italy!—land of poetry and song, of love and blue skies, of Petrarch, of Ariosto, of Dante—cradle of arts and science, nursery of liberty, though now, alas, enslaved and degraded. They passed a year in that glorious land, and then came back to Paris, where they now reside. Madame Rousset is a charming wife, and does the honour of her *salon* with all the lady-like dignity of an English, and the elegant ease of a French woman. They have travelled into Switzerland and even England and Scotland, and Henri is cured of all his prejudices against the land which gave birth to his dear wife. Mrs. Robinson and her daughter, when people talk about French landlords, and tell stories of extortion and insolence, always stop them, declaring that they have only had experience of one, and that the most charming and delightful of *Propriétaires*.

HIRAM POWERS.

THE birthplace of an individual is generally of more importance than his descent. Genius is seldom, if ever, hereditary; and for one who draws inspiration from "blood," thousands abstract it in wonder and joy from their native hills.

The circumstances of a name and a genealogical patrimony have little in common with the birth and growth of noble sentiment. They may foster the pride of life, but cannot tint it with an abiding hue of glory. It is otherwise with the circumstances of time and place. The objects that first allure us abroad and awaken free life, the valleys and slopes in which our young feet run wildly in the chase of undefined joy, the air that circulates about our daily paths, and the scenes that lie open to our eyes and heart, have a power to rouse and restrain thought, as they mingle with our young blood and shape our character.

We know of no one who has expressed these things more truthfully than the calmly reflective poet, Wordsworth. His picture of the herd-boy of Athol is pervaded by an almost passionate belief in the formative influences of nature:—

"In such communion, not from terror free,
While yet a child and long before his time,
He had perceived the presence and the power
Of greatness; and deep feelings had impressed
Great objects on his mind, with portraiture
And colour so distinct, that on his mind
They lay like substances, and almost seemed
To haunt the bodily sense."

These thoughts naturally arose in the mind, as we reflected on the native and adopted homes of Hiram Powers, and the toils of his early boyhood.

Hiram Powers was born in Woodstock, Vermont, July 29, 1805. He was the youngest but one of a family of nine children. His parents were a plain and industrious pair, possessed of the thrift and sober virtue of New Englanders. They cultivated a small farm, and, by persevering husbandry, wrung from it a comfortable subsistence.

"Pure livers were they all, austere and grave,
And fearing God."

In such a place and in such circumstances, Hiram Powers, the sculptor, had his birth and early education. Otta Quechu

river, the mills that its waters turned, and the tales of the Green Mountains and Green Mountain boys, supplied food for his young thought. Lest we should seem to overrate the circumstances of our birthplace, and the suggestive and formative influence of nature upon the mind, we are induced to quote a passage from Cole's description of his journey to the White Mountains, and the discoveries in the region which he visited. "While there was," says he, "a pleasure in the discovery, a childish fear came over me that drove me away: the bold and horrid features, that bent their severe expression upon me, were too dreadful to look upon in my loneliness. I could not feel happy in their communion, nor take them to my heart as my companions. The very trees were wild and savage in their forms and expressions. This I have found a kind of law, the law of congruity in nature. Where the region is one of savage character, the trees in their predominant traits correspond: in places where the aspects of nature are more gentle, there the expression of the woods is soft and pleasing, and the gentle outline of the trees graceful and beautiful. As I walked down the road, darkened by the forest and rendered doubly gloomy by heavy masses of clouds breaking round the cliffs, I listened with anxious ears for the wheels of the coach, but always found them filled with the sound of waters, falling either with a whispering voice in the distance, or with an angry roar near at hand."

The education of young Powers was very limited. It was such as the district schools afforded, and at that time this was not much. It certainly had nothing to offer that could either awaken his imagination or cultivate his taste. But there were other schools beside the district one, to which he had access—the school of the artisan and the school of nature. As far as we are able to judge of their influence upon him, we are led to believe that the instruments and processes of human skill first awakened his mind, and that through a knowledge of different kinds of handicraft, so much a part of the Yankee's life, he found access to nature. Invention in his case was the early nurse of imagination; and to it he owes more of his excellence in his special art than he or his admirers are likely to appreciate. During the years which he spent in Woodstock, he found leisure to gain some knowledge of the art of drawing. Here is the first direction of his mind towards the fine arts.

As his early years passed by, his father began to feel more and more the straitness of his circumstances and the difficulty of maintaining his family upon his farm. He removed to Ohio, and there, shortly after his arrival, died. The future sculptor was thrown upon his own resources, and necessity became his instructor.

Young Powers set out for Cincinnati, feeling that the character of his future life depended upon his own efforts. Ignorant of the world, unacquainted with himself, and poor in friends, he reached the city, where he found employment in a reading-room connected with one of the hotels. His stay here was not long. He became clerk in a produce store, from which situation he was cast out by the failure of the principal. A clockmaker's establishment offered him a situation. Here he remained for some time, acting as a collector of debts, and, at a later period, engaged in the mechanical part of the busi-

ness. His skill of ordinary handicraft had put on the nobleness of conscious power over shapeless materials. His vocation was art. Under this conviction, he connected himself with the Western Museum of Cincinnati, where he continued for some seven years, superintending the artistic department. How strange are the ways of Providence! How singular the processes by which a life is made! In this connexion, Powers found the means of self-culture. The arrangement of wax-work shows was doing its work in his inner life and enabling him to form more distinct conceptions of form in action and repose.

In 1835, Powers left Cincinnati and visited Washington. He was in search of reputation as an artist, and the means by which he might visit Italy. He wished to move among the classic forms of ancient and modern art. He was not disappointed. He made several busts of the most distinguished



TAVERN BRAWL.—FROM A PAINTING BY BRAUER.

ness. It was not altogether disagreeable. The processes of manufacture were pleasing to his ingenuity: the symmetry of machinery, the nice adjustment of wheels and pinions, and the regular measure of time, had their influence in forming that rhythm of life so essential to the true artist. But he could not be content as an artisan; he aspired to something higher. About this time he became acquainted with a Prussian, who was engaged on a bust of General Jackson. This acquaintance was the occasion of giving the first marked development to the future artist. Powers sought and obtained some instruction in modelling, and soon produced plaster busts of much merit. One of these possessed more than ordinary excellence, and has been regarded by himself as possessing a likeness and finish which will compare favourably with his best productions.

These early efforts in plastic art are the birth of his genius. Invention had now appeared in its creative form; and the

men at the capitol. Still his means were inadequate. Happy for him that he found a friend in Mr. N. Longworth. By the liberality of this gentleman, he was enabled to realise the dream of his latter years. In 1837 he landed in Florence.

The department of his art, which exercised his first love, continued to do so for some time. He continued to work at busts. He did so partly from the necessity of his circumstances, and partly from the necessity of his being. His ideal life was not developed. The future sculptor of the "Greek Slave" lived in sensuous impressions. Beauty, in her higher revelations, was as yet unknown. As the artist wrought from day to day at his busts, a change passed upon him, and he determined to use his spare time in the attempt to produce an ideal work; and "Eve" was the result.

At this point in the life of Powers, we deem it desirable to pause, as it is the dawn of true art in him, and indicate the course of our subsequent remarks. The man is now con-

fessedly an artist, and is to be seen in his works. His inner life is sufficiently developed to be expressed and written by himself. It is our business to understand it, and interpret it to the people.

The art chosen by Powers is special in its character. It is confined in its nature, and must be regarded as one of the most definite species of fine art. The direction which it gives to our thoughts is peculiar and restricted; but when carried forward to the highest degree of culture, these specialities disappear, and in their stead appears that perfection of form, which readily allies itself to music and poetry, and produces a similar impression on the mind. Sculpture, in its highest development, busies itself with the expression of the permanent in thought—thought, that in ideal beauty is ever seeking the infinite. It may do this in action or repose, but has a necessary tendency to the latter form of expression. And what, we ask, are the essential qualities of the art as it

and "Fisher-boy," and "Proserpine," are so closely associated with the poetic creations of some of the noblest minds of antiquity and modern times, as to force upon us a comparison. This intimate association we regard as the natural consequence of the affinity which exists between the fine arts, and which is admirably expressed by Schiller. "Music," says he, "in its loftiest excellence, must have *shape*, and affect us with the tranquil power of an antique; the plastic art in its highest consummation must become music, and move us by direct sensuous presence; poetry in its most perfect development must influence us with all the potency of music, but at the same time, like the plastic art, must surround us with a *clear tranquillity*." This poetry we find in the works of Hiram Powers.

Before the model of "Eve," his first ideal work (p. 213), was completed, Thorwaldsen, the celebrated Danish sculptor, who was passing through Florence, paid him a visit. He admired



HIRAM POWERS.

embodies objects in this state? The answer is supplied by a remark of a foreign writer: "Repose and dignity are necessary to the perfection of all sculpture, representing objects not actually in motion; these qualities are to be gained as much by the disposition of the various subordinate forms, as by the attitude of the figure itself." By repose here, we are undoubtedly to understand what Schiller happily calls the rest resulting from the harmony of thought and sensuous impressions—a rest that enters readily into the sympathy of the observer.

How has Powers realised these qualities? Has he succeeded in carrying the culture of his art to this lofty state? In attempting the answer to these questions, we return to his first ideal work, and propose an examination of his productions in their historic order. Such a procedure alone can introduce us to the true life of the artist.

In this examination, we must not overlook the strong affinity of the art of sculpture in his hand for poetry. His "Eve,"

the busts of the artist. The statue of "Eve" excited his admiration. Powers could not suppress his apprehensions, and began to offer an apology, by stating that it was his first statue. The noble old sculptor stopped him, and rendered an apology useless by the remark: "Any man might be proud of it as his last."

The "Eve" of Powers, which elicited this commendation, is now on exhibition at the Crystal Palace, for the first time. We had often heard of it through amateurs and travellers, who were so fortunate as to see it in the artist's studio; but not till it appeared in the Crystal Palace were we able as a people to understand and feel it. It is a noble work, and evinces the high degree of perfection to which art had been cultivated in the breast of the artist. The sentiment is conscious guilt, as it awakes in the first dawn of reflection. A tender regret steals in sadness over the countenance, and memory recalls up the past, and gives it an obvious ascendancy over the impressions of a sensuous presence. Shame dejects

he head, and raises one of the hands, feebly holding the forbidden fruit to the breast, while timidity steals over the whole frame and suspends the footfall. The conception and execution are marked by delicate truthfulness, repose, and dignity.

The work, although possessing these noble qualities, scarcely realises the highest condition of the art. It is beautiful, but too coldly intellectual for the first woman, the mother of mankind; and when carefully compared with the Scripture account of the fall, or Milton's conception of it, fails to carry the sense of guilt to the heart and impress us with its presence.

The "Greek Slave" (p. 213) was commenced as soon as the model of Eve was completed. It was finished in eight months. It is widely known in this country, and in England. It was exhibited at the Great London Exhibition. An extract from one of the journals will show us how it was received. The journal speaks of it in restricted praise.

"There can be no doubt that it is a work of considerable merit of execution; but we must be permitted to question its claim to rank with the highest productions of the sculptor's art. We may generally state that our objections to it are that the figure in itself is ill-studied, and the attitude constrained and inelegant; whilst the incident supposed to be represented, that of a modest female forcibly exposed in a slave-market, and keenly sensitive of the humiliating indignity to which she is subject, deprives it of that charm which attaches to the nude figures of ancient art, wherein an obvious innocent unconsciousness of *deshabille* prevents all compunctions on the score of propriety."

The detractions which this critic would have us make from the second ideal work of Powers, are to be attributed to the moral condition of his own heart. That nude slave, chained in the Turkish market and awaiting the terrible condition of servitude, is a noble and pure conception. There is no affectation of art creating attitudes and devices to conceal shame and modesty, because there are none to conceal. They are lost in a subdued abstraction from all that is sensuous in the present, and an intense but calm conception of the past, and in it her own dear home. There she stands in clear tranquillity, and as we gaze upon her, it falls upon our hearts like the quiet of an early autumn dawn.

The "Fisher Boy" (p. 212) was the next work of Powers. It is well known in America, but has not, we believe, called forth the same warmth of approbation as the "Greek Slave," or "Eve." This may be owing to the character of the subject. It is not as rich in associations as either of the others. The conception partakes of much of the ideal purity of the works already noticed. It is natural, fresh, and beautiful in simplicity and innocence. The boy holds a shell to his ear, and listens attentively to the air as it murmurs through its convolutions. The feeling is not intense enough, and the face is wanting in imagination. Judged severely, we are constrained to give it a much lower place in art than his other ideal works. In confirmation of this decision, we present a poetic creation of a similar character from Wordsworth, and suggest a comparison:—

"I have seen

A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for murmurings from within
Were heard, sonorous cadences! whereby,
To his belief, the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea."

The bust of Proserpine, an engraving of which we are able to present our readers (p. 216), is also an ideal work. It is not Proserpine of Grecian Mythology in the field of Enna,

"gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower by gloomy Dis
Was gathered."

It is that Proserpine as the conception of female beauty in repose. The artist has delicately touched the marble into a

form expressive of this conception as it existed in his mind. Is it just? We do not inquire now about the execution of the work, but the thought. It is tranquillity itself—a rest that is ready to pass into the sleep of vital powers. As such, it is too sensuous, and does not indicate the realisation of beauty, in its highest state, as the harmony of happy thought and the warmth of sensuous impressions. Proserpine is too cold for flesh and blood, and too still for mortal life.

In addition to these works, Powers has produced others of singular merit. The busts of Webster, Jackson, Marshall, and the statue of Calhoun, are worthy of his chisel. The work which now adorns his studio is the heroic statue of "America." It is, of course, a personification—a female figure—and is monumental in its character. "America" rests her right hand upon the scales, or bound pikes of Justice, and with her left points to heaven, the source of power and the supreme tribunal of right. The insignia of tyranny are under her feet, and on her head is a tiara studded with stars. Her expression is noble. She is a conception of grandeur and freedom. We said the work was monumental in its character, and yet the nation that it so nobly represents and honours, delays to claim it as her own, and transfer it to the capitol.

We intimated in the early part of this article that the creative imagination of Powers was nursed in his inventiveness, and that his plastic art arose out of his skill in different kinds of handicraft. That skill, it seems, was an inheritance. He remembered it in Italy. He cultivated it, and in his hands it became a power by which he broke through the staid mannerism that had ever marked the methods of modelling in plaster. He invented a new method. A letter from him, published in "Putnam's Monthly," gives a full account of the invention and its application, which we insert here for the benefit of our readers, and in order to give a full view of the sculptor's life as written in his own words.

"THE NEW METHOD OF MODELLING IN PLASTER FOR SCULPTURE.

The tools, are:

1st. *Trowels*, the handles of wood, the blades of gutta percha, set in metallic backs or sheaths. These are of various forms and sizes, and, being elastic, the plaster can be put on with them somewhat as with a brush.

2nd. *Chisels* of various shapes and sizes.

3rd. *Scrapers*.

4th. *Perforated or open files*, every tooth having an opening in front of it through the body of the instrument, so that the filings or dust may pass through and escape from the outer side, thus leaving the teeth unclogged and free to act. A common file or rasp would soon fill, and cease to act upon the plaster. The open files are of various forms and sizes, curved, rounded, flat, &c. They are made of steel or hoop iron, and by a machine which punches the holes at the same time that it raises the teeth. The form is given to the file after the holes and teeth have been made.

Having the tools, the material must be prepared, and this is common plaster of Paris. Suppose the work projected is an erect statue, the process is as follows:—A pair of irons corresponding to the bones of the legs in direction, though not necessarily in shape, must be set up on a platform, rising nearly as high as the hips, with the lower ends bent sideways in order to have a good anchorage in the plaster which is to form the base of the statue. Around these irons the base is commenced by pouring a sufficient quantity of mixed plaster to form it. We have thus before us a platform of plaster, with a pair of irons standing in it. The statue must now be built up with bricks and mortar.

The bricks are made of plaster, and the mortar is plaster and water.

The bricks are made by laying down a piece of oil-cloth upon the floor and pouring upon it a quantity of plaster, made liquid with water. So soon as this begins to harden, it must be scored, like short-cake, so that when quite set or hard, it may be easily broken into many fragments of various shapes and sizes.

Having a quantity of those bricks on one side, and a barrel of mixed (fluid) plaster on the other, and a trowel in

the hand, the work is commenced by sopping a brick in the fluid plaster, and placing it against the base and side of one of the irons; and then another and another, filling in the crevices with plaster-mortar. Thus the work goes on, until the body is reached, when it is continued in the same way, except that a cavity is left in the centre, to be closed at the neck—which is made solid—and reopened in the head.

Having the figure (legs, body, and head) up, the chisels are now to be used in roughing it into the general human shape. This done, the arms are to be added. A long brick is sopped at one end in fluid plaster, and placed against one shoulder. It soon adheres, and forms the nucleus of the upper arm. To this is added another long brick, to form the fore arm. Additions are then made to fill the arm out. The whole is now gone over with the chisels, taking off here and adding there, as may be found necessary, until the chisels are no longer required. Then the open files come into play. They act like planes, and soon produce even surfaces, taking off all irregularities. The trowels are still useful in filling up cavities and making slight additions. Small brushes are useful when very little is to be added.

It is necessary to cover the bricks entirely with a coating of plaster, for otherwise they will appear, and disturb the harmony of the surface. The surface, moreover, should be kept quite clean, else the plaster will not adhere. It should always be brushed before putting new plaster on, and, in case the work has been laid aside for a long time, the whole surface must be scraped or filed before beginning anew; otherwise the plaster will not adhere firmly.

If an alteration be desired in the position of the head, the arms, or even the body, it can be made by sawing the parts in two, and then re-uniting them by forcing fluid plaster (with a syringe) into the fissures. The arms can be taken off and finished separately, putting them on from time to time to see the effect.

It is unnecessary to keep the model wet; the dryer it is the better.

There are other details of the process which would require too much space to specify.

The advantages of this process of modelling over the clay process are numerous: I will mention a few of them.

The plastering is unchangeable; it neither shrinks nor swells, and it does not require wetting and covering with cloths or oil-cloths, to keep it intact and in order.

No moulding is necessary to transfer the form from clay to plaster. The model for the marble is not a cast; but the plaster figure, as it came from the artist's hands, is itself the model.

The process is less tedious than clay-modelling, for by means of the *open files* more can be done with plaster in a day than with clay in several days.

A clay model cannot be changed materially after it has once

been commenced; for the iron skeleton which sustains every part of it is a fixture. But in the plaster model, the iron frame-work is only in the legs, all the rest can be cut apart, and varied from the original design in accordance with any afterthought of the artist; and this is a very great advantage.

Modelling in plaster is not new, but my way of doing it is new; at least, I know of none who have done it, if I except such as have been instructed by me. But my method would offer very little advantage over the old way of working in clay, were it not for the open file, an instrument quite new and of my own invention. It is made by a machine constructed by me for the purpose, and which produces them rapidly and with very little manual labour.

In Florence there are models of statues several hundreds of years old, done evidently in plaster, but roughly done. The difficulty always has been to *finish* a plaster model. By my method, and with my instruments, the highest finish can be obtained with ease."

The style of Powers, on which we propose to make a few remarks, is eminently natural. In saying this we are aware of bestowing no ordinary commendation; and yet, it is indefinite. What is natural to one may be apparent affectation in another. By natural, then, in a work of art, we mean the strictest propriety, that which is fit or becoming the ideal creation in all the appropriate circumstances of its being.

Powers has preserved a singular independence in the formation of his style, and in circumstances adapted to make any but an original mind imitative. He did not, as was to be feared, on his arrival in Florence, become the slavish admirer of classic art, and, in his inexperience, mistake the calling of a copyist for that of a creator. He rose superior to the fashionable mannerism and tendency to generalisation that prevailed so extensively in Europe at the time. He dared to be free, and wisely broke through all such restraints. He substituted individual thought for generalisation. Mannerism gave place to sentiment. He turned away, too, from the violence of action, and sought to perfect his art in the repose of beauty—the harmony of spiritual impulses. As a consequence of this freedom from conventional conditions, the art of sculpture, in his hand, dropped much of its specialities, and allied itself most closely to music and poetry, producing a similar effect on the mind of the spectator. The result of this tendency which he gave to his art was, that his style at once became distinctive, combining a simple, intellectual and pure conception with a delicate, skilful, and elaborate execution, and in both presenting alike a truthful adherence to nature. The best proof of its excellence is to be found in its effect upon the mind of the spectator. It surrounds it with a clear tranquillity. It may be too cold. The imagination is pure, but the sentiment seems to be wanting in the glow of consciousness. Such is Hiram Powers, the living American sculptor.

AMERICAN ART.

AMERICAN art, like American literature, is not understood at home or abroad. It is praised too highly by some: it is depreciated too much by others. The artist, with few exceptions, has betaken himself to his easel, and left its vindication to literary amateurs, and in some cases to literary brokers. Critics, wise in its technicalities, have praised or blamed immoderately, and the people, borne on by the heavy pressure of life, have hurried to the marts and thoroughfares of business. Art, in the mean time, has lived in solitude, content with the devotion of a few simple-hearted men, showing herself once a year to the world, while the troubled multitude, busied with stocks or charmed with the doings of the mason and upholsterer, are satisfied to live in ignorance of a class of men devoted to fine art, unless when occasionally startled by a newspaper announcement of the exhibition of the Academy of Design, or some passing criticism on art itself, as genial in most cases as the praise or blame that the sensualist bestows

on virtue. We are not, as a nation, deeply moved by works of the fine arts.

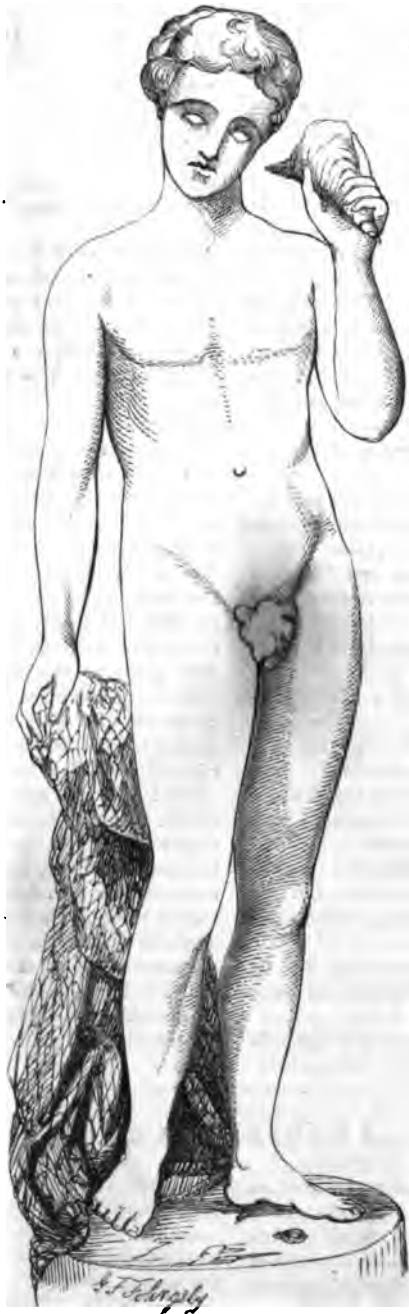
As a natural consequence of this state of things, the people continue devoted to sensuous shows, and the elegant among the people speak of art in the same tone that they praise a waltz of Julien. Even the poet sings of it in catches as fitful as the untimely note of the blue-birds. The artist himself becomes despondent as he sees the multitude running after shows and showmen, while the creations of his heart, abstracted in passionate love from nature, and transferred in living shapes to the canvas, attract only a passing notice.

It is retributive. The artist has overlooked too much the heroism of art—the chivalry of his calling. The artist, either in selfish devotion to his work, or impelled by the general love of gain, giving a jaundiced tinge to his atmosphere, has retired into his own sphere, and lived among the specialities of his art. Ungenerous life! He has, accordingly, neg-

ected the literature of his profession. The works of Cole and Allston are scarcely an exception. He has passed by the duty which he owes to his country, to come forth and educate the popular taste—come forth and be the interpreter of fine art as well as its cultivator.

Recalling the mind from this partial diversion of thought to its first and main intent, we resume the subject in form, and

Earnestness is to become a part of their existence, and the works for which they claim attention must be works that have a name and a place in our civilisation. Art, if it would not be demeaned in an age where *service* is to be the passport to eminence and machines the revolutionary implements, must show itself more daring and better acquainted with nature and humanity, and aid man in reading the works of



THE FISHER BOY, BY HIRAM POWERS.

propose, in this article, to introduce AMERICAN ART to the people. Critical Memoirs of Artists and engravings of their chief works will follow in regular succession, and make up our contribution to art-literature. It may be that we shall be successful in the undertaking, and not only educate the popular taste, but also awaken in the breasts of artists themselves a more practical and generous devotion to their art.

God and transferring to his heart the thoughts that breathe in their substantial forms. Then shall art become the liturgy of beauty and ally itself to worship. The painting, the statue and the poem shall be in request even for utility,

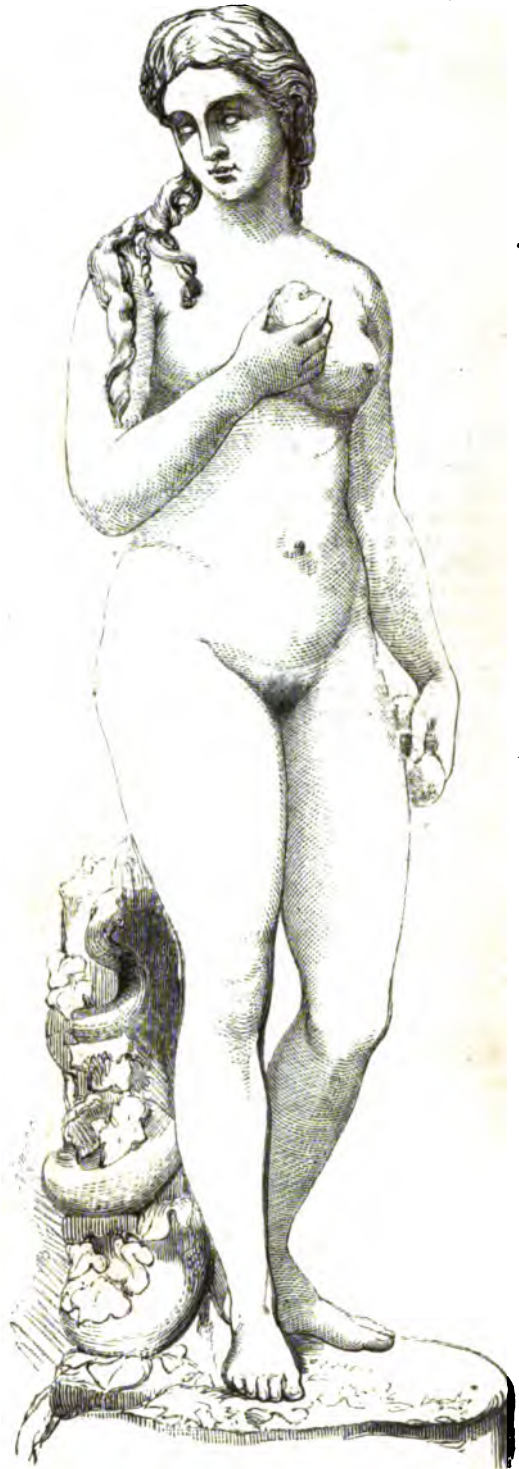
We return to the point of departure. American art, like American literature, is not understood at home or abroad. There is a feeling on the Thames and the Rhine that we have

ot done enough. It seems so from our manner of life. We are accustomed to meet this feeling with apologies, the refuge

We are a young nation. It is true; but we are not a young people. We cannot measure ourselves by the two hundred



THE GREEK SLAVE, BY HIRAM POWERS.



EVE, BY HIRAM POWERS.

of conscious guilt and weakness. And what are these apologies? A few of them may be presented here for counsel and reproof.

years of our existence on this continent, or the eighty years of our independence. Our roots strike into the soil of twelve centuries in England.

The circumstances of a new country are unfavourable to art. There is point in this remark only to the savage. A country cannot be long new, in the strict sense of the term, to a people armed with machinery. The artisan soon makes a pathway for the artist.

The excitement attending the establishment of our national existence and institutions has drawn off the public mind from the lores and walks of beauty. The truth of this apology is conceded. The felling of woods, the bridging of rivers, the digging of canals, and the construction of iron roads, have engrossed the people. We are aware of this. But a people capable of these things should not be destitute of art. A people so highly civilised as to care mainly for individual man, and project a noble system of common schools, has no apology to offer, if art is poor and neglected in their midst.

These apologies we regard as of little moment. They explain nothing. They are the plea of unreflecting weakness. There are considerations, however, that do explain the condition of art among us, and may, if ingenuously weighed, prepare us to determine intelligently the character of its works. A few of these considerations may be stated in this place.

The constant tendency to colonise, attended, as it commonly is, with the troubled excitement of annexation, has retarded the growth of true art and literature among us. It leads us from home and the heart. Life is more than thought, and daring activity more than conscious reflection. It agitates society, even in the secluded mountain village, and breeds in all classes an unhappy disquietude. The concentration of thought is rendered impossible. Life is outward and ever outward; and this, too, by the patronage of the nation. Beauty seldom accompanies such a march; and fine art, unwilling to take the road to El Dorado, or become a wrangler in the political arena, is abandoned by the nation.

The passions that induce colonisation are seldom of a pure character: they are troubled passions. Even when the oppressed seeks and asylum, he carries with him an agitated sense of wrong that frets the quiet of his being, and forbids the entrance of art into his breast. The passions that settled Jamestown, and immortalised Plymouth Rock, and carried forward the steps of swarming men towards the Pacific, however noble as a part of life, will be found, when carefully analysed, ungenial to everything that does not wear the image and superscription of a careful utility. They induce a form of life that forbids alike the culture of taste and fervid fancy. The actual reigns in dread supremacy over the ideal.

The want of stimulus among us is unfortunate for art. The hand and the eye need it, and unless it is meted out in some measure, the fire of devotion goes out on the altar of artist-life, or the sparkling blaze is changed for a smoking brand. Artists may talk of love for their art, and in very stubbornness work on, regardless of the world. They can produce little that is worthy of their calling. They are social beings, and when cut off from a happy and appreciating society, are denied the conditions of true art. Great thoughts may live upon the canvas, but they will live there as unfriendly and unnatural as the monk in his cell. Neglect is cold, and when it becomes habitual, chills the freshest buds of being. The state does not patronise American art: there is no society or body of men to foster the risings of artistic thoughts.

The extreme tendency to individuality and the want of nationality, we regard as no ordinary hindrances to art. The individual can never raise himself up out of society without endangering himself and his calling. Art suffers in endless diversity; it will not bear sectional restrictions. Art has its habitation in a general mind. Believing what we have written, we look over our vast national domain, and whatever political or ecclesiastical creed warms its members, or rouses them into unnatural antagonism, the democratic element, an element essentially sectional, works endless diversity and destroys that unity which is necessary to nationality. In such a jarring state of things, how can art flourish—art, whose aim and mission are to be found in the harmonious embodiment of all our true impulses?

In view of these considerations, we see that the American artist has much to contend with. His life is shadowed in Beattie's Minstrel. Still, we see no reason why he should be impeded. Has not genius in all ages been heroic, and forced itself into notice by its triumphs? There may be a noble American art. But all this settles no point. It does not afford us even a criterion of judgment on the subject. We know it, but we do not know where a criterion is to be found. We are a peculiar nation. We cannot compare ourselves with ancient Greece, forced to be original; nor yet with any of the kingdoms of Europe, forced by the gathered riches of Greece to be imitative.

A question arises here of some importance, and one that changes the whole aspect of things. It may be that American art, like American institutions, is destined to be peculiar, and in its development, produce works that accord with our national inheritance. Physically considered, our country combines the features of Asia and Europe, and is admirably adapted to be the home of matured humanity. Is the art which it nourishes to be equally noble and generous?

Four questions present themselves here, and await our answers:—*What is art? Does it depend on civilisation? What is American Art? How has it been cultivated?*

It is not, we remark, our intention in this introductory article to discuss questions in detail, any one of which is sufficiently broad for a treatise, but simply indicate their nature. It is proposed to do even this, only so far as it may be necessary to understand and appreciate our subject. In doing it we acknowledge the necessity of forming a good conception of art in its entirety, in order to judge correctly of any of its special developments.

What is art? To this question we are naturally conducted by the course which our thoughts have taken. It meets us as we approach American art. In answering it, we must be discriminating, as far at least as will comport with the popular character of our work. We need distinctions that distinguish when there is a difference.

Art, it may be observed, as seen in the etymology of its name, conducts us at once within the breast of the artist. It is an independent thing. It is above all positive conventions, and is as indignant under the capricious requirements of men as Pegasus under the rein and lash of the farmer. Art enjoys an absolute immunity from all caprice.

Attempting to read the heart of the artist, we find ourselves attempting the analysis and explanation of a strange contention between the unity and diversity of his being. His sensuous impressions are ever varied and varying, while the consciousness of internal unity forces upon him the duty of seeking permanent beauty, the ever-fleeing pole of artist-life. Its leafage and bloom are unsatisfactory. He seeks its truth. He struggles to reach it. In this struggle his impressions grow into the rhythm of music; and his conceptions ally themselves to the severity of correct science. The object is gained: the end is reached. A clear tranquillity floats about his being, and out of the necessity of beauty art comes forth,—*the power to represent permanent moral thought in free living shapes.* Noble art! and so simply and naturally is the representation made that it reproduces itself in the heart of the people. This is the evidence of its truthfulness. True art appears as a development of humanity, and seeks its good in conducting man by the sense and culture of beauty to a peaceful recognition of the FIRST FAIR. This is its lofty mission, and in fulfilling it, art associates itself with science and religion.

Does art, as thus defined, depend on civilisation? The artist in whose heart true art has its habitation, is dependent upon it. He is the child of his time, and, in his early development, is also its pupil. If we examine any school of painting, we find that all that is distinctive in it had its external origin as much in the national life as in the hills and woods and climate that made up the national inheritance. Sir Edwin Landseer, the favourite painter of the English, "has fortunately," says a writer on art, "chosen a class of subjects eminently national and in harmony with the pursuits and tastes of the people."

The moral atmosphere which the artist breathes, and the institutions among which he lives, exercise an enslaving or liberating influence over him. His creations are debased or ennobled. Accordingly, we find art flourishing only under the reign of freedom. Greece alone produced art for the ancients. And why? She was free. Europe has imitated her. And why? Not because Greece exhausted the province of art. No. Europe was not so free as Greece to create for herself. The state, it must be admitted, is the grand representative of humanity to its citizens, and when despotic, corrupt or imperfect, must exert an unhappy influence on art. "Civilisation," to use the language of Schiller, "far from placing us in freedom, only unfolds a new want with every power that it educates within us." Nevertheless, it is the duty of the true artist to carry his art beyond his time, and, in a measure, lead civilisation by borrowing from the infinite that which is noble and permanent, that he may express it in art. Cast the work forth. It will outlive states and statesmen.

We proceed now to the third question, the one in which we have the most interest:—*What is American art?* In asking this question, we evidently look for something distinctive. We are led to do so by the genial character of our institutions, and the place which each individual has taken in our civilisation. We are not constrained, like Europe, to be imitative. We are freer than Greece. Art need not for ever repeat itself, simply varying its tone, like the pitch of Eastern music.

But we said that art was somewhat dependent on civilisation. This dependence is readily traced in American art. Owing to the nature and circumstances of our national existence, it has never raised itself into a state of pure freedom. The artist is forced to bend his neck to the servitude of the times, and to some extent live the life of the nation, painting or chiseling for existence. The prominence of the department of portrait-painting and bust-making in American art we regard as a confirmation of this remark.

From this view of the subject, it will be naturally inferred that we regard utility as one of the features of American art. To a limited extent we do. The artist is forced, by the necessity of his times, to forego the ideal, and lend himself to the service of the actual. Faces are more in demand than landscapes: the old homesteads and millseats, where industry lives in the clank of machinery, are more highly prized than the mountain and lake sceneries, where beauty has her haunts. The tastes and habits of the people are of the actual: the whole course of legislation is in the direction of power. Wares and chattels have, accordingly, a value which draws the multitude away from the exhibition of art, and compels them to forego the charms which beauty lends to life. A freight of California gold stirs the popular heart to a depth never reached by "Cole's Course of Empire."

As a natural consequence of this state of things, art evinces a strong tendency to eclecticism. It becomes dependent, even for patronage—dependent too on foreigners. It would please, and in doing so, would take to itself what is good in the various schools. Would it form a new one? A composite one? The tendency of artist-life in this direction is little better than an aberration; for never can genius submit to the task of culling flowers of beauty, when it is its work and pleasure to create them.

From this direction it has been partly withdrawn by the freedom of our national life, and partly by the distinctive features of our climate. Genius could not long be content in the service of utility. Genius could not long be eclectic, when there was so much to kindle and restrain its impulses. In opposition to all enslaving influences, it has come forth and asserted its own free nature. There are indications of independent art.

If we examine it carefully, and in the light of its works, we shall find much in the departments of painting and sculpture to command respect and awaken high hopes. Architecture, music, and poetry, have scarcely raised themselves into noticeable mediocrity.

American art, as far as painting makes a part of it, allies itself closely to the English school, and in this gives indication

of the prevailing and permanent character of the Gothic mind. There is, in general, a faintness of tone; unhappily, too, a timidity of execution. But the distinctive features are to be found in a prevailing *harmony* of colour and *truthfulness* of conception. The execution, although in many cases admirable, is by no means our peculiarity. American art excels more in conception than in skill of colouring. Our best pictures are not so much scenes, or even thoughts, as *sentiments*. Contemplating them, we are led to believe that the destiny of art among us is not tending to the production of mountain and lake scenery on canvas, that rival that of our country, so much as to the production of sentiment in the mind of the spectator. The mere transference of the peculiar ideas of the artist is lost in this noble and generous purpose. In confirmation of this judgment on American art, we can confidently point to the lives and works of Cole and Allston. As an illustration of what we mean by sentiment, we refer to the "Sabbath Morning." "The Fountain and the Old Man's Reminiscences" by Devaid. Those pictures are not so much scenes, or even thoughts, as hallowed and hallowing sentiments. As a further illustration of this point, we are induced to quote a passage from Mrs. Hemans, and refer the reader to Cole's "Cross in the Wilderness." Poetry and painting, in this instance, reflect each other's sentiments.

"Silent and mournful sat an Indian chief,
In the red sunset, by a grassy tomb;
His eyes, that might not weep, were dark with grief,
And his arms folded in majestic gloom,
And his bow lay unstrung beneath the mound,
Which sanctified the gorgeous waste around.

For a pole cross above its greensward rose,
Telling the cedars and the pines that there
Man's heart and hope had struggled with his woes,
And lifted from the dust a voice of prayer.
Now all was hushed and eve's last splendour shone
With a rich sadness on the attesting stone."

If we look over the history of art, we shall find that it is incomplete, and that never, in the old world, have the most favourable conditions of pure art existed. Greece, when she betook herself to the easel and chisel, was too analytic; the clear, cold air of philosophy fanned her walks. Modern Europe, less free than Greece, has also been less inventive; the state has unduly influenced the creations of the artist. If Greece carried form to an extreme, modern Europe has done the same to sensuous impressions. It remains for America to reconcile them, and mark the last era of art—ideal sentiment.

The conditions for the noblest works of art, if we overlook the incidental character of society, are found in our country. The physical features are impressive: the outline and contour of our inheritance unite in a remarkable degree variety and unity of design. The haunts of beauty are numerous; the forms of grandeur are found in mountain, lake, and stream. The state, instead of being an oppressive and enslaving institution, is little more than the servant of the individual. With these conditions, the artist can afford to dispense with galleries of art, and patiently instruct the people in their waywardness. He will not attempt, like Greece, to give us beauty in gods and goddesses, nor, like modern Europe, labour to express the idea of humanity as exhibited in the state or favoured by patronage; but resolutely strive to give us humanity itself, as reflected in the repose of his own heart. As a heroic disciple of truth and beauty, he will seek, in the free and chastened impulses of his soul, to shape most delicately and lovingly his materials, until they become significant of the *good*; while, in the harmony and stillness of his being, he will strive to conceive truth that intellect and sense will alike lovingly embrace. American art is to show itself in *free living forms* that represent sentiment—forms in which the warmth of sense pervades the embodied thought, and over the whole is thrown that harmonious repose which wedded love sheds upon the happy man. It must be so. As art has its birth and seat in the bosom of the artist, American art has its home in the breast

of the American artist, and must show its distinctive features in the greater freedom, fulness, and tranquillity of his being. It may be that beauty will appear as the rhythm of life, and as soon as we are ready to give to our world a direction towards the good.

The last question proposed remains to be answered: *How has American art been cultivated?* The full answer to this question is to be found in the lives and works of American artists, which we propose to present in successive monthly articles, in which one of our distinctive artists will be introduced to the people, and his culture of American art submitted to review. Yet there is something to be done in this place. The question demands a general answer, and it must be given.

How has American art been cultivated? In too fragmentary a way. It is somewhat remarkable, that while our political

that of geography—on the basis of philosophy. The French, Italian, Dutch, and English schools express little more than national existence, and are, consequently, too local for the highest conditions of art. We can, it is true, trace the Roman and Gothic civilisation in them. The Celt and the Teuton may be readily distinguished by their characteristics. In America to repeat them? Or, adopting a nobler classification of art—a classification that will be to it what Becker's is to language—will she attempt the school of humanity by a free representation of its sentiments?

This is a noble mission. Will American art fulfil it? The artist awaits the existence of the conditions. He awaits in hope the circumstances that favour so generous and ambitious a culture of his art. Let the nation, then, give us a true nationality, the church a holy brotherhood, and the family :



BUST OF PROSERPINE, BY HIRAM POWERS.

plans are vast, our self-confidence and daring giant-like, and even many of our individual enterprises stupendous, fine art and literature are only beautiful and fragmentary things. To question the truth of this observation is to undervalue the resources of our artists. They are able to attain to an entirety of artistic development in keeping with our civilisation, and subject sensuous impressions to the grand unity of moral truth. They have shown remarkable devotion to their calling. Witness the lives of Allston and Cole: they have given much promise. Durand has much of the quiet rhythm of life, and happily domesticates nature. Powers has much of the pure and delicate beauty of ideal conception.

As yet, however, American art has not been cultivated so as to form a school for itself—the school of the New World. Its destiny, if we do not misinterpret the past, is far nobler. It will create a school, if it creates any, on a nobler basis than

free and close union of power and love, and American art will fulfil its destiny. The school of sentiment will soon exist. It will arise out of the warmth and repose that mark the style of some of our artists; and, unless marred in its early state by some illusive form of pantheism, or a deceptive sentiment that leads the artist himself to mistake the sense of beauty for the presence and recognition of a personal God, may prosperously attain its goal, and claim the noble palm. Religious faith is an essential element of true art.

In the mean time, let us study the lives and works of artists: let us seek them among the colonies, in the gloom of the revolution and in the times of our independence, and gathering up the distinctive works, present them in fine engravings to the people. A more generous reception of such works by the people, may be one of the conditions of a full development of American art.



ACCUSATION AND ARREST OF ROBERTO DI RECANATI

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

CHAPTER XVI.

ALL this, and much more which we have omitted, did Zeno address to the captains around him. While they burned with anxiety for the disclosure of the plot and the persons engaged in it, the novelty and solemn nature of the appeal made each hesitate to speak before his neighbour. But this suspense did not continue long. Sir William Cheke stood up, and glancing round the company, read in their eyes that they would willingly have him as their spokesman.

"Noble general," said he, addressing Zeno, "I know well those around me; companions in arms have we been in many a battle-field and bivouac, and I dare venture to express their feelings as well as my own. Am I not right, my brothers?"

There was an unanimous expression of concurrence amongst the captains, and Sir William proceeded—

"Signore, we heard your first words to-night with great pleasure; for it made us both proud and glad to find you bearing such generous testimony to our conduct as soldiers, and to learn what trust you and the most serene republic repose in us. In all our names, I thank you. Be well assured we shall never forget what we owe to you, whom we have found to be not only a general, but a father. But you quickly dispelled our pleasure; for truly we are grieved and horrified to think that there are in the camp those who dare to meditate such crimes. Shame! eternal shame and infamy be upon them! they are a disgrace to our order, and a stain to the brightness and honour of the military profession!"

A simultaneous cry of "*Vergogna! Vergogna! Infamita ai traditori!*" showed how thoroughly all present shared in the indignation of the honest English knight.

"But whatever be the danger that impends us all," continued Cheke, "we know well that you can cope with it. We know how you watch over the common safety; we know your vigilance, your astuteness, your genius. Nor shall we, noble Zeno, disappoint your estimate of us. Here we are, assembling promptly at your command—cheerfully we place ourselves in your hands—use us at your pleasure; not as mere paid troops, but as friends bound to you by many a kindness. We beseech you then, messer, trust us fully: tell us, at once, the names of those traitors, that we may slay them with our daggers. Brothers," said he, turning once again to his companions, "swear that you will stand by our general; that you will pursue the traitors to the death, let them be the highest in rank or the noblest in blood."

"We will! we will!" was the response of every voice.

A smile of stern exultation passed over the face of Zeno. He was now thoroughly assured, as he looked from one to another of those whom he had assembled, that there was not a false heart amongst them, and with the support of that number, he felt that he might brave and bid defiance to all who were disaffected.

"My friends, you ask to know who is the traitor; you shall see him ere long. I marvel he is not here by this time, for I have ordered him to be summoned."

Such indeed was the case; for no sooner had Zeno concluded his address, and found that he might depend upon the fidelity of so large a portion of the mercenaries, than he had privately despatched Alexis to request the instant attendance of Recanati.

The young Greek found the condottiere, who had manifestly not yet retired to rest, and was still partially armed. He received the message with an inward dissatisfaction, which, however, he took care not to exhibit, and contented himself with replying that he would attend. But, in truth, the summons of the general caused the wily captain no small anxiety, and he revolved the matter again and again in his mind without being able to see his way. Could it be that Zeno had by some means become apprised of the plans which he was so soon to carry into execution? The thought was startling, and the heart of the traitor sank within him as the terrible suspicion crossed his mind. If so, it would be madness to obey the summons, and throw himself, as it were,

into the very jaws of a roaring lion. And yet what would a refusal avail him? Could he brave the rest of the troops, should they side with Zeno, with his own lancers? That was indeed a hopeless chance. But after a little his heart took courage. "No," thought he; "it is impossible that my schemes have transpired; they have been too well laid and secretly for that. The Genoese spy reached me safely: had he failed in effecting his return, I should have discovered it ere this; and so, after all, this summons is but a casual one, very inopportune, I admit, but I will despatch it as speedily as I may, and then—" And with such thoughts Recanati set forward to the general's quarters; but as he passed out he called his lieutenant aside, and hastily said, "Should I not return in half an hour, you will lead a company of lancers, fully armed, to the general's quarters: I shall have need of them there. It is as well," he thought to himself, "to provide against the worst; and now to meet this man, who will thrust himself ever in my way, till I am forced to remove him."

Meantime, Zeno and the captains still waited the arrival of him who was announced as the traitor. The silence which had lasted for some minutes was now becoming insupportable, and the leaders began to look anxiously around them and to whisper amongst themselves. Just at the moment when one of them was about to address the general, the noise of feet was heard outside, the door opened, and Recanati, attended by Alexis, entered the apartment. Despite of his habitual wariness and self-control, Recanati could not suppress an expression of astonishment as his eye hurriedly took in the scene before him; but in a moment he was calm and self-collected. He felt that the crisis of his destiny was now come, and he braced every energy of mind and body to meet, and, if possible, to control it. The captains exchanged hasty glances one with another, and awaited the issue in silence. Zeno was the first to speak.

"It is not the wont of Sir Roberto di Recanati," said he in a cold and pointed manner, "to be the last to attend when summoned by his general. Your presence is most necessary, and we have waited for you. Be seated."

Zeno motioned to a seat which had been reserved at the side of the table on the right hand, and close to where he sat himself. Recanati took the place, as he replied,

"If I am somewhat late, the shortness of the notice must plead my excuse. I did but put myself in order to attend."

"And yet, methinks, briefer time might have sufficed, Sir Roberto, seeing that my messenger found you still up and in armour. But to the business in hand. I have been advertising these brave and loyal men of a secret conspiracy which is carried on even within the camp, and they have demanded that I should expose to them both the treason and the traitor. I have promised to do so, and but awaited your presence for that purpose."

Whatever might have been the feelings of the condottiere at this ominous opening, he had the skill to conceal them.

"As I am here," said he, "I presume your excellency will proceed. You are, of course, prepared to submit convincing proofs to myself and my brothers in arms. Men act not, in such cases, upon mere suspicions."

The wily soldier laid a strong emphasis on the word *proofs*. Despite of his fears, he could not conceive that Zeno had any evidence to adduce against him, however strong suspicions might exist.

"Proofs!" retorted Zeno, with a stern voice and kindling eye. "Proofs shall this meeting undoubtedly have, and that soon. Bring hither the Genoese spy."

In a moment the man who had been captured by Sir William Cheke and his trusty Hodge was led into the room, bound and guarded.

"Fellow," said Zeno, "answer me and these honourable signori truly, as you shall hope to save your life."

"So please your excellency, I will," answered the Genoese.

"Whence came you here?"

"From Chioggia, eccellenza."

"When, and for what purpose?"

"I left the town last night, bearing a secret despatch from those in authority there."

"Dost thou know its contents?"

"I do not: it was tied and sealed."

"What were thy instructions with regard to it?"

"To deliver it with all despatch and privacy to Sir Roberto di Recanati!"

The eyes of all were turned with wondering inquiry on the accused. Recanati raised his head, and returned their glances with haughty composure. He had weighed and scrutinised each answer of the Genoese; he felt sure he had never seen him; that he had received the packet safely from, as he believed, the real messenger, and his rapid mind came to the conviction that whoever this witness might be, actual proof against himself could not be adduced.

"It is false!" cried he, in a tone of indignation. "Brothers in arms, I denounce this as a base plot against the reputation of a condottiere, which touches the honour of every soldier of fortune. On the honour of a knight and the faith of a Christian, I swear that I never, till this night, beheld the man who now testifies. Where is this despatch? Let him produce it. Wilt thou dare to affirm, wretch, that thou hast ever seen me till this minute?"

"It is true that I never saw you before, signore. I cannot produce the document."

A smile stole over the face of the soldier, he began to breathe more freely.

"We shall clear up all this presently," said Zeno. "Let the English bowman stand forth."

Hodge at once stepped forward, and stood bolt upright beside the Genoese.

"Good fellow, dost know the man next thee?"

"Ay, so please you, signore: we made acquaintance over night. We found him like a wolf in our preserves, and so we snared him, as your excellency knows."

"Look at this packet. Hast seen it before?"

And Zeno took from the papers before him one which he held towards the archer.

"Assuredly, signore. It is the same which we found upon yonder fellow, when we were going to skin him," said the woodsman, his blue eye laughing at the recollection of the scene; "and which I disposed of as your excellency directed. The Signor Capitano," he continued, turning to Recanati, "will doubtless testify that I delivered it to him carefully."

"Brother soldiers," said Zeno, rising and opening the packet, "here in your presence do I stand up and accuse Roberto di Recanati, as a dishonoured knight and a base traitor. I charge him, upon the evidence of these men and the proofs in my hand, of having entered into a treasonable compact with the Genoese at Chioggia."

Recanati sprang to his feet, in a transport of uncontrollable rage. All his composure had deserted him. Hurriedly he placed his hand upon his sword-hilt, and as he half drew it from the scabbard, he exclaimed, in a loud voice of defiance and scorn,

"I fling back thy foul words in thy face, Carlo Zeno. Traitor and dishonoured thyself! Thou false priest, who hast broken thy vows; thou disgraced gambler, and desperate adventurer. Thou liest in thy throat, and I will prove thee a liar with my body. Brother soldiers, I demand at your hands the rights of a knight and a gentleman. There is my gage—I claim the ordeal of battle."

He flung his iron gauntlet heavily upon the table, and was about to spring from the place where he stood, when either arm was seized by two mailed hands, that seemed to grip him as in a vice, and he found himself in the power of two English archers, whose ponderous frames towered over him, and seemed ready at a moment to crush the slender form of the Italian. Silently yet irresistibly they pressed him downwards till he was again seated, pale with fury, but unable to stir. Zeno looked at him with a smile of quiet contempt.

"Signori," he continued, "we shall proceed with our proofs. When they are all laid before you, if you do not pronounce that I have made good my words, I pledge myself that Carlo Zeno, though generalissimo of the forces of the republic, will not refuse the gage that has been flung down to him."

Zeno then proceeded calmly to read the document.

It stipulated that the leaders of the Genoese were willing to secure to Roberto di Recanati a certain stipulated sum of money, to be paid to him upon the termination of the blockade, provided he would undertake to assist them in the following plot, the terms and feasibility of which, it appeared, had been previously fully discussed between them. Upon the night therein named—being the present one—as soon as it was ascertained that the Venetian troops had all retired to rest, and the camp was quiet, emissaries were to be sent by Recanati to the quarters of the other mercenaries who were found to be favourably inclined to aid in the movement, to prepare them for a rising. That signals by means of lights were then to be exchanged between the Genoese and Recanati, upon which a tumult was to be suddenly excited throughout the camp. That upon Zeno's issuing forth from his quarters, two assassins, who were to lie in wait for the purpose, were to rush upon and slay him. Then, amid the confusion and darkness, the Genoese were to sally forth from Chioggia, and making their way to the Venetian camp, were to fall upon the troops, dismayed and in disorder at the death of the general, and, joined by the conspirators at Palestrina, to effect a general slaughter. If this scheme succeeded, the Genoese felt confident that they would be able to effect a communication with the Genoese admiral in the morning, and thus escape the horrors to which they had been so long subjected. Chioggia was, in return, to be left to the conspirators to enter, and to possess themselves of such treasure as the Genoese should be unable to carry away with them.

This instrument was signed by certain parties on behalf of the Genoese, and also by Roberto di Recanati.

"And now, signori," said the general, when he had finished the reading of the document, "how say ye all? Have I proved the existence of the treason as I pledged myself to do? Have I shown you the traitor?"

A general burst of indignation was the instant reply to Zeno's question—

"You have, you have. Down with the traitor. We will stand by our general and the republic."

"The danger is imminent," cried one of the captains; "while we sit here, the enemy may be preparing to assail us; it behoves us at once to take measures for our own safety and that of the state."

"Content you, gentlemen, on that score," answered Zeno. "I have already taken such precautions as I deemed needful. In the first place, I have secured the emissaries who had gone forth an hour since to rouse the conspirators. No signal has been given in the camp, and the Genoese will scarcely venture to leave Chioggia till they see the light. Meantime, how are we to deal with this true knight and loyal ally?"

"He is a traitor and deserves a traitor's death," cried Sir William Cheke.

"He does—he does—away with him to prison," responded every voice.

"Be it so," said Zeno. "I will answer to the republic in this matter. Guards, lead the prisoner to the military dungeon."

But ere the two stout bowmen could execute the order, Recanati had started to his feet, and springing with the nimbleness of a tiger at Zeno, aimed a deadly blow at his head with his sword, shouting loudly, "Recanati, to the rescue!" Well was it for the general that his helmet was wrought by one of the skilfullest armourers of Milan. The blade cleft down upon it, striking fire as steel struck upon steel: the sword was shivered, and the helmet cleft open well-nigh down to the head of the wearer. Zeno staggered beneath the violence of the stroke, and many a hand was raised to fell the traitor to the earth. But the general quickly recovered, and interposed with all the weight of his authority.

"Nay, my good friends, nay; ye shall not stain your true

blades with the foul blood of such a one as this. We shall reserve him for a more fitting punishment than death from the swords of true soldiers."

The guards had now succeeded in restraining Recanati, and were hurrying him away, when the noise of feet and the shout of many voices were heard without. Cheke instantly whispered to Alexis, who left the apartment, and all then arose and stood around the general.

"To the rescue—to the rescue, my brave lancers!" shouted Recanati, "your captain, Recanati, is seized—they are going to slaughter him!"

"Tie your baldric over his mouth and gag him, Hodge," said Cheke—and the archer in a moment executed the command. And now the outer door was assailed with thundering strokes of lances and axes—the sentinel, after an ineffectual resistance, retreated into the inner apartment. Zeno and his little band stood cool and collected, awaiting with drawn swords the entrance of Recanati's lancers—for they indeed it was who had, upon the expiration of the appointed time, rushed down to the general's quarters, which they reached just at the moment when their captain had called upon them to rescue him. More and more furious came the thundering blows on the door, mingled with the cries and imprecations of the assailants. At length the massive oak gave way, and with a loud crash was burst inwards. A rush of feet succeeded, and the small outer apartment was rapidly filling with the excited soldiery.

"Now, brave knights and worthy companions, stand together," said Sir William Cheke, springing to the front. "Form with me, and stand firm. Let us fight for God and the republic."

With a cheer the captains answered his call, and the small but brave band stood calmly awaiting the charge of the lancers. The first that entered was cleft down by the strong arm of Cheke. Another and another succeeded to the place of the fallen man, and shared the same fate. Then two rushed forward and forced an entrance, and the fight became more deadly. Others pressed from behind, and the room was speedily filling, the contest becoming fearful in the flickering light of the room. At this moment loud shouts rent the air.

"Piantaleone! Viva San Marco! Saint George for merry England! Zeno to the rescue!"

At these sounds the combatants within paused as by a common impulse, and took breath. Then the rush of a multitude, tramping heavily, came nearer and nearer. There was a clashing of weapons without: those who were furthest from the door swayed to and fro; then they turned to meet the English archers and the troops of the republic that came furiously down upon them; then they rushed forth, pell-mell, into the dark night, leaving those within unsupported. At this moment Zeno and his band charged them with fresh ardour, and drove them backwards, slaying them as they retreated through the door and the outer apartment. Then they drove them into the open air after their companions, where they were met in the rear by the archers, and hewed down unsparringly. At length the lancers of Recanati broke into confusion and fled, leaving a considerable number dead and dying, and Zeno and his faithful allies remained alone in the darkness, after a fearful struggle with those who were the paid soldiers of the republic. Meantime, the tumult of the fight, and the cries of the combatants, had aroused the whole camp. From every quarter men, hastily dressed and but half armed, flocked down to the scene of combat, supposing that the Genoese had sallied upon them in the night. Several of the senators, too, now appeared, and joined Zeno. When tranquillity was restored, the general and his friends returned to the inner apartment, accompanied by the senators. There they found Roger Harrington with his brawny arms encircling Recanati, who writhed in his giant clutch as a lamb would quiver beneath the talons of an eagle. He had endeavoured to stab the yeoman with his poignard, which the latter wrenched from his hand, and then hugged him so tightly that his victim was gradually growing livid in the face. He was now released from the human vice which had so remorselessly

tightened upon him, bound and seated. A court-martial was hastily formed, the proofs were briefly detailed to the senators, his person was searched, and the document given him by Hodge was found on him, and it was decided that Recanati should be handed over to the civil power of the state. Without a moment's delay, he was hurried out through a postern door, and conveyed on board the doge's galley. When this was effected, Zeno, accompanied by the senators, again issued forth amongst the troops, who in crowds awaited some explanation of the strange events of the night. In the name of the state he proclaimed the fact, that a horrible plot had been discovered for the destruction of the troops; that the traitor had been tried, condemned, and already removed, and the safety of the republic was now secured. By degrees the soldiers retired, breaking up in groups, and discussing the exciting intelligence; and peace and silence once more reigned throughout the camp at Palestrina.

While these events were taking place, the Genoese at Chioggia in vain awaited the signal-light. At length the sound of the tumult and the cries of the men in the distance were borne to their ears through the night. Conjecturing that the concerted rising of the conspirators had begun, and that by some casualty the signal had either not been made or had escaped observation, the whole of the besieged threw open the gates and sallied from the town in arms. But on a nearer approach they soon discovered the true posture of affairs, and after pausing to listen, they were convinced, by the triumphant cries of "Viva la Venetia! Viva Zeno!" that the plot had failed. They turned and fled back in dismay, and shut themselves up once more within the walls. That night a council of war was hastily summoned. The deliberation was short, for little choice was left to the besieged. To resist further insured a lingering death by starvation; to surrender left some chance of life. Accordingly, it was determined to submit to the cruel necessity; and at the first light upon the following morning envoys were despatched to Palestrina with unconditional offers of surrender. These were of course accepted, and upon the 24th of June, Carlo Zeno had the satisfaction of finding his own policy triumphantly justified by the event. The gates of Chioggia were thrown open to the troops in the service of Venice; the town was given up to unrestrained plunder; and the besieged, consisting of Genoese and Paduans, were led as prisoners on board the Venetian galleys; while the Genoese fleet, under the command of their admiral, Muraffio, weighed anchor, and sailed away to Fossone.

Meantime Recanati had been sent to Venice the day after his arrest. He was immediately brought before that terrible and secret tribunal from which even the innocent did not always escape—the guilty had but little to hope. At first the stubborn condottiere refused to answer any interrogatories put to him by his judges, maintaining a haughty and dogged silence. Then he was "put to the question," and the tortures of the rack broke down his resolution. He confessed all, was formally adjudged guilty of treason against the state of Venice, and was condemned to death. His judges determined that his punishment should be as exemplary as his offence was aggravated. He was crucified between the porphyry columns in the Piazza di San Marco.

The war of the Chioggia was now virtually at an end. The mercenary troops in the pay of Venice were no longer needed by the state, and having received their full pay and helped themselves to such treasures as they were able, began to seek for employment and adventure elsewhere. The last of these bands to leave Palestrina was that of Sir William Cheke; and on the morning of his departure Zeno and he stood in the quarters of the latter, and conversed long and confidentially together. The intercourse of many months had exhibited to each the character of the other, and had inspired mutual esteem and admiration, and it was not without a lively sorrow that these two valiant soldiers were now about to separate.

"Be it so, my dear friend," said Zeno, continuing some-

thing that he had been saying in a low but earnest voice; "be it then as you wish. I shall urge you no more on that point. But forget not that while Carlo Zeno lives thou hast ever a true and loving brother; and the state of Venice esteems thy services highly. May she ever remember them gratefully."

And Zeno sighed, for he knew but too well how that fickle republic had often requited the services of her bravest and her best.

"But whither now, Sir William," he continued cheerily, as he watched the English archers busily employed making preparations for their march; "whither mean you to lead these merry fellows of yours?"

"In good faith," said Cheke, with a careless laugh, "I scarce know as yet. But there will be no lack of work for stout soldiers, and I can choose where I shall pitch my tent. At the present, I am minded to join Alberic, the lord of Barbiano. He is the most accomplished soldier of the age."

"His fame as a general has spread over all Europe," said Zeno, "and thou wilt find many a brave knight amongst the 'company of St. George!'"

"Aye, 'tis a school that has reared the best generals of Italy.

"Well, well; good Sir William, thou canst not fail to gain honour wherever thou goest. But who is that yonder who sings so cheerily as he ties up his bow in its sheath? Unless my eyes deceive me, it is my trusty Hodge."

"It is no other, signore, he hath ever the quickest hand and the blitheest voice in the company."

"I would see him, Sir William. We have some accounts to settle. Call him hither."

Hodge was soon standing drawn up to his full height before Zeno, and with a military salute awaited his pleasure.

"Good fellow, I owe thee somewhat, and would fain pay thee at once. Here, this purse is thine; take it."

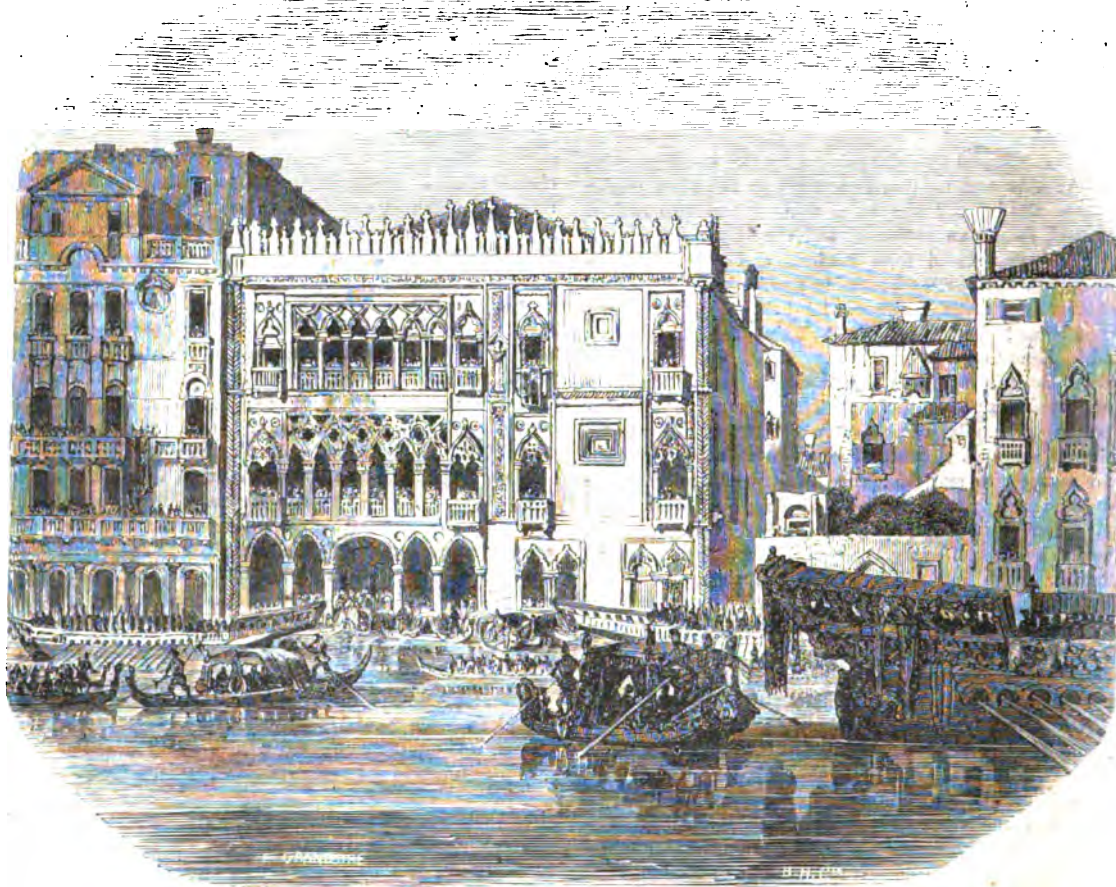
The archer took the heavy purse, frankly and gratefully.

"I thank you, signore; it is enough, and more than enough. It will often furnish me with a jug of brown ale to drink to your health in."

Hodge, then making his military salute, was about to retire, but Zeno reached out his hand cordially to him.

"Nay, we part not, comrade, without one friendly grasp the hand of an English soldier may clasp that of the noblest in Europe."

PALACES OF THE GRAND CANAL AT VENICE



THE PALACE PISANI, ON THE GRAND CANAL AT VENICE.

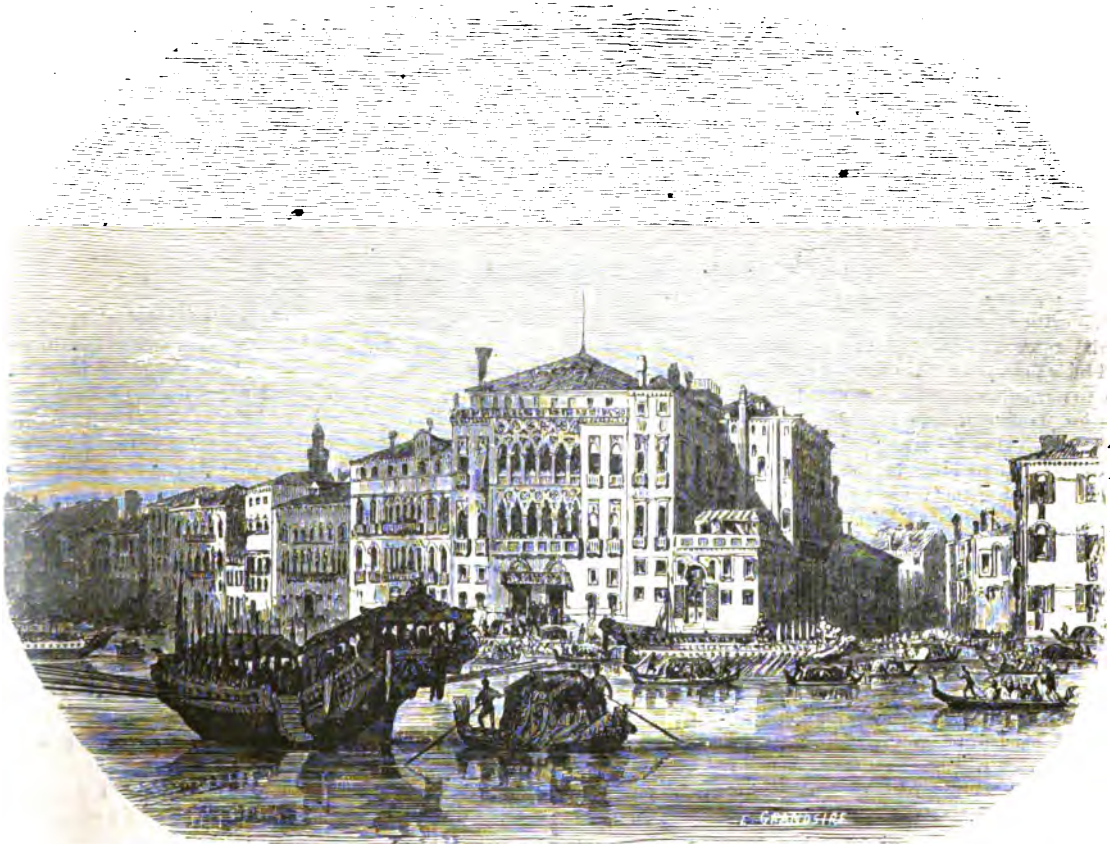
When a traveller arrives at Venice and has only two hours to spend there, the best plan for him to adopt is to devote the first to the Grand Square of St. Mark and the Ducal Palace; and the second, to the Grand Canal and its palaces. One hundred and twenty minutes is but a short visit to the City of the Sea, but it is sufficient to crowd the mind with the marvellous and the poetical, and to give one something to think about for a lifetime. To descend the sea-washed steps of a

stately palace, to enter a sombre-looking gondola, to dash through the single arch of the Rialto, to look upon the church of the Santa Maria della Salute, to gaze right and left on the long array of noble edifices—every mansion fit for a king—to do all this, though it be but for an hour, awakens old memories that have long lain asleep, and imparts thoughts, and feelings, and associations which were never ours before. Floating down the Grand Canal, one cannot help noticing the endless variety

of architecture on either side. Old Arab art contrasts with that of the Renaissance—Gothic windows, marble steps, projecting figures, rows of colossal masks, chimneys of all shapes and sizes, balcony above balcony, cupolas without number—all mingled together in a thousand varied forms, presenting such a picture as Venice only can present.

The engravings which we give represent the old style of Venetian architecture—the Arabic or Saracenic. These palaces have excited the interest and curiosity of every European traveller. The palace Pisani was built at the beginning of the fifteenth century, close by the palace Barbarigo. Within it is preserved the picture, by Paul Veronese, representing "The Family of Darius at the feet of Alexander." The Ca' Dora is a specimen of Grecian and Arabian architecture. The name signifies not Golden House, as some authors assert, but House or Palace of Dora, from Dora, a jurisconsult of the twelfth century.

emotion; and the glittering pinnacles and the white arches, that rise up in a confusion of delight, exercise a magical influence over you. The cathedral itself, lifting its gigantic form, with doves nestling among its marble foliage, is unlike anything seen elsewhere. You enter the Rialto, and expect to meet Antonio and Shylock, to see the lordling spit on the Jewish gaberdine, to have re-enacted the old story of the pound of flesh; or, walking through the silent streets, or floating over the silent canals, you look for Priuli's palace—your mind is filled with thoughts of the gentle Desdemona—and you look for the place where Othello addressed the senate. Or the glory of Venice comes back—her merchant-princes once more to stir within her streets—the doge enters the magnificent Bucentaur, covered with gold from prow to stern, and sails out into the Adriatic to wed the sea, to throw the mystical golden ring into the waters, and to say, "We marry thee, O Sea, in token of that true and perpetual dominion which the



THE CA' DORA PALACE, ON THE GRAND CANAL AT VENICE.

Now, there are two ways of regarding these palaces, and all the palaces and sights of Venice. They may be looked upon in a very practical light; and then the city is little better than a dead swamp, out of which towers, and domes, and houses have sprung; a city of raised quays, dirty boats, dirty crews, and dirty water of a yellow-brownish hue. And there is the romantic, poetical aspect—the one more universally adopted. Then Venice appears, like the palaces in old Arabian stories, to have been raised by an enchanter's wand. Everything is wonderful and brilliant, there is a charm over the silent city, every mansion is elegant and noble; and the heart is touched by every golden façade, by the variegated colours of the pavements, by the Asiatic carpets, the splendid costumes, the patrician luxury, the songs, the movement, the life of the city. As you walk the grand square of San Marco, a kind of awe comes over you; those long piazzas of gold and opal, so fantastically sculptured with grapes, and birds, and pomegranates, and lilies, and angel forms, cannot be looked upon without

republic has over thee!" Or some of its darker legends are awakened. Palaces of more than-eastern splendour, and prisons of unutterable woe. Maskings and feasts of wondrous hilarity, and deeds of darkness and terror enough to make the boldest tremble; every dungeon has its story, every deep lagoon its buried secret. The Marani, or murder-hole of the Adriatic, is a forbidden spot to fishermen even to this day.

But in spite of all the poetry and romance which clothe the city, as with a poetic vesture, there is a certain class of tourists to whom it is all barren. They talk about its practical appliances, condemn its houses, quays, and bridges, suggest sanitary reforms, declare that the palace of an admiral, a senator, or a doge is not half so good as a respectable hotel; they express great indignation at poets, painters, and guides; protest that the city is not what they expected; vote Beckford and Byron mere writers for effect, who had no business to go meandering over Venice, sighing over its fallen glory, and picturing it as a very Eden, and making quiet people at home

envious of things which had no real existence. For this class of travellers, a Swiss hostelry, an English inn, an American farm-house has a more brilliant appearance, and is liked a great deal better; it is more in harmony with their thoughts and feelings, more consonant to their predilections, being decidedly more comfortable.

These old palaces belong to the past. They are not things to be swept and garnished, and made modern. In their solemnity and silence they are the monuments of the ancient glory of the city, of the art of those who reared their stately piles, of the grandeur of those who dwelt within their walls. Attempts have here and there been made to adapt the antique splendour of the mansions to the usages of modern opulence, and huge has been the failure of the result. Patched, and painted, and "done-up," the grandeur departs for ever, the spell is broken, the charm is gone. Suppose a hardy speculator of that genus, with which our age abounds, should promise to restore the Ca' D'ora; the palaces of the Foscari, Contarini, Pisani, Grimani, Manin, Sagredo, Vendramin, and others less illustrious; imagine all these monuments of the old time modified and altered, and re-arranged according to modern notions and the conventionalities of life in the nineteenth century—what would be the result?—"a thing of shreds and patches," a hybrid, neither ancient nor modern, as incongruous and out of place as harlequin's hat on the head of Augustus.

Venice derives no interest from classic association. It has

an antiquity of its own. Of all modern things it is the oldest—of ancient things the youngest born. He who boasted that the grass grew not where his horse had trod, chased the Venetian people into glory and renown. Driven before Alaric to take shelter in the small islands of the Venetian Gulf, they,

"Like the water fowl,

Built their nests among the ocean wave,"

They had to struggle hard, for many difficulties surrounded them; their commerce was opposed by pirates, but they grew with their danger, and Venice bid defiance, not only to the pirate, but also to the mighty son of the mightier Charlemagne. When the hermit from the East preached the crusade, it augmented the wealth, the commerce, and the possessions of Venice, and the maritime importance of the city was felt and recognised. Venice in the fifteenth century was the richest and most magnificent city of Europe; the nobles of the city surpassed the state of the greatest monarch beyond the Alps, and their palaces of Pisani, Ca' D'ora, and the rest, are the mementoes of that period. How the city fell at last beneath the power of Napoleon, it is unnecessary here to relate. She

"In an ark

Had floated down, amidst a thousand wrecks

Uninjured, from the Old World to the New."

There are two principal portions of the city, each one made up of several small islands, and each entirely cut off from the other except at the Rialto.

VARIOUS TRIBES OF THE HUMAN RACE.

We herewith take occasion to present the reader with a few pictorial representations of men;—men not celebrated as individuals for any peculiar virtue or startling vice, but whose claim to our editorial attention, and to the reader's best consideration, is founded on the truthful representation of the races to which they belong.

Need we stop to indicate the races or nations to which the six interesting individuals represented in our first illustration (p. 224) appertain? Perhaps it is scarcely necessary; yet, for fear of accidents, we will do so, beginning with the most important (looking) personage in the united happy family. There he is in the centre of our picture; standing proudly erect, as a celestial should, looking with great complacency on his own figure—but scornful to deign a glance at those around him. A very fitting exposition of the idea John Chinaman entertains of himself is given by our picture. He is a man one would object to buy at his own price; and his long flag-ornamented spear looks sufficiently formidable. Nevertheless, John Chinaman is no great soldier—nay, if the truth be told, he is somewhat of a coward; had he read our own "Hudibras" he could not have entertained notions more discreet about "running away, that he may fight another day." Placed in the centre of our group, amidst so many warlike neighbours, the brother of the moon must be ill at his ease. Immediately on the right (*his* right we mean, not the reader's) is his warlike neighbour, the Japanese, whom we might recognise anywhere by his open vest and petticoats, of which latter we may say more on a future occasion.

Nothing offends a Japanese so much as a comparison between him and the Chinese. "The only time," says Dr. Ainslie, "I ever saw a Japanese forget his usual politeness was on an occasion of this kind. Inadvertently I happened to draw a comparison between him and a Chinese, when he knit his brows, looked sternly at me, and laid his hand upon his sword." Nor is this superiority assumed without justice. The Japanese have ever known how to protect their hearths and homes against all invaders. The last serious attempt on their liberties was made by the grandson of Genghis Khan, who, after a strenuous effort, was utterly defeated.

Squatting at the feet of the Japanese, we have the muck-running Malay. On the extreme left of the picture we have another spear-bearing gentleman, who is an Arab, and behind him a rather spruce-looking Oriental, in high cap and shawl-

pattern dressing-gown. This latter individual is the greatest rogue of the party, and having stated thus much, we need scarcely say he is a Persian. Like the other individuals of our group, the Persian is not a certain individual Persian—he is any Persian you like, kind reader—but being the only Persian in our wood-cut, he is the greatest rogue there.

Of the Persians, we shall merely inform the reader that they are a mixed race; that their native country is known to them by the name of Iran; that they are cruel, treacherous, false, possessing a fine language, and tolerably poetical literature; but their historical records are so completely lost, that all knowledge of their former struggles with classic Greece has vanished. The earliest and most authentic account of the manners and customs of the Persians is to be found in Herodotus.*

We must now bid adieu to the native of Japan, and devote a few words to his pictorial—nay, almost his geographical neighbour, the Malay. It is rather a curious circumstance that naturalists are at a loss to account for, or classify, the Malay. If we are to believe in the historical records of that people, the Malays originally came from the district of Palembang, in the interior of Sumatra, and distributed themselves, about the end of the twelfth century, over various littoral regions of neighbouring lands. Connected with this history, it may be mentioned as not a little singular that the centre of Sumatra has a Malay population to this day, and is the only inland spot thus circumstanced. The Malays have always been bold, resolute mariners, and in all their wanderings have never penetrated far inland. They are an impetuous, daring race, prone to anger, sullen and implacable. Their revenge knows no bounds, their dissimulation is equal to their revenge. A Malay, once offended, is implacable. He may appear to forgive, but only awaits a favourable occasion. So soon as this occasion presents itself, he maddens his intellects by a dose of opium, and breaking loose, with creese or crooked dagger in hand, stabs all who oppose his progress—calling out all the time, "*amok, amok*," which means, "kill, kill." In every mental characteristic, the Malay is the very antipodes of the Hindoo. Until 1276, the Malays were pagans, or adopted some form of Hindoo

* For a translation of this part of Herodotus, see the HISTORICAL EDUCATOR, Vol. I., pp. 151–7.

idolatry; they then adopted the tenets of Islam, which is at present the universal faith.

We have little to say about the Chinese beyond what the reader knows of him already. China, indeed, has ceased for some time to be that *terra incognita* it was formerly represented. Various travellers have within the last ten years penetrated into the celestial regions, and made notes of what they saw. Amongst all these recent books of Chinese travels, that of Mr. Fortune, the horticulturist, is one of the most instructive and interesting. We have spoken of the cowardice of the Chinese, a quality which is amusingly illustrated by Mr. Fortune, who very amusingly relates how—though ill of fever at the time—he succeeded in beating off two Chinese pirate ships with a double-barrelled fowling-piece. The movement now going on in China will probably work a mighty change in the destiny of this populous empire.

Last of all comes the noble Arab, remarkable as being of the race whence sprung the soldier prophet Mohammed. The Arab is amongst the finest specimens of Caucasian man, and the wonderful success of the race under the first Caliphs is unprecedented. To the Saracen Arabs of Spain we are indebted for the introduction of algebra to Europe, for the method of measuring angles by sines instead of the chords of arcs, for the introduction of sugar, and of a fine description of pottery,* with numerous arts and sciences which would occupy whole pages in the mere enumeration. We have neither time nor space for this, but must take leave of our interesting group.

Amongst all the figures represented in our second woodcut (p. 225), that on the extreme left of the picture claims pre-eminence. Not only on account of actual changes now taking place, and the Eastern political movement, is the Turk interesting to us, but for many other reasons. Viewed without prejudice, he is a very noble fellow, mentally and corporeally. His physiognomy is scarcely inferior in beauty to the Hellenic type, from which, however, it differs in many essential respects. Nevertheless, according to many naturalists, the Turk is not originally sprung from a Caucasian race; and even Cuvier, who concedes to him this privileged honour, ranges the Turks' forefathers amongst the very ugliest of that race, the Scythian and Tartar branch. Why, then, it may be inquired, are the modern Turks so handsome as a general rule? The only reason that can or need be assigned, is the intermarriage of their ancestors with a race more favoured by nature than their own. This cause having been in operation for centuries, has no doubt mainly contributed to the improvement of which we speak, and the result is, that the modern Ottoman now possesses more than half the characteristics of the Caucasian race. A still more striking instance of the gradual change in the aspect of a race by intermarriage is recognisable in the isolated valley of Cashmere. The beauty of the inhabitants of this valley is also celebrated. The natives are now very fair, although originally of Hindoo stock. This fair complexion, and, in short, all the difference between a Hindoo of the valleys and a Cashmerian, is attributable to intermarriage with Circassian girls.

The original seat of the Turkish race is the Altai mountains, situated in the very centre of Asia. The race of that people was servile, being amongst the most despised of the slaves of the Khan of the Geougen. Their appointed task was the extraction of metals from their ores and the manufacture of arms—a dangerous profession for slaves to be taught. At length a leader arose amongst the Turks; his name was Bertezena. He led them against the neighbouring tribes and to victory. Having signalled his prowess by feats of arms, Bertezena presumed to ask in marriage the daughter of the Khan, when the father contemptuously rejected him. The Turkish leader thereupon forthwith allied himself with a princess of China, and having almost extirpated the tribes of the Khan of Geougen in battle, established in its place the more powerful empire of the Turks. From this time the conquests of the Turks were rapid and

extensive. Pressing on westward, they at length were brought into collision with the Eastern empire of Byzantium, already tottering to its fall. At length, in 1453, the Eastern empire fell, that of the Ottoman taking its place. The event, it will be seen, happened exactly 400 years ago, and the Russians having been long accustomed to predict the downfall of Turkish domination at the expiration of 400 years, a peculiar significance was imparted to the year 1853.

The Turks, from being originally idolaters, espoused, at a very early period of their career, the tenets of Islam, as the head of the orthodox or Sunnite division, of which they are universally recognised. Persia, as most likely the reader is aware, belongs to the opposed or Shi'ite sect of Mohammedans; and for this reason the feeling between Persian and Turk is none of the most friendly. Certain modern journalists affect to marvel at the circumstance that Persia should appear to have thought of taking the field against her co-religionist, forgetting that, in proportion as the distinction between sects is more slight, so frequently, if not invariably, is the mutual antagonism more intense. In addition to mere doctrinal points of difference, the Turk and the Persian are so essentially different in their whole moral constitution, that very little community of feeling could be expected to exist between them. Veracity is no less a characteristic of the Osmanli than falsehood of the Persian. The Turk's plighted word is never broken—that of the Persian is seldom kept. The Turk is thoughtful, impassive, sedate: the Persian is noisy and vivacious. To sum up all, the Turk is a thorough gentleman from toe to turban, and the Persian every inch of him a scamp.

Standing next to the Turk in our illustration is an individual with cloak hanging on one shoulder and peculiar brimless hat. This individual is a Magyar or Hungarian. True to his principles of faithful delineation, our artist has represented the Magyar with the peculiar nose, so characteristic of his race, that it has passed into the proverbial terms of *Hungarian nose*. The peculiarity consists in a sort of aquiline stumpiness not altogether agreeable, especially in the fair sex. The present Magyar or Hungarian race of men has sadly puzzled the ethnologist. What region they came from, or who they were, no person seems to know. Cuvier ranges them under the Scythian or Tartar group of Caucasians, along with Turks, Fins, and Parthians; but this is by no means certain. The Magyars themselves are fond of tracing their origin to the Huns, and are so proud of Attila, their assumed progenitor, that the picture of that arch destroyer is to be seen in the house of almost every Hungarian. Nevertheless, there seems to be no just reason for crediting this parentage. The Magyar language is also involved in great mystery as to its origin and congeners, but no difference of sentiment exists as to its powers or expressiveness. Anterior to the year 1828, all Hungarian legal documents were drawn up in Latin, which also was the language of polite conversation amongst the better classes. Since that period the Magyar or Hungarian language has been introduced into courts of law, and has been cultivated by all classes as the literary exponent of the nation. This sudden development of the native language, under the auspices of Kissfaldy and other Hungarian poets, was but one of many indications betokening reviving nationality. Hungary, although absorbed; so to speak, in the fabric of the vast Austrian empire, had still a government—a constitutional government of her own, the enactments of which were ever clashing with those of the imperial power. The results of this clashing between adverse interests we have already seen in the political commotions of 1848-9. Recently, Hungary has been completely absorbed (at least by decree) into the Austrian empire.

In appearance, the Magyar is still half oriental; in temperament, he offers certain points of comparison with ourselves, being a sort of impetuous, military Anglo-Saxon, fond of constitutional government, prone to litigation, and preferring the rough enjoyment, of independence to any reliance on the favours of a government; in which latter respect he presents salient points of contrast to his neighbour the German, who,

* The "Majolica ware."

with all his intellectual pre-eminence, is never happy except he fills some office under a government and enjoys a high-sounding name. Reverting to the subject of the Magyar language, its

commented upon, as the reader will, perhaps, remember, by Miss Pardoe, in her book, entitled "The City of the Magyar." Brave Magyar, we must bid you now farewell, and direct ou



MALAY, JAPANESE, CHINESE, PERSIANS, ARAB.

most striking phonetic quality is the preponderance of the letter K. This quality has been remarked by all strangers who have heard it spoken, and has been rather amusingly

attention to your interesting right-hand neighbour, that pretty Greek girl. As we point to the natives of Georgia and Circassia for our beau ideal of corporeal beauty; so, when the

extreme of intellectual expression is to be portrayed, do we sign or figure to ourselves the classic models of Greece.

And who were and are those Greeks?—that people who

questions, which we, in few words, will strive to answer. The most ancient histories and traditions of classic Greece testify to the mixture of races, out of which the Greeks of antiquity



LAPLANDER, TYROLESE, COSSACK, GREEK GIRL, HUNGARIAN, TURK.

furnished models for the immortal chisel of Phidias and Praxiteles? Whence came they? Were they the prototype of the Greeks of the present day? All these are interesting

were consolidated. Throughout the Grecian continent and archipelago structures are still to be seen, termed "Cyclopean," very different to the beautiful temples hereafter destined to

this beauty still remains to the present day. The Greek countenance presents a beautiful contour of skull and face, dark flowing hair, white skin, slightly tinged with olive or brown; large eyes, straight nose, falling directly, with only a slight depression between the eyes. Nevertheless, though slight, there is a depression; and in this respect the Grecian differs from the Turkish countenance, which, instead of a depression between nose and forehead, is marked in that spot with a slight elevation. There is something strange in the contemplation of that persistency of form, features, and language, which characterises Greece and its inhabitants. Notwithstanding a certain deterioration of aspect, traceable to the effect of conquest and prolonged slavery, the modern Greeks are still very handsome, and the style of their beauty is as of old—a proposition rendered sufficiently evident by a comparison of living specimens with antique statues. As to the modern Greek language, now called the Romaic, it is not more different from classic Greek than modern English is different from the language of Chaucer. In deference to a certain modern tendency, the nature of which it would be impossible to explain, all the multifarious inflexions of ancient Greek have vanished from the Romaic, and tenses are formed by the help of auxiliaries, instead of by varying terminations; nevertheless, the two languages must be pronounced the same; indeed, the modern literati of Greece affect to write in the classic language, which still being generally taught in the native schools, the process of regeneration proceeds. Such, then, is the persistency of the Greek language: where is the Latin gone? Made of sterner stuff, apparently, than the Greek, it is now everywhere a dead language.

Returning to our little Greek damsel, it is a subject of regret with us that the Hungarian on the one side, and the Tyrolese on the other, do not permit her to come further towards us. Were she more visible, her garb would be seen to be highly picturesque. Every rose, however, the proverb says, has a thorn; and if our little Greek were nearer, we might perhaps discover her to possess larger feet than accord with our notions of feminine beauty. If the truth must be told, Greek ladies have not, and never appear to have had, little feet; nor is a high forehead one of their characteristics. The quality, however, of high forehead in ladies was not approved of by classic nations, and we happen to be acquainted with some moderns who participate in the sentiment. In point of fact, a high forehead is thought to correspond with strong-mindedness, and some people are so perverse that they cannot like "strong-minded women."

Whatever may be our regrets at the retiring shyness of the fair Greek, we tender our best thanks to the Cossack gentleman with long lance for keeping himself in the background. Truly his race is no favourite of ours, neither in appearance nor in manners. Who has not heard of the Cossack? Who has not read of the harassing style of his military attacks—ever hanging on the rear of a discomfited enemy, murdering the wounded, and relentlessly picking off stragglers? Who has not been taught to regard this irregular cavalry as an integral and very important portion of the Russian army? Yet the Cossacks have not always owned allegiance to that mighty power. Originally they sprang from the greatest enemies of Russia, the Tartars, and subsequently they did good duty against Russia under the Poles. The Cossacks are only a small tribe, scarcely numbering 500,000 in all; nevertheless, every adult male being a soldier, their military force is great, an army of 100,000 at least being ever at the disposal of Russia. The origin of the Cossacks as a consolidated body is modern. They appear to have arisen out of some Tartar tribes, who intermarried with native Russians, gipsies, and Kalmucs; and the name Cossack seems to be derived from the Tartar word *Kasack*, or *Kasak*, meaning "light horseman." For a long time the race was known by the appellation Tsherkassi or Circassians, and even now their chief town is called Tsherkask. Nevertheless, they have little enough of Circassian beauty; their form and countenance, and general aspect, being far more indicative of the Mongol. This people was not known by the appellation Cossack until about the

spring up in that land of genius. The Cyclopean structures possess somewhat the characteristics of our own Druidical monuments, being composed of enormous stones rudely aggregated without mortar. By whom—by what race were these structures raised? That is a mystery; but whatever the race, it existed in Greece anterior to the Pelasgic, of which the Celtic and the Latin were also branches. We all know that the Romans traced their origin to the heroes of Troy; so, in like manner, do the Celts also; but more indirectly did the Greeks; for call them Trojans, Pelasgians, Thracians, Phrygians, or any other equivalent name, Greece was colonised, subsequently to the Cyclopean period, by a people which gradually became absorbed into two dominant families—the Achaic and Hellenic.

From whatever elements compounded, no race on the face of the earth ever presented such an union between physical and intellectual beauty as the classic Greeks, and much of year 1616, when, for the first time, they made themselves rather conspicuous in Polish affairs. Their first alliance with Russia was self-sought, and did not take place until the year 1654, at which time their effective military force consisted of about 40,000 men. From this period they remained faithful to Russia until 1708, when, under their hetman, or leader, Bulavine, they went over in a body to the Swedish monarch, Charles XII. This independence of character was necessarily prejudicial to Russia. The existence of a powerful armed body, owing no immediate allegiance to the Muscovite rule, was discovered to be so fatal to the interests of the latter, as to necessitate the disorganisation of the Cossacks as a military body. Accordingly this was effected by Peter the Great, who, however, shortly remodelled them on a new basis. Not pleased with the consequences of this new measure, the Cossacks threw up their semi-allegiance to the Czar, and committed themselves to the protection of the Khan of Crimea Tartars. Difficult to please, the Cossacks soon became disgusted with their new masters, and sued pardon of Russia—a pardon which was granted them by the Empress Anne. Ever since the latter event, the Cossacks have remained faithful to Russia, with which empire they are now so incorporated by social and religious ties, that they may be considered Russians in all respects.

A far better specimen of humanity is the Cossack's pictorial neighbour, the Tyrolese, one of a small but noble-minded race. The Tyrol, as it is now called, forms part of the ancient Rætia, and is not quite double the size of Yorkshire. It is a very mountainous country—considerably more mountainous than Switzerland, although its mountains are not generally so high. At least three-fourths of Switzerland is sufficiently level to admit of plough cultivation, but scarcely one-tenth of the Tyrol is similarly situated, every portion of the little territory being a succession of mountain peaks, except a few narrow belts scarcely half a mile wide, on the average, which form the river banks. Unlike the Swiss, who are staunch republicans, the Tyrolese entertain a fervent love of imperial rule. They became incorporated with the Austrian empire during the twelfth century, and ever since that period have been sincerely attached to the Hapsburg dynasty. In 1806, Tyrol was ceded to Bavaria—an arrangement which so little pleased the mountaineers, that four years later, on the breaking out of war with France, the inhabitants rose at the instigation of Andreas Hofer, the Tell of the Tyrol, as he is sometimes called. Hofer's fate is too well known. Fruitless though this insurrection was, in its immediate consequences, politicians were taught that nothing but Austrian rule would ever satisfy the Tyrolese; accordingly, on the final adjustment of territory, in the year 1814, Tyrol was restored to the House of Hapsburg.

The little fellow standing on the extreme left of our woodcut, is a Laplander, whose stunted form, the effect of cold, has been faithfully represented by the artist. The denizen of an inhospitable climate, and far removed from the noisy turmoil of European politics, the Laplander engrosses but small attention. All that we can find time to say of him is, that although a denizen of Europe, he is not a Caucasian. The generality of naturalists consider him of the Mongolian stock.

PALM TREES, AND THEIR PRODUCTS.

WHEN the painter wishes to represent a tropical land, he depicts a landscape with palm-trees, and the characteristic physiognomy of the picture is half accomplished. In truth, these graceful denizens of the forest are essentially tropical; only two species, tiny little shrub-like things, scarcely bigger than a lady's fan, being indigenous to any temperate clime. One is called the *Chamærops humilis*, and is a native of Spain, Italy, and Greece. The other, *Chamærops palmetta*, and is a native of North America. In Spain, the leaves of the former are employed as materials for the manufacture of sweeping-brooms.

With the solitary exception of this dwarf species, of all the species of palms which botanists are acquainted with, no less than 175 are trees—sometimes gigantic trees, and always graceful.

But it is not for the sake of their beauty alone that palms are worthy to be noticed. They are not mere elegant sultanas of the forest, spending a luxurious idle life—rearing their proud heads aloft, and waving their delicate plumes to the breeze; far from it—palm-trees, though they are very beautiful, are still more useful; no vegetable genus yielding such a variety of products.

Now, just let us take a glance at these products, and try to enumerate some of the chief amongst them; one may be well pardoned for skipping over some, so varied and so numerous are they.

Let us see then:—There is the cocoa-nut to begin with—this is the product of a palm. And here it is necessary for us to be precise, and to state that by the term cocoa-nut, we mean the large bullet-like thing with a thick shell, and a central cavity filled with a liquid which people are agreed to term *milk*,—not, however, that it resembles the animal fluid very much, even in appearance. This explanation is necessary, inasmuch as some people confound the palm cocoa-nut with that which, being ground in a mill, furnishes the cocoa of the shops—the two have not the slightest alliance, botanical or otherwise; neither does the cocoa-making cocoa-nut grow on a palm. The date, again, is the produce of a palm-tree; and whilst on this topic, the reader's attention may be drawn to a somewhat curious fact. The hard stone which lies in the centre of a date, and which can scarcely be cut by hammer and chisel, so tough and hard is it—this date-stone is the part which corresponds with the edible portion of a cocoa-nut—and conversely, the shell of a cocoa-nut is the corresponding part to the edible and fleshy portion of the date. Cocoa-nuts and dates having suggested their respective trees, the sight of a composite candle reminds us of the oil-palm, that valuable tree which supplies the negroes with a substitute for butter, and helps to form our soap, candles, and lubricating fat for railway axles. Sago, again, is the produce of a palm; as is also the valuable astringent, *catechu*, so useful in medicine and the manufacture of leather. Various in their properties as are the bodies already mentioned, as being the produce of the palm tribe, they are only a few instances chosen almost at random, and give but a faint notion of the rich treasures derived from the tribe of palms.

We have hitherto considered each species as affording us only one single product; but this is hardly doing justice to our friends the palms. For instance, take the cocoa-nut palm. In the first place, it yields us its fruit, the nuts; but these are not a tenth of its products. Those graceful leaves which wave like an enormous plume of ostrich-feathers in the breeze, were once enveloped in a sheath, forming a sort of gigantic, unexpanded bud. In this state it resembles a cabbage in appearance; and if cut just at this period, it is delicious to eat after boiling, forming a very good substitute for the cabbage, to which, indeed, it is preferred by many. Then, again, the juice of the cocoa-nut palm, and indeed of many others, is valuable. If collected and allowed to ferment, it yields a very agreeable wine; but if evaporated whilst fresh, it yields sugar precisely similar to that of the cane. Although

the juice of the cocoa-nut palm is saccharine, yet that of the date-palm is more saccharine still. A great many specimens of those finely-crystallised sugars now brought from the East Indies were never extracted from the cane, but were obtained from the juice of various species of palm trees, more especially the date-palm. Returning to the cocoa-palm (fig. 3), and scrutinising its productions more narrowly, we shall find that others yet remain to be adverted to. Who does not know that the external husk of the cocoa-nut yields, when properly manipulated, a valuable textile fibre? In regions where the cocoa-palm grows, this property of the fibre of its husk has been known to the natives from time immemorial; but amongst ourselves the discovery of this property is altogether modern, and resulted, like many other good things, in accident, as follows.

The oil which cocoa-nuts yield, when expressed, was found, about the year 1840, to be a valuable material. At least the oil was in that year applied to the manufacture of candles, being mixed with palm-oil, and treated by a chemical process, concerning which we shall have a little to say hereafter. Well, the process of subjecting ground cocoa-nuts to pressure, in order to extract their oil, requires the use of bags of some coarse fabric. When first the manufactory was established in Ceylon, these fabrics were conveyed there from England; until at last W. Wilson discovered that the best fabric for the construction of pressure-bags was that obtained from the husk of the cocoa-nut itself. Then arose the introduction of cocoa-nut fibre to commerce for many other purposes. Beds are now stuffed with it, mats formed of it—ropes, cordage, hearth-rugs, brushes, and, in short, to so great a variety of different purposes is it applied, that we relinquish, in despair, the task of enumerating them.

Having thus given, by anticipation, a slight view of the great importance of the palm tribe; having mentioned a few of their products, and indicated the purposes to which they are applied—we will now go a little more minutely into the natural history and botany of palms, diverging occasionally for the purpose of taking a glance at the arts and sciences involved in the utilisation of their products. Palms, although usually very large trees, are very nearly allied, botanically speaking, to the lilies and bulrushes, which latter, in general terms, may be said to be their representatives in the temperate zone.

Palms belong to that great division of the vegetable kingdom which botanists term *endogenous*, inasmuch as their stems grow by the central deposition of woody fibre; the word *endogenous* signifying, growing internally or within. It is in tropical lands that the endogenous form of vegetable structure assumes its greatest development, not only constituting certain gigantic trees of which palms are one species, but presenting itself in the shape of bamboos, canes, and grasses, with which we, inhabitants of a temperate zone, can only become acquainted by description, or by the stunted pigmy-like off-shoots which sometimes vegetate (flourish one cannot say) in our palmariums and hot-houses.

All the large trees of temperate climes are of exogenous growth—that is to say, their stem increases in size by annual depositions of woody fibre externally, or next to the bark, whence arises the denomination *exogenous*, which signifies, growing without or externally, just as *endogenous* signifies growing internally or within. The largest endogenous plants which temperate climes produce are the tall grasses, such as wheat, barley, oats, &c.

The determination whether a vegetable belongs to the endogenous or exogenous class is easily arrived at by several modes of investigation, the simplest of which, in cases where it can be applied, consists in the examination of a section of the vegetable trunk. If any of our native trees be cut across, and the plane of section polished, a prime indication of exogenous development will be seen. The trunk will be observed to consist of numerous concentric rings, each corresponding to

the growth of one season, and therefore from an examination of them the age of the tree may be predicted. Moreover, the distinction between pith, wood, and bark will be complete; each of these several portions of the vegetable trunk being well marked.

On cutting across an endogenous trunk—the larger the better, hence the trunk of a palm-tree is best, although the section of a rattan cane affords satisfactory indications—a great difference of structure between this and the structure of the exogenous vegetable will be manifest. In the first place, there is no longer recognisable any well-marked distinction between pith, wood, and bark; all three of which are confused and in a manner blended together. Secondly, the concentric rings, so evident in the other case, and so distinctive, are here altogether wanting. The vegetable tissue appears thrown confusedly together, an appearance which results from the peculiar manner in which the trunk is formed—namely, by the internal deposition of woody fibre,—hence the term *endogenous*.

Perhaps the section of the trunk cannot be obtained. In this case the determination may readily be made by an examination of a leaf. The leaf-veins of exogenous plants are reticulated, whereas those of endogenous plants are parallel.



FIG. 1.—THE SAGO PALM (*Sagus Rumphii*).

A third method of distinguishing endogenous from exogenous plants is afforded, at least in the majority of instances, by the seed, which in endogenous plants only consists of one lobe, or cotyledon, whereas the seeds of exogenous plants consist of two. Hence arise the botanical terms *monocotyledonous* and *dicotyledonous*, which are respectively employed to indicate endogenous and exogenous plants. This botanical digression (necessary, however, to the satisfactory comprehension of our subject) has led us away from the consideration of palms, but we will now resume their description.

We have already stated that palm-trees may be regarded as botanically allied to the lilies and bulrushes of temperate regions. Let not the non-botanical reader think the comparison strange; he will find, when he comes to be acquainted with the principles of botanical science, that the mere size of vegetables has little or nothing to do with their alliances. The nature of the organs of fructification is a far surer sign; guided by these and some other appearances, the botanist refers the various members of the vegetable world to their proper natural families. In this way it is found that rose-bushes and apple-trees are very nearly allied; as in like manner are nettles, elm, and fig-trees. It is not our object to explain fully the nature of such botanical alliances, these forming the proper subjects of a treatise on botany rather than an occasional

article. We will, however, direct the reader's attention to one little peculiarity of inflorescence, that is to say, the nature and arrangement of flowers; from a consideration of which he will at once recognise a similarity or alliance in this respect between bulrushes and palms. The flowers of both consist of what botanists term a *spadix*, enveloped by a *spathe*.

A *spadix* consists of a long projection, that imaginative botanists liken to a sword, which, being denominated *spada* in Latin, this form of inflorescence is termed a *spadix*. Arranged upon this *spadix*, and growing out of it, are seen flowers and young fruit, and enveloping the *spadix* with its appendages is seen a leaf-like sheath; this latter is termed a *spathe*. A good example of a *spadix* enclosed in a *spathe* is furnished by the *Arum maculatum* of botanists, which is found in hedgerows. The common bulrush, with which our country readers must be familiar, supplies an instance of the *spadix* without a *spathe*.

Viewed with regard to their woody fibre, palm-trees exhibit



FIG. 2.—THE GUINEA OIL-PALM (*Eleis Guineensis*).

great similarities to the stem of ferns. The likeness may be observed even on examining one of our own English ferns; but the resemblance is still greater when the section of one of the tropical tree-ferns is the subject of comparison. Like these tree-ferns, too, palm-trees must have been created very early in the history of the world. Evidence to this effect is furnished to us by the existing coal-fields of many regions. For the most part, these coal regions consist of fossilised ferns; but the remains of palm-trees are also found: this is our proof.

Palm-trees are now found growing native in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia; but with the exception of two dwarf species, the *Chamaerops humilis*, in Europe, and the *Chamaerops palmetta*, in North America, they are all denizens of tropical lands, and their region may be considered as bounded by the thirty-fifth degree of northern, and the fortieth of southern latitude. Nevertheless, one species at least, the date-palm, has been so far naturalised in certain localities of Southern Europe, especially Andalusia and Valencia, that it grows to maturity and produces fruit—though far inferior to the dates of Africa. The greatest authority on palm-trees is

Herr Von Martius, a German botanist, who, with a view of studying their characteristics, devoted three years to a travelling excursion in Brazil—a region more rich in palms than any on the face of the globe. This botanist considers that there are existing at this time upwards of a thousand species of palms. If the opinion be correct, future botanical explorers have a rich field of investigation yet untrodden, inasmuch as no more than 175 species have yet been individualised and described: of these, 119 belong to South America, 42 to India, and 14 to Africa. Cosmopolitan denizens of the vegetable world, as we have seen that palm-trees are, different species

culture, and in Central Africa there are none. Botanists are inclined to refer this predilection for the sea-shore to the tendency which these trees have to take up salt; and the idea is partly confirmed by the known fact of their partiality, if the term may be allowed, for alkaline food. In Ceylon, which may be regarded as the head-quarters of cocoa-nut palms, the natives have a proverb, that the tree likes conversation. The houses of Cingalese villages are built amidst groves of cocoa-nut palms, under which condition the trees thrive best. This fact is usually attributed, and it would seem justly, to the fact, that the natives treat



FIG. 3.—THE COCOA-NUT PALM (*Cocos Nucifera*).

affect different localities. Some love to wave on mountain crests, others delight to fringe the sea-coast, and others will only arrive at perfection on the banks of rivers and streams; moreover, with few exceptions, a few species refuse to flourish if taken from their own native land, and conveyed to another of seemingly identical climate. Amongst the few exceptions to this rule, the cocoa-nut palm and the date-palm deserve especial mention; provided the climate be hot enough, and that the sea be near enough, they flourish and bring forth fruit. It is a very curious fact, not satisfactorily accounted for, that the cocoa-nut palm will not flourish at any great distance from the sea: hence, islands are best adapted to their

their conversation-loving friends to a frequent dressing of their own ashes. So great an amount of alkali do the ashes of these trees contain, that the Cingalese washerwomen rarely employ any soap; but steeping the ashes in water to extract the alkali, they employ the resulting fluid.

At the very commencement of our present remarks we stated a few of the purposes to which the various portions of cocoa-nut palm (fig. 3) might be rendered subservient. We mentioned that in addition to the nut employed as food, the external husk yielded material for ropes and cordage; we mentioned that sugar might be obtained from the juice. In addition to these products, the spirit, known as arrack, is dis-

tilled from this same juice when fermented; then the midrib or central vein of the leaf, when properly trimmed, is employed as an oar for rowing; the lower part of the stem yields a wood exceedingly hard, and susceptible of taking so high a polish, that in this condition it might be almost mistaken for agate. In addition to these various applications, houses—good, strong, and substantial—are frequently constructed of the cocoa-palm trunks, and the roofs thatched with cocoa-palm leaves. These same leaves, when cut into strips of suitable length, serve as tablets for writing purposes. Their surface being covered with a flinty coat, the latter is susceptible of removal by the point of a metallic style; and in this way the Cingalese write, or rather engrave, on the leaf with remarkable facility, occasionally rendering the writing more legible by filling the graved indentation with a black pigment. It must here be remarked, however, that although the cocoa-nut leaf answers this purpose very well, there is another palm—the *Talipot*, which answers still better, inasmuch as the breadth capable of being written upon is wider than is the same part in the leaf of the cocoa-nut palm.

We have now, the reader will admit, given a tolerably long list of applications to which these Jack-of-all-trades of the forest are applied; but our list is not yet complete; and, indeed, to complete it would be difficult; therefore we shall rest content with stating, that the cocoa-nut palm not merely gives us a material out of which cordage can be made—and therefore, as a matter of course, cloth if we wish—but also actually furnishes cloth ready made to our hands. Each leaf grows out of a sort of sack, which, being stripped off, is so good a substitute for cloth, that it is employed in Ceylon as a strainer for the cocoa-nut juice, out of which sugar or arrack, according to circumstances, is destined to be extracted. Before finally taking leave of the cocoa-nut palm, it may be as well to state, that it grows to an elevation of from sixty to ninety feet—sometimes more—and its diameter is from one to two feet.

The juice, of which we have spoken, is extracted by puncturing the spathe, consequently it only admits of collection by climbing the tree. The Cingalese perform this feat in a very remarkable manner. They first surround the tree to be ascended with a hoop formed out of a length of one of the climbing plants with which the country abounds, and then the native inserts his legs between the hoop and the tree; and by a sort of wriggling motion, very similar to that by which a chimney-sweep ascends a chimney, he at length arrives at the top, fills his earthen jar with the juice, and comes down again. This is the plan followed, provided the tree stands alone; more usually, however, they grow in groups, and as the act of wriggling up the stem is not particularly agreeable, the dusky operator has recourse to the following ingenious contrivance. He commences work by ascending one tree, carrying with him a rope, by means of which he binds all the tree tops together; then, spider-like, he crawls across his meshes, collects his juice, lowers the pot by a cord, and recommences operations as before.

From the cocoa-nut palm, we now proceed to the sago palm (fig. 1), or more strictly speaking, sago palms, inasmuch as various species yield this nutritive material. Of these, however, the *Sagus farinifera* and the *Phanix farinifera* are the chief. Sago is neither more nor less than a very delicate, agreeable-tasting starch, constituting the pith, to use a comprehensive term, or, more strictly speaking, the central portion of the stem. Nothing can be more easy than the process of sago extraction. The palm being cut down and split open, or divided into short transverse sections, and the central portion scooped out and washed, the sago is deposited. The only hard and woody portion of the stem of this species of palm is its outside; and of this the natives of Siam and the Malayan Archipelago, where it grows, make the bodies of their drums.

Although Africa is not very rich in species of palms, those which it does produce of this family are exceedingly valuable. Nowhere does the date-palm arrive at greater perfection than in the North of Africa; and the oil-palm of Guinea, concerning which we shall have to say more hereafter, is of the

highest importance, as furnishing an excellent raw material applicable to the manufacture of candles, soap, and many other purposes. Appended (fig. 2), the reader will see a representation of this species. He is a very shaggy looking individual, certainly less beautiful than many others we could mention, but perhaps inferior to none in utility.

The Doom Palm of Upper Egypt, an engraving of which is appended (p. 232), instead of shooting up in one stem like other palms, divides like a fork again and again, giving rise to the appearance which botanists term *dichotomous*—i. e. the stem continually divides in a binary sense.

Having in the remarks we have already made on palms indicated the general characteristics and the botany of this tribe, and briefly directed attention to the extraordinary number and variety of the products which they yield, we will now continue our notice of these "princes of the tropical forest," as they have been justly called, by just sketching an outline—our space does not admit of more—of the chemical principles involved in the application of palm-oil to the purposes of the candle and soap manufacture. Well now as to soap—we fancy some reader exclaims—there may be something to say; but in respect to candles—with regard to which there surely cannot be anything new to be said—why waste our time by discussing so simple a topic? Candles—we still fancy the impatient reader to exclaim—what can be more simple, more self-evident, than the processes for manufacturing candles, which everybody knows are either dips or moulds?—the former being made by dipping a wick of cotton or other similar material into melted tallow, fat, spermaceti, or something of a similar kind; and moulds, by the more refined plan of casting the tallow, wax, and so forth, into metallic shapes. Impatient reader, if your knowledge of the candle-making art in its present development goes no further than this, you have yet something to learn, and may ponder over that which we shall now proceed to write with some advantage. Some twenty years ago, or at most thirty, the process of candle-making was that described above: that is to say, the manufacturer having first selected the material out of which the candle was destined to be made, enveloped a string of cotton or a length of rush with the material, and the process was complete. As regards form or structure, candles might be divided into dips and moulds; as regards composition, they might be divided into tallow, wax, and spermaceti. The ingenuity of man at that time could go no further; and, if, by some dispensation of Providence, tallow, wax, and spermaceti had been annihilated, why then, as a matter of course, people must have done without candles. It so happened, however, that in the year 1811, or thereabout, a French philosopher, M. Chevreul, began to devote himself to the study of fatty or oily bodies. He continued these studies almost exclusively for more than twenty years, and ultimately he arrived at certain discoveries which altogether changed the aspect of the soap and candle manufacture. We will not at once state what these discoveries of M. Chevreul were, or what he did; we will pursue the other course of leading the reader to form some conclusions of his own from an observation of certain appearances.

To begin, then; it is not impossible that the reader may have observed, when looking at a flask or bottle full of olive oil, on a cold day, that the oil had then separated into two portions; one very much like spermaceti in appearance, the other thin and liquid. Now, had it been so desired, this solid portion might have been collected, separated from the liquid portion, and the spermaceti-like body, no matter what it is called, might, if it were found to be sufficiently hard, be made into candles. Had the inquirer proceeded in this manner he would have discovered that the spermaceti-looking substance did not possess sufficient hardness to form candles; but that its melting point was so low as to be incompatible with the conditions necessary to the existence of a candle.

However, although disappointed in this one instance, as to the practical result, a thinking mind would have arrived at a very important deduction, and a very pertinent question would have been raised—i. e., whether oily bodies were really as simple

as they appeared? Whether certain oils and fats, although soft and unctuous to the touch, might not, in reality, be made up of hard fats and thin oils; and, whether, in certain cases, the two might not be separable from each other? This notion, once begotten, many phenomena would tend to strengthen it: for example:—the beautiful substance spermaceti is obtained, as everybody knows, out of the head of the spermaceti whale; so, in like manner, is the bland liquid, sperm oil, the material so admirable as a lamp oil; but whilst the spermaceti whale is alive, these two bodies, namely, spermaceti and sperm oil, remain combined together just in the same manner as the solid and the liquid portions of olive oil. Many other examples exist, but we need not enumerate them; suffice it to say, that the genius of M. Chevreul, starting from these facts as a basis, turned them to some account. He made the important discovery, that all fixed oils—that is to say, all those oils which leave a permanent greasy mark on paper—are made up of several fatty bodies combined together; that some of these fatty bodies are thick, others thin; and, finally, that by certain chemical processes they admitted of mutual separation. This was a great step, but it was not the only step made by M. Chevreul. He next proved each of these separate fatty matters, of which any given oil or fat was made up, to be still further separable into two other parts: these might be a thick and a thin part, or two thin parts; the former class preponderating. This was the grand discovery. It follows, then, that by carrying out the discoveries of M. Chevreul, we might manufacture good hard candles out of olive oil. We have already seen that the thick part of this oil, which spontaneously separates during cold weather, is not, in its natural state, thick enough for candle-making purposes; but the amount of thinness which still lingers in it is not inherent—the thinness depends on the combination of a thin body with it; and this thin body being separated by chemical means, we, in the end, arrive, by the aid of chemistry, to a result—hard, pure, white, semi-crystalline, and very combustible, fitted in every respect for the purposes of the candle manufacture. We have cited what could be done with olive oil as an example only. As matters go, this material is too valuable for that application, and other kinds of oil and fat are too common and cheap.

It is time, now, to explain the chemical principles involved in the discoveries of M. Chevreul, and in what manner these principles are applied to the manufacture of candles from oily matters of naturally thin consistency. We shall impart to the reader a first notion of these principles by directing his attention to a collateral fact. We will assume everybody to be conversant with tartaric acid, the substance which constitutes the acid powder entering into an extemporaneous soda-water mixture. Let it be assumed, then, that a quantity of this tartaric acid is thrown into water, is dissolved by the water: the problem is to get it out. Various means are known of accomplishing this. That which will suit our case best consists in the addition of lime, which, if added in due proportion, combines with the whole of the tartaric acid and forms the tartrate of lime, which admits of separation from the liquid by subjecting the solution to proper treatment, which it is unnecessary, in this place, to describe. Suppose, however, the tartrate of lime obtained, and that the further problem is given of getting the tartaric acid from the lime—how can this result be effected? Simply, thus:—Oil of vitriol being added, in due proportion, it combines with lime and sets tartaric acid free.

Now the discovery of M. Chevreul, as regards oils and fats, was this:—he proved that the bodies in question, in the first place, were mixtures of many oils or fats; and, in the second place, he demonstrated that each of these consisted of an acid united with a base, just as tartrate of lime is the result of an acid combining with a base; the acid in the latter case being the tartaric, and the base lime. Now, the oily base is a limpid, thin, not very combustible, liquid, termed glycerine; and the oily acids are some of them thick and others thin, but all eminently combustible. These oily acids differ somewhat in their chemical constitution; but we shall be sufficiently near

the truth if we consider all the hard ones as margaric or stearic acid, and all the soft ones as oleic acid. Such are the chemical principles involved; new for the application of these principles. Suppose the fatty body operated upon to be lard; everybody knows that this fatty material is much too soft to yield candles at once. But, applying our chemistry, let us now suppose that a portion of lard is melted with lime—what then should take place? Why, clearly, if what we have already said be true, the lime should combine with such fatty acids as the lard may contain (there happen to be two principal ones, margaric and oleic acid), and should set free the liquid base, glycerine. Well, this would advance the operation one step; a portion of the soft matter of the lard would have been got rid of. If now, proceeding with the application of chemical principles, we add oil of vitriol to the oleate and stearate of lime, it is evident that sulphate of lime (plaster of Paris) would result, and the two fatty acids would be set free. Now, one of these, oleic acid, as we have already announced, is a thin acid; we don't want it for candle-making, though it is well adapted for the manufacture of soap: we only want for our present purposes the thick or margaric acid. How, then, are we to separate the two? Nothing can be more simple: the mixture having been packed into linen bags, and exposed to pressure at a certain temperature, all the thin acid leaks away, and all the thick acid remains. The latter may be at once applied to the manufacture of candles. Such is a general outline of one of the processes (for there is a second) by which those beautiful candles, termed composite, are now made. By conducting each step of the process with extreme care, it is possible to produce an article superior to the manufacture from either wax or spermaceti; however, in England prejudice runs strong in favour of the two latter; hence, the manufacturers of composite candles do not find it profitable to produce the most perfect candle which this manufacture is able to yield.

Thus we are no longer restricted to the employment of any one kind of fat, in the manufacture of candles. If we have a hard fat to deal with, why then so much less oleic acid, or liquid portion, has to be removed. If we have a naturally soft fat to deal with, why then the quantity of oleic acid removed is greater. What is done with the oleic acid? the reader will ask. Is it thrown away? Certainly not; it makes admirable soap, and for this purpose it is used, in England *now*, as well as elsewhere. Until the removal of the excise duty on soap, however, the valuable material could not be used in England for this purpose; but being shipped away to Germany, was there put into requisition by the soap-manufacturer. At present the necessity for this disposal of oleic acid no longer exists.

When first introduced, stearine candles gave the manufacturer great trouble, their material having a considerable tendency to crystallise. The presence in them of a minute amount of arsenic prevents such crystallisation; and, accordingly, this poisonous substance was added until popular feeling pronounced against its use. At present, the crystallising tendency is obviated by simply pouring the stearic acid into the moulds at a certain temperature. No doubt arsenic is an objectionable substance to be employed in this manner; but, nevertheless, the danger of using it was greatly exaggerated. A certain scientific lady arrived at a remarkable conclusion on the subject, which we may as well cite for the purpose of demonstrating the fallacy of a very pretty speculation. "I do not think," said this lady—"I do not think that the arsenical candles evolve any noxious amount of the mineral until they have burnt down rather low; but *then*," continued she, "the odour is very oppressive, because all the arsenic, by virtue of its great weight, sinks to the lower end of the candle in the process of casting." "Madam," interposed a gentleman well conversant with the candle-manufacture, who heard this explanation, "*but candles are cast upside down; therefore the arsenic, according to your view, should be in their tops!*"

One word more about the candle manufacture, and it is this:—although the process we have described for separating

stearic from oleic acid is the general one followed, there is another exclusively employed in large metropolitan candle-factories. To describe this process now would be far too long an affair; we may perhaps do so on another occasion. *En passant*, however, we may remark, that although the steps of the process are different, the general results are the same.

world is in a manner without limit. Africa is the region of these palm-trees;—the western coast—slave-trading region of Africa. It follows, then, that as our palm-oil trade increases, and native labour becomes valuable; so in that proportion will the slave trade diminish. It follows, moreover, that we cannot be, as we have been, mainly dependent on the supply of animal fat from foreign countries—chiefly Russia. Thus



THE DOOM PALM OF UPPER EGYPT.

Some very important social and political considerations arise from a study of the discovery of M. Chevreul. Vegetable oils seem destined in future to supersede tallow as furnishing the raw material for the soap and candle manufacture. Now palm-trees are the greatest sources of vegetable oil, and the quantity which may be obtained from these denizens of the vegetable

has science been true to her genius; the discoveries of a French philosopher in relation to fats, independently of adding to our comforts and luxuries, are increasing our national independence, developing our commercial resources, breaking down a foul traffic, and ameliorating the social and political relations of the whole world.

JOHN KEPLER.

JOHN KEPLER, the celebrated astronomer, whose labours heralded and partly contributed to the discoveries of our immortal Newton, was born at Weil, in the duchy of Wirtemberg, on the 27th of December, 1571. His father, Henry Kepler, was an officer in the pay of the Duke of Wirtemberg, and distinguished himself in the war in Flanders; his mother's maiden name was Catherine Guldenmann. Having imprudently become security for a person, who absconded, the warrior was compelled to part with all he had in order to discharge the obligations under which he had placed himself, and was fain to content himself with the humble position of a tavern-keeper at Elmendingen. This reverse rendered it necessary to remove young Kepler from school, and employ him at home. Such, however, was the extraordinary precocity of the youth, that when eleven years old he was admitted to the convent-school of Maulbronn, and educated there at the expense of the Duke of Wirtemberg. Here he

number of very ingenious conjectures with reference to the number, distances, and periods of the planetary orbs. Like the great Adams and his French rival, Leverrier, though not under the guidance of equally scientific principles—he presumed upon the existence of planets not yet known, and declared that the only reason why they had not been discovered, was the imperfection of the optical instruments employed in making observations. The boldness of his creative genius, as displayed in this work, struck Tycho Brahe with astonishment, and led him to invite Kepler to visit him—an invitation, however, which the latter did not then think proper to accept, because he was aware the illustrious mathematician held a doctrine directly opposed to his own.

About this time Kepler married a lady of noble family, Barbara Muller von Muhleckh, who was now a widow for the second time, though only twenty-four years of age. The union was a source of difficulty and embarrassment, which,



PORTRAIT OF JOHN KEPLER.

pursued his studies with untiring assiduity, in spite of constitutional weakness and domestic troubles, and at the age of twenty took his master's degree, ranking second at the examination. Shortly afterwards, he was appointed astronomical lecturer at Grätz, in Styria, not so much in accordance with any wish of his own—for he had not yet, he tells us, devoted any great attention to the study of astronomy—as out of deference to the authoritative dictates of his tutors.

Theology had occupied most of his thoughts from the time of taking his degree, and some of his compositions on that science attracted a good deal of attention. Now, however, he began to study astronomy with even greater interest and more decided success. The prevalent notions on astronomy were far from satisfying his penetrating mind. With a view to their correction, he published his "*Mysterium Cosmographicum*," in 1596, which was his first work, and formed a worthy prelude to those which followed. In this he put forth a

with the religious dissensions in Styria, led to his removal to Hungary. Here, during an interval of three years, he published several minor works, including a treatise on the magnet. Tycho Brahe, who still watched his progress with deep interest, once more endeavoured to attract him near him. This eminent philosopher had been forced to leave Uranibourg for the asylum which Rodolph the Second, Emperor of Bohemia, offered him in Bohemia, and promised to procure Kepler the post of mathematician to the court, if he would come and reside there. Kepler, having learnt that Tycho Brahe was making astronomical observations of great value at Benach, went to visit him in the year 1600, and was most kindly received; but a serious indisposition, which lasted seven or eight months, prevented him from entering upon the duties of his office, as imperial mathematician, till the following year. The object of his appointment was, that he might assist Tycho Brahe in the formation of new astronomical

tables, to be called the Rudolphine Tables, after the emperor, who promised to bear all the expense, and liberally reward him. Circumstances, however, prevented the fulfilment of this promise. Kepler's salary was not regularly paid, and besides this, the employment was not exactly to his taste. He was involved in pecuniary difficulties, and even driven to eke out a subsistence by casting people's nativities. His impetuous disposition brought him into frequent collision with Tycho Brahe, his great benefactor. He sighed for his liberty. "Rodolph II.," said he to his friend, "is more of an astrologer than an astronomer. To satisfy him, I am obliged to waste my time in making almanacks for him." This was the way in which he spoke of the calendar which he assisted Tycho Brahe in preparing, and which had the misfortune to be burnt by the nobles of Styria, in 1621, because Kepler had given precedence in it to the nobles of Austria. The prefaces to several works which he issued at this period bear evidence of the pecuniary embarrassment which he experienced. Besides having to contend with the irregularity of payment to which we have already alluded, he had a numerous family to support, and, on the death of Tycho Brahe, undertook the charge of his also. In his perplexity, he applied to the landgrave of Hesse, who kindly rendered him valuable pecuniary and other assistance. In a preface addressed to the emperor, in 1618, he acknowledges the receipt of 4,000 pieces of silver; and it is impossible to read his remarks without a painful impression.

Kepler's great work on "The Motion of Mars," which forms a sort of stepping-stone from Copernicus to Newton, was published in the year 1609. After confuting the prevalent notions upon gravity, he distinctly asserts that the attraction of the moon operates upon the earth, and amid a multitude of errors throws out here and there other happy guesses at truth. The three great principles which Kepler is immortalised for having discovered, and which are well known under the name of "Kepler's Laws," are, that the planets move in elliptical orbits, that they describe equal areas in equal times, and that the squares of their periodic times are proportional to their mean distances from the sun. He did not succeed in establishing the last till twelve years after the other two, and then more by lucky conjecture than sound philosophical deduction. The labour he underwent before he could arrive at the first was immense. Starting with the assumption that the planetary orbits were of an oval form, he was disappointed to find that his calculations failed to demonstrate it. "All my theory, therefore," cried he, "has vanished into smoke." He began his work again; the arithmetical operations in which he engaged filled more than twenty-six pages; he failed every time he renewed the attempt. His vexation at this disappointment nearly drove him mad. No less than sixty-nine times did he renew his efforts; but the seventeenth time he obtained the desired result. His joy was now unbounded. He surrounded figures of ellipses with symbolical designs. Ordinary language was insufficient to express all he felt; his enthusiasm could only find full scope in mystical symbols. Another discovery of Kepler's was the proper method according to which the glasses of a telescope should be combined and arranged; but he made no practical application of his theory. To enumerate all his published works would exceed our limits and only weary the reader. It is sufficient to say they were very numerous, some voluminous, and all remarkable. Kepler was the precursor, and in some degree the father, of the seventeenth century—that age which was rendered illustrious by the names of Newton, Descartes, Pascal, and others, who brought about a great reformation in science and general knowledge.

Sir Henry Wotton, the English ambassador, made an attempt, in 1620, to persuade Kepler to visit England, and held out a prospect of relief from the pecuniary embarrassment in which he was then involved; but he could not succeed. After appealing for assistance to various governments, Kepler at length completed the Rudolphine Tables in 1627. He was on the point of publishing a translation of a work of Plutarch, when he was compelled to go to Ratisbon for the arrears of

his salary. The fatigue of travelling, together with the annoyance he felt, brought on a fever, of which he died on November 5th, 1630, at the age of fifty-nine. He was buried in the churchyard of St. Peter's at Ratisbon. A brief inscription, which does not now exist, was placed upon his tombstone; and in 1808 a monument was erected to his memory under the auspices of the prince primate, Charles Theodore of Halberg. It is a temple situated in the Botanical Garden, not many yards from the spot where his remains lie. His bust in marble occupies the middle of the building, and stands on a pedestal, the bas-reliefs of which represent the genius of Kepler drawing aside the veil which conceals Urania. The goddess holds a telescope in one hand, and in the other a roll, on which the eclipse of Mars is delineated.

LUBECK AND THE HANSEATIC LEAGUE.

IN those middle ages, towards which the heart of young England so passionately yearns, men who would not fight or steal, men who would not live by plunder or pay, found themselves in a very disagreeable position. They were looked on with contempt. Big, blustering barons thought them very fair objects of attack; consequently, those who wished to live honestly, to sell and get again, were compelled to unite together for their own protection. It was true then, as now, that union is strength; and in order that they might not be deprived of the rich goods they brought from Italy for the supply of the north of Europe, the merchants of Hamburg and Lubeck joined in an association—the Hanseatic League—which ultimately became the proud and powerful rival of kings and emperors in arts and arms.

The precise date of the Hanseatic League is uncertain. In 1241 the treaty was formed between Lubeck and Hamburg for clearing the road of pirates and robbers, between the Elbe and the Trave, and the river from Hamburg to its mouth, of the same nuisances; but, before that time, Lubeck had formed an alliance with some of the Baltic towns for the same purposes. It was a standing rule of the Hanseatic League, that no cities should be admitted into the confederacy but such as were either situated on the sea, or on some navigable river adjoining. Another standing rule was, not to admit any cities into their league which did not keep the key of their own gates, and did not exercise civil jurisdiction themselves, though they might in other respects acknowledge some superior lord or prince; this prince, however, was compelled to take an oath to preserve their privileges entire. For a protector, they chose the Grand Master of the Teutonic Knights who had settled in Bremen, and whose government was, in some respects, similar to their own. In process of time many other cities joined the league: their number at one time was upwards of eighty. They were divided into four classes, the chief of which were—Lubeck, Cologne, Brunswick, and Dantzic; at a latter time especially, Bruges, in Flanders, became one of their most famous towns, from which the south of Europe was supplied with the hemp, flax, timber, &c., of the north. In those days, Dr. Anderson tells us, the direct voyage in one and the same summer, between the Baltic and the Mediterranean seas and back again, being thought hazardous and difficult—the mariner's compass not being yet known—a middle or half-way station or port became very desirable, to which traders of both seas might bring their respective merchandise in summer; viz., the naval stores of the north, and the spices, drugs, fruits, cottons, of the Levant and Spain, and Italy, by the ships of Venice, Florence, Pisa, Geneva, &c., and the wines of France, there to be lodged as a market for the reciprocal supply of the rest of Europe. The trade of the Hanse towns with England commenced in 1266, where they were permitted to have a factory, called the Steelyard, situated somewhere between Thames-street and the river. After three years of war, a peace was concluded between the Hanse towns and Edward IV., from which we may conclude, that the naval strength of the English was

inferior to that of their enemies. The treaty testifies in every part the power and importance of the Hanse towns. They were to remain undisturbed in the possession of all their privileges and immunities. They were to be exempt from the Lord High Admiral's court and jurisdiction, but were to have two judges allowed them by the king for determining disputes in maritime affairs. It was also agreed they were to have Steel-yards at Boston and at Lynn; and a debt owed them by the king it was arranged should be defrayed out of the duties payable on their merchandise till the whole was paid. In the time of Henry VIII. they were on such good terms with the English, that they offered to put the monarch in possession of Denmark, and it appears that Henry actually paid them part of the purchase-money, but prudently declined paying any more till he saw whether they had the power to perform that part of the contract; after this time they speedily grew unpopular. In 1562 there was a great outcry against them, on account of the damage they had done the English nation. The charges against them were—that they defrauded the customs—that they frequently exceeded the bounds of the immunities granted them by the king—that they under sold other merchants—that they had reduced the price of English wool, and exported a great deal more cloth than the English merchants. The less trade is interfered with by government the better it will flourish. The age of the Hanse merchants was one of monopoly and privilege, and they had their share of both; but the privy council listening to the popular clamour declared their privileges void, and parliament laid a heavy duty upon their merchandise. They lingered on in England till 1597, when the Emperor Rudolph having ordered the factories of the English merchant adventurers in Germany to be shut up, Queen Elizabeth retaliated, by ordering the Steel-yard to be closed. The Hanse towns thought that by persuading the emperor to act in that manner they would have compelled the queen to reinstate them in the possession of those privileges of which they had been deprived. If such was their aim, they were singularly unfortunate in the method they adopted for its attainment—they could little have understood the impetuous character of our maiden queen.

The Hanse merchants transacted most of the commerce of the middle ages. They were the Goldsmids and Rothchilds of that day. Kings begged their loans and pawned their crowns and revenues to them. They were equally famous in war. They were undoubted warriors. Two Norwegian kings fled before their hosts. They twice stormed and sacked Copenhagen. In 1348 they deposed Magnus, king of Sweden, and gave his crown to his nephew Albert, duke of Mecklenburg. In 1426 they equipped a fleet of 248 ships; nearly all the commercial towns of Europe gave strength and dignity to the League, with money and men, with intelligence and power; it was in its day of power and pride what Great Britain is now.

On this account an enduring interest attaches to Lubeck, the once far-famed Carthage of the north. You now tread its streets and see decay everywhere around you. Grass now grows where once rushed along the busy tide of ambition and

of life. In the north of Germany we know no town more quaint and picturesquely old.

The general route is to go to Lubeck from Hamburg, a distance—if we remember aright—of about sixty miles, through one of the most villainous roads it is possible to conceive—all sand in summer, and impenetrable mud in winter. It ought not to be so, for there is some traffic in Lubeck yet; its port, Travemünde, being the port of embarkation for passengers for Stockholm or Cronstadt. In the summer Lubeck looks exceeding well; its Gothic gates, its houses with gable ends, and rich in architectural ornaments, its quiet streets, all fill the stranger with interest and excitement. Decayed and deserted though it be, it has a population of about 30,000. The principal edifices in Lubeck are the Dom, or cathedral church, which was begun in 1750, and is full of curious paintings and works of art; and the Marien Kuche, more remarkable still. Every part of it is hung with pictures in true Dutch style—all hard and plain and matter-of-fact. One remarkable picture is a "Dance of Death," preserved here since 1483, thirty-five years before Holbein, though at one time it was attributed to that master. Behind the high altar is a wonderful astronomical clock, which, by remarkable contrivances we cannot explain here, sends forth every day at noon figures of the seven electors, who march very respectfully before the emperor, make their obeisances, and then march back again. The church is not exclusively devoted to the preservation of antiquities. It contains a good specimen of the modern school of historical painting, in the picture of "Christ entering into Jerusalem," by Overbeck, a native of Lubeck. We may add here that we are indebted to Lubeck for other artists: Sir Godfrey Kneller and Adrian Ostade were born in the same town. The only other building of any interest is the Gothic Rathhaus, standing in the market-place in the centre of the town, where at one time met the deputies from the eighty-one cities which then composed the state. Like everything else in Lubeck, it is a ruin. Grave senators, big with the fate of empires, no longer throng its stairs. The hall in which they met has unfortunately been destroyed, but still the place inspires interest. The merchant of Hamburg would do well to resort to Lubeck, and moralise there. Lubeck for ages was the richest of European cities—had an army of its own of 50,000—had its ships on every sea; now it has dwindled away into a petty provincial town. It is still, however, the supreme court of appeal for the other Hanse towns; it has still a shadow of its former greatness; it is not utterly desolate and forlorn. In Hamburg, where almost every man you meet is a Jew, they tell you that Lubeck has never prospered since they expelled that active and money-getting race. Possibly this may have something to do with the decline and fall of Lubeck; the real reason, however, is rather to be sought in that law of decay which cities and empires, great and glorious though they be, find it impossible to withstand. Sidon, and Tyre, and Carthage, have passed away: Lubeck has done the same. The tide once gone by can never be recalled. Commerce finds fresh developments. It matters little that this be the case so long as man's march is onward, and "Excelsior" is still his aim.

THE WARRIOR'S FAREWELL.

THE incident depicted in the subjoined engraving is one of the most affecting that occur in life. Hence it is not surprising that Homer has availed himself of it. Every reader of his immortal *Iliad*, which tells "the wondrous tale of Troy divine"—whether in the original Greek or in the English version of Chapman, Pope, or Cowper—must have been struck with the singular beauty of that episode in the sixth book, which describes the parting of Hector from his wife Andromache and his little boy Astyanax, just before his fatal encounter with Achilles. He meets with them at the Scæan gate, and a most touching interview takes place; from Pope's version of which we are tempted to quote a few lines:—

"Silent the warrior smiled, and pleased resign'd
To tender passions all his mighty mind:
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke:
Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.
'Too daring prince! Ah, whither dost thou run?
Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son!
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be
A widow I, a helpless orphan he!
For sure such courage length of life denies;
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.'"

To this appeal Hector replies, by pleading the necessity of defending his country and his honour; then, after alluding, with a sigh, to the destined fall of Troy, he exclaims,—

“And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defiled with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore:
As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!”

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.

The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scared at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,
And Hector hastened to relieve his child;
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground.”

The great Shakspeare has handled this subject with equal felicity in the scene of the first part of Henry IV., between Percy Hotspur and his wife, on the eve of the battle of Shrewsbury. It is this scene that the painting of which we give an engraving more appropriately illustrates—at least, so far as the accessories are concerned.



THE WARRIOR'S FAREWELL

THE KALMUCKS.

UNIVERSAL dominion is an old idea. It is a fierce desire in the Russian mind, directing every expedient, and permeating every principle in the land of the Czar. There is a picture still preserved, representing the Empress Catherine II. standing in a triumphal attitude upon a globe, with one foot on St. Petersburg and the other on Constantinople, whilst the pope and all the sovereigns of Europe are enclosed within the ample folds of her imperial robes, regarding her with upraised, imploring, timid, looks; and this is only a faithful picture of Russian policy. In Asia, it puts itself in open flagrant or po-

sition to British interests, and in Europe threatens the German powers. It intrigues in Persia, Afghanistan, China, and the Indies, and has conceived the gigantic plan of founding an empire that shall include both hemispheres.

Russia in Europe contains about 62,000,000 inhabitants, of whom fully three-fourths belong to the great Caucasian family; while the Laplanders, the aboriginal Finns, the Samojedes, the Kalmucks, and the greater number of the Baschkirs belong to the Mongolian race. It is of this last division, and especially the Kalmucks, that we have to speak.

These people have not a shadow of their original independence; they belong to Russia, are ruled by Russian law, and governed by Russian superintendents. The authority of St. Petersburg is felt in their encampments, and this nomad people, these children of the wilderness, have learned submission to the Czar. Perhaps they have reverence for the Cossack banners, which, according to General Weljamineff, would uphold the heavens if they dared to fall.

The territory of the Kalmucks is not great, and stretches out on the left bank of the Volga. It is bounded on the north and the east by this river, to the west by Egorlick, and to the south by Kouma. The principal occupation of the people is that of cattle, and Kalmuck horses, camels, bullocks, and sheep, are highly prized in the surrounding districts.

The nation is divided into three classes—nobles, peasants, and priests. The ecclesiastics belong to neither the higher nor the lower order, but are distinguished from both, while revered

the way as counting one's beads, is called by travellers *grinding prayers*, and the mechanical contrivance for ascertaining the number of supplications offered, a *prayer-mill*.

The *cuisine* of the Kalmuck is not over-delicate, and not remarkable for its power of tempting a listless appetite; it chiefly consists of roasted horse-flesh, a preparation of thick milk, and tea; not such tea, however, as that to which we are accustomed, being a hasty mixture of salt, milk, chopped tea-leaves, and boiling water; the whole of a reddish-yellow colour, and which commonly closes the repast. Their favourite beverage is brandy and warm milk.

The dwellings of the Kalmucks are the same at the present time as they were in the days of Herodotus. They are round in form, termed by the people *kabikas*, and are surmounted with conical roofs, pierced at the centre for the escape of the smoke. Two camels suffice for the transport of a tent large enough for the accommodation of a whole family, with the



KALMUCKS AT PRAYER.

by all. Their religion is a species of Buddhism. They believe in one great governing principle—a supreme God, ruling over all things, who is too high and great and wonderful to be represented by any tangible object, and of whom, therefore, no image must be made, and in whose honour no idol must be worshipped. The orders of secondary divinities are generally represented by the figures of females, and are supposed to have parcelled out the universe among themselves and each to rule over his allotted portion. The priests are divided into four classes: the Backhaus, or high priests; the Ghelungs, or ordinary priests; the Guetzuls, or deacons, and the Maudchis, or musicians; the Grand Lama of Thibet is the head of their church. When a Kalmuck worships, he sings a species of sacred song, a low monotonous repetition, turning at the same time a kind of drum or cylinder, covered with sayings from their sacred books, and to which cylinder a long cord is attached; this praying and turning, much the same by

whole of the furniture, arms, provisions, kitchen utensils, &c.

The manufacture of felt, gray and white, is the principal industrial occupation of the Kalmuck people.

"It is easy," says Pallas, "to distinguish by the traits of physiognomy the principal Asiatic nations, who rarely contract marriage except among their own people. There is none in which this distinction is so characterised as among the Mongols. If the colour is set aside, the Mongol has as little resemblance to other people as a negro has to an European. This peculiar conformation is distinguished particularly in the shape of the skull of the Kalmucks; but the Mongols and the Bouricets have so great a resemblance to them both in their physiognomy, their manners, and moral economy, that whatever is related of one of these nations will apply as well to the others. The Kalmucks are generally of a moderate height. We find them rather small than large. They are well made, and seldom deformed. They entirely abandon

their children to nature: hence they are all healthy, and have their bodies well proportioned. They are generally slender and delicate in their limbs and figure. I never saw a single man amongst them who was very fat."

The characteristic traits in all the countenances of the Kalmucks are, eyes of which the great angle, placed obliquely and downwards towards the nose, is but little open and fleshy; eyebrows black, scanty, and forming a low arch; a particular conformation of the nose, which is generally short, and flattened towards the forehead; the head and face very round. They have also the transparent cornea of the eye very brown; lips thick and fleshy; the chin short; the teeth very white—they preserve them fine and sound until old age. They have all enormous ears, rather detached from the head.

From the foregoing remarks, it might appear that all the Kalmucks were hideous and deformed. We see, on the contrary, among the men, as well as the women, many round and very pretty faces—faces that would find admirers in any part of Europe.

The number of Kalmuck families in Russia was estimated by Pallas at 8,229; but the nation is more widely dispersed over the globe than any other, even the Arabs not excepted.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

THE life of Margaret Fuller brings out into prominent relief the services which the female mind, when highly endowed and cultivated, is peculiarly fitted to render to society. Summoned, as she was, from this scene of labour when her intellect had but just reached its maturity and she had outgrown the errors of her early training, she has left behind not merely a reputation in literature, but a memory fragrant with the love of many, whom she aided in the journey of life by the strength of her mind or the large sympathies of her heart.

Under any circumstances her native capacity would have made her remarkable; but her childhood was rendered precocious and unhappy by the system of education which her father pursued. A lawyer by profession, he was severe and narrow-minded, learned rather than cultivated. "He thought to gain time," says Margaret, "by bringing forward the intellect as early as possible. Thus I had tasks given me as many and as various as the hours would allow, and on subjects beyond my age. . . . The consequence was a premature development of the brain, that made me a 'youthful prodigy' by day, and by night a victim of spectral illusions, nightmare, and somnambulism, which at the time prevented the harmonious development of my bodily powers and checked my growth, while later they induced continual headache, weakness, and nervous affections of all kinds." Of languages, the Latin was her chief study; able to read it at the age of six, she was easily brought to a thorough acquaintance with it, and her mind was much influenced by constant study of the great Romans during the plastic years of childhood. The great amount of study exacted from her soon ceased to be a burden, and reading became a habit and a passion. She spent her days with books. Shakespeare she made acquaintance with at eight years old, and he was henceforth her constant companion. Cervantes and Molière were also favourite authors. Playmates she had none; and with such strange associates her first years rolled by.

At length she left home for school. Here were companions enough of her own age and sex; but the strange child, formed by solitude and books, found little that was congenial. In her teacher, however, she was happy enough to find a mind that understood her; she first penetrated the barrier of proud reserve which Margaret had thrown up around her; and from this lady she learnt two lessons never afterwards forgotten—forgiveness of injuries, and transparent sincerity. When fifteen years of age, she returned to her father's house at Cambridge, Massachusetts; for a year or two previously she had been received in society as a woman; but a position so unusual for girls of her age did not divert her mind from literary pur-

suits. In a letter to her former teacher, she thus sketches her plan of study:—"I rise a little before five, walk an hour, and then practise on the piano till seven, when we breakfast. Next I read French—Sismondi's *Literature of the South of Europe*—till eight; then two or three lectures in 'Brown's Philosophy.' About half-past nine I go to Mr. Perkins's school, and study Greek till twelve, when, the school being dismissed, I recite, go home, and practise again till dinner at two. Sometimes, if the conversation is very agreeable, I lounge for half an hour over the dessert, though rarely so lavish of time. Then, when I can, I read two hours in Italian, though I am often interrupted. At six I walk, or take a drive. Before going to bed, I play or sing half an hour or so, to make all sleepy; and, about eleven, retire to write a little in my journal, exercises on what I have read, or a series of characteristics which I am filling up according to advice." And to the same friend, some time later,—"I am studying *Mme. de Staël*, *Epictetus*, *Milton*, *Racine*, and *Castilian ballads*, with great delight."

Meanwhile, she became famous in the society where she was known for the talent which distinguished her in all her after-life, conversational power. During the first years her criticisms were so unsparing, and her sarcasms so keen, that she made many enemies, especially among her own sex; but gradually she disciplined her heart into a more womanly spirit, and was afterwards remarkable for the extraordinary power with which she attracted all who came within the sphere of her influence. Before she had reached the age of twenty, she was familiar with all the masterpieces of French, Italian, and Spanish literature. A year or two after, she began to study German, and in three months from the time she began was able to read this difficult language with ease; while within the year she had made acquaintance with nearly all the writings of Goethe and Schiller, as also those of Tuck, Körner, Novalis, and Richter.

But her father's death, which took place in 1835, called out other and finer traits of Margaret's character. The pecuniary affairs of the family were less prosperous than heretofore, and declining the tempting offer of literary employment, she devoted herself to the arduous but more remunerative office of a teacher. Here, too, she was fitted to shine; and if our space permitted, we could show how eminently she possessed not merely the power to impart knowledge, but the rarer talent of winning the hearts of her pupils. Her active mind, however, did not confine itself to these labours. She published translations of "Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe," and of the "Letters of Gunderode and Bettino." For two years, from its first appearance in 1840, she edited "The Dial," a quarterly journal of literature; and contributed several articles, among others those on Goethe and Beethoven. On taking up her residence in Boston, she engaged in an undertaking which, perhaps, more than anything else brought out the extraordinary powers of her mind and the comprehensiveness of her knowledge. This was an adult female class, the object of which, in Margaret's own words, was the serious discussion of the questions, "What were we born to do? and how shall we do it?" For several successive winters this class, numbering from twenty-five to thirty ladies, many of whom have since become known in the literary world, assembled weekly under Miss Fuller's presidency. Her plan was to open up the subject in an exordium; and this she did with captivating address and grace, and the most beautiful modesty. From the elevation of tone, as well as the ease and flow of the discourse, it was difficult for others to follow her; but, with admirable tact, she descended at the close to a level possible to those less gifted, seized on the food in whatever was said, and preserved an interest and a harmony which made the hours as delightful as they were profitable. Her pupils describe in lively terms the dignity and grace with which Miss Fuller guided these conversations, and the young people came away delighted with her beautiful looks. But physical beauty did not form a part of her rich dowry, and this impression of magnificence was but the effect of

"The power of thought, the magic of the mind."

Somewhat under the middle height, and with a figure inclining to *embonpoint*, she was only redeemed from plainness by her regular teeth, fair hair, and expressive eyes. These last she had a disagreeable habit of opening and shutting, an effect of the near-sightedness which her premature studies had entailed upon her. But her countenance was most animated, and changed with every varying mood of her versatile mind.

After a few years thus spent in incessant labours as teacher and writer, Margaret felt the need of an entire change of scene and interest. Ably supplying her father's place, she had been the guardian of the young orphans whom he left behind; had directed their education, managed their pecuniary affairs, and, spite of natural inaptitude and distaste for such details, conscientiously discharged every self-imposed duty. They were now all established in life, and she felt free to accept an engagement in New York, where for two years she was a regular contributor to the *Tribune* newspaper.

Thoroughly conversant with European literature, Margaret had long cherished the desire of visiting the Old World, to complete her culture, and make acquaintance with a literary society differing in character from any she could find at home. With almost all the eminent men and women of her own country she was acquainted; with many of them she had established a close friendship. A high eulogium on her character and many interesting particulars of her life are furnished by Emerson, with whom she was in habits of intimacy for many years. Nor were her friendships confined to those who were distinguished in the world of letters. She had a singular readiness to perceive and appreciate the good that exists even in common natures, and her sympathies were for all humanity. To scores of persons she was a counsellor in difficulty and a sympathiser in sorrow; and numbers in the many circles where her influence was known, date their first awaking to intellectual life to some inspiration from her.

At length, having won by her own exertions a position of independence, she was able to make arrangements for a voyage to Europe, which she reached in the spring of 1846. Visiting London, the Highlands, and the English lakes, she saw many celebrities, and mixed in much literary society. Wordsworth, Mazzini, Carlyle, Dr. Chalmers, De Quincey, Joanna Baillie, were among those with whom she made personal acquaintance, and we have some piquant criticism on English men and manners in her letters home.

Her visit to Paris was short. She had an interview with De Lamennais, and was fortunate enough to meet in his little study the great Beranger, with whose magical compositions she was already intimately acquainted. She visited George Sand, of whom she gives a lively sketch, hardly fitted, however, to inspire the admiration with which she seems to have regarded her. Passing through to the south of France, she made a hasty tour through Italy and Switzerland, and then separating from her friends, she returned for a sojourn in Rome, where she arrived in the autumn of 1847.

"The city of the soul," as she terms it, with its galleries, its temples, and its ruins, afforded to a mind like hers inexhaustible subjects for study and research. Her first care here, as in Paris, was to acquire a perfect command of the language, and she was thus in a position to form a thorough acquaintance with the people, and to extend to them her sympathies. The seeming liberality of Pio Nono's administration had inspired the mind of Italy with hope; and already, in imagination, the people beheld their country emancipated and exalted. Ready to acknowledge the good qualities of the reigning pontiff, Margaret had yet some misgiving, "that new wine could not be put into old bottles." The distrust was well grounded; another year found her sharing the perils and sufferings of the besieged, during the bombardment of the city by the French. Here she appeared in a new character. Officially appointed to the supervision of one of the hospitals, she became familiar with the horrors of war, and passed whole days and even nights in attendance on the wounded. Her heart sickened and her strength failed her. "I found my-

self," she says, "inferior in courage and fortitude to the occasion. I knew not how to bear the havoc and anguish incident to the struggle for these principles. The sight of these beautiful young men, mown down in their stately prime, became too much for me. I forgot the great ideas, only to sympathise with the poor mothers, who had nursed their precious forms only to see them all lopped and gashed."

Mazzini inspired her with a devoted admiration, and in sympathy with his sufferings she thought lightly of her own. After the fall of Rome she thus writes:—"In two short months he had grown old; all the vital juices seemed exhausted; his eyes were all bloodshot; his skin orange; flesh he had none; his hair was mixed with white; his hand was painful to the touch; but he had never flinched—never quailed; had protested in the last hour against surrender; sweet and calm, but full of a more fiery purpose than ever." But private hopes of hers had fallen with the hopes of Italy. She had married a young Italian of a noble but impoverished house; by her influence he had been won to the popular cause, and had occupied a post of honour and of danger in the defence of the city. Anxiety for him was added to her suffering during that terrible time; and before the last ineffectual blow for freedom had been struck, Margaret gave birth to a son, at the little village of Rieti, some miles from Rome. The family of the Marquis d'Ossoli was closely connected with the Papal court, and the marriage was kept a profound secret from even Margaret's friends, as safety of property and even of person was at stake.

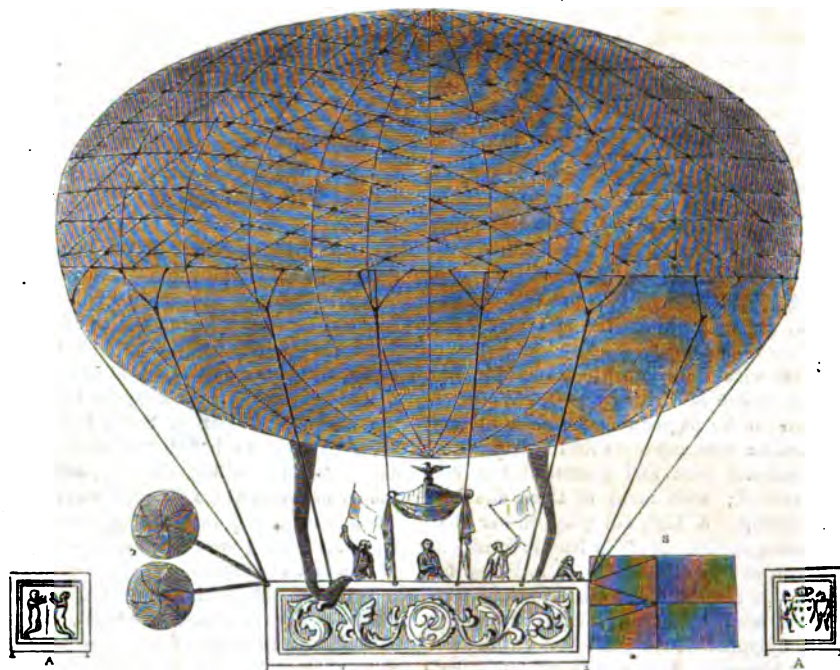
With the fall of the Republic all the avenues of honourable distinction were closed to Ossoli, and with a small sum of money, the remnant of his patrimony, they withdrew with their child to Florence, on the return of the Pope to Rome. They passed the winter there, and in the spring turned their thoughts towards America. To press lightly on their now diminished resources, they took passage in a merchantman from Leghorn, despite many fears, and the prospect of a two months' voyage.

They sailed, and for many days all went smoothly. But trouble was at hand. The captain fell ill, and after many days of suffering, watched over by his young wife on her first voyage, died of malignant small-pox. The little Angelo caught the disorder, and for some time Margaret and Ossoli watched without hope. Though without medical aid, he recovered, and once more was the playmate and favourite of the rough seamen. Margaret, her tried heart restored again to peace, occupied herself in completing a work on the affairs of Italy, with which she had been engaged during her residence there. In it she hoped to give a truthful picture of the struggle for freedom which had been heroically maintained, and to do justice to the character and motives of the man who was the soul of the movement. It is in reference to this work that she says:—"There is one, Mazzini, who understands thee well; who knew thee no less when an object of popular fear than one of idolatry; and who, if the pen be not held too feebly, will help posterity to know thee too!" But her labours were not destined to see the light. Prosperously four thousand miles of water had been passed, and they neared the homeward coast. On the 15th July their bark was so near the Jersey shore that the captain confidently promised to land them at New York on the following morning. About nine o'clock a breeze sprang up, which speedily increased to a hurricane, and the vessel was driven with frightful rapidity towards the sand-bars of Long Island. At four o'clock in the morning she struck, and the marble blocks which formed part of her cargo broke through. The sea swept over her deck, and all hope of saving the ship was over.

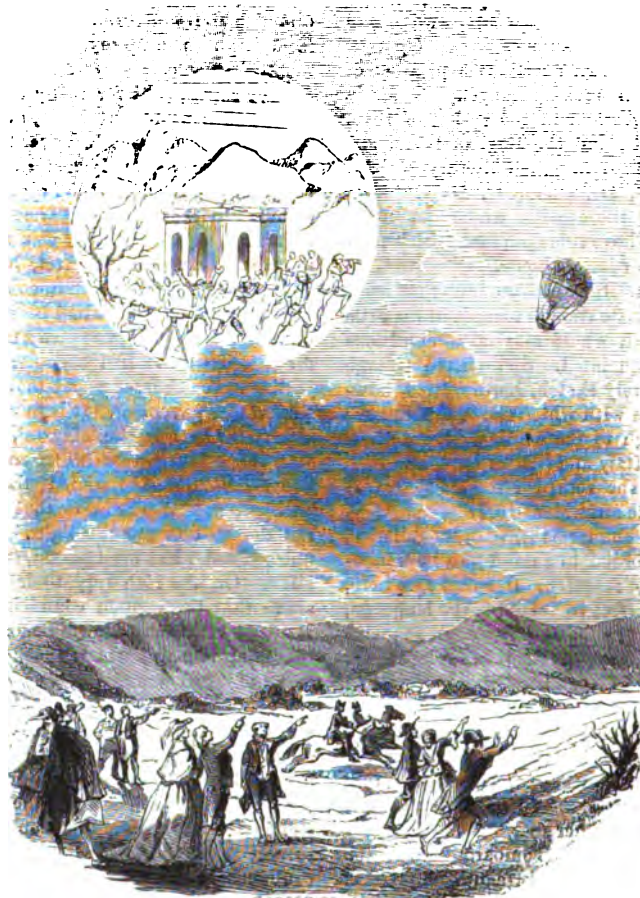
We will not linger over the melancholy scene. Within sight of shore, where they could distinguish figures moving to and fro upon the beach—so near that a few resolute men could have saved every soul on board—Margaret, Ossoli, and Angelo perished. She refused to be separated from her husband and her child, and this was necessary to even a chance of safety. Their hearts were stirred by the renewal of hope; but no aid could be afforded them.

BALLOONS AND BALLOONING.

THE letters which Etienne Mongolfier received from his brothers, stating their views and giving him their encouragement, found him patiently to endure his celebrity. He desired and asked only one thing, which was to return to his native place, the



ASCENT OF A BALLOON FROM THE PARK OF ST. CLOUD, JULY 15, 1784.



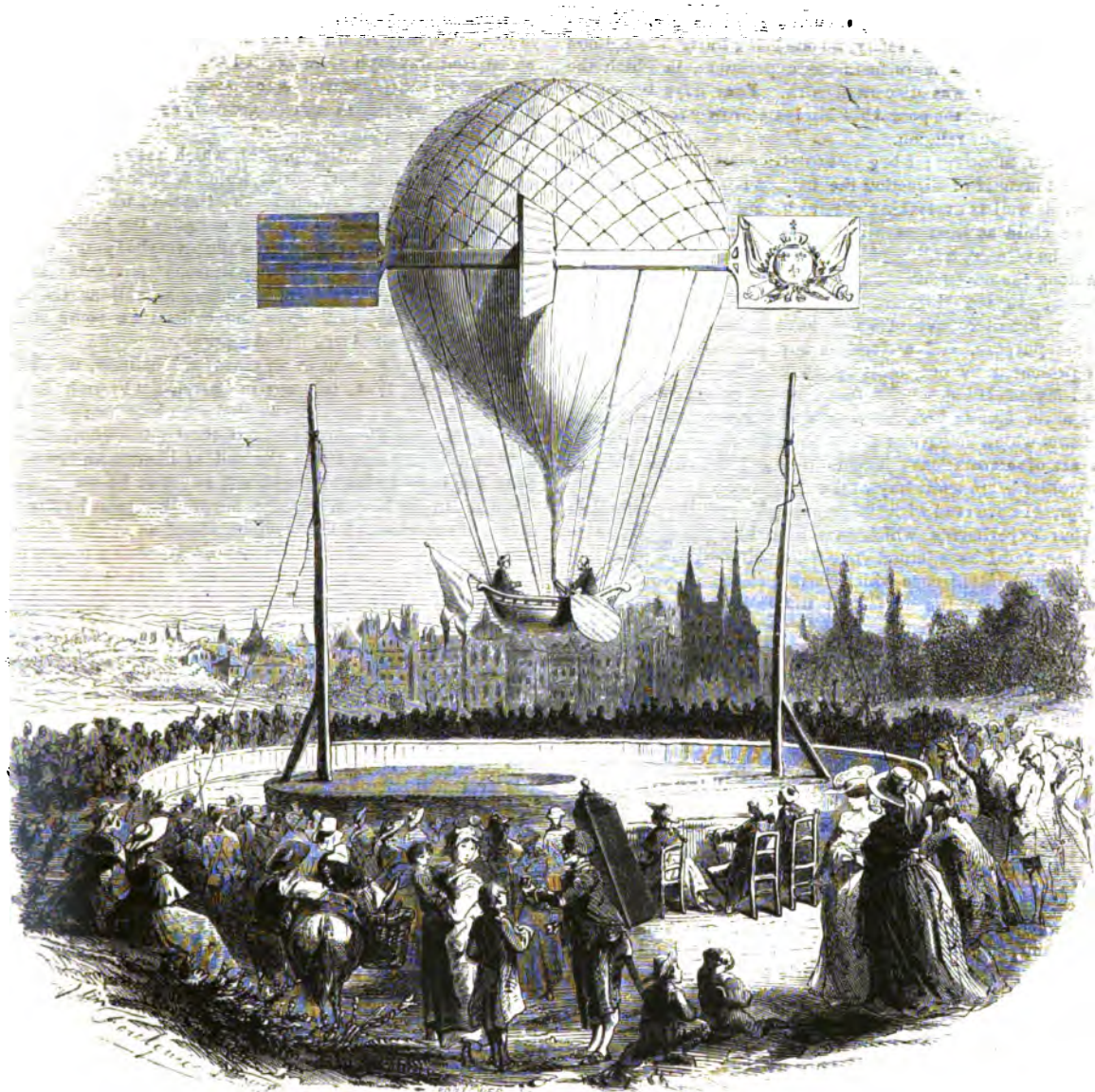
THE ABOVE BALLOON AT A GREATER ELEVATION.

him depressed, fatigued, harassed in every way, tormented at once by his rivals and his admirers. His wife vainly supplicated scene of his cherished dreams, to hear once more the whispers of its poplars and the rippling of its waters; to resume those

walks with his brother Joseph, in which their feet only traversed a narrow space, while their thoughts surveyed the world. But as commissioners had been appointed by the Academy to inspect his experiments and to confirm his discovery, honour did not permit him to withdraw; and his balloon having been shattered in its last ascent from Annonay, it was found necessary to construct another; but whilst the workshops were freely opened, and assistance and help of every kind offered, to those who strove to excel the two brothers in the aerial route which they alone had disclosed, Etienne could only look for co-operation and support among his private friends. A rich manufacturer of painted paper, in

was truly melancholy. It required all the devotion of his friends, Reveillon, Argant, the Marquis d'Arlandes, and others; it required his personal activity, his extraordinary intellect, and the composure which he owed to an unchangeable gentleness of disposition, to prevent the priority which belonged to him from being snatched away. M. Charles and the Messrs. Robert could only repeat his experiments; they succeeded, however, in gaining the favour of powerful protectors, and, strange to say, the Duc de Chartres entrusted to them the management of the experiment, represented in the first of the annexed engravings (p. 240.)*

Couplets full of acrimony, and cutting caricatures, accom-



ASCENT OF A BALLOON FROM DIJON, APRIL 25, 1784.†

the Faubourg St. Antoine, the excellent M. Reveillon, threw open his vast warehouses to his dear friend Mongolfier, offered him his services, and, with unparalleled generosity, abandoned his beautiful gardens to the curiosity of the crowd, who broke down the railings and scaled the walls, in order to behold the wonderful machine.

The struggle which the inventor had to sustain against those who strove to outdo him, and to turn his glory to their profit,

* This ascent took place under the superintendence of Messrs. Robert, two brothers, who went up in the balloon with M. Colin. A A, the two ends of the gallery, representing Castor and Pollux and the arms of France; B, the Rudder; C, Oars or Wings.

panied the prince in his ascent; most of these were without foundation, for they accused the duke of cowardice, when, on the contrary, he had shown presence of mind in giving vent to the gas, and in splitting the balloon, which threatened to burst. In an unpublished letter from Beaumarchais, who was an eye-witness, to Etienne Mongolfier, who was then on his return home, we find the following account of this disastrous journey:—

† This balloon, which went off at five o'clock in the evening, reached Magni-lez-Auxonne at twenty-five minutes past six, having traversed a space of about two miles and a half through the atmosphere. Abbé Berteau and M. Morvaux went up in it.

"Paris, 18 July, 1784.

"You have doubtless heard what has taken place at St. Cloud. Marquis le Duc de Chartres, the two Roberts, and their brother-in-law, ascended, as Charles did at the Tuileries; but, fearing to touch the trees, they suddenly threw out so much ballast that they rose too high, and entered a cloud, which, I know not how, caused the interior balloon, which was filled with atmospheric air, to burst with an explosion. They then endeavoured, as they still continued to rise, to open the valve, in order to descend; but they could neither open it nor the lower appendage, upon which the interior balloon had collapsed. After consulting together, they decided to make holes in the bottom of the balloon, which caused it to descend with such rapidity that they incurred great danger. Nevertheless, they descended safely, no one being hurt. The balloon was mended for a more fortunate experiment, in which the interior bladder was dispensed with. Four days before, at the Luxembourg, the poor Abbé Miolan narrowly escaped being a martyr to your religion.

"Adieu, monsieur; I beg you to give some consideration to the best manner of directing the balloon; for it is necessary for it, as well as everything else, to be guided, and the father of the child at least owes it a leading-string to conduct it where he pleases, &c."

Among the numerous ascents which took place at this time, those of Guyton Morvaux alone, putting those of the two brother inventors out of the question, were made with a serious purpose, and arrived at any result. One of these is represented by our artist (p. 240). The members of the Academy of Dijon sought for a means of guidance which they never found; but the ascents of Guyton, and the exact accounts which he gave of them, tended somewhat to advance the art of aerostation. The following letter from Etienne Mongolfier bears testimony to this fact:—

"Sir,—I have read with the greatest pleasure the particulars of your experiments, which you have had the goodness to send me, and I have joined your fellow-citizens in applauding the zeal and intelligence which have directed all your operations. You have indeed felt all the possible advantages and all the actual inconveniences of the machine of which you have made use. I cannot but admire your ulterior views, and exhort you to establish their solidity, in the eyes of the incredulous, by the continuation of your experiments.

"The unforeseen danger which prevented you from realising

your project of travelling from place to place, should not discourage you from trying again. Above all, I admire the candour with which you state the obstacles that thwarted your experiments, and the means by which you contrived to surmount them. Thus it is, that one should always write upon scientific subjects, sacrificing one's self-love to their advancement, and giving an account even of one's failures, in order that others may avoid them. A memoir such as yours is more useful than twenty of those poetical descriptions, whose authors take a glory in adding a polish to the marvellous, as if nature were not sufficiently grand without the foreign ornaments which are furnished by their imaginations."

It seems needless to add anything to this simple, noble letter of Etienne Mongolfier, which is so free from all personal prejudice. We may return to the biography of this philosopher, whose soul was even more exalted than his genius, and whose temperate writings, as well as the letters of his contemporaries, which were written in an exaggerated, egotistical style, give some insight into his character.

Our second engraving (p. 240), which has reference to the ascent of Messrs. Robert and M. Colin, is intended to illustrate some French verses written at the time, in which horsemen are represented as racing at full speed after the balloon, in the vain attempt to overtake it, while everybody on earth is amazed at the daring of the adventurous aeronauts; and the inhabitants of the moon—philosophers as well as the uninformed multitude—look upon the balloon as some strange planet that has wandered out of its orbit.

The following account of an ascent of a balloon, which took place June 26, 1794, is given in Carlyle's "French Revolution," and will, we are sure, be read with interest:—

"Or see, over Fleurus in the Netherlands, where General Jourdan, having now swept the soil of liberty, and advanced thus far, is just about to fight, and sweep or be swept, hangs there not in the heaven's vault some prodigy, seen by Austrian eyes and spy-glasses: in the similitude of an enormous wind-bag, with netting and enormous saucer depending from it? A Jove's balance; your poor Austrian scale having kicked itself aloft, out of sight? By heaven, answer the spy-glasses, it is a Mongolfier, a balloon, and they are making signals! Austrian cannon-battery barks at this Mongolfier; harmless as dog at the moon: the Mongolfier makes its signals, detects what Austrian ambuscade there may be, and descends at its ease. What will not these devils incarnate contrive?"

A FEW WORDS ON THE FUNGUS TRIBE.

CHAPTER I.

THE range of growth of the species of this remarkable kind of vegetation is as surprising as the variety in size, form, and colour, which they exhibit. We wander in the dewy meadows in autumn, and we find the grass studded with mushrooms, some eight or ten inches in diameter, others but half-developed and looking like little bunches of buttons on the ground; we see broad rings in the grass, of a deeper green and coarser herbage than other parts of the same field display, and we know them to be the "fairy-rings," which were formerly supposed to have been formed by the midnight gambols of the fairies, when, with nimble feet, they tripped in mystic dance beneath the moonbeams; those whom Prospero thus adjures:—

"You demi-puppets, that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites;—and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms."

These dark rings are now known to be caused by the growth of fungi, which, it is supposed, spread outwards from a centre, every year of their growth exhausting the soil of the circle which they have occupied, and throwing out fresh germs to one beyond. As we penetrate into the woods, we see huge fringes of fungus growth hanging out from the trunks of trees, and on the decayed stumps we perceive the most exquisitely tinted clothing of what, by the sea-side, we should conceive to

be shells clustered in shelves one above the other, and all grouped in the most vigorous and beautiful forms; we touch them, and they are wood-like; we take a chisel and hammer, and such hard work is it to chip them off, that we find it easier to take bark and all than to sever these parasites from the trunk on which they have fixed themselves. These beautiful objects are all fungi. Some of them in form and pencilling much resemble the beautiful sea-weed *Padina pavonia*, but their painting is different and consists of broad bands of black, delicately shading into gray or lavender, and alternating into a soft orange colour, the texture of the upper surface being velvety, like the wing of a moth, and the lower part of a creamy white, full of minute pores which give it much the appearance of coralline formation.

We have had clusters of them brought us from the woods, so beautiful as to induce us to group them as nearly as possible as they would appear in their native habitat, and arrange them for a basket for flowers; and when set off by a massive bunch of roses or dahlias, this structure formed an object as beautiful as it was curious, and lasted for very many months perfectly unchanged in form or colour. Besides these, and a thousand other varieties which infest trees, posts, &c., are a multitude of lovely little gems of all hues, which lie scattered about on the bare heath, or spring out of decayed leaves, bits of stick, wood, &c. Some are scarlet, others orange, snow-white, black,

brown, purple, rose-coloured, or green—all glittering in the moisture beneath the bright autumnal sunbeams, and looking like so many jewels. Every object is more or less infested by this ubiquitous race; some spread themselves over our fruits; others attack our bread, cheese, pickles, or other manufactured articles of food. "When our beer becomes mothery," says Dr. Badham, "the mother of that mischief is a fungus; if pickles acquire a bad taste, if ketchup turns ropy and putrefies, funguses have a finger in it all. Their reign stops not here, they even prey on each other. The close cavities of nuts occasionally afford concealment to some species; others, like leeches, stick to the bulbs of plants, and suck them dry; some (the architect and ship-builder's bane) pick timber to pieces as men pick oakum. The *Orygena equina* has a particular fancy for the hoofs of horses and the horns of cattle, sticking to these alone. The belly of a tropical fly is liable in autumn to break out into vegetable tufts of fungous growth, and the caterpillar to carry about in his body a *clavaria* bigger than himself." We have ourselves seen several specimens of a curious Australian fungus, consisting of a sort of stem, about an inch and half high, with a bunch of berry-like appearance at its summit. This takes its root in the head of a species of huge caterpillar, which, having burrowed in the earth preparatory to changing to the pupa state, becomes the prey of the fungus; and so firm is its hold, that when the latter is pulled from the ground, the caterpillar on which it has fixed itself comes up with it.

Almost every earthly thing is liable to be infested with some species or other of this tribe; the human teeth produce them, and the wounded flesh of living men. But we must forbear, for we might fill a large volume, were we to attempt to describe all the strange and varied situations which fungi select for their own especial habitations and sustenance.

The structure of the fungus tribe is most peculiar, and differs *in toto* from that of any other. Their whole substance may be considered as a mass of reproductive matter. Link, a noted writer on this order of *cryptogamic* plants, defines the essence of a fungus to be "sporules disposed in a series in elongated tubular cells, the cells situated in some part of the external surface." The spores of fungi answer to the seeds in other plants; they consist of round, oval, oblong, or occasionally other shaped bodies, so minute as in most cases not to be distinguishable by the naked eye, but displaying, when viewed with a microscope, various colours, pink, purple, yellow, or white; they are sometimes naked, but more frequently closed up in little receptacles, those of regular form being called *thecæ*, and those of irregular form *sporangies*. When ripe the spores are either ejected from these little cases with a jerk, caused by the bursting of an elastic ring which encircles them, or else they return to the earth with the dissolving substance of the fungus in which they have existed. In the puff-ball (*Lycoperdon geastrum*, &c.) and in some other tribes, the spores are wholly internal, and in such prodigious numbers as quite to fill the cavity of the fungus, and to burst out from its centre, when pressed, like a dense smoke. Of such structure is the *Lycoperdon stellatum*, or Stellated Puff-ball, of which we give a cut (fig. 2); the spores issuing in a column from the chimney-like aperture when the bag below is pressed, so suddenly and so high in proportion to its size, as to be quite startling. It would be occupying too much space were we to attempt to give any detailed account of the mode of development of these spores, or of other parts of the structure of this wonderful tribe; we must, therefore, refer such of our readers as desire deeper information on these points, to more learned and elaborate writers on the subject, and restrict ourselves to the single object of supplying a few such facts connected with the appearance and habits of some of the genera, as may serve to interest the general reader.

"What geometry shall define their ever-varying shapes? Who but a Venetian painter do justice to their colours?" says Dr. Badham, in his very interesting work "On the Esculent Funguses of England;" and well may he challenge competition with this Protean family. "As to shapes," he adds, "some are simple threads, like the *Byssus*, and never get

beyond this; some shoot out into branches like sea-weed; some puff themselves out into puff-balls; some thrust their heads into mitres; these assume the shape of a cup, and those of a wine-funnel; some, like *Agaricus mammosus*, have a teat; others, like *A. clypeolarius*, are umbonated at their centre; these are stilted upon a high leg, and those have not a leg to stand on; some are shell-shaped, some are bell-shaped, and some hang upon their stalks like a lawyer's wig. Some assume the form of a horse's hoof, others of a goat's beard; in the *Clathrus cancellatus*, you look into the fungus through a thick red trellis which surrounds it." Besides these marvellously varied kinds, there are others: one formed like a nest, another like an ear. "One," says Dr. Badham, "is so like a tongue in shape and general appearance, that in the days of enchanted trees you would not have cut it off to pickle or eat on any account, lest the knight to whom it belonged should afterwards come to claim it of you."

The *Clathrus cancellatus*, of which we before spoke, is a most remarkable fungus. Its lower member, as exhibited in the cut (fig. 1), is white, the upper lattice-like part a bright coral hue. It has only been found in two places in England, being an inhabitant of the south of Europe. Those two places are the Isle of Wight and Torquay; in this last-named place it has been found in two localities. Mrs. Griffiths says, in describing those first discovered: "It appeared in Mrs. Travers' garden at Torquay, in rich reddish earth, formerly a plantation. When Mrs. Travers gathered the fungus, it was in a ball, and before she could bring it into the house it had burst up to its height. The scarlet part had a most vivid colour till the darker part decomposed. I was so very much annoyed by the stench, that I could not take more pains with the drawing." Last autumn (1853) other specimens were found of this curious plant in another part of Torquay.

Another of our cuts (fig. 3) represents that most brilliantly beautiful species *Agaricus muscarius*. Few objects can be more splendid than a cluster of these richly-tinted fungi, when they have been allowed to attain any size without being preyed on by slugs or other enemies. The pileus, or cap, is of a vivid orange-red, though sometimes more inclining to a carmine hue, and over it are scattered angular warts of a snowy whiteness. It rises first from the earth in a conical form, then after a time the pure white veil which connects the edge of the cup with the *stipes*, or stem, gives way, and falls back, discovering the pale lemon-tinted gills which lie beneath it. The root is bulb-shaped, and the fungus, when extended fully, often five or six inches in diameter, standing on a velvet-like white stem of several inches in height. It is highly poisonous, and is used by the Russians to make an intoxicating potion, called "*moucho more*," which they use to produce a kind of delirium. The coal-mines of Dresden exhibit the interesting phenomenon of fungi which emit light like pale moon-beams; and Mr. Gardner states, that whilst passing along the streets of a Brazilian town, he "observed some boys amusing themselves with what appeared to be large fire-flies, but which proved, on inspection, to be a fungus belonging to the genus *Agaricus*, which gave out a bright phosphorescent light of a pale green." He next day obtained considerable quantities, and found that a few of them in a dark room were sufficient to read by. Of a few of the varied forms of this singular tribe our cuts and descriptions may have given some little idea; but to supply the least notion of the exquisite and most vivid tinting, the soft pencilling and shading which these singular productions display, wou'd baffle the most skilful painter. Their hues are as varied as they are lovely; in one tribe alone, the *Agarics*, we find crimson, flecked with white, violet, rich orange, scarlet, yellow of every tint, green, pure white, brown of all shades, and a thousand other dyes; over the spreading caps of some of the species of this genus are scattered snow-white warts, some are marked with geometrical figures, and many kinds are covered with a glossy varnish which gives to them almost a metallic lustre. In texture they also greatly differ, some species being so leathery and firm, that they can be sewed together; the *Amadou* is of this character, and has been used by a medical practitioner in

extensive sheets for spreading under sufferers from excoriation, it being softer and more elastic than chamois leather. The poor in Franconia, also, make themselves dresses of this unguis. Some funguses are hard as wood, others so brittle that the touch of a finger will break them; some are solid and firm, and others slimy and disagreeable to the touch.

They also present immense diversity in both odour and flavour, some species emitting so disagreeable a smell as to be altogether unbearable, whilst others are described as

selves—that, or instance, of the mould on cheese, a taste well known to all, and much admired by some.

The expansive growth of fungi, and their varied habitats must next call for a few remarks. Some of the facts which are supplied us by authors on the former would be considered as scarcely credible, did they rest on less worthy evidence than that which attests them. Sowerby states, that he has placed specimens of the *Phallus caninus*, or "stinking morel," on his window over night, in the egg-shape, and found them, next

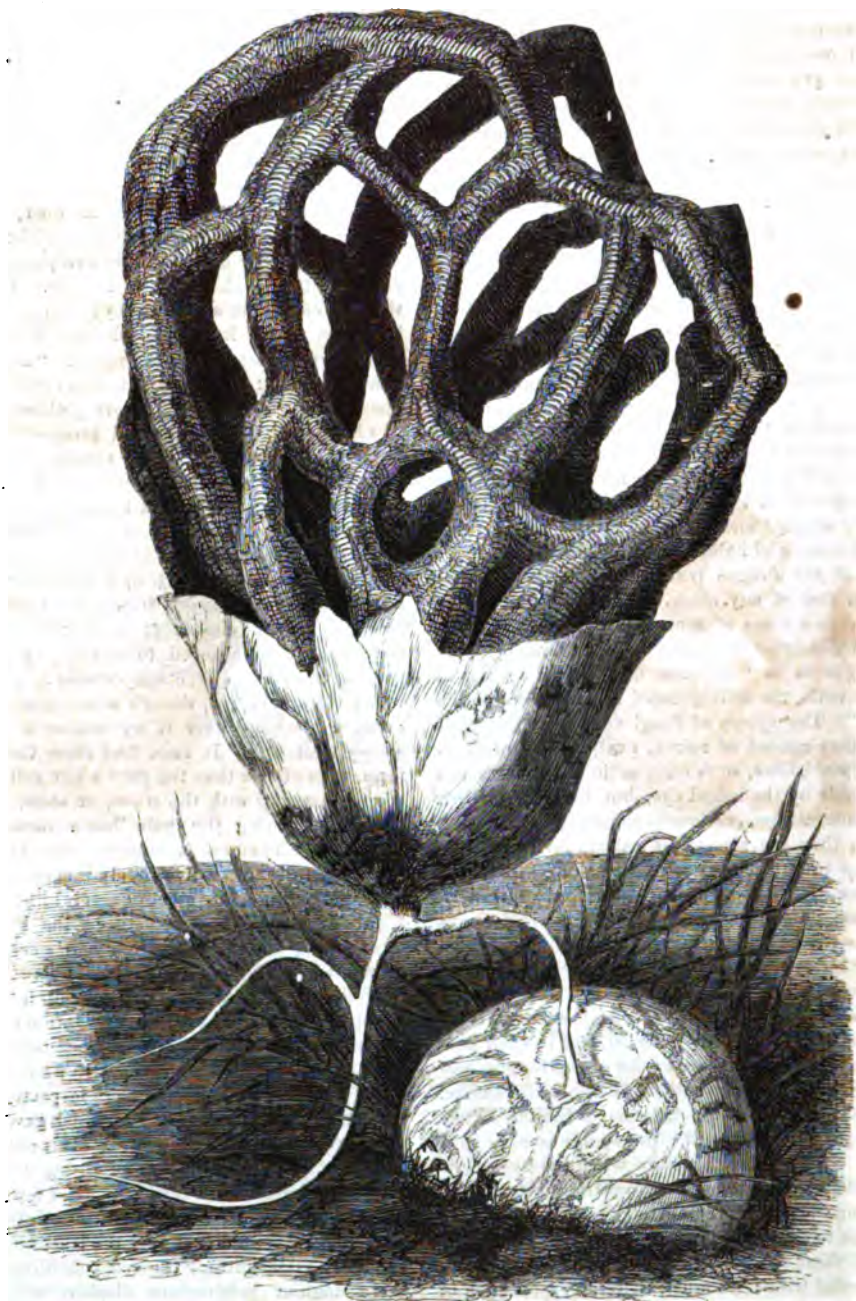


FIG. 1.—CLATHRUS CANCELLATUS.

smelling "like the bloom of May." One species smells of onions, another of cinnamon, a third of Tarragon, a fourth of apricots and ratafia. Besides these various olfactory effusions, fungi present us with as illusive and remarkable flavours. To use Dr. Badham's words, "they are sapid, sour, sweet, peppery, rich, aroid, nauseous, bitter, styptic;" a few, and these generally of a dangerous character, have little or no taste; and there are others whose flavour is unlike that of any oiler substance in existence, and quite peculiar to them-

day, fully grown; and another author speaks of his placing *Phallus impudicus* within a glass vessel, and its expanding so rapidly as to shiver the glass to pieces with an explosive detonation as loud as that of a pistol. Carpenter gives an account of a paving-stone, twenty-one inches square and weighing eighty-five pounds, being raised an inch and a half from its station by a cluster of toadstools springing up under it; and many other facts, which attest as well the explosive power as the rapid growth of funguses, are given by different

authors, one having been known to attain the size of seven feet five inches in circumference, and the weight of thirty-four pounds in three weeks, and others the weight of twelve pounds in a few days. But none of these statements, remarkable as they are, are so wonderful as one which is made by Sir Joseph Banks of a circumstance which occurred under his own roof. He states that a friend having sent him a cask of wine, which was too new and sweet for present use, it was locked up in a cellar to mature. At the end of three years, Sir Joseph, supposing that time had now done its work, proceeded to open his cellar and inspect its contents. Little did he think how time had been employed, and little did he conceive what would be the contents of that cellar. The door refused to open, and being invincible by gentle means, he had it fairly cut away; but he was no nearer effecting an entrance than before; the cellar was found to be literally full of fungous growth, which had borne the cask aloft to the ceiling, where it stuck, upheld

produce such huge structures from spores which are invisible to the naked eye, and command that which is so minute to become, in a few hours, an organised structure of such magnitude and such complication of arrangement, we must not let our praise and adoration stop here; for in the minuter growths which we shall soon examine, we shall find as wondrous an exhibition of surpassing skill as in these larger products. The microscopic fungi—those which by fastening on his crops become the bane of the farmer, and are in God's hand a means whereby he can cut off our staple article of food, and "destroy the staff of bread," under the name of "the smut in wheat" (*Puccinia graminis*), or cause our bean or potato crops to perish—are among the most surprising of vegetable productions, and will hereafter engage our attention. We shall, in our next paper, point out the immense supply for the wants of man which might be found in the esculent fungi that our land so freely produces, both spontaneously, and



FIG. 2.—LYCOPERDON STELLATUM. THE STELLATED PUFF-BALL.



FIG. 3.—AGARIUS MUSCARIUS. THE FLY-BLOWN AGARIC (SMALL SPECIMEN).

by funguses, the produce of the wine which had all leaked out and formed this monstrous growth!

But although these monstrous and sudden growths call for our wonder and admiration of the power of Him who can thus

also when cultivated—a supply of which our continental neighbours so fully avail themselves; whilst, in our own country, they are allowed to rot unnoticed in the place where they have sprung up.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER IX.—CONCLUSION.

"My bride,
My wife, my life! O we will walk this world
Yoked in all exercise of noble end;
And so through those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows. Indeed I love thee: come,
Yield thyself up: my hopes and thine are one:
Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself.
Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me."

Alfred Tennyson.

LET us, at all events, have a gleam or sunshine in which to bid farewell to these scholars in the School of Life. It is full three years after the mournful deaths of Leonard and of little Guthbert, that we meet our friends, Lucretia, and Mary Gaywood, and John Wetherley, sauntering along an umbrageous lane leading from Clifton Grove towards the Hellings. Of poor Leonard's fate the three friends had been conversing; and this may account for a certain mournfulness which overshadows their countenances; but as they speak of the noble

steadfastness with which Agnes has pursued her path, purified by her deep sorrow, an undying love permeating her every word and deed—her whole life devoted to the service of suffering humanity—their faces beam with an enthusiastic joy.

"Her true union with poor Leonard was more accomplished by his death," remarked Lucretia, "than ever it could have been by his life. Through her he still acts and lives in the world; his spirit of universal love has entered into her, and become active through her moral being. To her imaginative

nature, the ideal of Leonard, mingling, as it does, with bitterest regret for her own hardness—though even I, John, am ready to confess now, that I formerly accused Agnes Singleton too severely of an absence of tenderness and love—has been, and ever will be, probably more effective in its influence for good and nobleness upon her life, than the marriage with the living Leonard ever could have been, even had he returned her love with the full force of his being. Love may do his work by separation at times rather than by accomplished union. But you, dear Mary and John, shake your heads; you are sceptics! And may your lives, beloved ones, in their accomplished union, read a yet stronger and yet more beautiful moral. But, dear ones, I am not going to preach you a marriage homily; I am going to consult you about a scheme which Andrew, and Mr. Ellis Stamboyse, and I have in hand. We were very busy in discussion, you may remember, the other evening when you two returned from your long day's ramble, bringing with you that grand sheaf of water-plants, and that beautiful sketch of the old willows upon the island; but as we had not quite settled affairs, we would not then tell you."

"Oh, I'm afraid you did not tell us, dear Lucretia," cried Mary, with her sweet, gay voice, "because John and I were so full of our adventures, and so selfishly absorbed in our happy day; do, do forgive us! But what is the scheme? three such wise people can only have concocted a marvel of wisdom!"

"It is that I shall become book-keeper for the London branch of the great house of Stamboyse—book-keeper with a salary of £200 a-year; what think you of that?"

"You book-keeper, Lucretia!" her two listeners exclaimed with one voice of astonishment.

"Yes, the idea is novel, I confess, but the more you reflect upon it the better I fancy you will like it," pursued Lucretia, smiling at the surprise written upon the countenances of her auditors. "You know that Ellis Stamboyse has long been an advocate for the employment of women in various occupations usually closed to them—and how in every direction he would open up paths for their enlightenment, and for means of their usefulness, both to themselves and others—and how he and Agnes have worked together in this direction for some two years past you also know—and how since his return from America he has become still more earnest upon the subject. The other day he offered Andrew this situation in London, which has a much higher salary than the one which Andrew fills at Nottingham; but Andrew hesitated, both because he dreaded, on account of his delicate health, the increased responsibility and the greater confinement; and because, delightful as would have been his near neighbourhood to us, he still regretted leaving his old routine of business and his old haunts—you know Andrew's ways! And then, all at once, Mr. Ellis proposed that I should become their book-keeper with £200 a-year! I was not so much surprised as you are; all became clear to me at once, and many things could thus be accomplished about which I was anxious. I had wondered often how I might, after dear Mary was gone, employ my time in such a manner as should, to some degree, banish my longing for her dear presence. Dearest Mary, now that I have found this employment, I can speak of this selfish regret of mine in losing you, who these long years past have been my sister, daughter almost, and most beloved of friends." Mary could only reply by pressing Lucretia's hand fervently to her lips.—"And then, too, I shall be so rich; there will be no fear for sickness or old age in years to come; and, besides, I have secretly determined never to rest until Andrew gives up his situation and comes and lives with me in London—and we will take a cottage within a short walk of you at Brompton—so there will be plenty of money provided for our own wants. I already have fixed upon the cottage even. And it will be most edifying, I assure you, dear ones, to see me setting off to my office each morning punctual as clock-work by the omnibus; and still more edifying to see me sitting within my glass case, like some rare stuffed animal, with my big ledgers about me. I mean to become the very model of a book-keeper; it will never do for a woman to do

such a thing imperfectly, you know. And thus you see it is all arranged, and Andrew comes over to-morrow evening to give me my first lesson in posting the ledger. Yes, dear Mary, you and John may laugh, but the thing is no joke!" And thus, gaily talking, the trio passed along towards the old-fashioned village of Wilford, where John had determined that he and Mary should be married, and where the three were now waiting until the marriage-day arrived.

The reader will perceive that various changes must have taken place in the heart of our friend John Wetherly since we parted with him, seeing that we find him now a third time in love. John himself laughed with Mary about what he called "his very susceptible heart," and had confided to her the history of his youthful passion for L'Allegro; at which both Mary and John smiled, recalling L'Allegro, as they now knew her, the very elegant, but insipid, fine lady, whose interests in life were bounded by the desire to see "her dear husband and babes" enjoying every possible creature-comfort, the "babes," be it observed, adorned always in the most exquisite and costly of attire, fashioned by no meaner hand than that of the fair L'Allegro herself. They smiled not at L'Allegro's love—so far as it extended—but at its extending within such narrow bounds, and sighed also when they believed that they had divined what was the peculiar and secret trial of Ellis Stamboyse's life, disappointment in the compass of his pretty wife's soul, which he so willingly would have cultivated and enriched with precious seed, till it should have brought forth roses more beautiful than those which glowed upon her pretty cheeks, and she became truly a *help-mate* for him in this world of stern labour. John also had confided to Mary his more serious passion for Honoria, and with words of a deep earnestness declared that if ever Mary found in him the devoted, faithful friend and life-long companion which he so earnestly desired to be to her, she must ascribe much—if not all—of their happiness to Honoria, and to the upright principles which she so sternly had inculcated, to the aspiration after, first moral, then intellectual perfection, which she had thought necessary to inspire him with. "No, never, never, beloved Mary," had John once exclaimed, "could I ever have recognised the beauty of your and Lucretia's lives, had it not been for Miss Pierrpoint's influence. Never, never could your beautiful love have been bestowed upon me, except for her teaching of wisdom; for even had she by her wealth and influence raised the poor boy from the tannep-field into the painter and well-to-do man, that would not have crowned me with the rarest of blessings, the love of a pure and noble-minded woman such as you! Yes, sweet little Mary, let our gratitude towards, and love of, this dear and noble friend show itself to her through the accomplishment of our beautiful dreams of an ideally lovely marriage. Oh, Mary, how lovely, how pure and noble a future lies before us. God only grant us strength to accomplish some of these beautiful aspirations through His holy power and love!" "Amen!" spoke Mary in a low, deep voice, and clasped her beloved with unutterable tenderness in her soft arms.

John Wetherley truly must have been born under a lucky star; for not only upon his return from his continental sojourn, enriched with study and purified by a profound mental struggle in which he had come forth nobly victorious, did he achieve an extraordinary success in his artistic life; but gradually had dawned in his breast a fresh love for sweet Mary Gaywood, who had been developed during his absence, by her sorrow over little Cuthbert's death, and by the gradual course of time, from the gentle, sweet young girl into the sweet, joyous-hearted, and intellectual woman. This love, virginal in its purity as his love of L'Allegro, elevated in its moral tone as his love of Honoria, yet differed from either through its blessedness in being returned, and that with a fullheartedness which at times fairly intoxicated John. Mary, if anything, grew graver and more thoughtful; but her gay, joyous nature lost nothing by the mellowed earnestness which this deep affection, with its beautiful but awe-inspiring responsibilities, cast over her.

And now, as we have seen, the wedding-day was rapidly

approaching, and we find our friends located at the quaint little village where first we made John's acquaintance. John is staying with his good old grandmother, who yet lives, of course looking older, but hale and merry as ever, although we have lost sight of her these ten years past. She lived in the same little cottage, but which had, thanks to John's never-ceasing thoughts of the dear old woman's comfort, been enriched with many useful presents. She had a girl, too, who did whatever house-work was beyond the old body's strength; and altogether old Sally Wetherley was regarded quite as a lady by her village acquaintance—not that she regarded herself as a lady; she would have been the first to ridicule the idea, and still hobbled about her work with a certain pride, although her dream of former days was strangely realised, and she “had a maid-of-all-work, and could live like a lady.” Her greatest pride was “my grandson John.” “He’s a brave lad’s my John, not a bit of pride, I assure you, Dolly,” she had said some weeks before to her old gossip—“not a bit of it, and that you’ll see when he comes down here next week to look out for lodgings for the lady as he’s going to be married to, and as is coming down here to stay, as she must do, you know, she and her sister. John says in’s letter they’s made up their minds long ago only to be married by Mester Brewster, as had laughed at him for painting with ‘t powder-blue and mustard, when he was a bit of a chap, thou remembers, Dolly; and that he and Mary—that’s th’ lass’s name—none of your fine fly-away names, you see—had rather be married in th’ old Wilford church, than in St. Peter’s at Rome, or in any o’ th’ fine chuches he’d seen in foreign parts. And it seems that the lass knows all about Wilford, and has a brother as lives in Nottingham; and she sends her affectionate love to me, thou sees, Dolly—say, I forgot thou wast so blind, and could not see th’ writing, though it is big;—my lad always writes big and black; for he knows my eyes is bad, though not so bad as thine yet, Dolly. And so thou sees it’s no wonder I’m a bit in a flurry, and must help Bess to red up th’ place. But I must say, Dolly, I’m a bit scared when I think a seeing my grand lady granddaughter as is to be! Not but that she’ll be a good lass to my lad, I feel sure; but she mayn’t like, thou knows, to find, as her husband was such a poor lad, thou sees, and has still such a poor old woman for a grandmother, as can’t talk fine.”

And terribly “scared” indeed was good old Sally the evening of Mary and Lucretia’s arrival. “Now, grannie!” exclaimed John, bursting into his grandmother’s cottage, his face radiant with joy,—“make haste and come across the green. Mary is come! I’ve just brought them from Nottingham; they are going to drink tea, and are a little weary after the journey, or would have come on directly with me—but I said I’d fetch you to drink tea with them—come along, come along. Mary’s so impatient to see you,” cried he, kissing the old woman, “I’ll put your bonnet on—and there’s your shawl!”

“But bless thee, lad, I can’t, I tell thee; thou quite upsets a body—thou’s rumpled my cap, and flustered me ever so, lad!” cried the old grandmother, a little bit ruffled in temper as well as in dress. “I can’t go and see thy fine Lunnon acquaintance I tell thee, Johnny, thy fine ladies in this old rag; thou should’s a bit more respect for me—and you’re come ever so much sooner than Bess and I expected—we’ve been redding up the hearthstone thou sees, and have been making some pikelets. I was just a-going to clean myself and be ready. Thou shouldn’t be in such a hurry, lad!”

“But you’ll do beautifully, grandmother,—that nice russet gown Mary will admire if she looks at it; but she’ll only look at your dear old face that I’ve told her about so often,” said John, laughing.

“Make me believe that, lad,” interrupted his grandmother with a touch of her old hastiness of temper, “as if a young fellow like thee talked so much to his sweetheart about an old woman. I can’t go i’ this shabby rag, I tell thee; and my puce silk’s laid out all ready up stairs to put on, and my best cap, and my beautiful reticule with thy pretty flower paintings upon it, as I use only on holidays—thou remembers it, John,

Miss Emma Dale as was, made it up for thee: I’ve not forgotten it if thou has.”

But John’s laughter and his grandmother’s oration were interrupted by a sun-beam gliding into the room and pausing beside them: it was dear Mary. “Have you quarrelled again about the comforter, then,” said a merry voice, and in a moment more the old grandmother and Mary were folded in a warm embrace.

“Well, Johnny, and this is thy wife then, that is to be,” said the old woman at length, sinking down upon a chair, and wiping her eyes which some way were full of tears, as were the eyes of John, and of Mary, and of Lucretia, who stood upon the threshold of the cottage. “Well, but she’s a sweet lass, and looks as though she’d make thee a brave wife—and do thou, lad, make her a brave husband, which is a harder thing, John, than being ever such a brave grandson as thou’s been to me. ‘Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also praiseth her,’” added the old woman in the beautiful blessing of Scripture, and then fairly sobbed outright.

Surely a more beautiful prelude to a beautiful and holy married life could not well be imagined than were the quiet weeks spent by John and Mary at Wilford before their marriage. Mary and the old grandmother became very fond of each other, and could not outdo one another in singing his praises. Lucretia and Andrew and Ellis Stamboysse had many discussions leading to results equally rational as the one we have already recorded, and Mary and John spent days of almost celestial joy among the woods and fields, looking down into the depths of each other’s being with an unreservedness such as could alone exist between two such loving, pure, and enlightened hearts, and mirroring each other in their souls, mutually to gain truth and strength. Not a spot hallowed to Mary by any incident of John’s childhood but was visited by them; “for,” said Mary, with her deep love welling up into her sweet eyes as she looked into her lover’s face, “I must not alone belong to your present and to your future, but must be able to live with you in the past. To me it is so beautiful, John, that I also have childish associations with these dear fields and groves; for it would seem to me so sad and painful if ever there had been a time when no association bound us together. And that you knew and loved Cuthbert and poor Leonard, and love Lucretia only next to me, is indeed a great blessedness; but it could not be otherwise, for my soul acknowledges you as an old friend. I cannot imagine how I felt or lived before this deep emotion formed a portion of my life.”

And a great deal more such love-making went on whilst John sate painting among the pleasant trees and blossoms, with Mary beside him, forgetful of the book which she had begun to read aloud to him; or when John, flinging aside his sketch, would throw himself at her feet in the grass, and gaze into her dear face with a nobler but not less intoxicating passion than had flamed up within him for his lost love.

“I do think my Johnny’s nearly off ‘s head with love for that lass,” had been Sally Wetherley’s remark to old Dolly; “only think, I came the other evening upon the two whilst they was sitting down at the bottom of the garden—thou knows the turf-seat, where John’s made the strawberry-bed as is so full o’ fruit this season—and there, only think, if th’ silly chap had not made her a crown o’ flowers which he’d put upon her head, and was lying down ‘mong the grass at her feet; and just when I and Miss Gaywood hobbled up—they’d been too throng in their talk to heed us—there was the lass a-laughing like a madcap because my silly big booby of a grandson—who, they say, is a mighty great man, and has his bits a paintings written about i’ th’ Lunnon papers—had just seized hold of her little foot and covered it with kisses—her foot, Dolly—if it had been her pretty white hand I should not have wondered, but her foot, in its little light-coloured, dandified boot, as these ladies wear. ‘Johnny, Johnny, thou

big booby!' I cried, laughing a'most as much as she did, 'a dozen years hence, think you, wilt te' be as fond and foolish as now?' 'Not quite so foolish, grandmother, I hope,' the dear laas replied, stopping her laughter, 'but quite as fond.' And if you had seen how proud and happy they both looked up toward me, thou'd a thought with me, Dolly—though we know what wedded life is—that mappen a dozen years hence he might be as fond of her, if not so foolish!"

But we must hasten over to the conclusion of our story, tempting as it is to linger among such pleasant scenes and such hearty people—tempting as it is to elaborate with loving pen pictures of that rare beauty in the world—a deep, pure, earnest, and devoted love between two equally noble beings.

We can but glance at the golden bridal morning, when Mary, awakening from a refreshing and deep sleep, found Lucretia already dressed watching her, as she so calmly slumbered on, with surprise and deep love; for now that the eventful morning had arrived, Lucretia was by far the most agitated of the sisters. As for John, he had never slept a wink all that night, so agitated and intoxicated was he with joy and awe. He had been strolling through the woods and fields, living over his past life; and, in the transient darkness of the balmy June night, offering up fervent prayers to the Creator of this beautiful universe for strength to perform the duties of the new life stretching out before him, and this, too, in such a manner that his own life, and the lives bound up in his, might be in harmony with the beauty and glory pervading all nature; that he and Mary, as an Adam and Eve standing amidst the garden of Eden of nature, though having eaten of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, should cleave to the good, and listen unfeigningly to the voice of the Almighty, wandering through the garden, serving Him, though unseen, hourly with obedient and adoring hearts, until that blessed day when they should eat of the Tree of Life, and enter into the glory of their Lord.

When the sun rose redly up, and sent his slant beams quivering through the tangled underwood of a coppice where John had flung himself down upon the mossy ground, and when the happy birds burst into their morning anthem, and the dew-drops showered down from the thickly-blossoming may-trees, and the corn-crake was heard uttering his shrill note with his quiet voice through the deep mowing-grass, John came forth from his meditations, and gathering trails of lovely wild creepers and flowers, slowly sauntered towards the village. Two milk-maids, going out to their cows, passed him as he walked along, his agitated face half-concealed by his sheaf of greenery, and, looking back after him, observed to each other, "Why, that's Mr. Wetherley, isn't it?—old Sally's grandson; and to-day's to be his wedding-day—bless the young man! But, depend upon it, he's so full of joy he's not been able to sleep all this blessed night!"

And when Mary was about to array herself in a lovely white silk dress—a present from Honoria which had arrived the previous day—Lucretia opened the door of their chamber, and led Mary, much surprised, to a table in a little ante-room, where, most tastefully festooned with wild creepers and flowers, stood a quaint little old looking-glass. "See what John has been doing whilst you have been fast asleep! He has been wandering about all night, I fancy, from the look of his face, too happy to sleep, and came ever so early, begging me to let him adorn the old looking-glass with flowers; for he says the image of you, darling, in your bridal dress must be encircled by a worthy and appropriate frame. See how lovely it is! And he would not take any of the exquisite flowers sent last night from the Hellings' hothouses, but brought these simple wild flowers. Oh, Mary, he loves you dearly, tenderly; but can he love you as I do, as I have done for these long years, ever since you were the little motherless child?" And the sisters clung together in a tight embrace, and it was now Mary's turn to cheer her sister, and to call again bright smiles forth from amidst her loving tears.

We must not dwell upon the marriage blessing pronounced by Mr. Brewster over the lovers in the quaint little church, where Mary knelt before the altar in her pure white dress,

with a ray of sunshine falling upon her, till, like Keats's lady, she looked "a splendid angel newly dressed, save wings, for heaven." Nor yet may we dilate upon the grandeur of dear old Sally Wetherley, who stood during the ceremony, big reticule in hand, between Lucretia and Mrs. Brewster; nor how the three tender-hearted women shed tears, and inwardly besought blessings upon the united lovers,—this we leave, also, to the imagination of the reader. One little ray of sunshine we must, however, notice, as being present at the marriage ceremony, beside the ray which glanced over and kissed sweet Mary's bridal garment; and this was a tall figure robed in a white muslin morning-dress, gleaming forth, like a fresh morning cloud, from a distant pew in the church. It was Honoria; but before the little bridal party had recovered from the emotion of the solemn ceremony, the beautiful white figure had floated, cloud-like, out of the church, and was nowhere to be seen, either in the churchyard or upon the road. Upon the wedding breakfast-table lay, however, a little note, with the most fragrant of orange-blossom bouquets, which, opened by Mary's trembling fingers, and read by her and John's eyes half-blinded by happy tears, ran thus:—

"Beloved friends,—All happiness, all peace to you! I was at your wedding, you see, though you believed me still with Agnes at *Kaisersworth*—but I could not lose a true moment of happiness in witnessing the solemnisation of such a marriage as I believe yours will be. I am not going to disturb you now, dear John, dear Mary, do not fear; such moments in life ought to be sacred even from the dearest of friends. But I shall await you with the warmest welcome and congratulations upon your return from the Peak. Drive immediately, when you return to Nottingham, to Pierrpoint House. I shall be there, and will command even our poplars to *shiver* you a warm welcome!"

"Your affectionate friend,

"HONORIA PIERRPOINT.

"P.S.—Mary must not trouble herself in bidding her sister adieu with the thought of how lonely she will be. I—and the Hellings shall look after that."

And in Pierrpoint House, standing within that stately dining-room, which long years before had sent such a chill into John's heart, did Honoria welcome her friends; and beneath that portrait of the stately Lady de Callis, who no longer chilled him with her enigmatical eyes and proud smile, did Honoria pronounce their marriage homily with the same eyes and lips as were pictured in the portrait of her grandmother.

"Welcome, dear friends," cried she, stepping forth with her gracious, yet majestic air, and taking a hand of each wedded lover. "Welcome! It is seldom a marriage gives me any satisfaction, any hope; but yours does. You must not fail in the fulfilment of your dreams of an ideally beautiful marriage; such marriages becoming realities, are the great educators of the world, the sole regenerators of society—such married pairs as you may, perhaps, become, are the only reformers of our great social evils in whom I place much faith. John, through your beautiful Art, ennoble your own soul and your wife's soul; and, Mary, through your life, ennoble your husband's Art. And your children—oh! I have much joy in the thoughts of your children, for they will be worthy denizens of this beautiful world—strong mind and body—healthy to the core. And we—for I shall love them as *my* children, John—we must rear them up so that they may become worthy denizens of a yet more beautiful, more perfect world. We must always treat them as little angels; and as they sit upon their little benches far down in the lowest forms of the Great School of Life, let us seek—we the elder scholars—so to teach and train their innocent hearts, that in later years the Great Schoolmaster may not have to whip and buffet them as He has had to do with us, His disobedient scholars! Dear friends, dear brother and dear sister, do you associate me with you in this holy labour!" Their answer was spoken rather by warm pressure of the hands, and by the united looks of love in the faces of the married pair, than by words.

THE MAN OF THE ROCK.

As I was descending the Saône, in 1836, upon a light steam-boat, I was charmed, at the entrance to Lyons, with the beauty of the view presented by the right bank of the river, where the country gently glides into the suburbs and is lost amid the structures of the town. Meadows, woods, rocks, the limpid stream, mingled with elegant terraces, graceful pavilions, noble buildings, hanging bridges, a fine quay, and all the bustle of a port which shared the commerce and the population of the north and of the south. One point of the picture, particu-

lar, and to my look of inquiry, he added, "Yes, the good German. I was about to ask a further explanation, when, perceiving that his attention was directed to the difficulty of steering the vessel among the small craft which thronged the port, I subdued my curiosity, promising myself the pleasure of a visit to the coat of mail the same evening, and, if possible, to learn its history. But the monuments of Lyons, its church of Saint Jean, its valuable museum, the junction of the Rhône and the Saône, occupied all the hours of my day, and the next morning



JOHN KLEBERGER—STATUE IN STONE, INAUGURATED AT LYONS, SEP. 12, 1842.

larly, attracted my attention by its singularity. Upon the platform of a perpendicular rock, which projected over the quay towards the river, I caught a glimpse of a certain irregular mass which appeared to be the remains of some rude wooden statue. It consisted of a coat of mail, supported upon two legs adorned with red boots. The boat carried me onwards, I moved towards the stern, but could no longer distinguish the fantastic figure. The sailor at the helm, noticing my disappointment, said with a smile, "It is the Man of the Rock ;"

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before day-break, I went by torch-light on board the Rhône boat, which was to carry me to Avignon ; I thrilled with the thought of Italy, and had entirely forgotten the Man of the Rock or the good German.

Thirteen years afterwards, in the autumn of 1849, I was travelling in a contrary direction, on my return to Paris, and on leaving Lyons I perceived on my left the same rock ; but in place of the coat of mail, a fine stone statue now stood upon it. The boat had not yet started, so I had time to

observe that this statue represented a man of middle age, without coat of mail or boots, but in the costume of the sixteenth century, holding in one hand a manuscript to his breast, and in the other a purse. This time I addressed my inquiries to a young gentleman who appeared to be a native of Lyons, and a student. He kindly listened to my question, and replied: "This statue was inaugurated last September, and has taken the place of a number of grotesque wooden figures, which for several generations the inhabitants of this quarter (Bourgneuf) have been accustomed to place upon the rock. The poor people having neither stone nor bronze wherewith to construct their idol, cut down a tree from the neighbouring wood, and rudely fashioned it into the figure of a man with coat of mail, a lance, and a helmet. When the worms and the water had destroyed this strange statue, it was replaced by a similar one, and the day on which the good man took his place upon the rock was a fête day for all Bourgneuf. The last of these solemnities took place June 24th, 1820. Ten or fifteen years afterwards the figure was horribly mutilated, our archæologists and our poets were indignant, and a sort of conspiracy was formed to compel the municipality of Lyons to replace that caricature of wood by a stone statue. They succeeded, and the people of Bourgneuf may now rest; they need no longer tax themselves, or to go to the wood for a tree, as they have done for some years. If they wish to do honour to the 'Man of the Rock,' they may do it without expense. Perhaps their fêtes may be wanting in the simple joyousness which characterised them in former years, but taste must not be offended, art must not be desecrated. Away with our fêtes, if it must be so, away with the simplicity and barbarism of the ancient times!"

At these words, foreseeing a digression, I took the liberty of interrupting him. "Thanks," said I: "as a question of art, your view of the subject is quite satisfactory; but, pray, to the memory of what great man have these statues of wood and of stone been erected?"

"Learned men smile," replied my polite informant, "when they hear of the 'Man of the Rock.' They say that the people of Bourgneuf were accustomed to erect an idol of wood in honour of a certain governor of the castle of Pierre Scise. In course of time, although the governor was forgotten, the custom was preserved, and the honour transferred to a German, Jean Kleberger, an inhabitant of Lyons from 1533, until his death in 1546. He founded the Hospital of Charity. During a period of scarcity he distributed considerable sums to the poor of the city; and every year he gave dowries to seven poor girls. A recent publication will give you a further account of this benevolent man: you may find it in the boat's library."

I thanked the young gentleman; and as we had just arrived at a landing-place, he jumped into a little boat, and left me. While breakfasting, a few minutes afterwards, I turned over a volume of the "Revue du Lyonnais," where I found the following account of the Man of the Rock:—

"Jean Kleberger was born at Nuremberg in 1486. His father, himself a merchant, placed him with the wealthy house of Imhof, which possessed a mercantile establishment at Lyons. It appears that Jean Kleberger afterwards entered the army, and distinguished himself at the battle of Pavia, February 24, 1525. There are in existence two medals, one in the museum of Nuremberg, and the other in that of Vienna, which seem to have been struck to commemorate his deeds of renown, as they bear inscriptions and coats of arms. However, as we know that it was not unusual in the sixteenth century, among persons of wealth and distinction, for such medals to be executed by private commission, and at private expense, as we now have our busts and our medallions, it would be desirable, before assuming the warlike renown of Jean Kleberger, to have more positive testimony of it. But be that as it may, it is very evident that he was a celebrated man in his own country. His portrait, painted in oil, upon wood, by Albert Durer, may still be seen in the Imperial gallery at Vienna. Kleberger went to Lyons in 1527, but returned to Nuremberg, and the following year married

Felicitas Pirkheimer, daughter of Wilibald Pirkheimer, of the house of Imhof, a friend of Albert Durer, and councillor of Charles V., as he had also been of Maximilian. It is possible that the death of his wife, May 29, 1530, determined him to settle in Lyons, where he arrived in 1532. In 1535, he married Pelonne de Bonzin, afterwards known as the 'beautiful German.' By this union he had one son, David Kleberger, born 1538. Jean Kleberger was elected alderman December 1, 1545, and died September 6, 1546, at the age of sixty-one years.

"He presented, at different times, to the Hospital of Charity, of which he was the founder, the sum of 8,045 livres, equal to about 70,000 francs (£2,800).

"He was no less charitable to the poor of Geneva than to those of Lyons. The public registers of Geneva contain the following notice:—

"June 7th, 1527.—Jean Cleburgue, a wealthy German, residing at Lyons, applied to the Council respecting the purchase of a house which had belonged to Cartelier, to which they consented."

"March 22nd, 1540.—Jean Cleburgue, having greatly benefited the hospital, a grant was made to him of 300 loads of stones, from the temple of Notre-dame de Grace, to finish his wall of Saint Gervais."

"April 22nd, 1544.—Jean Cleburgue, of Lyons, gave fifty crowns to the hospital, on which occasion they presented him with a dozen pies."

"At his death he bequeathed 400 crowns to the hospital of Geneva. In 1543, he presented to the city the gardens of Saint Gervais, near the lake, and those gardens took from him the name Cleburgue, which in time became Bergues, upon the site of which now stands one of the finest hotels of Europe."

"His arms are still to be seen over the door of the house in which he resided at Lyons, now No. 93, in the Rue des Forges. He had also a castle at a little distance from Lyons, in the Terre de Champ, where was the tower of the 'Beautiful German.'

"There is an ancient poem, entitled 'La Mandrinade,' dedicated to 'the Man of the Rock, a valiant captain and sentinel, day and night, for many ages, upon the rock of Lyons, in the quarter of Bourgneuf.'

"From all these testimonies," says the *Revue du Lyonnais*, "it is impossible to doubt, that it was to the memory of Jean Kleberger that our ancestors erected upon the picturesque rock, which served as a pedestal, the simple statue of wood, which was renewed from time to time, and always by the working class, whose pious gratitude thus perpetuated the tradition of the benevolence which he exercised among the inhabitants of Bourgneuf."

AN ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH ROUND THE WORLD.

THE project of establishing a telegraphic communication all round the globe, is one upon which public attention on both sides of the Atlantic is fixed with growing interest, and which will cease to be considered impracticable as soon as no other difficulty remains than such as may be overcome by the union of science, industry, and capital. The remarkable progress of the present age, which has been brought about by the harmonious combination of these three mighty agencies, leaves little room for doubt as to the ultimate accomplishment of the project. It is only a question of time. Sooner or later, we may rest assured, the world will be girt round with an electric wire, by means of which all the principal cities and courts, as well as all the chief seats of commerce and homes of science, will be indissolubly united. What has been effected within the recollection of many, renders this glorious consummation quite within the bounds of possibility. Public opinion, enlightened and encouraged by the past achievements of human industry and skill, will ere long believe in the feasibility of the grand project, and call for its execution, though the conviction is not yet so widely spread and so firmly established as could be desired. The project is, however, already looked upon by many as an inevitable result of the numerous lines

of steam-boat communication which span the world, and the innumerable railways with which every country is now interlaced. Both in America and Europe the prevalent idea appears to be, that the next step towards the realisation of the mighty scheme must be a submarine telegraph across the Atlantic. And the history of past efforts shows that there is reason in this. The first short line of communication across the English Channel has, after some little interruption arising from accident, been made to work well; a second attempt, on a larger scale, to connect England and Ireland, has proved equally successful, in spite of similar obstacles at first; and the third line, which was laid down last summer between Dover and Ostend, is also in full operation. These successes have convinced many that a submarine telegraph may be laid down across the Atlantic, connecting Halifax with the most westerly promontory of Ireland.

But even supposing all that science renders possible actually accomplished, yet such an undertaking might meet with accidents which would do it great damage. For the line would be exposed to exactly the same mishaps as befel the wire running from Dover to Calais; and if it were broken in one or two places between the two coasts, what power or skill could join it again without bringing the whole to land? The sanguine enthusiast, who has full faith in the yet untried efforts of human ingenuity, is asked whether he knows of any means, either of repairing or preventing such an injury? This is the real danger which appears to threaten the existence of a submarine telegraph round the world.

Another circumstance also requires to be taken into account in connexion with this subject. A wire laid down across the Atlantic could only serve for the conveyance of communications to and from two points at a distance of 3,000 miles apart. At no intermediate point could messages be received or despatched. Along the whole line no accessory advantages could be reaped. It would be like an extra line of railway from New York to Boston without any intermediate station.

There is, however, a course round the globe by which both the danger of interruption from one cause or another, and the useless expense attendant upon a submarine telegraph across the Atlantic, might be avoided. The government or people of the United States will soon extend the main line of their telegraph, *via* California, to Oregon. On the other hand, the telegraphic lines of Europe stretch towards the East nearly as far as the Uralian mountains. The necessity of a speedy communication with her Asiatic provinces will soon induce Russia to extend the line of telegraph in this direction. Certainly she will, for her own ends, carry it quite up to the Uralian mountains. The whole of the territory between this point and California is in possession of the United States, Great Britain, and Russia. It would not be necessary to ask a right of way for the telegraphic wire from any other government between these two distant extremities. Why, then, should not a combination be entered into for the establishment of a line across Behring's Straits? What physical or pecuniary difficulty could there be in such an undertaking which these three powers might not easily overcome, if united? Is the mere distance to be considered an insuperable difficulty? Telegraphic wires have already been established along a greater distance among ourselves, and that too by a private company, through a country with few large cities to encourage such a project. Ought there to be any difficulty about stretching a line across Behring's Straits? They are reckoned to be not more than thirty or forty English miles in breadth, with two or three islands between, which might serve as intermediate stations, and would leave no greater width of water than that between Dover and Calais. The Russian government might easily keep a watch upon the part of the line in its dominions; and the governments of the United States and Great Britain might do the same in their respective territories. Any damage done by accident to any part of the line might be as easily repaired as if it had happened between New York and Albany. Hence this route would always be free from such dangers as would constantly threaten a line-connecting Halifax with the Irish coast. This

is a great advantage; and besides, a line from St. Petersburg to San Francisco would establish a connexion between two important places. The telegraph would pass through all the principal provincial towns between the capital and Behring's Straits, and would doubtless be daily employed for forwarding government despatches to and fro. On the continent of North America an important communication would be kept up between Behring's Straits and San Francisco, leading to a large increase of mercantile and other intercourse. Over all this vast space would the telegraph be usefully employed in many ways by the two governments of the United States and Great Britain. It would pass through the British possessions in North America, including the Hudson's Bay district, and become a most valuable means here of forwarding mercantile communications to England, as well as along the coast from one station to another. Stations would also be formed on the borders of the lakes for the conveyance of messages and news from the British vessels which ply in these waters. The great whale-fishing interest, which carries on its operations in the north would also derive much advantage from this part of the line. During the years 1849 and 1850, as many as 199 of our whalers passed Behring's Straits, with a larger number of men on board than is usually employed by the whole marine of our country; and during the same period, the total value of oil procured amounted to somewhere about three millions and a half sterling. It is needless to say, how greatly so numerous a body of men, exposed to all sorts of dangers, would be benefited by an instant communication between Behring's Straits and San Francisco.

Thus a telegraph between San Francisco and St. Petersburg would be the medium of numerous communications to and from all intermediate points, in addition to those which could be conveyed by a submarine line across the Atlantic. And it is easy to see, that it might soon become a main line of telegraphic communication all round the habitable globe; for, having connected two places separated by so vast a space, and such a variety of apparently insurmountable obstacles, it would be a matter of comparatively little difficulty to carry on lines from Petersburg to all the principal cities of Europe. In time branches might be extended over the civilised regions of Asia, the vast territory of India, and ultimately even to the inhospitable empire of China.

The success, however, of this second scheme obviously requires a good understanding between America, England, and Russia. Even supposing they could be brought to combine harmoniously for the establishment of the telegraph, any interruption of their pacific relations would be fatal to its permanent utility. And the present attitude of the great European powers shows how insufficient is even a forty years' peace to secure the world against the recurrence of war with all its disastrous consequences. Hence another route for the telegraphic line has been proposed, which, though requiring a greater length of submarine wire than the second of the above projects, has the advantage of not in any way depending upon the concurrence of Russia, a power less likely to look with favour upon any such attempt, and from which hostilities may be more reasonably expected to originate than either of the other two. Starting from Labrador, the line might be carried first to Greenland, a distance of about 100 geographical miles; or, if needs be, the distance might be reduced to about forty geographical miles, by making Dyer's Cape, in Baffin's Bay, the starting point. Thence the line might proceed to Iceland, which is about seventy-five geographical miles from Tycho Brahe, in Greenland; and perhaps even this distance might be diminished. From the coast of Iceland it might be carried on with comparative ease to the Hebrides, and thence to Scotland and England.

By some one of these methods we cannot but think the idea of an electric telegraph round the world might be reduced to practice, and thus a great system of international intercourse, carried on with all the rapidity of thought itself, might ultimately pervade the whole earth, banishing discord, and bringing about that happy millennium of universal peace and prosperity for which humanity is ever sighing.

PENCIL-MAKING AT KESWICK.

SITUATED in a slightly undulating valley, with the lake of glorious Derwentwater in the immediate vicinity, backed by Skiddaw, who rears his hoary peaks to an elevation of more than three thousand feet, and traversed by the river Greta, endeared to every lover of the English language by its literary associations, is the pretty straggling town of Keswick. Were this spot "unknown to fame," from the irresistible attractions which its neighbourhood presents to all lovers of the sublime and beautiful, there would be an interest felt in the spot by at least some sections of the community, as having furnished them with the means of embodying their own conceptions of taste and fancy by the pencil of the artist. And it is to Keswick in this respect that we have now to invite the attention of our reader.

The pencil-works of Messrs. Banks, Son, and Co., which we have to visit, are seated on the banks of the Greta, the waters of which furnish the motive power for all the machinery of the establishment. The factory itself consists of a house of several stories, in the premises connected with which the cedar

A man then takes one of the thin planks, which has already been prepared, and is of the length of three or four pencils, and wide enough, perhaps, for a dozen, and, by means of a machine, of which we furnish an illustration (fig. 1), he cuts it into thin oblong strips; and, while this is being accomplished, he regulates with his feet the action of another circular saw, placed at right angles to the one first mentioned, which cuts in the wood the grooves for the insertion of the lead. As, however, the lead passes only along a portion of a pencil, the length and position of a groove has to be regulated accordingly. One-half of the pencil having thus been prepared, a smaller oblong piece is also cut, which may fit against the first and complete the whole.

The material employed in the formation of lead-pencils, and which is improperly called black-lead, is a compound of carbon and iron, and is found in various situations, such as among mountains, in beds of quartz, and in masses of calcareous earth, often looking like stones in a bed of gravel. It generally occurs in kidney-shaped pieces, varying in size from

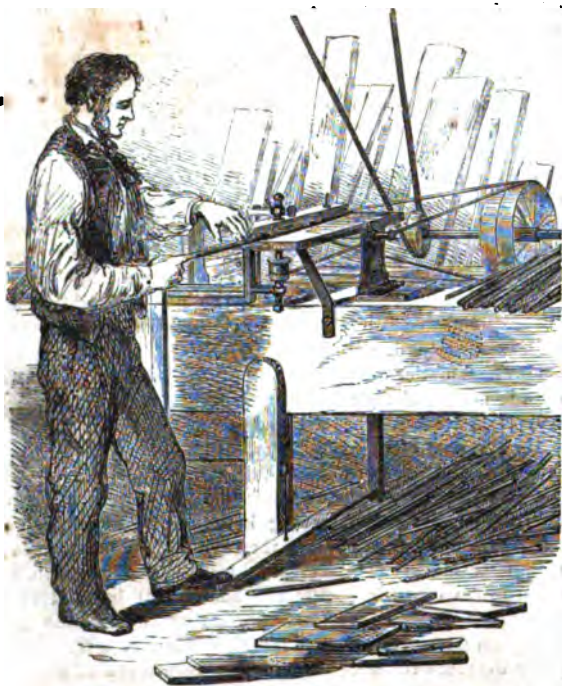


FIG. 1.—CUTTING AND GROOVING PENCILS.

logs are stored, after their voyage from South America, for the service of the works; amounting in the course of a year to no less than from five thousand to six thousand cubic feet, and serving for the manufacture of some five or six millions of cedar pencils.

The first process in their formation is the cutting up of the logs into various sizes, according to the lengths and kinds of pencils to be made. On entering the workshop in which this is carried on, the senses are variously affected by the different objects that present themselves. The eye is confused by the machinery in action, and the bands and spindles by which motion is given to the several parts; the ear is filled with the hum and *skurr* of the saws; and the nose is irritated by the flood of fine wood-dust which fills the room, and which, though at first not unpleasant, before long occasions annoyance, and even nausea to one unaccustomed to it.

At the end of this room the methods may be witnessed by which the cutting up of the logs of cedar into proper lengths is effected by means of a circular saw, the pieces being afterwards reduced to thin planks by another instrument.

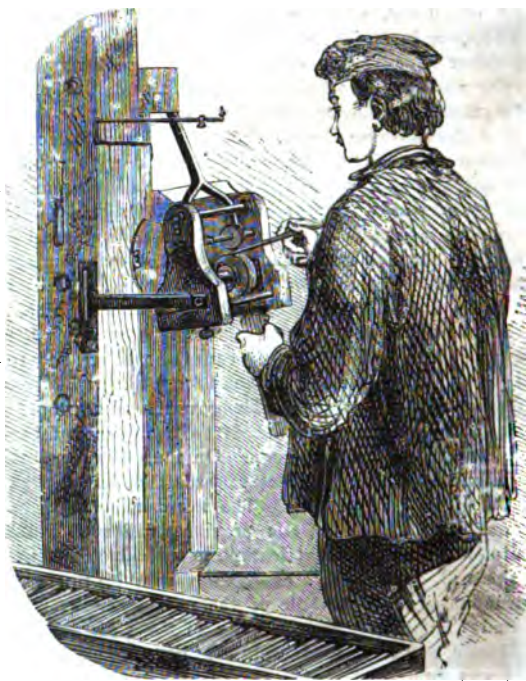


FIG. 2.—LETTERING PENCILS.

that of a pea upwards. The most celebrated black-lead mine, is that in Borrowdale, Cumberland, six miles from Keswick, which was accidentally discovered in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and proved to be of the purest carbon next to the diamond. When its commercial value was first ascertained, the proprietors found it very difficult to guard the mine from depredations; the practice of robbing it having become at length so common, that persons living in the neighbourhood were said to have made large fortunes by secreting and selling the mineral. About a century ago, a body of miners broke into the mine by main force, and held possession of it for so long a time as to succeed in abstracting from it an enormous quantity of lead, which they sold at so low a price, that the proprietor was induced to buy it up in order to restore the old rate of prices. Some years since the mine failed, and very little or anything has been obtained from it since, though there is Borrowdale lead still in existence. Messrs. Banks, Son, and Co., are part proprietors of the mine, their share at the last and final division of the produce being about five hundred pounds' weight of the lead. When lead was obtained

from the Borrowdale mine, it was sent to London for sale, and being bought by manufacturers at Keswick, it was sent back again, and thus the town maintained its reputation for the production of pencils.

When the lead is of sufficient size, the processes in its preparation are greatly simplified, since all smaller pieces have to be cut up, pounded down, and mixed together. With this

required being to remove the foreign ingredients from the exterior.

The wood having been thus far prepared, it is given to a sorter, who selects from it those pieces which have knobs and irregular parts; these are put aside for fire-wood. On seeing the heaps of wood thus regarded as useless, we suggested that it might have been preserved for the formation of cedar-

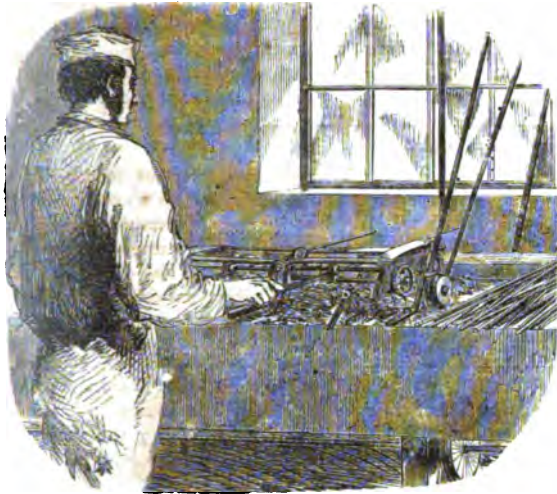


FIG. 3.—ROUNDING PENCILS.

a large quantity is mingled which is obtained from other countries, and as little of the larger sort remains, artists now find that pencils are very inferior in quality to what they once were, and that though they may be stamped with the words "Warranted pure Cumberland lead," they often have little or none of it in them.



FIG. 4.—GILDING PENCILS.

matches; but according to present usage a great deal of good material is sold as firewood to the women of the neighbourhood. The cedars which have been prepared are now sent up stairs to be "set out," as it is called, and are then marked so as to guide the men in the insertion of the lead in the grooves as to where the pencil shall end.

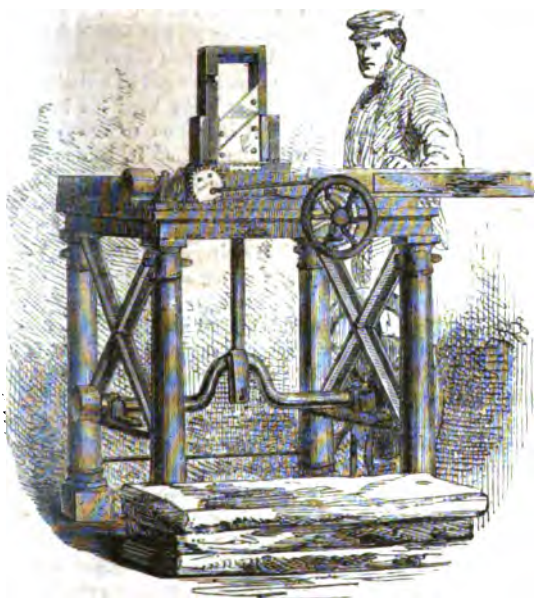


FIG. 5.—MACHINE FOR CUTTING THE ENDS OF PENCILS.

The inferior qualities of lead are intermingled with grit and particles of sand, which have to be removed. For this purpose the material is crushed between iron rollers, sifted, cleansed, ground, heated in close retorts, and compressed into oblong slabs; these operations being carried on in another part of the establishment. In the case of the pure Borrowdale lead, these processes are omitted, the only preliminary step that is

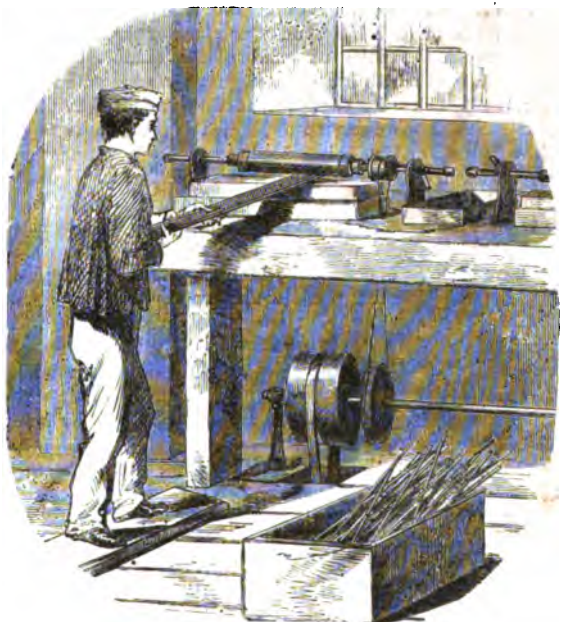


FIG. 6.—POLISHING PENCILS.

When the lumps of lead are taken from the cask, they are glued to a board, in order to secure them in a position in which they may be sawed into thin slices or scantlings, care being taken in this process to occasion as little waste as possible. Judgment has now to be exercised in the selection of leads of the right degrees of hardness, so that when they are made up it may not be found that a pencil is an *u u* at one end and a

as at the other. For the hardest pencils the lead is prepared chemically, and for the softest an increased thickness of lead is inserted. The dust and scraps are preserved for the formation of inferior qualities of goods.

We next visit the benches at which the lead is fitted into the grooves in the strips of cedar. The men here at work present a peculiar appearance. They are dressed in dark blue smocks,—this being the general costume of the place,—with loose sleeves fitted tight at the wrist, and are sitting at very black shining tables. The men's hands, and the tools with which they are engaged, as well as most of the furniture of the apartment, look as if they had been fresh polished every morning by the servants, by the same processes by which they cleansed the grates and stoves; while their faces often exhibit tints and streaks of different colours. Each workman has a number of the sticks of cedar, in which the grooves have been cut, and a number of slices of lead just as they appear after the sawing. He then takes one of the slices, and having seen that it is not too broad to enter the groove—for if this be the case he rubs it down to the proper dimensions on a rough stone which lies in front of him—he dips it in a pot of glue which is kept hot just beside him, and then presses it into the grooves. He then gives a scratch to the lead on a level with the surface of the wood, and breaks it off, so as to leave the groove properly filled. In the making of a single pencil, perhaps as many as three or four slice lengths are required; but however many there may be, each slice is fitted exactly endwise to the other, so as to leave no intervals. Should any of the lead afterwards project above the groove in the cedar, it is scraped off with a knife; this is called *shutting*. The rods being thus filled, are conveyed to the fastener-up. This operation is carried on with surprising dexterity. The workman glues the cedar-covers or slips over the filled rods, and having got a certain number arranged alongside of each other, he fixes them tightly together, and lays them aside to dry.

The pencil now presents the appearance of an oblong cedar stick, very rough and long, and it is removed down stairs to be rounded. The machine by which this is accomplished (fig. 3) is very curious, and is found only in this establishment. A man takes in each hand one of the long sticks, and places them between the pairs of small wheels exhibited in the illustration, and which are situated just far enough apart to admit the pencil. By these means they are brought under the action of a revolving cutter, which is made so as to act with a gauge and a chisel blade, and in a moment we see the end of the pencil passing out rounded to a nicety. By this simple and efficient machine, a man will round from 600 to 800 dozens of pencils a day. This process being completed, the long sticks are taken to the floor from which they were brought in order to be finally smoothed with a plane and polished. To effect this, benches are provided, at each of which two boys are at work, who take up some five or six sticks in their hands, and then pull them up and down between a roller covered with leather and a leather board (fig. 6); by these means the pencils are made to present the appearance of nice smooth walking-sticks, some thousand dozen being polished a day by each boy.

The fashion of varnishing pencils has come up very recently. It first began with inferior kinds, but it is now adopted with the best, and many sorts of pencils will indeed hardly sell without it. It brings out the colour of the cedar, and gives a deep rich hue to the wood, while it serves at the same time to prevent the pencil getting black and dirty during the cutting, and preserves them uniformly clean.

The polishing being completed, the next step is to cut the rods into lengths. This is accomplished by the aid of a circular saw, which insinuates itself through an aperture in a table, and against which a boy presses a row of pencils, the proper length being determined by a gauge. This cross-cutting, however, is not sufficient to complete them with a proper degree of nicety, and to finish them they are handed to another workman. In front of him is a bench, from out of which projects a little bit of wood, on the top of which is a piece of iron having holes to fit different sizes of pencils, and then

with a razor-blade fixed in a wooden handle, he cuts the top off so as to leave a perfectly smooth edge. The wood ends are finished on a more wholesale principle, by the aid of what may be called a guillotine, of which we furnish an illustration (fig. 5). This instrument is used only by Messrs. Banks and Son, and consists of four iron pillars supporting an iron table, at the top of which is a blade fixed diagonally; this being set in motion by a crank at the lower part of the machine, moves up and down. All that the boy who attends its operation has to do, is to put five or six pencils under the grooves made for them, and down comes the blade, so that the heads are nicely finished without further trouble. A hundred dozen may easily be cut by this guillotine in a day.

The last operation in the history of the manufacture of a pencil is the stamping on them the name of the maker, and the indication of their quality. Of the ingenious instrument by which this part of the work is accomplished, an illustration is furnished by our artist (fig. 2). The workman holds a dozen or two of pencils in his left hand, and then, taking them one by one, he puts an end of each on to a grooved wheel which is rapidly revolving, and by the movements of this wheel the pencil is carried onward. Above this wheel is another, around which are raised types forming the words "Banks, Son, and Co., Manufacturers, Keswick, Cumberland," and also the letters significant of their degree of hardness or softness, the latter being moveable. The pencil cannot pass between these two wheels without receiving the impress of the letters in the cedar; and the rapidity with which the process is completed is such, that it passes like an arrow out of sight, and is instantly heard to rattle down the wooden tube prepared for its reception on the other side into a box below. Some idea may be formed of the ease and expedition with which this is accomplished, from the fact, that from 120 to 200 pencils may be lettered in a minute. At the lower part of the machine is the box in which the pencils are kept which are about to undergo the process.

Many pencils are now finished, but some have gilt letters instead of the mere impress on the wood. When this is done, they are taken to a table close by—of which, also, we give a drawing (fig. 4)—on which is the instrument for the purpose, provided with a heater, to the under part of which the letters are fixed, and which is pressed down upon them by means of a screw. The letters are in this case arranged in a straight line, instead of on a wheel, the type-box being kept hot by a red-hot iron. The gold or silver leaf is put on to the pencil in a thin strip, and the pencil, with the leaf on it, being carefully fixed under the type, it is pressed down by a screw, and the gold or silver is imbedded in the cedar. The pencils that have gilt letters are usually coloured black, yellow, or blue, by which the fine tint of the cedar is altogether lost. The pencils are now taken and tied up in dozens, and afterwards in half grosses.

We might follow the subsequent career of a bundle of pencils, and find that it was not without interest. One, perhaps, is transferred to the studio of the artist, another to the boudoir of a lady, and a third may embody the rising genius of a youthful prodigy, who sketches horses with human heads to the infinite delight of his mother, who is assured, as she emphatically expresses it, that he will be "somebody some day." We might philosophise on the permanence which is given to fleeting thoughts of ideal beauty in their representation by the artist, who by its aid secures to himself and for others what would otherwise be but the evanescent conceptions of the hour. And we might conclude by moralising on the fact, that as it is by the wear and tear and destruction of the agent that its worth is developed, so it often is that men, in striving and labouring for society and the world, are themselves exhausted and consumed, and the elements of their physical constitution pass away, to mingle with, and to be absorbed into, the universe at large. But we leave these considerations to the meditation of our readers, as may suit their individual taste and feeling; our work being discharged in having, we hope, thrown some light on the history of the rise, progress, and decay of a cedar pencil.

CHARACTERISTICS OF GERMAN LITERATURE AND ART.

TAKING a comparative glance at the leading families of the human species, it is interesting to notice the many different aspects under which some dominant quality, peculiar to each race, is shadowed forth. In its language and literature, its architecture and fine arts, in the daily routine of peaceful life and the exceptional condition of war, the careful observer will find the characteristics of a race displayed.

Who can be more individualised by his peculiarities than the Celt? Seek him where we will—whether in the Basque provinces of Spain, or amidst the bogs of Ireland; whether in the Scotch highlands, or the mountain tracts of Wales—in temperament he is the same, and this temperament is reflected in every phase of his existence. His mental organisation, delicately attuned, is responsive to every external impression. His impulses are generous, his soul is poetic; but the balance of his mental faculties is unstable. He originates ideas without combining them. His mental creations want body, weight, and form. Like spirits, they are invoked; like spirits, they flit away.

Then what a speaking commentary on the Celtic temperament—what an epitome of its fervour, its poesy, its instability, are the small remaining fragments of that people's literature. Fragments we say, for surely one is not called on to acknowledge a few Welsh ballads, and the apocryphal version of Ossian, as the full literary representative of Celtic genius. Not that we undervalue the poems of Ossian, by the way, or deem them altogether spurious. That the materials of these poems existed orally, traditionally, we entertain no doubt.

Scarcely less expressive of the Celt's temperament than his literature is the phase under which we view him in war. Choleric of disposition, quick to take offence, the Celt has from all time been prone to appeal to the sword's arbitrament. None more daring in the field than he—none more personally brave—more dashing and impetuous; yet for want of prolonged concentration of energy to one object—a want so characteristic of his race—he has never yet excelled in the larger strategy of war. He is a creature of raids, forays, and skirmishes—brilliant onslaughts and fierce attacks. But he is no general—he cannot handle large bodies of men. The battle-field is no chess-board for him; he must rush to the fray.

We might easily extend the number of our instances, and demonstrate the outbubbling of Celtic genius under many other phases, though still essentially the same; time and space, however, admonish us to pass on and scrutinise another dominant race, which more particularly concerns us now; that race the Celt's antipodes—we mean the *Teutonic*, of course. And here one preliminary word; it is this: we beg to eschew all that delicate ethnological investigation which affects to settle relationship between Teuton and Goth. By Teutonic we mean the German race, and by the German race we mean all those who speak the German tongue. The demarcation suffices; nay, it is even more correct than it seems. None but a mind of true Teutonic mould can think with fluency in the German language.

Who can doubt the expressiveness of that language and its literature? Nay, who can misinterpret the expression of the German alphabet itself? Why, it is the very epitome of the Gothic style of architecture, and both are the representatives of the German mind—massive, yet detailed; fanciful, yet rigid—ponderous, sombre, and deeply toned. What more simple than the first idea of a Gothic architectural structure? What more elaborately made out than the ornamentation of its details? Starting with the one simple idea of an arch, the builder at length overlays his structure with the most florid accessories. So wayward, so fanciful, so ramified are these; that the mind of an observer is for a time lost in following them through their maze. Yet when the labyrinth has been threaded—when the fret-work has been seen in its minutiae—all is found to bear the impress of proportion and form defined. Fanciful and wayward though the architect has been, he has never once lost sight of the leading Teutonic idea

—of uniting the ideal to the material, fixing it, rendering it visible and tangible, by endowing it with form. Even a German ghost is more bodily than any other ghost; half endowed with substance and proportions. Once caught, the spectre comes from the German's hands half a thing of earth.

There is a charm about German literature and painting which, if we mistake not, is explicable on the principles announced as constituting the peculiarity of the Teutonic mind—that is to say, is attributable to a contrast between the simplicity of a first idea and the elaborate form-wrought accessories wherewith it is subsequently invested. This we believe to be a peculiarity of the Teutonic genius—a peculiarity manifested under thousands of phases, and not least of all in the literature of Germany. So essentially Teutonic, so Germanesque is this literary exponent of a principle, that it admits of no good translation. An integral portion of that language, it can be wedded to no other; and as some tender plants assume rank growths and ungainly mien when taken from their native soil and planted elsewhere—so it is with many exquisite scions of German poetry and prose. Integral parts of their own language, they flourish in no other. They may not die, but their elegance departs. Thousands of little tales and poems, which breathe the most exquisite sentiment in German, become, when rendered in a foreign tongue, only little better than a sort of nursery literature of the higher class. The wood-cut (p. 256) to which our remarks apply illustrates, and was suggested by, a stanza of this kind.

The mother, fondly caressing her little child, is asked by the latter where her brother has gone. The mother tells the little child her brother has died. But the little child knows not of death. "The angels have taken him away," continues the mother, "because he was always so good to me, and never gave me trouble." The little child then says, "Pray teach me how I may not be good, and how I may torment you, lest the angels also take me." This is the sentiment—this the inspiring theme of some exquisite stanzas by Johann Ludwig Uhland, a celebrated living poet of Germany, and whose beautiful lyrics are not half so well known as they deserve to be. Uhland may be characterised as a German Beranger, purified from all that levity of things sacred which too often sullies the French bard's effusions. Every thought, every aspiration of Uhland, is suggestive of that better existence to which the minds of rational beings should be directed. No poet has realised a more exalted conception of the nobleness of his mission than Uhland. Few authors of poetry worth reading have written so sparingly; nor is this to be wondered at, seeing the peculiar circumstances under which he has been placed—the troublous mould in which his destinies have been cast.

Born in 1787, at Tübingen, the son of the university secretary, Uhland early manifested his love for literary pursuits, although he trained himself for the law. Blessed with a competent fortune, our author would have devoted himself entirely to literature and the muses. But fate willed it otherwise. The great French Revolution broke forth, and involved Wurtemberg in its ramifications. The organic laws and constitution of this little country were totally remodelled at the will of Napoleon. Uhland did not behold these changes quietly or complacently. They aroused his spirit, and inspired some of his happiest effusions. Nevertheless, the poems of Uhland are well esteemed in France: not so much in consequence of their poetic merit, it may be (for our Gallic friends are often unjust to the Teutonic muse), as from the circumstance of their author having lived several years in Paris, where he devoted himself with the zeal of a true enthusiast to the study of mediæval literature, in which department the libraries of Paris are peculiarly rich.

Much of Uhland's poetry could never be adequately rendered into English. The task has been essayed by an Englishman whom we forbear to name, and the result is not felicitous. Yet we do not censure the translator; he had to deal with a

poet who availed himself to the fullest extent of the power existing in the German language of endowing common subjects with a poetic garb. What shall we say for example of the poet who was so recklessly daring, that he wrote some stanzas—beautiful stanzas, too, on—what does the reader think?—*Pork soup*! Yet so it is.

are thoroughly Germanesque. Not a leaf is left undefined out of deference to that quality of Teutonic genius which insists on extreme regard to form. Nor need we marvel that the genius of a people who invest spirits with bodies half mortal, causing them to marry and to be given in marriage to become almost like ourselves, will insist on making fig-



THE MOTHER AND CHILD.—ILLUSTRATION OF A POEM BY UHLAND.

We congratulate the French artist, whose painting we illustrate, on having so thoroughly caught the inspiration of Teutonic art. The figures are well composed—their modelling is round—the expression of the mother and child tells the sentiment of the poem. The leaves in the background, too,

leaves more distinct of outline than nature herself makes them under the conditions of position and distance, as represented in our wood-cut. The painting is thoroughly Germanesque, an expression of ours, which we intend as a compliment to the French artist.

RAFFAELLE'S "BEAUTIFUL GARDENER."

WITHIN the last few years, the noble collection of art-treasures in the Louvre has received a valuable accession in the painting

is a representation of the Virgin with the children, Jesus and John the Baptist. Among the choice productions which adorn



THE BEAUTIFUL GARDENER.—FROM A PAINTING BY RAFFAELLE.

by Raffaele which bears the name of "La Belle Jardinière," or "The Beautiful Gardener," in the catalogue, and of which we are enabled to present our readers with an engraving. It

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the walls of the Louvre, there may be more elaborate compositions, and pictures on a larger scale; but there are certainly none more finished or more delightful to behold. Vasari

relates, that Raffaele, after having painted "The Consignment of Christ to the Tomb," which is now in the Borghese Gallery at Rome, went to Florence, and there painted "The Beautiful Gardener," which he intended to send to M. de Sienne; but as Bramante wrote to him, stating that the pope had consented to allow him to paint the halls of the Vatican, he set off in haste for Rome, entrusting to Ridolfo Ghirlandaio the task of finishing the blue drapery of the Virgin. The picture was purchased of M. de Sienne by Francis the First; and in the time of Louis the Fourteenth it adorned the cabinet at Versailles. In the carefully prepared catalogues of the Louvre, it is valued at £16,000 sterling. Although Ridolfo Ghirlandaio painted the drapery of the Virgin, he claims no part of the honour of the work. Even on the border of this drapery may be read the signature "*Raphaello Urbinas*," which is undoubtedly traced by the hand of Ridolfo. M. Quatremère de Quincy, the able Secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts, speaks of the painting in the following terms:—

"There is the same freshness and excellent preservation in the charming picture of the Virgin which Raffaele executed for M. de Sienne, and which is called, 'The Beautiful Gardener.' Her costume, which really has something of the villager's about it, has perhaps given rise to this name. It is one of those naïve compositions which, for the due proportion in the size of the figures, may be placed at the head of those in which Raffaele, before rising to the ideal of his art, as he afterwards did, confined himself to the expression of simplicity and that modest grace, of which the manners of the country supplied him with models among the young village girls. Nothing can surpass the purity here depicted. The tone of colouring and the style of drawing are in admirable harmony; and this harmony has never produced anything more lovely than the forms of the children Jesus and John. Three circumstances prove that this picture belongs to the same period as 'The

Consignment of Christ to the Tomb.' In the first place, the date marked on it, which is 1507; then there is a drawing of it by Raffaele in the Mariette Collection, on the back of which are rough sketches of the figures belonging to the above-mentioned work; and, in the last place, it is known that Raffaele set out for Rome before finishing the blue drapery of the Virgin, which was finished by Ridolfo Ghirlandaio."

Lepicius, in his "Catalogue Raisonné" of the king's pictures, gives a remarkable explanation about this one: "As Raffaele," says he, "makes the child Jesus rest upon one foot of the Virgin, I think he intended by this trait to indicate the respectful tenderness of this holy mother, who, in her son, sees her Saviour."

As to the title by which this picture is known among artists, Lavallée has sought for its origin with more laborious effort than was worth while. "It is possible," says he, "that the model which Raffaele employed was a gardener, remarkable for her beauty, and that hence was derived the name of the picture. But this is merely a supposition, and it appears to me more probable, that this title, which there is nothing in the painting to occasion—unless it be the flowers with which the Virgin is surrounded—arose from the capricious custom, not uncommon among picture-dealers, of fixing upon some casual circumstance as a means of distinguishing the numerous works of a great master from one another."

This painting of "The Beautiful Gardener" was engraved by Gilles Roupelet and James Chéreau. In the year 1803 M. Boucher Desnoyers established his reputation as an engraver by making a drawing and engraving from it, which he dedicated to M. Denon, the General Director of the Napoleon Museum. The plate proved also a source of great profit to the museum. It is now, and will long remain, unquestionably, the most successful rendering of this delicious painting which breathes so much purity and grace.

KAREL DUJARDIN.

THIS artist, whose name is less familiar than that of many others, was also a landscape and animal painter. Most of the Flemish artists may be described in the same way, and are yet different in their characteristics. Words are not the fittest representative of their peculiar types, but a glance at once separates Cuyp from Dujardin, Potter from Berghem. How shall we describe the peculiar style of the artist we now treat of? To succeed would be difficult.

When, reader, you take a country walk, you sometimes rest on a stile, or under a hedge, or on a fallen tree, and looking around you, various objects meet your eye—a few clustering trees, a bit of an old wall half covered by ancient ivy, a cow, an ass, a man—all homely, all trivial; and yet add all these together, and you have a picture of Dujardin, nothing more, nothing less. But nature always; and out of these simple and even arid materials he makes a landscape, exhibiting fully his style and manner.

Pilkington and Deschamps inform us that he was born in 1640. Biographers are not always consistent in their dates. In 1652 appeared some admirable engravings by Karel Dujardin, perfect masterpieces, which certainly were not executed at the youthful age of twelve. We must, therefore, place Dujardin's birth at least as far back as 1635, as it is well known that these were the productions of a very precocious talent. It is not known for certain who was his master; some call him a pupil of Berghem, some of Paul Potter. But, however this may be, he went early to Italy, and on arriving at Rome, joined the jolly club of Flemish drinkers, into which all were admitted under a nick-name, which in his case was Goat's Beard. His easy and impulsive nature, to which pleasure was a necessity, gained him many friends. His countryman, Pierre de Laer, had introduced a style among the Romans of which they were very fond, and Dujardin following it up was well supported. He painted little landscapes, with a cow, some sheep, a miller and his ass, a girl holding up her petticoats to cross a ford (p. 260); and was

well paid for them on account of their excellence. With youth, spirits, and money, Dujardin led an easy, jolly life, contracting many debts, and wasting much talent to pay them. But he studied like a true Dutchman; he saw the vulgar side of everything, and made that side picturesque. The quacks of a fair, so common in Rome, were a favourite subject. He admired their genius, he caught their pantomime, and before he returned to his atelier, his picture was finished in his head. The rough idlers of Transtevera, with their robust wives, filled the foreground, or, perhaps, a muleteer whistling or searching his pockets for a coin, to give the boy with a black face and a pasteboard nose, who went about collecting.

Dujardin's early style was a comical mixture of Bamboche, Jean Miel, and Michael Angelo des Batailles. The Italians were much struck by his pictures, and naturally so, for he invested the every-day scenes he painted with his own gentleness, his own gay and lively spirit. It was something between the finish so much esteemed at Amsterdam, and the ordinary satirical character of the artists of that school who lived in Rome—semi-Romans themselves.

The price which the Italians put upon the works of Karel did not suffice for his increasing expense. The same could be said of him that was said of Bamboche by the historian Passeri, *amico della recreazione e del buon tempo*. To create for himself new resources, he tried the portrait style, and succeeded well, because an artist like him could not do anything badly. He composed portraits very simply, in general without any details, half-length, with all the usual sobriety of his genius. We speak here of sobriety in the picturesque sense, for in private life he knew nothing of it. His character is marvellously well painted in the portrait which exists in the Museum of Amsterdam, where he is represented clothed in a black silk cloak, his hand upon his breast. His great intelligent and open eyes announce frankness, penetration, and jollity; his mouth is broad and somewhat sensual; but his great lips reveal a fine irony which has no bitterness in it.

The expansive and hearty temperament of Karel Dujardin is the secret of his weakness; it explains his love of pleasure, his debts daily paid and daily renewed, his love for the comic side of vulgar things, and that want which drove him to seek impression from the three great sources,—life, nature and art.

But at last he determined to see his country again, which he had left when very young. He started for Holland, but passing through Lyons, he met some friends, who easily kept him there, and the sight of some of his works brought round him a crowd of amateurs. Forgetting the object of his journey, Karel renewed the life he had led at Rome, a life of luxury and adventures, to pay for which he had but to paint the fresh morning dew. Few painters have succeeded so well in depicting the dawn, such geniuses as Claude Lorraine and Elzheimer always excepted. Dujardin lived at Lyons, in the house of a rich old woman, who gave him plenty of credit because she took a fancy to him. At last, however, the artist's debts became so numerous and so pressing, that poor Karel Dujardin, in his distress, had recourse to his principal creditor—his old landlady. She took a usurious interest for her money. She made him marry her.

Having thus settled his affairs, the newly-married man took the road to Amsterdam, where he was well received. He was the more liked because he did not altogether resemble his countrymen; in the same way that the Italians liked him because with them he was a Dutchman of the south, while the former called him an Italian of the north. He painted some local portraits, but they wanted the interest and charms of Rembrandt's similar productions.

It is when the merry painter depicts tumblers and quacks, muleteers before an inn, or a trumpeter on horseback, at the door of a pot-house, drinking the glass of wine handed to him by the waitresses of the place, that we have no need to criticise and compare. Karel's characteristic is to reach the picturesque by simple efforts. More simple than Berghem, as agreeable as Wouwermans, and less proud than Bamboeche, Karel Dujardin has all their strong sense of the picturesque. He is very fond of bringing in old walls, those walls which our modern masters have so often copied; sometimes he fills up the background with them, ivy-clad and half-ruined, mossy and covered with wall-flowers, or warmed by the golden foliage and the purple tints of a virgin vine, which in autumn resemble the rays of the setting sun. The rustic walls of Karel are in general sufficiently lofty for them to throw up the whole figure.

To be married to an old woman, when one is young, may be bearable on a day when you obtain a receipt in full for all your debts; but the awakening is unpleasant. Dujardin felt little relief from the cares of home in the popularity he was gaining among the tasteful amateurs of his native town. One of these, a certain John Reinst, determined to go to Italy, and his friend determined to go as far as the Texel with him. He had no idea himself of going to Italy; for he went to the Texel in slippers. Nevertheless, next morning he went to his old wife for some linen, saying, he would soon be back. He never saw her again.

He took up his residence in Rome, and though a Protestant, was sufficiently influenced by the locality to paint two Romish subjects, which were highly prized, while his "Christ between the two Thieves," in the Louvre, is a very fine production. But simple nature is his forte. His "Grove of Trees," in the Louvre, is perfect, with its river crossed by farmers driving before them a troop of oxen, donkeys, and sheep. The farmer's wife is mounted on a cart drawn by a white horse, while a peasant, lifting up a young girl in his arms, is about to carry her across the ford. The familiar figures form a charming contrast with the solemnity of the forest trees, which lose none of their mysterious grandeur by contact with the brute creation.

Karel Dujardin took it into his head one day to go to Venice. He found some countrymen there, and, amongst others, Glauber, a pupil, like himself, of Berghem, and a very distinguished painter. A Dutchman, who dealt in pictures,

offered him a home in his house, with the hope of making money by his talents; but the hope was not realised, for Dujardin was taken ill and died, in 1678. John Glauber says, that his companion died of a surfeit, caused by eating too much after an illness. A Dutch amateur, Gabriel Van der Leuw, who was just then at Venice, took care to have Dujardin buried; and though he died a Protestant, his body was still dressed in the robes of a Capuchin friar, in obedience to the customs of the country; after which he was buried according to the rites of the Roman Church.

"Crossing the Brook," of which we have given an engraving (p. 260), is a fine picture: the foreground is rich and admirably painted; the man in the sheep-skin coat is touched off with a truthfulness which is peculiarly characteristic of the Flemish school. The sky, the distant hills, the horses, and the long wall, are exceedingly picturesquely rendered; while the woman, the ass, and the dog, as well as the cow, exhibit a power and truth which exemplify the style of Karel Dujardin very effectively. The original is in France.

Far less elaborate than many of his contemporaries, Karel was above all picturesque, that is to say, he knew how to transfer his subjects to the canvas in an effective and pleasing manner, not merely slavishly copying nature, but interpreting her mysteries. He never chose the merely symmetrical and beautiful. He selected subjects which, perhaps, trifling in reality, were picturesque when transferred to paper. A Swiss peasant-girl always looks well in a picture. She rarely or never does in real life.

If the Dutch painters have secured a wide place for themselves in history, it is not by the sublimity of their expression or the grandeur of their thoughts; it is rather by devoting themselves to what grave classic men call the secondary items—colour, *chiaroscuro*, and touch! *Chiaroscuro* has intellectual beauty in it, because it awakens in the mind the idea of a happy harmony between the characters of the scene and of the day which illumines it. Pleasant and agreeable subjects require a serene light, and terrible events and scenery are better illustrated by the light of a sinister and dark sky.

"An artist," says a critic, whose name we do not recollect, "is very much below the dignity of his profession, who thinks it a matter of indifference what kind of weather there was the day Cæsar was assassinated." Karel Dujardin, who knew so admirably how to combine and arrange soft lights, dark clouds, affects in his crucifixions terrible and marked contrasts, a rough opposition between clear light and dark shadows—a rough and suitable effect, when painting so solemn and at the same time so terrible a subject.

Most of the paintings of Karel are extremely well preserved; and on the general subject of the preservation and cleaning of pictures much might be said did space permit.

Many volumes have been written on the art of cleaning pictures, of restoring them, of moving them about, and of re-canvasing them. M. Xavier de Burtin, in his "Theoretical and Practical Theory on the Knowledge required by every Amateur," indicates many methods which may be used for cleaning pictures, and lays it down as a law that an amateur should know all the necessary processes, and put them in practice himself. After having examined and carefully appreciated every one of the processes proposed by this author, one of the most eminent critics of the day declares that he found most of them so dangerous, that, far from advising amateurs to clean their pictures themselves, he calls upon them to abstain from so delicate an operation, unless after long and careful study and much practical experience, which can only enable them to succeed.

There is a slight irony, a gaiety, a wit, about Karel Dujardin, which makes us always recognise and welcome him; he is fond of rustic beauties; he has, in representing them, more delicacy than Bamboeche, more nature than Berghem, though a less fertile and abundant genius. His sentiment is like that of Vandervelde, but he has neither the profundity nor the melancholy of Paul Potter. Even when he paints or engraves dead horses, his slaughter-house, his knacker's-yard has nothing of that sinister aspect which Paul Potter impre-

nates them with. But, as an engraver, he is by no means inferior to that master. It is impossible to carry further the science of the model, the intelligence of every detail of life, and every sign and mark of death. In the same way that he knew in his paintings exactly where to dash the pencil, so in his engravings he scatters his touches with vigour and intelligence. By a few bold outlines he indicates the bony outline of the animal, the joints and prominent parts.

Shepherd behind the Tree," the ass in "The Peasant Girl," and the two mules, are models. They demonstrate the keen observation and the laborious industry of the artist. Form, attitude, movement—all is true and real. His sheep and his goats are gems, and no serious critic will accuse him of mannerism here. His engravings are, then, extremely valuable. Everybody who has watched the progress of engraving knows "The Two Mules," published in 1652. It is founded on the



CROSSING THE BROOK.—FROM A PAINTING BY KAREL DUJARDIN.

More delicate than that of Laer, the *pointe* of Karel the engraver, is always picturesque. He likes to show off the differences and contrasts of reality, the dirty wool of the sheep, the knotted and entangled fleeces, the hair of the pig reeking with the filth of the farm-yard, the pig itself wallowing in the mire with ineffable delight. Its snout, its head, is the *beau idéal* of idleness. Never was the father of pork better rendered; never had he a more patient artist.

The pigs, the horses, the cow, in the picture of "The

fable of La Fontaine, the six lines of which, illustrated by the picture, it would be a pity to translate from their native simplicity into English:—

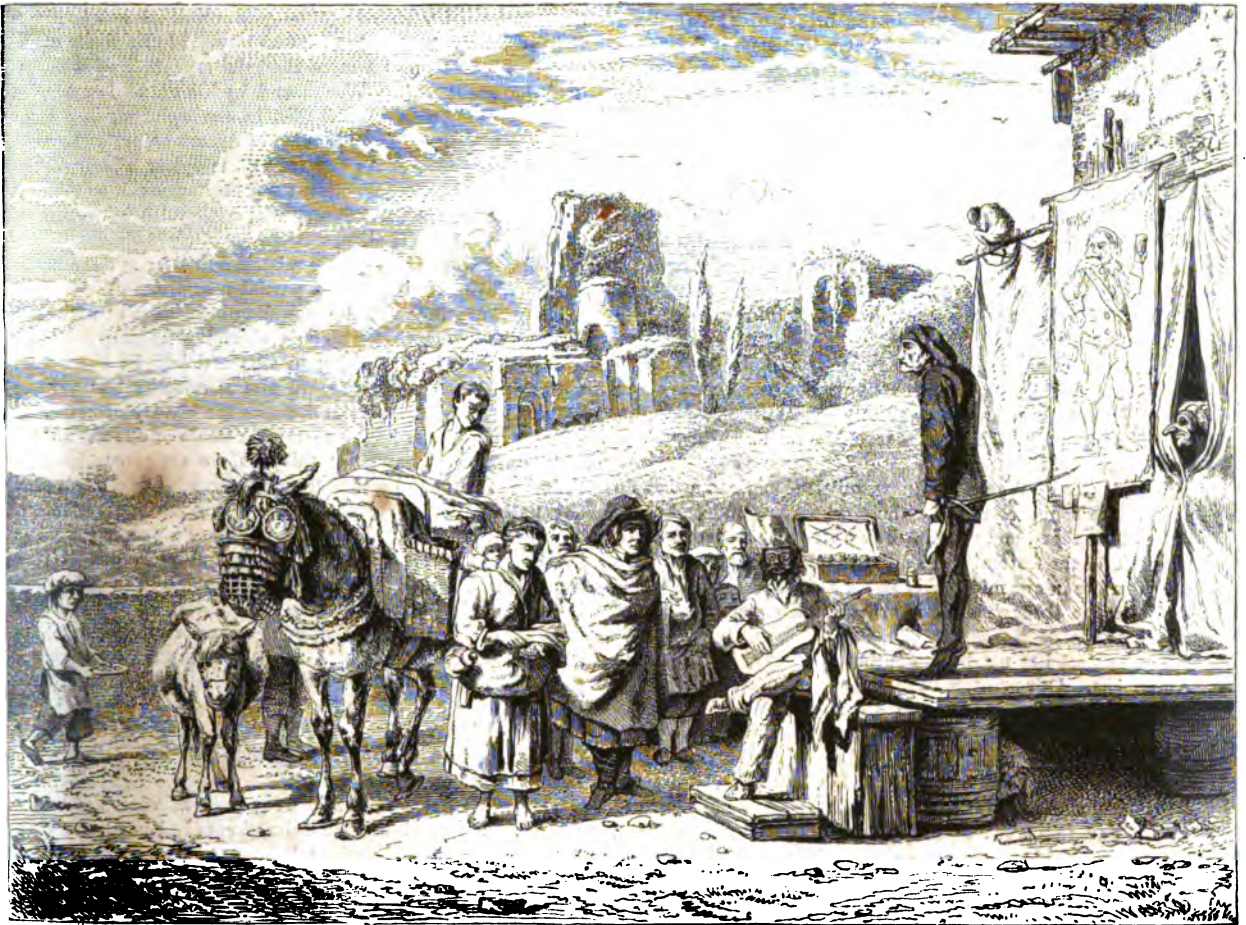
"Deux mulets cheminaient, l'un d'avoine chargé,
L'autre portant l'argent de la gabelle;
Celui-ci, glorieux d'une charge si belle,
N'eut voulu pour beaucoup en être soulagé,
Il marchait d'un pas relevé,
En faisant sonner sa sonnette."

The two animals are admirably rendered. The one steps proudly along with his magnificent harness. But despite his fine feathers, his leg is not better shaped, nor his form more elegant. The animals are the same, though differently equipped. Though his fringe is so glorious, his knees are lumpy and knotty. There is that quiet satire in this picture, of which Karel Dujardin was very fond.

Karel Dujardin is best known by his pictures of quacks, so admirably engraved by Boissieu. That in the Louvre, which we reproduce, is the most celebrated. On a bright and soft morning, a charlatan has erected a stand in a village. Elevated on a scaffold, in the costume of *Il signor Scaramuccio*, he is standing on tiptoe and making antics to half-a-dozen rustics. A man with a black mask accompanies him on a guitar, while a monkey chatters and makes faces. A great sign-

—so easy and bold—is above all praise; his colouring, though silvery and golden in tint, has preserved after two centuries its freshness, its purity, and force. His *chiaroscuro* is admirable. In general, to bring forward his figures, he uses, like Pynaker, a kind of broken light. Suppose he has painted an ass standing up. If he has a white spot on the nose, and his ears are black, the vigorous portion of the black ground of mountains will pass just over the white spot and below the black ears. If he wishes to bring out in bold relief the crupper of a white horse mounted by a musketeer, the painter introduces a dark brown wall. Through a door in this wall comes forth a servant with a jug of ale. A pig-trough and two dogs will complete the scene.

But what skies! Adorable, says a French critic. Nobody ever succeeded in painting them with more clearness, more



THE QUACK DOCTOR.—FROM A PAINTING BY KAREL DUJARDIN.

board explains what is to be shown in the stable, which serves as a theatre, and open before the quack is his box of elixirs, *alcuni barattoli di unguenti*; but without waiting for the speech of Scaramouch, Punchinello pokes his nose through the curtain. The ruin in the distance, the cloak worn by one of the peasants, and the warm light which animates the whole, give a locality to the scene, and remind us of Karel's Roman studies. This picture is full of what we call humour, and would do no discredit to Wilkie.

Taking the whole of his productions, Karel Dujardin must be rated in the first rank of great Dutch painters. Landscape painter, animal painter, inventor of ravishing compositions, he stands beside Berghem, Vandervelde, Paul Potter, Pierre de Laer, and even Albert Cuyp. He is inferior to some of these masters in certain particulars, but his superiority in all other raises him to the first rank. His brilliant and intelligent touch

lucidity, more softness, or with more harmonious beauty. The southern sky is bold and dashing without crudity—it dazzles but does not pain the eye—it rejoices the heart. The skies of Adrian Vandervelde are sometimes of a hard blue; those of Ruysdael always veiled by clouds, sad and melancholy; but the skies of Karel Dujardin are sunny and cheerful, like the man who painted them. His clouds are like flocks of white wool! he rolls them, he piles them one above another, so that they look like a little chain of hills coming gently down to die at the feet of the sun, as mountains slope down to the sea. Karel Dujardin combines the light of Italian summer with the calm tranquillity of Holland.

Sir Robert Peel possesses two Dujardins, the Bridge-water Gallery one, Lord Ashburton has two, Mr. Hope has one, and the collection of George IV., in Pall Mall, two.

All his paintings are valuable and deserving of study.

AMERICAN ART;

THE NEED AND NATURE OF ITS HISTORY.

THE landscape that lies in beauty or grandeur, veiled in the illusive autumn-like haze of distance, may feed imagination, but cannot carry its distinctive meaning to the heart and reproduce there its own sentiment. The enchantment of distance must be dissolved by a nearer approach. It is so with AMERICAN ART, the outlines of which have already been given. We have looked upon it as an energy coming up out of conflict with the spirit of the people, the genius of a proud democracy, and indicating no uncertain future for itself. We wish now to mark its growth, and in it, feel its unfolding individuality.

A general survey of AMERICAN ART, from any æsthetic point of view, cannot be a satisfactory or even a useful performance. However well executed, it can do little more than provoke inquiry, and awaken in the breast of the reader a desire for a nearer view of the subject. Criticism is imperfect without history: the praise or blame of an artist's works is of little account unless it is given in the light of the facts of his life, as well as the canons of taste. The demand of nature, requiring the past to be thrown open, must be respected. The artist is a development of the man.

With these considerations before us, we look over the brief past of American art. Only seventy-eight years have passed away since our national independence. During this short period, unusually short for the growth of a nation, unwonted activity and freshness have marked our history. They have found their way into the quiet walks of artistic life. The resulting works have received attention—attention at home and abroad. And yet it is somewhat remarkable that, up to the date of this article, our artists have not been represented; the progress of art, unless we greatly err, has not been appreciated, and that which is to give character to an American school, clearly indicated.

Why is this? We do not know, unless American artists do not wish to be represented by those who have undertaken to write about them, and none of their own order has come forth to speak for the fraternity. The consequence is, that art lives a hidden life in our midst, only so far as it is forced to become a public one through exhibitions, art-unions, and the sale of its works.

The subject has not been wanting, however, in interest to Americans. Our painters have received respectable attention in our chief serials—the "North American Review," "American Quarterly Review," and the "American Whig Review." Painting has been noticed in the "Democratic Review," and "Southern Literary Messenger." Dunlop has given us a plain and faithful narrative history of its early condition, and Tuckerman, in a work called "Artist-Life," has attempted, with considerable success, to give us, in essay style, a series of critical memoirs of our distinctive artists. We say nothing of foreign writers in this connexion, because we feel that their necessary ignorance of American scenery in the full changes of the year, and the peculiarities of our civilisation, incapacitates them to judge correctly of what is distinctively American. In taking a careful survey of what has been written on the subject at home and abroad, we are disposed to believe that the extremes of praise and blame mark the resting-points of the critical mind. It remains for the gravity of truth to overcome the velocity by which its vibrations have been perpetuated, and change the pendulum into the plummet of justice.

The birth of American art, in our estimation, is not a fact in history. We do not believe that it was born in the cradle of a sleeping infant, and in the person of Benjamin West, the Quaker boy. West, we think, should not be regarded as an American artist. The fact of his birth does not justify such a claim; his works, if carefully examined, although noble in themselves, contain nothing that we are warranted to claim as American. This judgment, we think, will be found in accordance with the views of our best artists.

Having thus rejected the only well-defined fact that marks

the birth of art on this continent, we leave it without a historic beginning. We are content to do so. There was, at that time, no national life or character of a nature to impress itself upon the mind of artists and impart its form and spirit to their conceptions. Nature was with them,—nature in our peculiar autumn scenery, but it wanted the domesticating influences of national associations. In the absence of these, artists looked to the Old World; and art, like the colonies of Jamestown and Plymouth, was transplanted to a new home. Like those colonies, it suffered under foreign taxations, but, unlike them, it has yet to assert its independence. It is scarcely possible for those who have formed their artistic taste on the models of the Old World and under the influence of the old civilisation, to preserve the freshness and freedom of this continent. It is, on the other hand, scarcely possible for those who have tarried at home and attempted to cultivate art in circumstances so poor in models and patronage, to reach that vigour and boldness necessary to secure its independence and furnish the materials of its history. If the work of the historian was to be no more than the narrating of what has been done in the New World, and by her natural or adopted sons, it would be easy. But this, in our opinion, is not the distinctive work of the historian of American art and artists. His work is nobler. As the true philosopher wisely distinguishes between the permanent and the temporal, so the true historian of art in this country will distinguish between what is native and what is alien.

Little, if we are not greatly mistaken, has been done in this way. We have memoirs—a partial narrative. We have no history of art, in which the moulding influences of nature are pointed out, and that which is aboriginal clearly indicated. We propose no such thing in this article. In the outline views which we are taking, we aim at nothing but a simple indication of what has been done for the history of art, or yet remains to be done. We express the wants of our nature.

Attempting to carry out this aim, we are constrained, for the sake of unity and completeness, to stretch our views beyond our national independence—beyond our national existence. The principles that define our character as a people are rooted in the experiences of the colonies, and grew out of their struggles. Their development was gradual, and in endeavouring to trace it, in reference to our subject, we experience no ordinary difficulties in fixing upon even the proximate beginning of our distinctive art. Its root is in the distant past of the Old World, nearer the cradle of Christian art than that of the infant-sister of Benjamin West.

In accordance with these statements, we may conveniently divide American art into three periods: the *colonial*, the *revolutionary*, and the *national*.

The *colonial period* extends from the settlements of Jamestown and Plymouth to the Declaration of Independence, 1776. During this period, as might be expected, we have little art, and that little is not American. The colonies were too closely related in every respect to the mother-country to produce much that was not animated by the English spirit. Oppression was needed to sever the ties. Copley is the representative of this period. He was a portrait-painter of some eminence in his day, but too much influenced by aristocratic distinctions and conventionalities to know the warming of the heart to nature. Copley was coldly artificial in style, and strictly English in feeling.

The *revolutionary period* reaches from the Declaration of Independence to the close of the last war. Stuart and Trumbull are its representatives. The former possessed a well-defined mind. He was bold, self-confident, and effective. He had a happy and somewhat peculiar tact in subduing the self-consciousness of those who sat for their portraits, and drawing out to the face the permanent features of their minds. He seized the essentials, and by a few general and bold outlines produced the desired effect. His portrait of Washington is deservedly regarded as the portraiture of the character more than the face of the Father of our Country. Stuart was the first in the New World to think independently on the subject of art, and has no second claim to be regarded as its parent.

Trumbull was very unlike Stuart. He was gifted with no powers of lofty conception, nor beauty of disposition. His subjects dignified his performances. He wrote the history of his period in associated portraits, and, in connexion with Stuart, introduced a kind of hero-worship among us. Great men are our antiquities; faces are the popular subjects of art.

The *national period* is somewhat rich in names and works. The agitations of the Revolution continued long to disturb the free formation of an appropriate national character; and their effects, like mysterious ground-swells, continue to shake the whole coast of thought. Rising superior to this state of things, an array of artists has appeared, honourable to the nation:—Allston, Malbone, Vanderlyn, Sully, Suman, Ingam, Huntington, Seutze, Cole, Kensett, and Durand, in painting; Crawford, Greenough, and Powers, in sculpture.

These names are worthy representatives of their age, and although we cannot point to any one of them as the founder of a school, there are in the works of some of them the elements of one,—there are in the list some men to whom the next generation will look with reverence. Their hearts have warmed to our own scenes. They have brooded over the haunts of beauty and grandeur in our middle and eastern states till the hidden meanings of rocks, and trees, and lakes, assumed a distinctness to the bodily sense. But we arrest this train of thought. Our object is not to write, or even sketch, a history of art among us, but simply to indicate its necessity and its character.

On looking over the three periods which we have defined, we find all the departments of art cultivated, but with unequal devotion and success. Portrait-painting is unduly prominent, and up to the present time has presented the only certain resource to young artists for subsistence. So prominent is this department, that writers at home and abroad have been led to speak of it as the only one in which the United States could lay claim to the honour of forming a school. This is too much. We think that portrait-painting can never rise to this dignity. The artist is so bound to a certain order of production, and so controlled by principles of imitation, as to bar his approach to high art. Stuart may seize the permanent in character. Sully may trace female beauty in gentle colours. Ingam may give us ideal flesh. But what can we have here that is creative? What sentiments whose habitations are the light of setting suns? What beauty whose haunts are mountain and lake-scenes and the dreamy repose of aerial perspective?

Historical painting has been cultivated with considerable success, but with uncertain aim. Vanderlyn, Weir, Huntington, and Seutze, have produced works in this department of much merit. And yet, in looking over them, we have been more than once pained with the conviction that they are not national. We regard them as incidental works rather than the fruits of true devotion to historical painting.

The *imaginative* department of art has not been neglected; it is well represented by Cole and Malbone. The former, in his "Voyage of Life" and "Course of Empire," has given evidence of extraordinary creative power and skill in composition; but in a way that leads us to believe that he depended much on foreign suggestion, and drew his inspiration almost as much from other lands as his own. Malbone, in his conception of "The Hours," has left us a perfect gem in imaginative art.

Landscape painting, the only department in which we can hope to form a school, has been cultivated with true devotion. Here we may gain a proud eminence among the nations, and here alone. The character of our civilisation is too earnest and practical to foster imaginative tastes: the nearness of our past denies to the artist the mellowness and deep perspective of distance. But "the hills rock-ribbed," the course of noble rivers, the repose of lakes, and a climate peculiarly our own, these things, as they appear in the Catskill and Adirondack, the Hudson, Lake George, and Schroon, and especially in our autumn loveliness, furnish rich materials for landscape composition.

Our prominent artists have not failed to notice them, and devote themselves to their study. Among those who have succeeded and gained for themselves a name in this department, no one stands so deservedly high as Asher B. Durand, the President of the National Academy of Design, as much on account of the purity and simplicity of his devotion to American landscape as his eminence and skill in his art. The individuality of his trees, true patriarchs of the woods, the charm of his autumn haze, and his quiet, philosophic contemplativeness, give to his works that place in painting which the "Elegy" of Gray, the "Excursion" of Wordsworth, and the "Thanatopsis" of Bryant, occupy in poetry. They are entirely American, and are destined, in our judgment, to become the models after which existing and future artists are to build up a distinctive school of American art in painting—a school whose fame is to be co-extensive with that of our industry. We have artists capable of this great work. They only wait the development of our civilisation to seize upon its different stages and spirit, and record them in colours and marble.

Thus far we have said nothing of sculpture. Its history is brief, and is found only in the national period of our art. It is written in the lives of Greenough, and Crawford, and Brown, and Powers, but with such characteristic excellence as to give to the United States, in this department of art, a place next to the masters of antiquity. Sculpture is the field of our triumph in the fine arts.

As a partial confirmation, at least, of this ambitious statement, it may be well to observe, that the great Thorwaldsen named Hiram Powers and George Crawford as among the finest sculptors of the age. Powers, he regarded as rivaling his own boldness and purity of conception; Crawford, he spoke of as eminent for the harmony of his groups and the natural ease of his drapery.

JACOB RUYSDAEL.

JACOB RUYSDAEL was the son of a cabinet-maker, and was esteemed in his youth for the excellency of his disposition and the suavity of his manners. He has been called the painter of Melancholy, and over his life and works there is a certain indescribable sadness, a love, a sentiment, which affects the spectator without an obvious cause; something that rekindles faded impressions, that brings back the imaginations of youth—he cannot tell why—he does not understand it; but it is true, nevertheless. Poetry and music excite the same feelings—certain prospects, landscapes viewed under peculiar effects—exercise the same influence—a species of morbid sensibility.

Ruysdael was a man of deep melancholy. He received a liberal education, and was designed for the medical profession; but he laid aside the scalpel and assumed the pencil; he had conversed with nature, had drawn inspiration from her deep silence, and longed to pour forth the inspiration that was in him. If he had spoken in words, he must have written philosophical tragedies; if he had spoken in the harmonious strains of music, he would have made the heartstrings vibrate to his solemn dirge and mournful songs; as he spoke on canvas, the idiom of the world—he let his sighs have vent and melancholy utterance in leafless trees and gloomy clouds, and mysterious groupings of old trees and dark woody avenues, that began like the chancel of an old cathedral, and dwindled away into a slender sheep tract—in misty horizons, and in coming night. He was always introducing water; but whether that water was tossed and tumbled as a cataract, or whether it flowed smoothly, without a murmur or a ripple, it was sure to be sorrowful; there was a shadow over everything, a gloom upon all—the painter brooded over his sorrow, and seemed to have his dwelling among the tombs.

Of his life little is known. He devoted himself entirely to art. He resolved to lead a life of celibacy, and never to quit his aged father. He wrote his own mental history in his pictures, and it was all gloom and sadness. Here a tree isolated from its fellows, dark and sombre—scathed and naked—its im-

moveable shadow darkening the still water of the lake. There, a still, dark piece of water, the broad leaves of the lotus on its surface, yellow flowers flourishing in refreshing coolness, a background of gigantic forest trees. Something always dark and shadowy. Kugler says that Ruysdael is the master whose pictures form the proper type and centre of the whole pastoral school of landscape. In his works, as in those of the great painter of ideal landscape, Claude Lorraine, natural objects are treated in a manner which appears to manifest the influence of a higher spirit; but the means adopted by these two artists were very different. Ruysdael did not need to decorate the ordinary forms of nature, or dress her up in a holiday garb, in order to bring her nearer to something that

was divine. Each single object, however homely and familiar, provided it had not been cramped and regulated by the hand of man—the green meadows, the silent sweep of the clouds, the murmuring trees or brooks—all breathe the pure and lofty feeling of that higher spirit. His paintings are, in fact, a renewal of that old worship of the spirit-nature, which the Roman historian has ascribed to the ancient Germans. Yet there is in his pictures much that relates to the busy toil of man; but such features, in general, stand in feeble opposition to the overwhelming mass of natural objects, and the traces of human works often appear as mere ruins which have long yielded to the powerful operation of the elements.



A LANDSCAPE BY RUYSDAEL.

WOUVERMANS.

SOME artists have made it their pride, especially Flemish artists, to paint the tap-room, and the jolly idlers, the drinkers, smokers, and vagabonds of society—men who are only their own enemies, we are told, but who are truly everybody else's also. Van Ostade, Brauwer, Teniers, and the prince of caricaturists, Pierre Bamboche, were all fond of representing taverns where the peasant with a jug of beer slowly quaffs and smokes as if there were no other object in life. Wouvermans, on the other hand, paints castles, and huntsmen, elegant life, military exercises, the games of the old nobility; not those who haunted the purlieus of the courts, leading a life worse

than that of the tap-room, but those who frequented the riding-school, the fencing-room, and whose science was of the Epicurean school, men who drank deep, slept little, were keen upon a scent, good shots, and excellent riders. These robust and happy ones of this earth led a gay and rude life, studying falconry, and educating the needful animals, or penetrating the mysteries of the kennel—a race not yet departed, though changed in costume and certain details of manners, yet still the same. They wore a costume suited to the painter's art—the feathered beaver of loose Bassompierre, the fine lace collar, the doublet with frogs, the open boots which now have taken

refuge on the stage, to be worn by villains and robbers. They wanted nothing. They had beautiful, though rather masculine ladies to love, fine carriages, packs of hounds, hunters, and Spanish horses with fiery heads and glorious manes—and last, but not least, they had Wouvermans to paint them, and give the men existence long after their castles were mouldered in the dust, and their very names were forgotten.

Prancing cavalcades, encampments, charges of cavalry,

judging them simply from their works—Wouvermans would be described as having led a sunny life, hunting, riding, and banqueting in hall and bower; while the truth is, he never left Haarlem, and was long unknown and obscure, always retired, laborious, and quiet. He was born in 1620, and died on the 19th of March, 1668. From his father's studio, Wouvermans passed to that of Wynants. There he acquired the best qualities of this master—a powerful execution, a delicate yet



THE OFFICERS' HALT.—FROM A PAINTING BY WOUVERMANS.

horse-markets, stables, forges, ring-races, halts in woods: all these are Wouvermans' choice morsels. Everywhere he introduces the horse, an animal he has profoundly studied, and of which he has deservedly made a poetical animal. It is his favourite study, and he always introduces the animal under favourable circumstances.

Were we to judge from his pictures—and this shows what erroneous opinions must have been put forth relative to artists,

firm touch, which rendered the inequalities of scenery, sandy hillocks, stones, plants, &c., with equal fidelity. Wynants' lessons were confined to landscape, while Wouvermans had a perfect passion for horses. He studied the animal, therefore, in the riding-school, in the stable, in the inn yard, everywhere, and succeeded in investing the horse with a charm of grace and elegance in his pictures, which is one of their chief attractions. His success was so great that his study must have

been laborious and patient, there being no such thing as mere intuition, even with the brightest genius.

Moyreau has engraved eighty-eight horses from Wouvermans, and even the student of zoology may learn here almost as much as from nature or Buffon. Like Cuyp, who lived to paint only fine fat cattle, Wouvermans' delight was to represent the powerful, handsome, healthy horse; not the broken-winded "roarer," suited better to the caricaturist than the great painter. He was most learned in all details, knew every piece of the harness, the cut of saddles was familiar to him, he could tell the right length of the stirrups, of the girth, the reins, and of the bit; while he never forgot the shape of the pistols or their correct positions.

Having mastered his subject thoroughly—the secret of many successes we cannot sometimes explain—he combined with it an exquisite perception of scenery, and set to work to illustrate the romance of horsemanship. Many painters before him had introduced horses into their compositions, particularly into battle scenes; but Wouvermans was the first who worked up the graces of equitation, who, choosing to paint stout country gentlemen, elegant cavaliers and huntsmen, made of the horse an essential feature in his picture; for we know not a single exception among his productions—all contain a horse, or a part of one. This is so true, that Wouvermans, as if jealous of making his favourite animal subservient in interest, never selects a moment in the chase when attention is drawn to the animal pursued, but watches for the opportunity of developing the grace and intelligence of the horse: in this respect unlike Ruthard, Oudry, Snijders, and Rubens. The bounding deer, leaping a ravine, or listening to the coming hunt, his elegant form in the foreground of a picture, draws off the interest from the horse. He, therefore, generally supposes the hunt, or paints the meet, the halt, or the return.

Had Wouvermans been paid for his pictures what is now their value, he too would have had his pages and his falconers, his hunters and his beautiful white hounds with silky coats, a heron-pond in his park, bay, black, and gray horses, and that white charger; in fact, all those that appear in his pictures, neighing, prancing, drinking, eating. But Wouvermans was modest and timid, and these qualities hindered much his success both as to money and fame. He trusted to dealers to fix prices on his exquisite hunting groups, and he took without grumbling any price that was offered him. Besides, in Haarlem, Wouvermans had a formidable rival in Pierre de Laer, known as Bamboche. When painting his scenes of real life—those elegant cavalcades which might any day be seen in the country—Wouvermans did it with so much ease and native grace that he appeared to invent nothing, simply because he was true and graceful like nature herself; while Bamboche astonished people by his compositions about thieves, terrible dramas of the hidden life of towns, things less familiar to the common eye than groins, captains, and squires.

One De Witte, a Haarlem picture-dealer, having requested Bamboche to paint him a cavalry piece, the artist asked 200 florins, and would not take a penny less, upon which the dealer went to Wouvermans. For the money which Bamboche had scornfully refused, our artist painted a masterpiece, and thus began his fame. De Witte made a great stir about the unknown talent, and called together all the amateurs of Haarlem to admire a picture, which the dealer valued all the more that it enabled him to be a little avenged on Bamboche. Wouvermans got on better after this; he was better paid than before, and, as the learned Houbraken says, "was now well received by rich Meccenas." The minute Dutchman, whose work ought to be translated, quotes also as an instance of the pecuniary success of Wouvermans, the fact that he gave his daughter 20,000 florins when she married Henri de Fromantjouw, an artist of fame. And yet what was this to the fabulous prices attained by his pictures after his death, when the Elector of Bavaria, the Dauphin of France, and others, contended for them, and bought them up, no matter at what sacrifices?

If we examine the paintings of Wouvermans with the eye of a connoisseur, we shall admire not only the painting, but the

choice of the subject, the gallantry, and the picturesque character of the scene, which always breathes of chivalry and feudalism, which, however brutal and degrading in itself, always looked well at a distance. Even the haughty, and often absurd and petty, Louis XIV., who exclaimed, when shown some drinkers by Teniers, "Take away those scarecrows," would not have had his royal delicacy offended had he chosen some subjects from Wouvermans to adorn his cabinet. There would have been the persons he wanted to work upon; the rough country gentlemen he was to attract from their turreted homes to learning the mincing step and courtly vices of the palace of Versailles—sure presage of that Capuan voluptuousness which was to end in the great storm of 1793.

But Wouvermans shows little interest in the tender passions, none at all in its gentler phases; if there be any, it is the rough love-making of the fields. The trumpet sounds to mount; the officers come forth in their heavy boots and cuirasses. They have been drinking stiffly, and perhaps one may linger to say a word of gallant impertinence to the girl of the inn, while he roughly tries to snatch a kiss. What else can you expect from men who drink strong liquors, and wear such boots?

Look at "The Officers' Halt" (p. 265). These are men and horses only to be found in the paintings of the Flemish school. Mark the two steeds, on one of which an officer is mounted, who has just quaffed a huge draught of strong ale, and is holding out the pot to a girl, who is, however, delayed by another worthy in gay apparel, who pinches her chin familiarly with one hand, while he clutches his horse's bridle with the other. This animal is admirably rendered—position, form, head, harness, all are painted with vigour and truth. All the accessories of the picture are admirable. The beggar whom no one notices, the distant hills and the river beneath them, the ferry-boat, the card-players round their table, the boys playing with the dog, the great tree shattered by many a storm, the tent, all demonstrate the power and vigour of the painter.

But Gersaint truly characterises his tone when he says, "Teniers and Wouvermans are the two painters who have worked hardest, though they are so opposite in character." The finish of Wouvermans is exquisite, it is something extraordinary—we may even go so far as to say it is too finished at times. His greensward sometimes looks like velvet. Gessner has noticed this.

It appears to be a well ascertained fact, that Wouvermans, towards the end of his career, threw into the fire whole portfolios of drawings and studies from nature. The reason for this is not really known. Some say, that he wanted to deprive his son of these rich portfolios, for fear that his native idleness would be thus encouraged; while others allege, that he wished to deprive his brother and rival of the advantages which he might have derived from such studies. This version is as odious as it is unlikely. It resembles a story told by Roestraten, who says that De Witte, informed of the death of Bamboche, took possession of a chest full of studies, drawings, and thoughts, which he gave to his friend Wouvermans, who having pilfered all that was useful to him, destroyed the rich materials of his friend by burning. A more absurd and ridiculous story was never imagined. Bamboche died in 1673 or 1674, six years after Wouvermans.

This great painter breathed his last in 1668, leaving a son, who became a monk. Of his two brothers, John and Peter Wouvermans, the first is the ablest. His other pupils were Bernaert Gaal, Emmanuel Murant, John Van der Beec. His successful imitators were Hans Van Lin and John Griffier.

His "Horse Market" is one of his great pictures. In this he has surpassed himself. The rascally cunning-looking horse-dealers, making their horses prance before the buyer with whip and spur, are admirably represented. It combines many rare qualities. His "Parc aux cerfs," not that horrid den of the same name which Louis XV. patronised, but a real collection of deer, is admirable. In fact, in the delineation of

* Gersaint, "Catalogue de M. Quentin de Lorangere." Paris 1744.

animals he is always excellent. Sometimes his real life is carried too far, becoming simply dirty. The same was true of Teniers, whose drunkards are extremely offensive.

But the men and women of Wouvermans are always model men and women; his ladies are those beautiful dames who adorn the court and the palace. He scorns the poor, at least on his canvas, though probably as sympathetic with them as any other noble and generous heart. It is not necessary that we should believe Wouvermans a servile worshipper of wealth and rank; a man of genius could not have been anything of the kind; but his natural love of the beautiful and the gorgeous drove him always to the representation of life in the upper classes.

And he dearly loved the aristocracy of animal creation. No knackers' horses for him, no ill-used and battered donkey under a shower of blows, no fitting subject for the pity of the tender-hearted would obtain notice from Wouvermans. Shakspeare has a scene which Wouvermans would have been delighted to illustrate:—

"Look when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well proportioned steed,
His art with nature! workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one,
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttocks, tender hide.

Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back."

Wouvermans has none of that soft melancholy which some of the Flemish school were so fond of. It is true that at times, unconsciously, he painted landscapes sweetly sad, like the bleak shores of Wynants; he painted, too, some of those shapeless hillocks, with a yellow tint; those heaps of sand, covered here and there with brush, at the foot of which winds a small stream, that looks all but motionless. But the true poetry of Philip Wouvermans, the ideal which is depicted on his harmonious canvas, is a dream of happiness; not of that happiness which love-sick painters find in a gentle look, or in a green and rich field, in the solitude and silence of desert places; but of that real happiness, so easy to the rich, full of comfort and dignity, which is the result of health of body and peace of mind. These few remarks may enable the reader to appreciate the characteristics of this powerful and pleasing artist, whose pictures are still the delight of amateurs, and are rated at no more than their value, despite their number. A large number of his best pictures are in St. Petersburg, alongside Teniers, Rembrandt, Rubens, and others. His paintings, however, are also to be found in all the great galleries of Europe.

CYRUS DURAND,

THE MACHINIST AND BANK-NOTE ENGRAVER.

THE life of a self-educated man, who has raised himself to eminence, however regarded, is one of more than ordinary interest. It appeals directly to the heart, and calls up the memories of our own struggles and triumphs. We feel at once all the barriers of distance and conventional restraints giving way. All distinctions are lost in the character of the man. We are friends, and as such are ready to listen to the story of unassisted thought making its way in the world.

These remarks naturally grow out of the contemplation of the subject of the present biographical sketch. We are about to draw the outlines of a life, singularly quiet and secluded—a life known chiefly to him who lived it, and some of the finest triumphs of which were achieved and quietly recorded in the heart while the world slept.

Cyrus Durand, the subject of the present sketch, was born in 1787, in Jefferson Village, Essex County, New Jersey, the second of seven sons, all remarkable for mechanical or artistic skill. He had three sisters, who, in their own sphere of life, exhibited the same mental features. We mention this fact, as part of the domestic history. Never have we known a family so widely pervaded by natural genius, or one that promises to transmit it with such freshness to succeeding generations. Skill is seemingly their inheritance.

The Durand family, as the name indicates, is of French origin, and emigrated to this country after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Their early sojourn is unknown. The grandfather of Cyrus moved from Derby, in Connecticut, to what is now called Jefferson Village, in 1760, at that period a farming district, and enjoying few advantages of education, or intercourse with the large cities—a rude valley, girt on the west by low mountain ranges, among which much of the early character of Durand was formed.

His childhood was passed in almost unrestrained freedom with nature. Education in those days was an orphan bairn of civilisation. The inhabitants of each district picked up the wandering Yankee, English, or Irish schoolmaster, who happened to find his way to them. The winter season was commonly the time for study, and the courses embraced reading, spelling, writing, and arithmetic. Such was the education of Cyrus Durand, and out of such materials he was called upon by Providence, who presides over the life of men, to build for himself a character as a machinist and bank-note

engraver, intimately connected with these departments of industry and their present prosperity.

At the age of fourteen his literary curriculum was finished. He had passed over Webster's "Spelling Book," Lindley Murray's "English Reader," and Dilworth's "Arithmetic." Thus furnished for the studies and duties of life, he was called at once to its hard struggles. He began to work in the shop of his father, a noted watch-maker, and learnt the use of tools. This he did by making brass rings, and sleeve buttons, and in accordance with the simple staté of society, peddled them himself.

An incident occurred in his seventeenth year, which indicates the tendency of his mind to better what he had done—a tendency which has run through his whole life, and led to as many alterations in his chief inventions as enter into the works of the most fastidious literary taste—alterations, we must add here, not prompted by selfish considerations, things foreign to his nature, but by a devotion to truth which kept him ever at work endeavouring to reach the perfect. Springfield-brook became an object of interest to him at the period just mentioned, and while others were throwing the line to catch the secluded eel or bold cat-fish, he was fishing for *muscles* for the sake of their treasured pearls. With these, he united beauty to utility in his sleeve-buttons, a pair of which, tipped with gold, was a wedding one, and is still in the family.

His handicraft extended its range. He began to make silver spoons, which he did by casting the silver in ingots and forging them. In his eighteenth year he paid a visit to a clock-maker, and while observing his works, his mind received a new impulse, and one towards his appropriate sphere of life. He returned home, and made tools for the manufacture of clocks; also an engine for cutting the wheels in clock-work. A few of these clocks are still found in the neighbourhood, and are remarkable for their excellence in time-keeping.

In 1808 he entered upon married life, but such was the dread distress into which the nation was plunged about that period, that few flowers are to be gathered by the threshold of "blessed existence." The embargo was laid on all vessels. Poverty abounded. The honest and talented mechanic was often called upon to travel miles for seven pounds of flour, and bear it home to his cold cottage through drifted heaps of

snow. During the winter that followed his marriage, Durand suffered keenly. The toils, endurances, and perseverance of those days are painfully impressive, even in the retrospect.

An event occurred about this time that illustrates the poverty of the country, and the character and resources of the man. John Taylor, now a prominent man, and president of one of the Newark banks, urged him to make a turning-lathe for jewellery. There was then only one house that made jewellery in Newark, now a city of 50,000 inhabitants, and only one place, even in New York, where castings could be obtained. He bored the holes with a brace and bit, assisted by his brother Asher pushing behind him to increase his power. That young man, who in poverty handled that brace is now the greatest bank-note engraver in the United States, and that pale, thoughtful youth, who lent his physical force

activity of his mind, and his subjection to the force of circumstances, as the ordering of Divine Providence. War and poverty lay heavily on every heart, the burden of which he alleviated in some degree by the manufacture of musical instruments and by learning to play on the clarinet. Singing-schools were then common, and formed almost the only recreation for the young—their pastime from the passing evils of war.

In 1814 Durand moved to Newark, and was engaged in silversmithing. In the fall of the same year he volunteered to go to Sandy Hook, as drummer, where he continued for three months. This was an act of devotion, which almost every one was ready to offer to his country. Distress and poverty could not damp the ardour of the people for war. In the following year we find him in Rahway, at the Taurino



CYRUS DURAND.

to his brother, is now the American landscape painter, president of the Academy of Design, and destined, through an unaffected devotedness to the study of Nature, and a truthful rendering of her lessons, to give a character to the American school of art, if not become its founder.

Darkness still rested on the pathway of Cyrus Durand. Shortly after that event, the law of non-intercourse was passed by England, and business was paralysed. Provisions were so dear that rye-flour sold at 6 dollars a cwt. Hope was still nurtured. Factories, to meet the wants of the time, sprung up, and Durand was called upon to make machinery. Calls of this kind would have been refused by almost any man but one conscious of his own adequate resources. He never yielded to them readily, for he was singularly modest and retiring. Indeed, when we look over his chequered life, and mark his varied pursuits and great inventions, we are at a loss to account for their existence, until we learn to weigh the

activity, making machines for spinning and carding hair for the manufacture of carpets.

We have now arrived at the period in his life when his versatile powers were to be concentrated, and his true character as a machinist and bank-note engraver formed. He made, at this time, for Peter Maverick, of New York, a machine for ruling straight and wave lines for bank notes. With this machine, rude and simple as it was, he opened up a new pathway, and entered upon a useful and honourable career. The next year he made two other machines; one for doing water lines, and the other for making plain ovals. This machine may be properly regarded as the beginning of that series of geometrical lathes by which machine work on bank notes has been carried to a degree of excellence that rivals the rich effect of the burin and pencil.

We are called upon now to record a singular invention. One James Brown had formed the idea of illustrating grammar

by objects, and had constructed a rude box-like instrument or combination of blocks and pegs. He brought the matter before Durand, who, though ignorant of the technics of grammar, undertook to learn them and construct a machine that would present to the eye the actual structure of sentences, and the relation of the different kinds of words to each other in language. It was completed; and so well adapted was it to the end, that children, in a short time, learned to parse any sentence upon it. A few lessons on the machine made them acquainted with the grammatical structure of their language.

In the year 1819 he constructed two machines of a very different character. At that time rope-reeded furniture became very fashionable. He made a machine by which the

his second wife, a prudent partner, and one who has made up, in a good degree, his want of financial insight and knowledge of human nature. Durand, like the most of original minds, is always absorbed in his studies, and may be looked upon as a simple and confiding child in business, and that, too, in an age that demands the cunning of the fox. This charming simplicity has been often violated by designing men, and his family deprived again and again of fortunes. Still he continues to cherish a guileless heart, and looks charitably upon all mankind. Without laying any claim to religion, beyond a simple reverence for the word of God and his Son Jesus Christ, he exhibits a benevolence and candour of life that puts to shame many a noisy professor of our holy Christianity. He



BIRTH-PLACE OF CYRUS DURAND.

legs of tables, bedsteads, and pier-glasses were turned. This was followed by one in the department of bank-note engraving, by which he was able to make *wave ovals*, an improvement on the past. This constant tendency to improvement, which we have noticed before, is an essential part of his nature, and indicates at once the growth of his mind, the fertility of his inventive genius, the suggestive character of his observations, and the impossibility of resting, so long as the future was more promising than the past.

In 1820 a violent fever of the typhoid kind raged in his native village, by which he lost his wife and two brothers, one of whom was a young man of extraordinary mechanical skill. The next year he moved to Springfield; and in 1822 married

is the most perfect model of morality, without a positive and professed religion, which we have ever contemplated. One thing alone he needs in order to be all that we could wish.

The subject of bank-note engraving continued to receive attention. In the year of his second marriage, he made a pentograph for reducing ovals for the border of notes. The suggestion must have been received from the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," which had been republished some time before in numbers, a copy of which had found its way into his possession.

In 1823 he removed to the city of New York, and entered into partnership with C. C. Wright, in bank-note engraving. At that time there were only *five* houses engaged in this

work;—one in Hartford, Connecticut, two in Philadelphia, and two in New York. He invented a transferring-machine that year, and by it gave a new impulse to this department of industry. It was said that there was one in Philadelphia, but it was kept a secret. The principles of its structure were entirely different from those of Durand's, as appeared afterwards. The machines of the latter are now in common use.

In 1824 bank-note engraving began a new era. A. B. Durand became partner, and, as designer and engraver, carried so much taste into the work, as to place the note among the works of the fine arts—a work in which beauty now blends with utility, and that to a degree that makes paper currency an instrument for refining the public taste. At that time, Cyrus Durand invented the geometrical lathe, by which he was able to cut circles and ovals.

While engaged in prosecuting the work of the firm, he was, from time to time, called upon to exercise his ingenuity in other departments. We find him, accordingly, producing engine-lathes for ornamenting watch and pencil-cases—a branch of business created by his skill, and which has made thousands wealthy. In 1830 the firm changed its name to that of Durand, Perkins, and Co. He was at the same time engaged with Nelmoth, Moffitt, and Co. in the pencil-case, watch-case, and jewellery business. Bank-note engraving was not then in such demand as it is now; it afforded only a limited source of subsistence.

In 1833 he engaged with Wright and Prentice in the xylographic printing of ornamental labels—a branch of business that flourished for a while, and was very profitable. In 1835 he left the firm, and went out west in company with his brother-in-law, intending to purchase a farm and retire from the hard and selfish struggles of life, in which he never had any pleasure. The city and its thoroughfares he has ever looked upon as the marts of Mammon, and is always happy to escape from their heated atmosphere, and breathe in quietness the fresh and pure air of the country.

After his return from the west, he purchased a small place in Camptown, New Jersey, within three miles of his native village, and built a showy Tuscan cottage upon it, and also a factory for the manufacture of fine machinery. This was in the year 1836.

We find, in the following year, the firm of Durand and Co., bank-note engravers. This partnership continued two years and better, and was anything but a happy or profitable engagement for him. It was dissolved in 1840.

The multiplicity of the engagements and connexions in which the subject of our sketch was engaged, claim a passing notice in this place, in order to shield him from seeming fickleness. Durand owns an ingenuous mind. He trusts too much to depraved nature, and is often cruelly disappointed. In these disappointments his nature recoils, and he refuses to continue in connexion with those in whom confidence and candour are wanting, or even partially obscured. The legalised principles of business intrigue shock his common-sense views of mutual intercourse: he retires from scenes where his sympathies are chilled. About the period last-mentioned, we find him the inventor of the *red-letter*, for the greater security of bank-notes against counterfeiting by alterations; and also a machine for printing calico from rollers. This machine was a practical thing, and produced some pleasing work, especially for curtain and furniture calico. In 1846 he invented a routing machine for cutting figures on type-metal rollers for oil-cloth printing, which worked well, and performed the labour of several hands.

From that time to the present, Durand has been chiefly occupied in bank-note engraving, and in improving the geometrical lathe. He has produced during this period several machines, all of which are different. They form a series of as brilliant improvements in machinery as have ever been recorded. The machines are no longer confined in their range to the circle and oval. They are capable, by certain combinations of lines, of producing a great variety of figures, and that, too, with a softness and richness of effect that emulates that of colours. He is now engaged in bringing out a discovery, in connexion with his machines, that promises to make the

counterfeiting and altering of notes impossible—a discovery that has long been looked for with a common interest by this country.

Before dismissing the geometrical lathe, we may remark that there is only one man living who can work that machine, and that man is Cyrus Durand. If he should be taken away suddenly, the invention would be lost again to the world, or, at least, so far as the production of new work is concerned, and banks would have to content themselves with the use of the old work.

The sketch, which we have drawn, would be incomplete without a brief notice of the manner in which he produces his machines. His conception, in all its details, is formed commonly in the stillness of night. He is in the habit of retiring very early, and after the first sound sleep, and before the dawn purples the east, wakes to construct in his mind the new machine, or add the new improvement. He forms no drafts or models for himself or his workmen, but from the vivid pictured conception, deals out to the pattern-maker, or under mechanic, the thoughts which they are to shape in wood or metal. No poet has ever been able to create so sensibly the plan of his poem as Cyrus Durand calls up before the eye of his mind the principles of his machines. They appear in embodied machinery.

The life of such a man as Durand is highly instructive. It is the true "study for the million." It presents the inherent energies of the mind at work; and whilst it lays open to view the many disadvantages under which the self-educated pass their lives, and brings strikingly to view the importance of a directive education; it also brings to light the vigour and resources of a thoughtful mind becoming great in wrestling with the forces of nature. It does more. It leads us to question the truthfulness of existing systems of education, and strengthens the conviction that a cold, artificial, and fragmentary method of training the mind, has improperly usurped the place of nature. If education is barren, its barrenness must be attributed to the untruthfulness of the system, and not to the thing itself.

The interest, however, which attaches to such a life is seldom satisfactory. Too commonly, it is the awakening of an inquiry that must remain ungratified. The springs of action are without the sphere of our observation. We would see the struggles of the self-educated and watch with his watchings. We would look approvingly upon the rude plans that contained the promise and hope of the future. We would look in pity upon his disappointments and whisper encouragement. We would record his observations and be a party to all the warfare, and alliances, and treaties of his thoughts; but these things are denied to us. We must be content with the naked facts of his existence. The life of the self-educated is commonly a hidden one. It is lived more in the heart than in public. The witnesses of its deeds are oftener the flickerings of the dying lamp and the light of midnight stars than the eyes of men. No notes are taken, and when years have passed by, the man himself can do little more than speak of toils, the long-suspended contest, and the triumph so tardily acknowledged by the people; or worse still, the practical conception, the honours and profits of which were stolen by designing men. Cunning waylays the steps of skill: the dust of the conflict hides the victor from view, and thus deprives us of a knowledge of the peaceful contention, rich at once in suggestion and hopes. The internal as well as the external steps by which the self-educated man attains the results of his life, are the true materials of his memoir, the lessons which genius reads to the world.

Cyrus Durand, the sketch of whose life we now close, continues with unabated zeal to prosecute the labours of his life—"still achieving, still pursuing." He is now connected with the firm of Dantforth, Wright, and Co., bank-note engravers, New York. His residence is in Newark. He is zealous and constant in his devotions to all the members of his family, who unreservedly look to him with tenderness and reverence, ever happy in being able to meet the simple and almost child-like wants of his nature.

DR. FAUSTUS, AFTER REMBRANDT.

THE story of Dr. John Faustus, as it was popularly believed by our grandfathers, and upon which so much wit and ingenuity and research have been expended, ran pretty much as follows :—

He was born in Germany of poor parents. His father was unable to bring him up, but he had a brother living near him, who took a great fancy to his nephew, and resolved to make a scholar of him. So he put him to school, and afterwards entered him at the university to study divinity; but this was by no means to the youth's taste, and though he applied himself to it with tolerable diligence, he applied far more diligently to necromancy and magic, charms and sooth-saying, witchcraft, and the like. At last, he reached such a pitch of perfection in the black art, that he attained to the power of commanding the devil to appear whenever he pleased. One day he was walking in a wood near Wirtemberg with a friend, who expressed a desire to see some evidence of the doctor's art, and asked him, could he then and there bring the demon Mephistopheles before them. Upon the first call given by Faustus, the devil made a noise as if heaven and earth were coming together, and then made a roaring as if the wood had been full of wild beasts. The doctor then made a circle for him, and round it he ran with a noise like that of ten thousand waggons going at full speed over rough pavement. After this it thundered and lightened as if the whole world had been on fire. Faustus and his friend were amazed at this noise, and, tired with the devil's long tarrying, thought to leave the circle, whereupon the latter personage uttered such ravishing music as was never heard in this world.

After many other wonderful prodigies, the worthy doctor succeeded in so mastering the refractory spirit, that he bound him over to appear to him at his house by ten o'clock next day. Mephistopheles accordingly appeared, and Faustus informed him that he wished him henceforth to serve him with whatever he wanted. This was declined unless he signed an agreement with his own blood to deliver himself up to Lucifer, the Prince of Darkness, at the expiration of a certain date. After much bargaining and chaffering, the last of power and enjoyment so overcame Faustus that he consented and signed the fatal bond.

When he had done so, he called Mephistopheles and delivered it to him, whereupon the spirit told him that if he did not repent of what had happened, he should enjoy all the pleasures his thoughts could conceive, and that he would immediately divert him. He caused a kennel of hounds to run down a hart in the hall, and immediately vanished; then a bull danced before Faustus; then appeared a fight between a lion and a bear; and then followed some most exquisite music, to the sound of which some hundreds of spirits danced. When these had disappeared, ten sacks of silver appeared on the floor; but it was so hot that no one but himself could handle it.

The report of what Dr. Faustus had done soon got abroad, and none of his neighbours would keep his company; but his attendant spirit was constantly with him, and executed his bidding in all things. Not far from his house lived the Duke of Bavaria, the Duke of Saxony, and the Bishop of Salisburg, whose houses and cellars Mephistopheles used to visit, and carry away the best of everything they contained. One day the Duke of Bavaria had invited most of the gentry of the country to dinner, for whose entertainment an abundance of provisions was got ready. The gentry being come, and all ready to sit down to dinner, in an instant of time Mephistopheles came and took all away with him, to their great terror and astonishment. If at any time Faustus had a longing for wild fowl, the spirit would call whole flocks in at the window, so that no lock or key could keep them out. He also taught Faustus to fly in the air, and perform a variety of other extraordinary tricks.

The worthy doctor was ere long favoured with a glimpse into the lower regions, and saw and heard all the unfortunates

who suffered torments there. He found that the whole region was divided into a number of cells, or deep holes, and in every one of these there was a devil, whose duty it was to punish the inmates. He was much struck by the sight, and inquired of Mephistopheles what sort of people they were that lay in the first dark pit. He was told they were physicians, who had poisoned many thousands in trying experiments upon them, and were now treated in the same manner as they had treated their patients, though not with the same effect, for death never came to release them from their misery. Over their heads was a shelf laden with gallipots, full of poison. Having passed them, he came to a long entry, in which there was a great crowd, and he asked him what they were in the other world, and was told they were pickpockets, who loved to be in a crowd, and so, to content them, they were put in a crowd here. He saw many other varieties of evil-doers, in various stages of torment, which space will not permit us to enumerate.

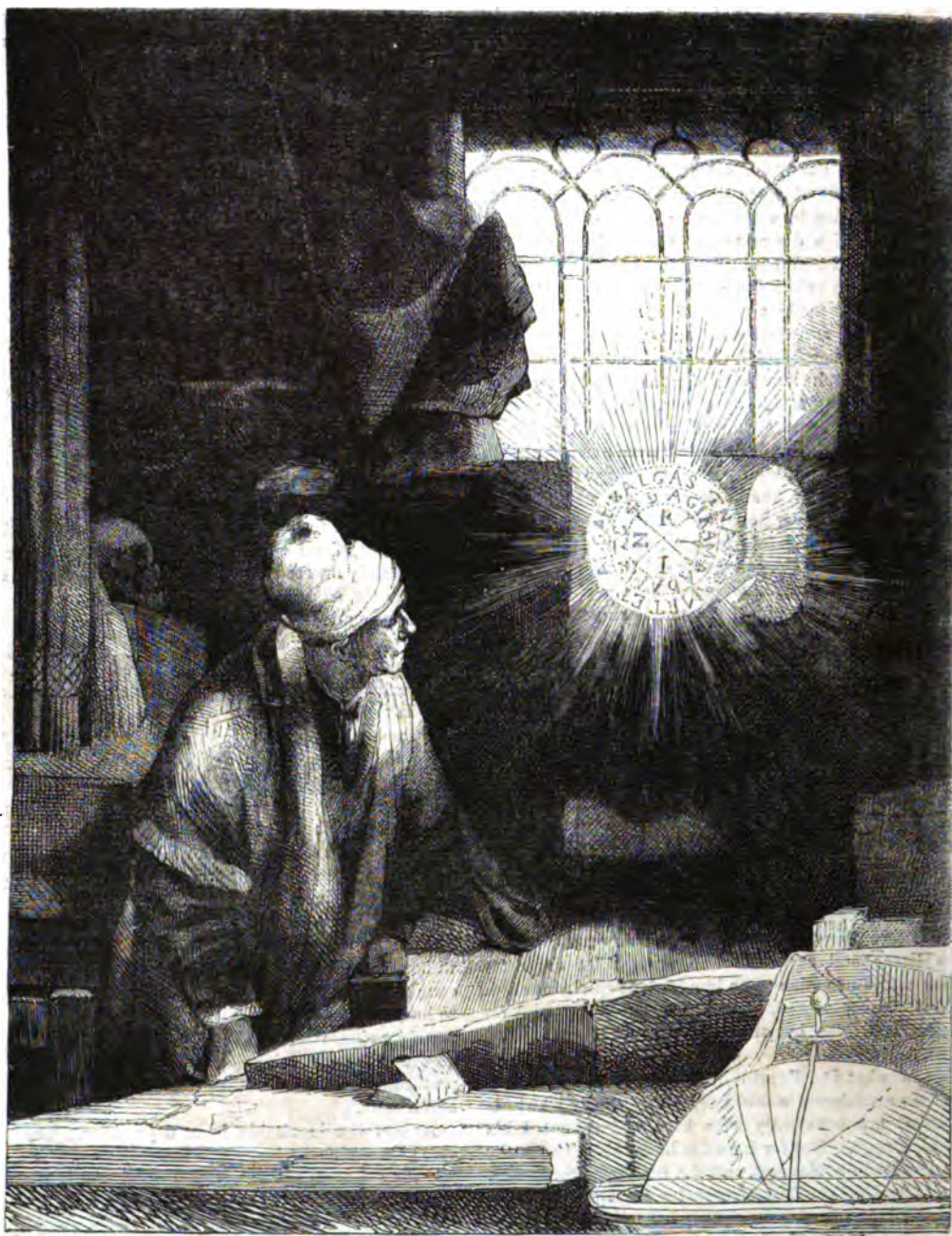
The fame of Dr. Faustus having reached the emperor's ears, he expressed a desire to see him and some of his tricks and exploits. So the doctor paid a visit to court, and while conversing with the emperor, saw a nobleman looking out of a window. He instantly fastened a pair of horns on his head, so that he could not get his head in till Dr. Faustus took them off for him. But he was greatly enraged at being thus made the laughing-stock of the court, and resolved upon being revenged upon Faustus. He therefore lay in wait for him outside of the town, intending to stop him and chastise him on his return from the court. Faustus, coming by a wood-side, beheld the lord mounted on a prancing war-horse, and immediately ordered the spirit to whirl him aloft, and set him down in the emperor's palace with a pair of horns on his head, which he could never get off till his dying day.

On another occasion, the doctor was rambling through a field, and out of frolic devoured a load of hay in the presence of the farmer who owned it, and then placed it again on his cart in the twinkling of an eye. Looking out of a window, he saw some students fighting, thirteen against seven, and struck them all blind, so that they fought at random, and hit their friends, to the great amusement of the bystanders. As soon as they had separated, he restored them their eyesight. Another time he was disturbed by the shouting and bawling of some drunken clowns in an inn, so he made them all dumb. He found a young gentleman pining for love of a young lady, who steadfastly refused to receive his addresses, and gave him an enchanted ring, with instructions to slip it suddenly on the cruel fair one's finger. The moment it touched her, she began to burn with love for him whom before she had hated, and sought his company unceasingly, and when he again proposed to her, she accepted him joyfully. He also made a herd of unruly swine, whom their owner could not drive to market, go the whole way dancing and fiddling into the town; and performed a thousand other tricks, which are recorded by his chroniclers.

At last the inevitable hour drew near. The twenty-four years for which he had agreed to sell himself drew to an end, and the spirit served him with a solemn warning that he must prepare to fulfil his part of the compact. On the day following the receipt of this, in order to drive away dull care, he sent for the doctors and bachelors of art, and the other students, to dine with him, and provided fine music and entertainment for them. But all could not keep up his spirits, for the time was at hand. Whereupon his countenance changing, his guests inquired the cause of his uneasiness, and in reply he confessed all his transactions with the devil. He had no sooner finished his narration, than there came on a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning. Faustus then went into the great hall, the doctors and masters staying in the next room, intending to hear his end. About twelve o'clock the house shook terribly, as though it would have tumbled down about their ears; and suddenly all

the windows were shaken violently and broken to pieces. Then came another great clap of thunder, and the door flew open, and a mighty rushing wind entered, with the hissing of serpents, and the most hideous and dreadful screams and cries, upon which they heard Faustus shrieking piteously, as if in the greatest agony, followed by dreadful roaring and blaspheming, and then all was silent. When daylight came,

the last century and in this. And it has, as we all know, derived new and undying interest from having been the subject of Goëthe's great drama. It has also been ably illustrated by Rembrandt, in an etching which we reproduce. We need hardly say that it is extremely doubtful if such a personage as Faustus ever existed. Some author has supposed that the legend had its origin in the invention of printing, the honour



DR. FAUSTUS.—AFTER AN ETCHING BY REMBRANDT.

they mustered up courage to enter the hall, and found his brains beaten out against the wall, the floor sprinkled with blood, and his two eye-balls lying in it. They searched in vain for his body, but at last found it lying on a dunghill outside, smashed and torn to pieces. Out of respect to his learning and other qualifications, it received a decent burial.

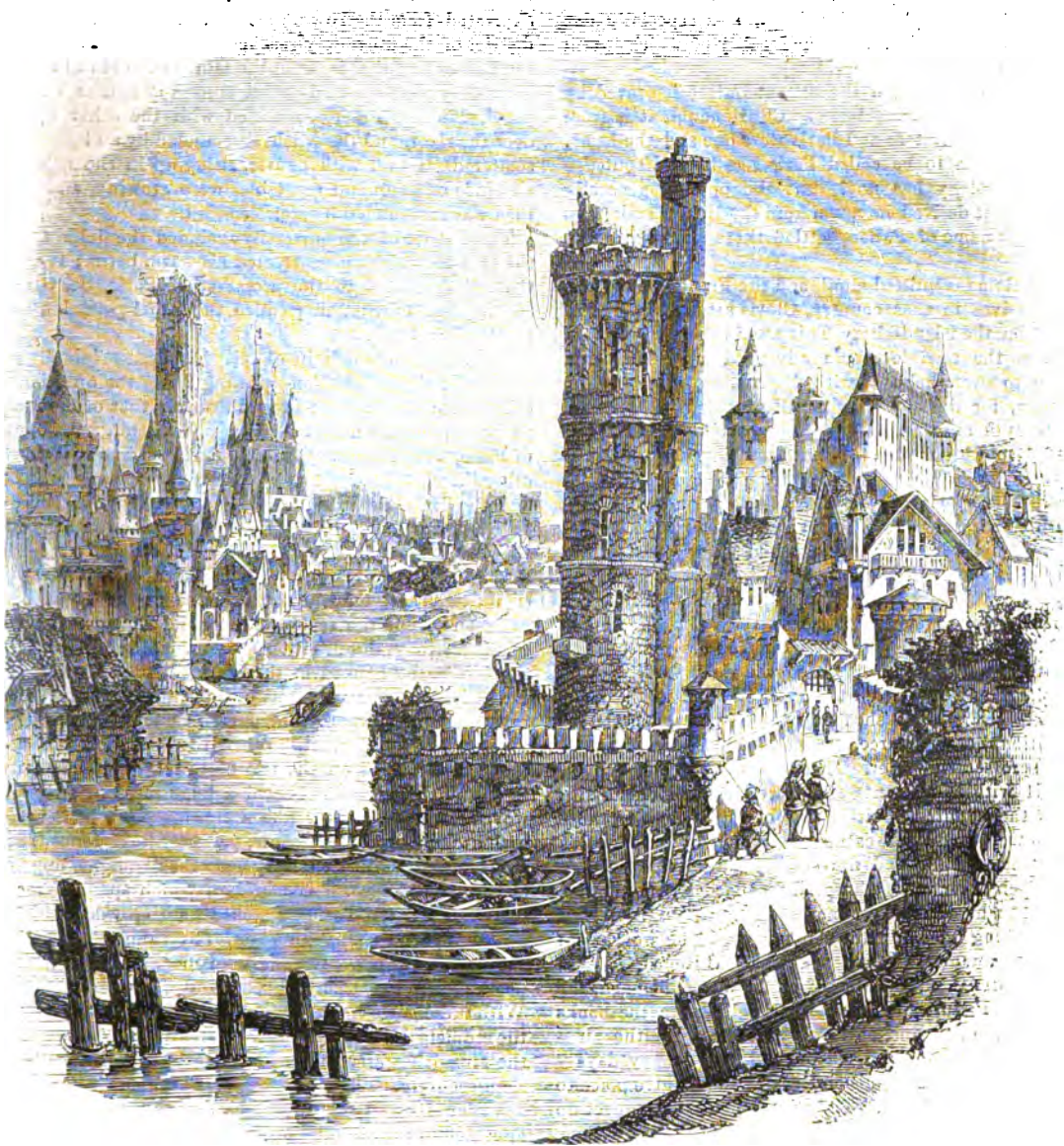
The story of Faustus has furnished materials for the ingenuity and industry of numerous German writers, both in

of which belongs in part, as we all know, to John Fust, or Faust. It appears, nevertheless, more probable that the hero of all these tales was a student in theology, born at Weimar, or at Kundlig, in the fifteenth or the beginning of the sixteenth century. The first written work on the subject of which we have any knowledge, is the "History of Faust and of Christopher Wagner, his valet, by George Rodolph Widman: Frankfort, 1687."

PARIS: ANCIENT AND MODERN.

We now present a sketch of the city of Paris—past and present. The pen and the pencil have both been employed, and we trust not in vain. There is something remarkably interesting about these old European cities, which fully repays a trip across the Atlantic. More or less they seem to belong to ourselves. More solemn and awe-inspiring are the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon; but between us and them there is a gulf: our fathers never trod their streets—our history is totally unconnected with theirs. Not so with Paris and

stream rolls its obstructed waters around a thickly-wooded island; the air is filled with noxious vapours, and the cry of the bittern alone disturbs the silence. Trees, close clustering together, spread their gnarled arms over the stream; reeds and rushes spring upward on the margin; there is no sign of life or civilisation. Stop: among the tangled brushwood, but in a space uncovered by the trees, there is a stone—a strange, rough, unhewn stone—on which here and there lichens have found lodgment, and creeping plants have trailed. That is a



VIEW OF THE CITY OF PARIS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

1. Tower of Neale. 2. The Prison of the Bastille. 3. Cathedral of Notre Dame. 4. Tower of the Temple. 5. Tower of St James la Boucherie. 6. Little Châtelet. 7. Clock Tower of Paris. 8. Grand Châtelet. 9. Thermes of Julien.

London. A short time since we wandered over the former city, gazed on its noble structures old and new, noticed the traces of destruction imprinted on the ancient edifices, and what we saw and felt suggested what follows. Paris is rich in historic associations, as it is rich in architectural embellishments; there are stories in its casements and sermons in its stones. We begin at the beginning—a beginning not quite so remote as the flood, but two thousand years or more ago.

Two thousand years ago! What do we see? A turbid

Druid's stone; and at the dead of night, in white robes and with sacred knives, come the Druids to offer up in sacrifice a man to God.

But Druidical sway is soon to end. The Roman eagle, lord of all the fowls of the air, has pounced on lesser birds of prey than that of Gaul; but Gaul cannot escape—Gaul must succumb, and, like the other nations of the earth, have no king but Caesar.

The Gauls began to build a city on the old island, but it

was a miserable place; miserable, however, as it might be, it was the cradle of the French metropolis; and now, when Roman prowess had subdued opposition, Roman ingenuity was exerted to make the city of the island a creditable spot. The axe of the woodsman rang in the forest to good purpose, the prairie became not a fruitful field but a peopled city, and under the name of Lutèce became famous all over France. Cæsar made this city a formidable place, and erected strong ramparts to defend it from hostile attack.

And not only was Lutèce well defended; it was embellished and adorned with all that Roman taste and genius could suggest, or Roman ingenuity accomplish. With the blocks of stone extracted from the quarries they sculptured the gods of Olympus, erected temples and palaces, and especially one sacred edifice to the God of War, the locality of which is still known as Montmartre (Mont-de-Mars).

The identity of Paris with the ancient Lutèce is proved by reference to Cæsar's Commentaries. Clear enough it is from his description that Lutèce and Paris were one and the same. How the city came to be called Paris has been disputed—and what etymology has not?—but the opinion generally received is that it derived its name from the Belgic emigrants who, under the name of Parisii, settled there shortly after its foundation.

When the Romans quitted Gaul, and the Franks had established themselves in that country, Clovis set up his seat of government on the island-city. This was in the year of grace 509. When the terrible Attila advanced upon the city, threatening to overwhelm it with destruction, there was no help in man, for the city was but ill-provided with troops, and the tears of old men, and the cries of children, and the shrieks of despairing mothers, seemed a fitting prelude to the terrible tragedy which was soon to take place. But—so goes the legend—there was one in the city more powerful than Attila with all his arms: holy Genevieve—poor simple woman as she was—prayed, and her prayers saved the city, and turned back the "Scourge of God."

For some centuries Paris remained without any material enlargement or improvement. There were two bridges, one at the north, and one at the south, with *têtes des ponts*, being indeed both gates and fortresses: on the right bank was the *Grand Châtelet*, and on the left the *Petit Châtelet*. But during the reign of her first kings she found the island too small; for her population, her commerce, her manufactures were increasing; so she crossed the water. Then a wall was erected, a high, strong wall with battlements and towers, which enclosed a portion of the country on either side of the Seine. In those days there stood hard by the cathedral—which, by the way, was begun by Charlemagne and finished by Philip Augustus—a Roman church, afterwards a hospital for the sick; and not far from the spot where the flower-market is now held, there was a sombre-looking prison for the condemned. The world does not change so much as we suppose. That old Roman hospital is now the Hotel Dieu, and the prison for the condemned, the Conciergerie. Picturesque were the dwellings on the banks of the stream, fresh, and cheerful, and healthful the air—loaded with the perfumes of fields and gardens—happy days—but cities will grow, and fields and gardens must give place to busy streets and carrefours. The wall which had been set up—a magic circle not to be overstepped—was soon found useless, the city outgrew its band, and Philip Augustus set up a new circular chain, with stronger masonry, and higher towers than its predecessor. Paris was thus, as it were, imprisoned. The old city was still the same, like a stately ship at anchor—connected with its younger branches by the bridges which spanned the stream; but those younger branches were fast extending, and houses and churches pressed against the walls and jostled one another within that boundary line of stone. Closer and closer grew the houses, the builders contriving to build them higher and higher, but all in vain; every inch of ground was occupied, and at last they bounded over the line and went straggling out into the country, there to sit them down at ease and cut gardens from the adjacent fields. Charles V. built another wall which shared the same fate as

its predecessors, they could not stop the growth of the city, it was rapidly becoming colossal; France was in danger of becoming a monster with a head too large for its body. In the time of Louis XI., Paris contained three hundred thousand inhabitants.

Paris was at that period divided into three distinct parts: the city, the university, the ville. The city was celebrated for its churches, the ville for its palaces, and the university for its colleges. The city was the oldest, and occupied the island—the mother of the others, "like a little old woman between two handsome daughters." On the right bank of the Seine was the ville, extending, in modern parlance, from the Griever d'Abondance to the Tuileries; or, as it was then expressed, from the Tower of Billy to the Tower of Bois. The district of the university reached from the Tower of Nesle to the Torrmelle; that is, from the Mint to the Hotel aux Vieux. Thus they were situated—three clumps of houses, each clump peculiar and distinct, connected with the other by bridges over the river, and the whole surrounded by an immense plain scattered all over with houses, rising up in the fields, where all kinds of grain and vegetables were growing, and which in turn was surrounded by a circle of hills.

The district of the university included the fields famous as the spot on which Julius erected his warm baths; it embraced the hill dedicated to the preserver of Paris, St. Genevieve, and reached to what they called the Papal gate, hard by the present Pantheon.

The island on which the old city had been originally erected was under the jurisdiction—putting out of the question minor officers—of the bishop; the ville under that of the merchant provosts; and the university under the rector. "The provost of Paris, a royal and not municipal officer, was superior to the other three. The city had Notre Dame; the ville, the Louvre and the Hotel de Ville; the university, the Sorbonne. The ville had the Halles, the city the Hotel Dieu, and the university the Pré-aux-clercs. Offences committed by the students at the Pré-aux-clercs, were judged in the island at the palace of Justice, and punishment inflicted at the right bank at Montfaucon—if the rector, finding the king weak and the scholars strong, did not interfere; for it was a privilege of the scholars to be hanged in their own district if they chose." Each division of Paris had its own peculiar characteristics, and presented physiognomy, manners, customs, privileges, and history, totally distinct. When the spectator looked down from an eminence on the trio of towns—the University, the City, and the Ville—he beheld a huge mass of streets interwoven with one another like a curious piece of needlework, with architectural adornments, perfectly homogeneous in their character, presenting on every hand the distinguishing features of the middle ages. The bridges which spanned the river, some of wood and some of stone, were crowded with Gothic dwellings, whose projecting stories overhung the stream; the gates of the city were strongly fortified, and with their heavy doors and massive portcullis bade defiance to hostile attack. With these gates closed and iron chains across the streets, and the municipal watch marching the ill-paved thoroughfares, and the sluggish water of the moat encircling the walls—Paris slept securely.

Victor Hugo has given a bird's-eye view of Paris as it appeared in the middle ages, and that description we cannot do better than present, especially as it refers to that epoch which is indicated in our engraving:—

"The breathless spectator was dazzled or amazed by the mighty mass of roofs, chimneys, streets, bridges, squares, and steeples that were below and around him. Buildings great and small, all ornamented and adorned with sculptures; the towers of churches with their rich masonry; the tawdry wooden houses with their carvings and paint; the towers of castles and the colonnades of palaces, the minute, the vast, the massive, the great, the light. At first all was a chaos of buildings, but after a time the more prominent erections assumed their proper importance in the eyes of the spectator. Around him were twenty-one churches. within the small circle of the city; below him, in front of the cathedral, was

the Parvis, with its square, composed of fine old houses, into which three streets disgorged themselves; behind Notre Dame were the cloisters with their Gothic galleries; on the south, the palace of the bishop; to the east, the deserted spot called the Terrain; here and there were high buildings more profusely ornamented than others; and then at times a collection of people in a square; a pillory at the corner of a street; a piece of the fine pavement of Philippe Augustus. And lastly, towards the west, the Palace of Justice with its group of towers. All around, mixed with the lowliest and poorest houses, were the hotels of princes, beautiful and majestic abbeys, colleges, embattled towers and church steeples. Beyond the city walls there were already clusters of houses or stragglers seated in the fields; church towers and convents erected in villages were also observable in the distance."

Every great building in that old city was a mystery. It had as much under the earth as it had above it; deep, underground, secret places, that no man rightly understood. Cathedrals under cathedrals, prisons and sepulchres underneath palaces, galleries shooting out under the pavements of the busy streets. The spectator who looked upon the city saw only half of the picture. At the Bastille, the Palace of Justice, and the Louvre, there were subterranean prisons, where men, forgotten of their kind, were left to rot—buried alive in the middle of the earth, or shut up in the massive stone-work till the gibbet or the stake were ready. The romance of the middle ages has but little of benevolence and humanity in it, and these buried prisons, and the hangings, and floggings, and ear-croppings in the Grève, where the gibbet and the pillory were always kept, betokened the spirit of the times.

In 1420 the treaty of Troyes gave Paris into the hands of the English. The English kept possession of it for sixteen years, and then it fell once more to its original possessors, and French vengeance being aroused and French swords out of their scabbards, every one of the garrison perished. Francis I. improved the city, not only in an architectural but civil point of view. Before his time life and property were both insecure, even within the walls; and duels, and murders, and plunderings were the nightly doings of the time. In the religious wars of the sixteenth century Paris was the scene of a revolt against the troops of Henry III., known as the "day of the barricades." It was held by the Leaguers from 1585 to 1594, when it surrendered to Henry IV., under whose reign the entire suburb of St. Germain was rebuilt. In the days of Louis XIII. the Luxembourg and the Palais Royal were built, and the walls of the city so extended as to include nearly the whole of the present Boulevards. Yet the citizens of Paris had still to complain of their inefficient protection; for riots of one sort or other were matters of daily occurrence, and the students of the university played such mad pranks that they became an offence to all quietly disposed people—defying all authority and setting at naught the law.

Then came the days of the fourteenth Louis—the Great—the monarch of monarchs, the incarnation of the genius of his time—the Solomon of France. In him Paris found a friend and a patron, and he devoted much careful attention to the increase of the splendour and power of the city. Around him clustered the brightest luminaries of Europe: Molière, Racine, La Fontaine, La Bruyère, Boileau, Turenne, Villiers, and Condé; in him French glory culminated and Paris basked in the light. What a contrast the succeeding reign afforded. The most culpable passions were fostered, and the most vicious propensities indulged; corruption was esteemed the fashion, and vice elegance. In vain the architect Soufflot restores St. Genevieve; in vain the Place de la Concorde presents its beautiful area; in vain my lords and my ladies, rouged, and powdered, and pomatumed, and smelling like a flower-garden, flirt in the splendid halls of Versailles; in vain the most brilliant repartees are uttered, and Boucher and Watteau present to us their "Fêtes Galantes," painted in rose-coloured boudoirs—all this is artificial and hollow, and the good old city of Paris finds no comfort in it; for her poorest districts have sunk into more abject wretchedness than ever, and her public streets are defiled with scenes of fantastic impiety and extravagant vice.

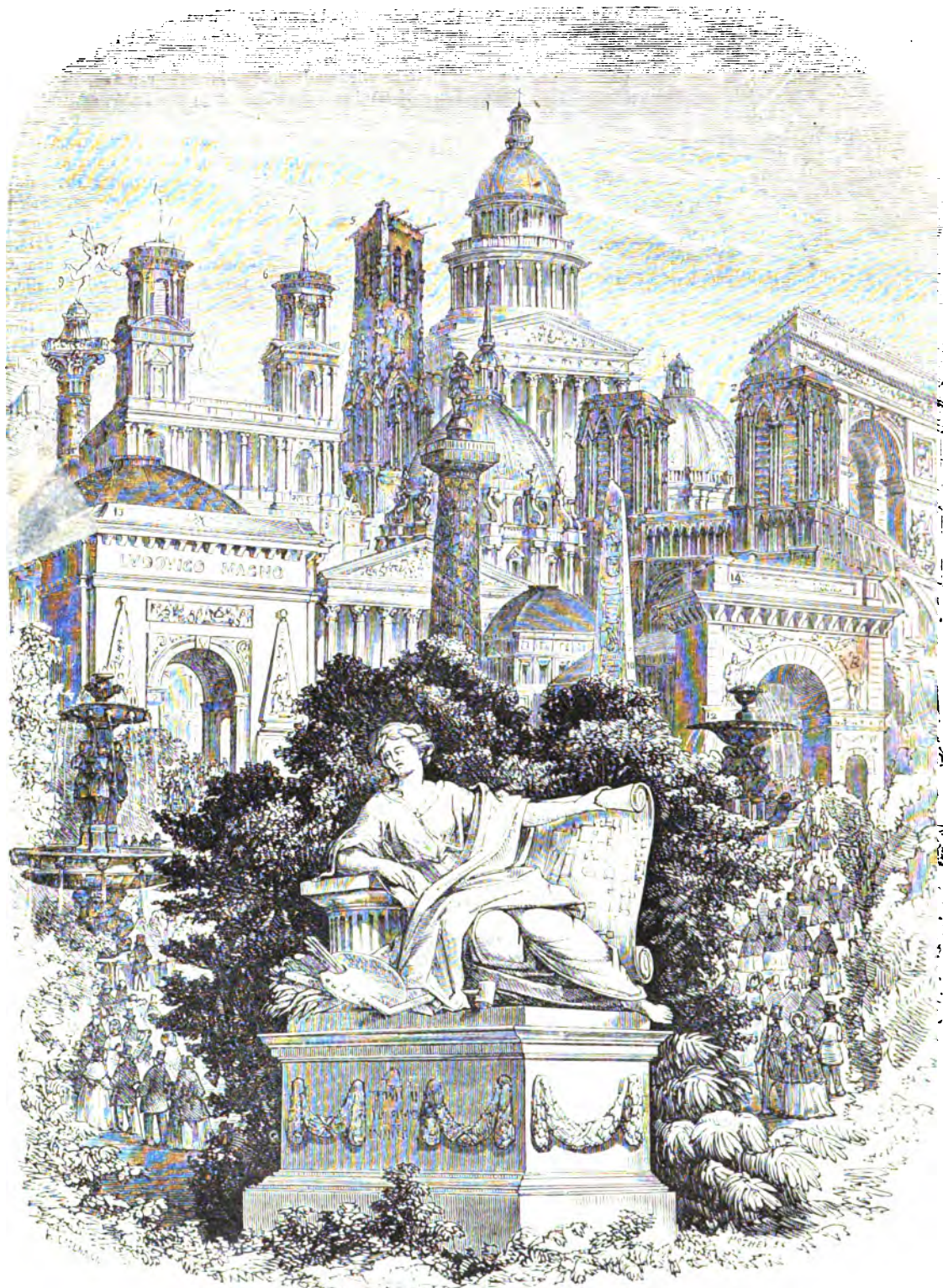
The history of Paris, from 1789 to the assumption of imperial power by Napoleon, is the history of the French Revolution. Every important scene in that great drama was enacted in the streets of the city. There the outbreak began when the surging crowd foamed and beat against the Bastille walls, and laughing at its stony strength razed it to the ground. There the terrible struggle went on, when the white lily had been trampled under foot and the red cap was raised on high, when royal heads had bowed to the knife, and might had triumphed over right. Paris streets literally ran with blood: its old houses, hospitals and churches, its prisons and its palaces, echoed to the wild songs of the daughters of the guillotine—jocular songs in praise of its inventor, Dr. Guillotin.

Under Napoleon, Paris was greatly improved. Scientific and benevolent institutions gave a new and interesting character to the French metropolis. Under Louis XVIII. and Charles X. it slowly advanced; but since 1830, it has made rapid progress. The Column of July, the Arc de l'Etoile, and the Ministerial Hotel, on the Quay D'Orsay, vie in magnificence with the first European structures; while within the last few months the restoration of the Louvre, under M. Visconti, has materially added to the splendour of the Parisian architecture. At the same time, new pavements, bridges, markets, and public gardens show that nothing that can contribute to the health, convenience, and beauty of Paris has been neglected. But in the improvements thus effected, much of the old grandeur of the city has departed. Man and time have conspired to deface and mutilate the antique glory of Paris. It has done the least harm of the two, the great harm inflicted by a class of men who call themselves artists.

And now of the modern city. What a contrast is afforded by the first glance! There the most sumptuous hotels, brilliant equipages, riches, fêtes, fashions; here the dingy attic, poverty, privation, sickness, woe; on one side the highest opulence, on the other the deepest misery. The Faubourg St. Marceau, with its wretched alleys and miserable courts, contrasts most strangely with the Chaussée d'Antin; and the Faubourg St. Germain with the splendid hotels of the millionaires. Light and darkness are not more dissimilar than the contrasts which Parisian life exhibits—the filth and squalor, the taste and elegance, the misery and happiness—sudden as the *chiaroscuro* of a Rembrandt picture. See how the two classes, denizens of the same city, dwelling within a stone's throw of each other, go their several ways, and know nothing of each other's joys or sorrows. Even in the same house, how many phases of life are seen. Here the tradesman, busy all day long, is casting up his day's accounts while his shop is being closed, and the rich materials that have tempted many a lady, fain to open her purse, are stowed away; fairy-like muslins, light as the gossamer; costly silks, and satins, and velvets, of rainbow hues; transparent tarlatanæ and delicate cashmeres. Above there is a grand ball going on; the *élite* of Paris are there doing due honour to Terpsichore on light fantastic toe. Graceful forms are floating in those gorgeous rooms, where the air seems heavy with the perfume, and the cheerful strains of music are borne upon the breeze. Above them still a man is working hard at some mechanical employment; and his wife, with her sad lack-lustre eyes, is aiding him in his labour. There are six children in the room, the youngest of whom is crying bitterly, partly with hunger, for they have not tasted food all day, partly with weariness—it cannot sleep, the strains of music and the moving feet below awaken it before it has dozed a minute. And in the next room there is a corpse—the window has been partially thrust back, and a face, seamed with vice and misery more than age, peers in: that face knows the inside of every prison in Paris, and is bent on evil now. Then above them a group of young students, who are to be seen every day at the Hotel Dieu, are playing cards, and drinking, and smoking, and singing; and, above them still, a poor forlorn woman rocks her child to sleep, and counts the hours for her husband's coming. Just such strange anomalies as these are presented in a French print recently issued in Paris, and are to be met with frequently enough.

As in London, the most fashionable quarter of the city is at the west end, and the districts of an opposite character are mostly in the east and south. The city was originally divided

into four *quartiers*, but as it increased new allotments became necessary, though the old name was retained; and hence we find that there are at present forty-eight quarters. "Paris

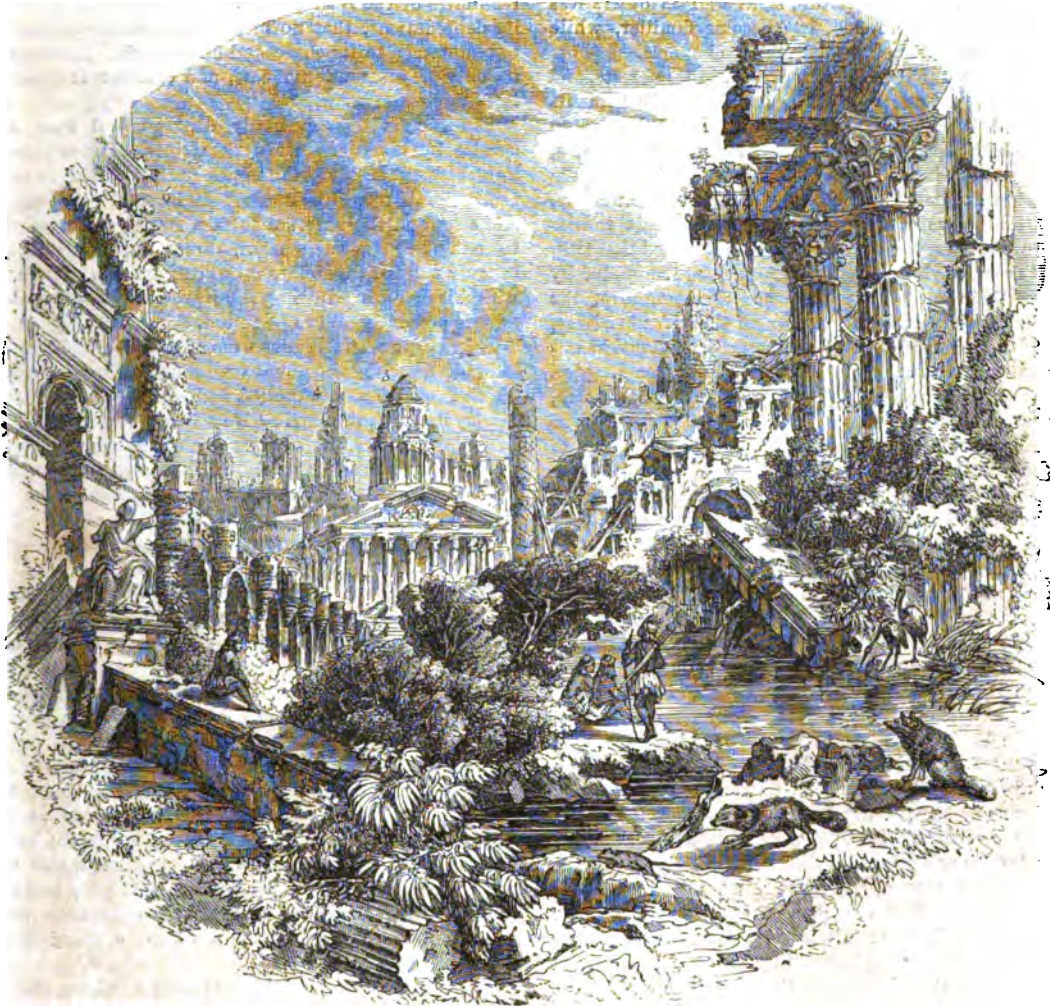


PARIS AS IT IS.

At the front the Art-Muse unrolls the plan for the completion of the Louvre. 1. Pantheon. 2. Cathedral of Notre Dame. 3. Hospital of the Invalides. 4. The Institute. 5. Tower of St. James la Boucherie. 6. St. Sulpice. 7. The Madeleine. 8. Column of Vendôme. 9. Column of July. 10. Obelisk of Luxor. 11. Louvrais Fountain. 12. Fountain on the Place de la Concorde. 13. Gate of St. Denis. 14. Gate of St. Martin. 15. Triumphal Arch de l'Etoile, Fond Montmartre.

however," observes a modern author, "is divided into quarters as well by its manners as its laws; and these different districts differ as widely one from the other, in the ideas, habits, and appearance of their inhabitants, as in the height and size of their buildings, or the width and cleanliness of their streets. The *Chaussée d'Antin* breathes the atmosphere of the Bourse, and the *Palais Royal* is the district of bankers, stock-brokers, generals of the Empire, and rich tradespeople; and it is the quarter fullest of life, most animated, most rife with the spirit of progress, change, luxury, and elegance. Here are all the new buildings, arcades, and shops, and here are given the richest and most splendid balls. How different is the *quartier St. Germain*, the district of the long and silent street, of the

carried back to the customs of the Grand Hotels in the time of Louis XIII. Then there is the *Faubourg St. Antoine*, the residence of those immense masses that reigned under Robespierre, and whom Napoleon, after Waterloo, refused to summon to his assistance. And behold the ancient city of Paris, surrounded by the Seine and filled by a vast and wretched population; there, proud amid the sordid roofs around them, rise the splendid towers of *Notre Dame*, that temple of the twelfth century, which, in spite of the *Madeleine*, has not been surpassed in the nineteenth; there is the *Hotel Dieu*, the antique hospital, as old as the time of *Phillipe Augustus*, and the *Palais de Justice*, where sat the *Parliament of Broussé* remarkable in the chronicle of *De Rotz!*"



PARIS IN RUINS.

1. The Madeleine. 2. Column of Vendôme. 3. Pantheon. 4. Tower of St. James. 5. Notre Dame. 6. Louvre.
7. Bridge of St. Pères. 8. Pont Neuf.

meagre repast and the large, well-trimmed garden, of the great courtyard, of the broad and dark staircase, inhabited by the administrations and the old nobility, manifesting no signs of change, no widening of streets, no piercing of arcades or passages; it hardly possesses a *restaurant* of note, and has but one unfrequented theatre. Further east, on the same side of the Seine, is the *quartier* of the students, at once poor and popular, inhabited by those eloquent and illustrious professors who give to France its literary glory. Then there is the *Marais*, the retreat of the old-fashioned judges and merchants, where the manners have been changed almost as little as the houses by the philosophy of the eighteenth century. Here are no carriages, no equipages—all is still and silent—you are

Paris is, indeed, a giant city; and if it has lost somewhat of its ancient grandeur, it has obtained something better in its place. Once, indeed, it was a homogeneous Gothic city, such as Nuremberg or Vittoria; but those days have departed, and a new aspect is presented by the French metropolis. In the world's changes, Paris may presently be only a city of the past, and the imagination pictures the old capital in ruins, its streets deserted, and strewn with fragments of its architectural glory; Corinthian pillars are levelled and stately churches topple to their fall—another Palmyra—a city of the dead, by which the Seine still murmurs, and the reeds spring up on its margin, and the cry of the bittern is heard again. The work of man perishes: the work of God endures.

THE TIGER AND THE BOA CONSTRICTOR.

Contrasts between animals of different species are characterised at times by very great ferocity, as in general they originate in a desire, on one side at least, to effect the utter destruction of the other, with a view to procuring thus an article of food. When a fight takes place between a boa and a tiger, they are well matched, as they are about the two most ferocious animals in existence. If the lion, by his majesty and port, is entitled to be called the king of animals, the tiger is the type of the blood-thirsty and savage despot, the Neros and Caligulas of the earth!

This animal at one time was little known; but thanks to such institutions as Zoological Societies, it, as well as others less known in the animal creation, has become familiar, while its history has been diffused through many channels.

The habitation of the tiger is Asia. There, in the forests and hills, and jungles yet unconquered by civilisation, it holds its court, and lords it over the lesser animals. It dwells, too, in the deserts which separate China from Siberia, in China, and, says one writer, "it inhabits Mount Ararat, and the Hyrcania of old, famous for its wild beasts; but the greatest numbers, the largest, and the most cruel, are met with in India and its islands. In Sumatra, the natives are so infatuated that they seldom kill them, having a notion that they are animated by the souls of their ancestors. They are the scourge of the country; they lurk among the bushes on the sides of rivers, and almost depopulate many places. They are insidious, blood-thirsty, and malevolent, and seem to prefer preying on the human race." Marsden, in his valuable work on Sumatra, tells us, that the number of people slain by these rapacious beasts is incredible, and that some persons have been led to try a method of killing them. These traps are very ingeniously contrived. Sometimes they are in the nature of strong cages, with falling doors, into which the beast is enticed by a goat or dog, enclosed as a bait. Sometimes they manage so that a large beam is made to fall into a groove across the tiger's back; at other times it is noosed about the loins with strong ratans, or led to ascend a plank nearly balanced, which turning when it has passed the centre, lets the animal fall upon sharp stakes prepared below. It is the English dominions in India, however, that are the head-quarters of this pestilent animal—there he hides in the jungle, there it is that he comes darting forth upon the unwary traveller, with that wonderful and terrible bound which is scarcely to be resisted, and deals that gripe which makes the buffalo quail, and even alarms with panic-terror the huge elephant itself. Its swiftness is remarkable. In Singapore, a man is killed by a tiger every day, on an average. Pliny, who in many things was most observing and correct, alludes to this quality, which has been denied. But modern travellers have proved the extreme correctness of Pliny's remark when he says, "animal tremendæ velocitatis,"—as they have all agreed to allow its great velocity or speed. It will outstrip the swiftest horse in the chase, and can only be captured by artifice, or by being surrounded.

There has been great question as to whether the tiger is or is not brave, and anecdotes are related on both sides of the question with great zest. The summing up of all evidence seems to convey an impression that, under many circumstances, the tiger is hardy in the extreme, while some creatures of the kind are timid and irresolute. That some of them have dogged courage, there can be no doubt. Father Tochard's description of a combat between a tiger and two elephants, at Siam, is tremendous. He says* that two elephants were introduced, with their heads and trunks defended by a shield. The tiger was let in upon them, tied, however, with cords, and thus held until the elephants had beat the breath out of him with their trunks. Then he was let loose. Up he flew, with his terrible bound, and a still more terrible roar, at the trunk of the animal which was nearest. The elephant was ready, met

him on his tusks, and dashed him back. This could only check the tiger, because it disabled him, and the elephant continued his combat for some time with three fresh tigers.

It is the tigress that is brave indeed when her young are in danger. In India, a captain had two tiger cubs brought to him, which he put in a stable. They had been stolen in their mother's absence. When night came on, her furious cries were heard without, and so desperate were the efforts of the furious tigress to enter the house, that the alarmed inhabitants gave up the cubs in the utmost terror.

Ten rupees were once the reward for capturing a tiger in the territories of the East India Company, though, so terrible are its depredations, that no mercenary incentive seems wanting to tempt men to its chase and destruction. Animals are not its only prey: man is not safe, and children are but morsels in its devouring maw.

The Bengal tiger is easily distinguished from all other species by his transverse dark stripes. He is thinner and lighter than the lion; the upper part of the body is yellow, the under part white; the whole internal face of the ears, and a spot on the external surface round and over the eyes, the end of the muzzle, cheeks, throat, neck, chest, belly, and internal sides of the limbs, are white; and the tail is annulated with black on a whitish-yellow ground. The pupils of the eye are generally said to be round.

Tigers have been sometimes tamed to a wonderful degree, and in Madras people sometimes take round a tiger for exhibition, which is occasionally supplied with a sheep or other animal to display its strength upon. All its wild ferocity is thus shown, its leaping power, its savage way of eating; and yet to its keeper it is tame and gentle. Still, though in the museum of Paris and elsewhere have been known tigers as tame as dogs, they should never be wholly trusted. The smell and sight of blood will generally arouse all their worst and most terrible instincts.

The very young tiger is about the size of a kitten three months old, which it very much resembles. But it soon grows and becomes as dangerous as it is at first harmless and weak.

The tiger, like the lion, belongs to the genus *Felis*, and is called *Felis tigris* in the clear monograph of the genus *Felis* by Temminck.

The *Boa Constrictor*, one of which tribe appears in our first illustration, is not so large as the ancients would have us believe. Aristotle speaks of African serpents as long as vessels, by which a galley with three oars might have been overturned. Pliny talks of Indian serpents capable of swallowing deer. Ælian mentions dragons of eighty to a hundred cubits in length; and Suetonius declares that there was exhibited at Rome, under Augustus Cæsar, a living serpent of fifty cubits in length.

They are, really, about thirty or forty feet long, and will, it is said, swallow dogs, deer, and even oxen. The boa belongs to the order *Ophidia*. The *Boa Constrictor* proper is said not to be found where the tiger is common; and recent travellers assert, the huge snake, known in India to attack such animals as the tiger, to be a python. They inhabit aquatic situations, placing themselves in ambuscade on the banks of rivers, where animals come to quench their thirst. Rolled upon themselves in spires, they form a disk of seven feet in diameter, in the centre of which the head is placed. They thus await their prey in a motionless position, only raising the head occasionally some feet above this sort of spiral to observe if any animal approaches. As soon as they imagine it within reach, they shoot forth like a spring. They twirl round its neck for the purpose of strangling it, in which they generally succeed. They have been known to stop a man on horseback by a sudden dart from a tree, to which their tail remained fastened. The second of the accompanying engravings represents a very common occurrence.

Hunting is one of the strongest passions of man. This is

* Tochard, Reise vach Siam. 1747.

easily explained. In the early stages of the history of the world, the human race had little to depend on for food save the produce of their skill and ingenuity in the chase. It is probable that the inventive genius, which enabled man to provide arms and weapons for this purpose, drew his first attention to the horrid thought of war, by which, probably on a small scale, he was able to provide himself with victuals by pilfering the successful hunter. Those must have been strange times, when man in his primeval simplicity, with untutored mind, and the most inartificial weapon, wandered through the vast plains of the early world, hid himself in the forest or the brake, concealed himself in trees, and waylaid the new and strange beasts that came in his way, and having satisfied hunger, and drunk from the clear stream, laid himself down to sleep beneath the shade of some rude bower, fashioned by the ingenuity of his equally wild and primitive mate.

In those days, the wild beasts—the lion, the tiger, the panther, and the bear—were the terror of the human race, as they remained until men began to overcome them by ingenuity and the sheer strength of numbers. A hundred arrows and a hundred lances did that which a single bow and spear could not have done, until the day and hour came when the strange invention of gunpowder placed us on a level with, or even above the brute creation, in single-handed contests.

But now, even with the rifle and the fowling-piece, there are animals whom it is dangerous to encounter, though under every advantage of time and place, and against which it is needful to employ all that activity and ingenuity which characterise the great fictitious creation of the American novelist, honest Hawkeye, and the real and extraordinary Gerard, Cumming, and Sir W. C. Harris, whose lion hunts are so wondrous, that we should hesitate to credit them did we not personally know the veracity of Gerard, and lament the high soul and honourable character of our departed friend Harris, whose travels in Shoa and whose wild sports in Africa will not easily be forgotten.

The tiger is even more dangerous than the lion, from the simple fact of its stealthy and crawling character. It roars not like the king of beasts, and creeps about, seeking whom it may devour, with a cautious step, which scarcely any other animal possesses, save and except, perhaps, the panthers and bears that frequent Dismal Swamp, and that creep round the bayous of the Mississippi.

In the early history of India, we find that the ravages of lions and tigers were carried to such a frightful extent, that whole hamlets of the weak and pusillanimous natives were destroyed by them; and that whenever an attempt was made to face them, it was made by regular armies congregated for that purpose. Even these collected forces were often routed by the wild animals of the woods. But, subsequently, British officers found their way into these savage fortresses, with their cool courage and their superior fire-arms; and yet even they had to record fearful stories of the furious beasts, and had to tell the tale of the death of many a brave comrade in the strange and novel contest. The tiger had not yet learnt to dread the crack of the rifle, nor, before severe lessons, to become more cautious and circumspect. In the time of Le Vaillant, lions would enter an encampment and coolly carry off the fattest sleeper, generally some unfortunate Hottentot woman.

Even when elephants were used in the tiger hunt, it was difficult to find animals of that species ready to charge the jungle when the trail of the tiger left a marked scent; or when such animals were known, they commanded a very high price. But now there has come a great change in the disposition of the wild beasts of the Indian and African wilderness, and the tiger commits its depredations only where the persevering and indomitable valour of the English sportsman is unknown, or where his rifle with its heavy and deadly ball is new. The meekest and mildest of the servants of the East India Company will now sally forth on their elephants, seated in their howdah, with their guide, to hunt the tiger to its very lair; this animal now having to be driven forth often from jungle and cave by the rocket and other projectiles.

A tiger hunt is one of the most exciting scenes that can be imagined. The whole subject of tiger hunting is a matter of inexhaustible interest, and a volume might easily be written on the hunts which have been undertaken against this ferocious beast of prey.

Captain Mundy describes one with great effect. He says: "On clearing the wood, we entered an open space of marshy grass, not three feet high; a large herd of cattle were feeding there, and the herdsman was singing under a bush, when, just as the former began to move before us, up sprang the very tiger to whom our visit was intended, and cantered off across a bare plain. He took to the open country in a style that would have more become a fox than a tiger, who is expected by his pursuers to fight and not to run; and as he was flushed on the flank of the line, only one bullet was fired at him ere he cleared the thick grass. He was unhurt; and we pursued him at full speed. As soon as he felt himself wounded, the tiger crept into a close thicket of trees and bushes, and crouched. My mahout had just before, in the heat of the chase, dropped his ankora or goad, which I had refused to allow him to recover, and the elephant being notoriously savage, and further irritated by the goading he had undergone, became consequently unmanageable; he appeared to see the tiger as soon as myself, and I had only time to fire one shot, when he suddenly rushed with the greatest fury into the thicket, and falling upon his knees, nailed the tiger with his trunk to the ground." The sportsmen afterwards killed him.

A letter to Sir William Jones, dated Chinsura, describes a very animated hunt. On the eve of the chase, all the necessary tents to form a camp were sent to within a mile and a half of the jungle, a district covered with thick reeds about fifteen feet high. Early in the morning thirty elephants were sent forward, and at two the hunters started, and having reached the rendezvous, mounted their elephants and entered the jungle. At daybreak they had formed an extensive line, and had penetrated in a detached jungle. They found the tiger's lair, half an ox, two human skulls, and a pile of bones; some whitened by long exposure, others still red with blood. But the animal had departed.

Leaving this scene of carnage, the hunters advanced, and soon heard the cry of *bang*, which is the local name for the tiger. They accordingly again formed their line and entered the great jungle. Scarcely had they done so, when five royal tigers, of the largest size, darted forward from the same spot and dispersed, flying, however, but slowly, and soon halting. The line of hunters was in the form of a crescent, which embraced both ends of the jungle; in the centre were elephants, on which were men armed with guns. One approached the retreat of the first tiger: he moved not until the riflemen were near, then he roared like thunder and bounded towards them. The elephants turned and fled, but after rushing along about fifty yards, they stopped, and once more faced the jungle. The tiger made a second rush, bounded on an elephant mounted by three Indians, and struck one off. The tiger, however, perceiving the strength of his enemies, sheered off to his lair, where he was shot. Three others were killed, but the fifth, a cunning old tiger, escaped. The attack on the fourth lasted a long time, as the animal defended itself with great courage, and was only killed by a general discharge.

In a curious book called "Cynegetica,"* there is a division headed "Asoph Ul Doulah's Hunting Excursions;" and from this, as not being a book to which every one can refer, we make some extracts. It says: "The vizier always sets out upon his annual hunting party as soon as the cold season is well set in; taking with him his household, his zenara, his court, and a great part of the inhabitants of his capital.† He takes with him five hundred elephants, &c. &c. . . . When intelligence is brought of a tiger it is matter of great joy, as that is considered as the principal sport, and all the rest only occasional to fill up the time. Preparations are instantly made for pursuing him, which is done by assembling all the

* "Blane's Cynegetica" London, John Stockdale, 1788.

† He was vizier of the Mogul Empire, and nabob of Oude.

elephants, with as many people as can conveniently go upon their backs, and leaving all the rest behind, whether on foot or on horseback. The elephants are then formed in a line, and proceed forward regularly, the nabob and all his attendants having their fire-arms ready. The cover in which the tiger, is most frequently found is long grass, or reeds so high as often to reach above the elephants; and it is very

nabob and others shooting at him, as often as he can be seen, till he falls. Sometimes, when he can be traced to a particular spot where he couches, the elephants are formed into a circle round him, and in that case, when he is roused, he generally attacks the elephant that is nearest to him, by springing upon him with a dreadful roar, and biting at or tearing him with his claws; but in this case, from his being obliged to show



TIGER ATTACKED BY A BOA CONSTRICTOR.

difficult to find him in such a place, as he either endeavours to steal off, or lies so close that he cannot be roused till the elephants are almost upon him. He then roars and skulks away, but is shot at as soon as he can be seen; and it is generally contrived, in compliment to the nabob, that he shall have the first shot at him. If he is not disabled, he continues skulking away, the line of elephants following him, and the

himself, he is soon dispatched by the number of shots aimed at him; for the greatest difficulty is to rouse him, and get a fair view of him. The elephants all this time are dreadfully frightened, shrieking and roaring in a manner particularly expressive of their fear; and this they begin as soon as they smell him, or hear him growl, and generally endeavour to turn back from the place where the tiger is; some of them,

however, but very few, are bold enough to be driven up to attack him, which they do by curling the trunk close up under the mouth, and then charging the tiger with their tusks; or they endeavour to press him to death by falling on him with their knees, or treading him under their feet. If one tiger is killed in a day, it is considered as a good day's sport; but sometimes two or three are killed in one day, and even more, they meet with a female and cubs."

But there is as much difference between the chase of the tiger by British sportsmen and those of the nabob, as between

Their artless toils, then range the desert hills,
And scour the plains below."

The same poet has given a picturesque description of the scene sketched by Blane:—

"Incessant shouts
Re-echo through the woods, and kindling fires
Gleam from the mountain-tops; the forest seems
One mingling blaze; like flocks of sheep they fly
Before the flaming brand: fierce lions, pards,
Boars, tigers, bears, and wolves; a dreadful crew



A TIGER HUNT.

the hunters of the early ages and those of a few generations back. The time is changed, indeed, from the hour

"When Nimrod bold,
That mighty hunter, first made war on beasts,
And stained the woodland green with purple dye,
New and unpolished was the huntsman's art;
No stated rule, his wanton will his guide.
With clubs and stones, rude implements of war,
He armed his savage bands, a multitude
Untrained; of twining osiers formed, they pitch

Of grim, bloodthirsty foes; growling, along
They stalk indignant; but fierce vengeance still
Hangs pealing in their rear."

The following is also worthy of notice as a somewhat new trap:—

"At convenient distance fixed,
A polished mirror stops, in full career,
The furious brute: he there his image views;
Spots against spots with rage improving grow.

Another pard his bristly whiskers curls,
Grins as he grins, fierce menacing, and wide
Distends his opening jaws; himself against
Himself opposed, and with dread vengeance armed.
The huntsman now secure, with fatal aim
Directs the pointed spear, by which transfixed
He dies."

Bishop Heber,* in his valuable work on India, has given much information on the tiger and tiger hunting, and especially mentions a very curious circumstance. "In passing through the city, I saw two very fine hunting tigers in silver chains." This contradicts the general idea that nothing can be done with this animal. He relates, also, an anecdote which shows the power of the beast. A Bheel was guiding some soldiers. "The officer followed at the head of his men, and had moved slowly half asleep on his saddle for about five miles, when he heard a hideous roar, and saw a very large tiger springing past

* "Narrative of a Journey from Calcutta to Bombay, &c."—London: Murray, 1844.

him so close that he almost brushed his horse. The poor Bheel lifted up his sword and shield, but was down in an instant under the animal's paws, who turned round with him in his mouth, growling like a cat over a mouse, and looked the officer in the face. He did what could be done, and with his men attacked the tiger, whom they wounded so severely that he dropped his prey. But the first blow had done its work effectually, and the poor man's skull was mashed in such a manner as literally to be all in pieces."

The tiger hunter is, it will be seen, a benefactor to his species, and tiger hunting one of those sports which has a noble end, that of protecting the weak and poor in frame against the inroads of savage ferocity. It is in this respect superior to the generality of sports.

The people of Rohilcund go out to fight the tiger with matchlocks, swords, and shields, and generally succeed in killing him, with, however, the loss of one or two lives. The heroic peasants combat hand to hand, as the scimitar cuts on the hide have often afterwards proved. But now the English officers in India do all this work for the natives.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD was born in the village of Florida, in the town of Warwick, Orange County, New York, on the 16th of May, 1801. His ancestors were of high respectability, and on his father's side were of Welsh origin. His mother, Mary Jennings, was of Irish descent, strongly marked with the national characteristics of generosity and hospitality. Mr. Seward has never forgotten his Irish parentage, which to some persons may account for his life-long defence of the rights and privileges of his Irish fellow-citizens.

William H. Seward enjoyed the usual advantages of school and academical education in his native village, and in the adjoining town of Goshen, until 1816, when he entered Union College at Schenectady, scarcely fifteen years of age. He was able to enter a class in college at this early age, one year in advance with his studies, but he preferred to join the Sophomore class.

His remarkable assiduity and capacity of acquirements are still remembered by his class-mates; among whom were William Kent, late Judge of the Supreme Court, and son of Chancellor Kent; Professor Hickok, the eminent Vice-President of Union College, and Taylor Lewis, LL.D., late Professor in the University of New York, as well as by the venerable President, Eliphalet Nott, D.D., between whom and Mr. Seward the warmest feelings of friendship and respect have ever existed. Mr. Seward evinced in his college life the same traits of industry, independence, and philanthropy which have characterized his whole public career.

When in his senior year, he withdrew for a year from college, and spent six months in teaching at the South; making inquiries and observations which have undoubtedly powerfully influenced his opinions on the subject of American slavery. The residue of his vacation he devoted to the study of law; and when the next senior class had reached the point at which he had left his own, he returned to college and graduated with its highest honours. He then resumed the study of law with John Anthon, Esq., in New York city, and completed his preparation for the bar at Goshen, with John Duer and Ogden Hoffman, Esqrs.

On the 1st of January, 1823, when a little more than twenty-one years of age, he removed to Auburn, where he has since resided when not in the service of the state or nation. He rose rapidly in his new home in reputation and business. He soon attracted the attention of Judge Miller, of Auburn, and was invited to enter his law office as a partner. He soon succeeded to a large and lucrative practice.

In 1824 he married the daughter of Judge Miller, a lady

who inherits a large share of her father's intelligence and originality of character. Remarkable for her accomplishments, kindness of heart, and natural endowments, Mrs. Seward is, in the truest sense, a worthy companion of her husband. They have had five children, four of whom are still living—three sons and one daughter. Mr. Seward had scarcely attained his majority when he was called to occupy a prominent position in the political affairs of the town and county. In 1824 he was selected by a convention of his fellow-citizens to prepare an address to the people, which is still preserved as a production of more than ordinary merit. He early formed a warm attachment to De Witt Clinton, who was then known as the representation of that great work—the Erie canal; and while John Quincy Adams, in a national point of view, appears to be his model for a statesman, Mr. Seward has ever regarded the policy suggested by Clinton as the true one for the interest and glory of his native state.

In 1830 he was elected to the Senate of New York (not having attained the thirtieth year of his age), and took his seat in January, 1831. His speeches in the Senate, as well as his opinions as a judge in the Court of Errors, the then highest legal tribunal in the state, of which he was also a member *ex officio*, attracted a large share of public attention. During the four years that he was a member of the Senate, he, among other efforts, advocated the abolition of imprisonment for debt, an improvement in prison discipline, the election of various officers by the people, then appointed by the Governor and Senate, and the great interests of education and internal improvements. He also opposed the removal of the deposits from the United States Bank, the interference of the executive with the Bank, the increase of corporations, and the enlargement of the salaries of public officers. His speeches on several of these great topics were greatly admired at the time and have not yet lost their interest and value. Standing almost alone in opposition to the dominant party, his position was conspicuous and well sustained.

In 1833, during the recess of the Senate, he made a hurried visit to Europe, travelling through the United Kingdom, Germany, Holland, Switzerland, and France. During his absence of about three months, he wrote to his friends at home a series of letters, which were published in the newspapers, and added much to his literary reputation.

In 1834 he was nominated by the Whigs as a candidate for the chief magistracy of the state. Although his party gathered mainly by his efforts as a leader of the Opposition in the Senate, had not yet attained sufficient strength and organisation to overcome the powerful party in the ascendancy

in the state and nation, he nevertheless received so large a vote, that at the election succeeding the presidential contest of 1836 he was again nominated, and triumphantly elected.

He entered upon his duties as governor amid peculiar difficulties. He was the first governor elected by the Opposition since De Witt Clinton—he was yet a very young man, scarcely thirty-six years old—and the country was just at that time entering upon one of the most disastrous commercial revulsions it ever experienced. Such, however, was his success in administering the government, that he was, in 1840, re-elected—an honour which has been conferred upon none of his successors. He brought to the discharge of his duties unwearied industry, an unyielding independence, and undoubted integrity.

He aimed at bringing about various reforms, which in some cases excited a bitter opposition. The last vestige of slavery in the state was extirpated under his auspices. The cause of education secured a large share of his attention, and he recommended measures calculated to bring all the children of the city of New York, as well as of the state, under the benign influence of common schools.

Internal improvements, embracing the enlargement of the Erie canal, the building of new and lateral canals, the great enterprise of the New York and Erie railroad, and other roads of less magnitude, received from him a steady and energetic support. He desired also to extend the right of suffrage, so that, like education, it should be free and universal. He sought to improve and ameliorate the condition of the convicts in the state prisons. To this end, he discountenanced the use of the lash, recommended the introduction of libraries, and urged a regular system of moral and intellectual instruction. While a member of the Senate, he was instrumental in causing the establishment of a separate prison for females, which he had the satisfaction of bringing into full and successful operation during his administration as governor. Probably no reform that he advocated cost him more friends than that which he proposed, reducing the enormous and burdensome expenses of litigation. The people, however, have sustained him in this, as in many other of his contests against power and conservative influences.

In the election campaign of 1844, he exerted his influence in favour of the election of Henry Clay to the presidency, believing such a result would save the country from the threatened annexation of Texas, a war with Mexico, and the extension of slavery. If powerful and eloquent speeches could have accomplished the end, then would the triumph have been signal and beneficent. But adverse influences prevailed, and the Whig party was overthrown. Mr. Seward now devoted himself with renewed energy to the practice of his profession. Besides attending to a large and lucrative practice in causes involving the rights and claims of inventors under the Patent Laws, he was never content to see the poor and friendless prisoner suffer for want of counsel. The cases in which he defended such persons without compensation are so numerous to be dwelt upon in this brief article. In several instances he bore the whole expenses of procuring witnesses and employing assistance, to the amount of several thousand dollars. Two cases of such remarkable interest are among them, that we cannot forbear to relate here a few of the circumstances of each.

In 1845, Henry Wyatt, a convict in the State Prison at Auburn, murdered another convict. Wyatt was indicted, and eminent counsel were applied to, to defend him. But they declined on the eve of the trial, on the ground that no provision was made for their compensation. Wyatt appealed to Mr. Seward's humanity, and he at once consented. When the circumstances were investigated, reason was found for the belief that the prisoner was insane. The trial came on in February, 1846, and after an impartial hearing the jury disagreed.

On the 12th of March succeeding, a fearful tragedy occurred near Auburn. William Freeman, a negro, and a native of that place, who had recently been discharged from five years' confinement in the State Prison, having provided himself with

weapons, proceeded to the house of John G. Van Nest, in the suburbs of Auburn, and there, without notice and without any apparent motive, slew Mr. Van Nest, a wealthy and worthy citizen, Mrs. Van Nest, her sleeping infant, and her aged mother, and wounded, as was then thought mortally, the labouring man who dwelt with them, leaving only the maid servant of the family, and she had been spared only because he had been disabled in the affray. He proceeded to the house of a relative, forty miles from Auburn, where he was arrested and conveyed back to Auburn; and then, surrounded by the people of Auburn and the adjacent country, was taken to the scene of his crimes, to be identified by the survivors in the presence of the dead bodies of his victims. So far from manifesting any compunction, he avowed the deed, and described its details, and laughed continually during the recital. The incensed people saw in this and other strange conduct of the prisoner, and in the absence of any motive of the crime, reason to apprehend that he might escape punishment by a plea of insanity. They were easily made to believe that the partial success which had attended that plea in Wyatt's case had emboldened the negro to commit acts so atrocious and so horrible. They resolved, therefore, and prepared to take him from the hands of the police, and to inflict summary justice upon him.

This design, however, was baffled by stratagem, and the multitude reluctantly dispersed, after being assured by a judge that Freeman should be tried and "no Seward should defend him." Meantime the victims were buried amid sincere exhibitions of popular sympathy, mingled with execrations against the homicide, and unsparing denunciations of the lawyer whose defence of Wyatt was supposed in some way to have brought about these revolting crimes, and who, also, it was supposed, would have the audacity to appear in defence of the wretch who had committed them. The clergyman who conducted the funeral carried the excitement to a higher pitch by appealing to the instincts of self-preservation, and against the indulgence of moderation and forbearance towards "adroit counsel" in their efforts to lower the standard of moral accountability by the plea of insanity. Mr. Seward's law partners and his friends, overpowered by these demonstrations of popular prejudice, gave pledges to the public that he would not outrage the prevailing sentiment by defending the prisoner. The governor, Silas Wright, responded promptly to the popular demand for a special term of the court to try both Wyatt and Freeman on the 1st of June. In the meantime Mr. Seward returned from Washington and heard the strange facts in the case with pain and surprise. They raised a suspicion that the prisoner was a lunatic. He, thereupon, wrote to the most eminent members of the medical faculty in New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts, and called their attention to the case as one which interested science and humanity not less than justice, and requested them to attend on the trial and make the necessary examinations of the prisoner, to the end, that if he was sane, the law might have its due vindication, and if he was not, the country might be saved from the crime of inflicting judicial murder upon a lunatic. The court assembled. The physicians pronounced the prisoner a lunatic. No counsel, however, appeared in his behalf, and the people who thronged the courthouse and streets were expecting an unobstructed triumph. Mr. Seward, however, appeared and interposed a preliminary plea that the prisoner was insane. The plea was received, but it drew down upon Mr. Seward the public indignation in that vicinity and throughout the whole country. After a trial of a fortnight as to the sanity of the prisoner, the jury went out for consultation. Eleven were for a verdict that he was sane, and one for a verdict that he was insane. A private intimation of these facts was conveyed to the court, and a message returned, that a verdict might be rendered that the prisoner was sane enough to distinguish between right and wrong. The twelfth juror joined in this verdict, believing it insufficient to put the prisoner on his trial; the other eleven, however, privately knew that the court would decide it to be sufficient. The trial proceeded, Mr. Seward's efforts to set aside the verdict

having failed, and after the lapse of another fortnight a verdict of guilty was rendered, and the unconscious prisoner was sentenced to be executed.* Mr. Seward applied to the Governor for a pardon, but was denied. He then appealed to the Supreme Court for a new trial. After a patient hearing of the case, the court reversed the judgment and granted a new trial. The same judge, who had before tried and condemned the prisoner, now refused to try him again, on the ground of his manifest idiocy. He died soon after this an undoubted maniac.

In May, 1851, an announcement was made by the press of Detroit, that an atrocious conspiracy (embracing fifty citizens of Jackson county, in the state of Michigan) for the destruction of the property of the Michigan Central Railroad Company, and an indiscriminate war against the lives of passengers travelling on the road, had been discovered, through the activity of agents of this company, and of the police, and that the guilty parties had been suddenly surprised, arrested, and conveyed to jail in Detroit.

The accusation took the form of an indictment for arson,

They applied to Mr. Seward, at Auburn, by telegraph, after the trial had begun, stating these facts.

He did not hesitate to appear for men whom the public had prejudged and condemned, and whom the legal profession except for his going to their aid, would have been deemed to have abandoned.

The issues were perplexed. The evidence was of a most extraordinary character. Even now it is impossible, on reading it, to decide which was most improbable, the existence of the crime, or the truth of the defence.* The trial lasted four months, and so was the longest, in a jury case, that was ever held. The alleged principal died before the trial began. One of the chief defendants, and another more obscure, died during its progress. Twelve of the fifty defendants were convicted, and all the others acquitted.

In 1846 Mr. Seward favoured the call of a convention to revise the constitution of the state, hoping thereby to secure and extend the rights of the people by abridging materially the appointing power, by the division of the state into separate senate and assembly districts, by abolishing a host



PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM SEWARD.

in burning the depôt of that company at Detroit, and the proof that of a conspiracy for the commission of that and other great crimes. The prisoners alleged their entire innocence, and declared that the prosecution was itself a conspiracy to convict them by fabricated testimony of a crime that had not even been committed. In applying to be admitted to bail the sums were fixed so high as to practically deny them that privilege.

Public opinion was vehemently and intensely excited against them by reason of aggressions that had been committed in the neighbourhood for a long time, seriously endangering the lives of passengers. Among the accused were persons in every walk of life, and while the guilt of some seemed too probable, that of all appeared to be quite impossible. The ten most distinguished lawyers of Michigan were retained, before the arrest, by the Railroad Company, to conduct the prosecution, and every other counsellor in the city and state qualified to defend them, except one, had been induced to decline to appear in their behalf.

* Works of W. H. Seward, vol. .

of useless and expensive offices, and by extending the right of suffrage to coloured people. In all, save the last, his hopes were gratified.

In 1848 a vacancy in the Senate of the United States occurred, and Mr. Seward was universally looked upon as the candidate of the Whigs. Upon the assembling of the legislature he was almost unanimously elected.

He gave a hearty support to the election of General Taylor, in the autumn of 1848, and in March, 1849, took his seat in the United States Senate.

His action in that body is so recent that we forbear to pass any judgment upon it. Mr. Seward's "Life, Speeches, Messages, and Correspondence," have recently been published in three handsome octavo volumes, of 650 pages each,† to which the reader is referred for a full history of his life and public career.

* See Works of William H. Seward, vol. i.

† The Works of William H. Seward. Edited by George E. Baker, in three volumes. Redfield, 110 and 112, Nassau-street, New York.

DIEZ'S "POOR DESERTED WOMAN."

THIS beautiful picture, of which we present an engraving, is a specimen of that style of modern German art, of which Maës and Riedel of Rome are the creators, and which aims to depict soul and sentiment, rather than the common action of numerous figures grouped together. In this school a peculiar and novel manipulation of the light, and a thoroughly plastic power over the finest and most effective colouring, have also been achieved. Diez, well known to the courts of Europe as a portrait-painter of great eminence, has, besides striking into the path opened by Maës and Riedel, endeavoured to avail himself with equal address of the good points of the modern Belgian painters, as the picture unmistakeably shows.

babe. She does not fold her hands, she lets them sink down in herself-forgetful anguish. From an amber heart—probably a keepsake of the man who has deserted her—hangs the rosary. A second child she holds with the hand which hangs down; the eye in the little curly head looks wandringly and vacantly around. The little one does not as yet understand the anguish of his mother; he has only a vague foreboding of it. Wearied with the way and with standing, he is resting on the right foot, and touches the ground only lightly with the toe of the other. The thin and spare clothing which the child wears scarcely reaches to the knees; and beneath we see the naked tiny bones, in which a slight, not



A POOR DESERTED WOMAN.—FROM A PAINTING BY DIEZ.

The oftener the picture is looked at, the more does it rivet attention. No painful striving after effect mars the impression made by this masterpiece. The artist's resources are employed with such simplicity and ease, art has so felicitously mastered all difficulties, that we discern the individual life in the general truth, and the higher moral meaning in the unpretending naturalness of the representation. A poor deserted woman—in the chapel before the image of the Virgin, who has herself passed through the ordeal of bitterest anguish! She kneels on the stone steps of the altar, her right foot stretched backwards and resting on the tip, whilst the shoe bears witness of the wearisome way through which she has travelled. In her hands, supported on her knee, lies a sleeping

ungraceful curve, as in the case of most children, is perceived. Through a window behind the altar streams the light, and we see how its slanting rays fall on the shoulders and hair of the group. Without any unpleasant hunting after effect, it is so felicitously rendered available, that we have a free view of the group before the altar. The mother has a handkerchief bound round her head; her hair betrays by only slight indications the negligence of misery; her countenance makes no parade of suffering; her clothing clamours not for the voice of sympathy. She is young, not exactly beautiful, but well made. Before, she was happy in spite of her poverty; but alas! she is now a poor deserted woman, who, with the children of her sorrow, seeks the consolations of religion. There is

nothing unusual in the countenance itself—it is only refined by anguish. Clouds of tears, that refuse to break, bedim the eye. The long night of grief, the sleepless anxiety for her little children, and love to their father, which banishes every trace of bitterness from her countenance, have exhausted her power of weeping. She can no longer shed tears; a single touch near the corner of the mouth tells us too clearly that the grief has struggled convulsively in her heart. It is the first, sharpest sorrow which has ploughed furrows on her face! The object of her worship reads in its lines how little good fortune she ever had, and how quickly that little has taken flight! Her anguish is self-sacrificing, like her love, simple and inartificial—and so deep, so true, welling forth so copiously from the inmost depths of her heart! She invokes the *mater dolorosa*, the ideal of maternal love; she presents before her the unsuspecting sleeping babe, which, in its touching innocence, has been guilty of no crime. She appeals to maternal love; and when she rises from her knees, in order again to roam through life, this love will comfort and guide her. A whole human life is comprehended in the moment which the picture seizes. The crisis touches the heart by the deep anguish of soul which it depicts, and by the prophetic glimpse it affords us of a long series of daily struggles. But it reveals also the victory of a mother's love, the victory of the female heart, which will hold its ground against the power of misery. Therefore it is that the picture touches and elevates at the same time; therefore it is that the best judges do not hesitate a moment in awarding it the palm of high artistic merit; therefore it is that one feels constrained to halt so long before such a picture, since it cannot fail to spell-bind and enchant every beholder.

FATE OF A CARAVAN IN THE DESERT.

CARAVANS leaving Damascus or Cairo, for the purpose of conveying rich presents to Mecca, demand and obtain an escort of soldiers, commanded by a colonel or general. This chief possesses sufficient authority to enforce his orders; he maintains discipline, sends forward scouts, stations sentinels round the tents at meal-times, and thus manages to keep the plundering Arabs at a respectful distance. The same order and security do not prevail in the majority of the caravans whose errand is merely commercial.

About five years ago a caravan, consisting of one hundred and twenty men and two hundred camels, was conveying various European and Egyptian fabrics and Nubian dates from Dongola to Lobeldi. As it approached the well of Way, in Kardofan, six hundred Beni-Jerar Arabs, mounted upon three hundred camels, and led by one of the bravest *aquids*, passed a little to the south of the same well. They were in pursuit of a large flock of sheep belonging to the Kubabich Arabs; the shepherds, who were aware of their approach, had just left the well of Way and reached that of Elai, about a day and a half's journey from the former.

The caravan reposed in fancied security; the improvident merchants of which it was composed not having reconnoitred the desert. The enemy was within a stone's throw, and not one of the party suspected the approach of peril.

The evening before the day fixed for departure, the merchant in command gave orders to collect the camels which had been allowed, as usual, to browse the thorny shrubs of the valley. All were collected with the exception of one, which could not be found. This animal belonged to a merchant, who, fearing to lose it and seeing night approach, commanded his slave to seek traces of it and to follow them.

Upon the ground, crowded with so many camels and men, the slave discovered the track of his master's camel, which led him straight to the encampment of the Arabs, who, doubtless, had taken possession of it. They saw the slave and seized upon him. Time passed away without any news of the camel; the merchant wished to follow the path which his slave had taken, but Abd-el-Kader, from whom these facts are known, dissuaded him and offered to make some research.

He set out, climbed a hill of sand, traversed a narrow

valley, climbed a second hill, and, in the middle of a very dark night, saw before him the fires lighted by the Arabs; protected by the darkness, he stopped an instant, counted the fires and the men, and much excited by what he had seen, speedily regained the encampment of the caravan.

The merchants were at their evening meal; he called them together, told them what he had seen, and invited them to deliberate upon the best course to pursue.

The question was then put: "Shall we set out this night, or shall we wait for daylight?" It would have been much wiser to have adopted the first plan.

The objection which induced them to put off their departure until sunrise was, that when they loaded their camels they would be sure to make a noise, and, therefore, their departure would be discovered by the enemy.

This was true, but the Arabs were asleep; they must first awake and collect their camels. All this would require time, and once on their way, besides that the caravan could change its route, and that it would be difficult to follow the track in the night, they could offer a much more powerful resistance than during the long and difficult operation of loading, which would, without fail, be interrupted on the morrow.

At dawn, as the camel-drivers were engaged in this task, a hundred camels mounted by two hundred men passed into the valley. The men leapt from the backs of the animals and began to run towards the caravan. Those who composed it, thinking that they would have no other enemy to contend with, offered some resistance. They fired on the Arabs, who, according to custom, were only armed with lances; but all at once, just as the caravan had regained a little confidence, a hundred camels appeared from one side and the same number from the other, so that the enemy amounted to four hundred. It would be impossible to describe the confusion and terror which now reigned. Surrounded by the Arabs, the merchants and camel-drivers were quickly massacred; Abd-el-Kader alone, not having received any injury, threw himself upon the ground as though he were dead. An Arab pricked him with his lance, and discovering, by the movement which he made, that he still lived, seized and led him before the *aquid*.

The butchery was ended; but the *aquid*, infuriated by the smell of blood, proposed to tie the unfortunate man to a tree and to kill him by casting javelins at him. He was bound, and upon a sign from the chief, the horrible sport began; but by a singular chance, which he considered a miracle, ten or twelve lances glanced past Abd-el-Kader without touching him. "Assuredly," cried the astonished *aquid*, "you have a tough life, or else God is not willing that you should die; you are free to go where you please." They unbound him, stripped him of his clothing, and he found himself free indeed, but in the midst of the desert with neither food nor clothing. "Well," said the *aquid*, "you do not go? What are you waiting for?" "Where should I go?" replied Abd-el-Kader; "where are my provisions? I have not even a leathern bottle to carry water."

The Arabs were engaged in dividing the dates which they had taken from the Jellabs, and, in order that all might have an equal share, they were patiently counting them one by one. Their chief took thirty, gave them to Abd-el-Kader, and espying a little bottle which did not seem to him to be in very good condition, added it to the present. "Go now," said he, "and may God protect you!" Abd-el-Kader, quite in perplexity as to what direction he ought to take, approached the well to fill his bottle; he then perceived that it leaked; he knew it would be in vain to ask for another, and therefore resolved to remain in the neighbourhood of the well. In the evening the Arabs had disappeared, and this unfortunate man had eaten his thirty dates without being able to appease his hunger. Happily the ravine, which led to the well, was covered with those thorny shrubs, called *Sidr* by the Arabs, and *Rhamnus Lotus* by botanists. The fruit of the *Sidr* formed the food of the *Lotophagi*, and the Arabs, who give the name of *nabak* to this little berry, still use it.

Abd-el-Kader was obliged to content himself with this food ; but after a fortnight of this diet he could no longer stand, and had just crawled into a recess of the rock, which he had made his abode, when a Turkish *cawas*, accompanied by an Arab guide, journeying towards Lobeid on a dromedary, approached the well to obtain a fresh supply of water.

Abd-el-Kader had resigned himself to death, but on seeing the travellers at a distance, hope again took possession of his heart ; he tried to rise, but, his limbs refusing their service, he began to utter cries and groans, hoping that he should at last be able to make himself heard and obtain relief. "What is that?" said the *cawas*, astonished at the noise. "Some animal, doubtless : shall I send him a ball?" asked he of the Bedouin who accompanied him. "The cries sound like those of a man," answered the guide ; "I will go and see." And,

leaping from his dromedary, he directed his steps towards the cavern.

Abd-el-Kader was taken by him to the banks of the well, or rather pool, where the *cawas* invited him to partake of his provisions. The day was employed in burying the bodies of his travelling companions, which yet lay exposed to the sun upon the sand, that was red with their blood. The next day, mounted upon the guide's dromedary, he started for Lobeid, with those who had saved him from a lingering death.

"Passing the well of Way in 1850," says Count d'Escayrac de Lauture, to whom we are indebted for this narrative, "I saw the charnel-house of this caravan, and could have counted the corpses, the majority of which were barely surrounded and covered with a little sand and a few stones, which did not entirely conceal them from sight."

RUSSIAN SERFS AND RUSSIAN NOBLES.

THE whole degrading relations between serf and noble, the position of the Russian peasant before the herd of boyards and princes—slaves and serfs themselves before their despot in St. Petersburg, tyrants and masters at home—is pointedly marked in our engraving of a boyard giving audience to his serfs, on his return to his estates after a long absence. Many efforts have been made to represent the relation of master and servant as pleasing in Russia. Writers, who have visited the country and enjoyed the splendid hospitality of its princely slave-owners, come away and talk demurely of the sufferings they have beheld, slight over all that is disgraceful, and allow only the tinsel show to penetrate the surface.

But a recent tourist gives us facts to deal with.

Not very long ago he penetrated to an estate some seven hundred miles from St. Petersburg. It was a vast territory of some 100,000 acres, with 200 villages, inhabited by wretched serfs, the property of Prince B. . . . He accompanied the tourist, who describes the enthusiasm of the tenantry, as he facetiously calls them, as very great. They came out to receive their master with their *starostas* (elders) at their head ; loud shouts filled the air, every one wore his best clothes, and the cold but bright sun shone above. A flag was raised on the summit of the castle, and on reaching the courtyard, speeches were made on both sides ; servile on the one, haughty and condescending on the other—a right royal affair altogether. Then dancing, singing, and eating commenced, brandy was freely distributed, and everybody went home, not sober, but merry, the Russians being no friends to the temperance movement. They are slaves, and drinking is peculiarly the vice of slaves.

In ancient days an old boyard made his return to his estates an opportunity for making money. As soon as he had reached his castle, he installed himself in a large audience-chamber, and there seating himself on a throne, his left hand resting on a cushion, he received homage from his vassals. They came crawling on their knees, their eyes on the ground, to the throne of their master, and each deposited in a copper urn a rouble of silver, about three shillings. This tribute once paid, the boyard became affable and friendly with his vassals, according to the customs of his family.

So wedded are the Russians to habit, that though this custom has been abolished, the peasants still bring the rouble, and are really disappointed that the young prince, the descendant of the old boyard, will not take it. They appear to appertain to that family of people whose women do not believe in matrimonial affection when a thrashing is not given them once a week.

The traveller is struck, on arriving upon the territory of a Russian nobleman, with the excellent state of the roads. They are like the walks of a park, turfed and bordered by fine trees. But this state of things exists only upon the roads near the castle ; the roads at a little distance are horrible. With three exceptions, there are no high roads in the whole vast and so-called civilised Empire of Russia. There are tracts of indefinite width, covered by sand, disfigured by stumps of

trees, crossed by streams, with here and there a wretched imitation of a bridge.

If, however, the roads are bad, travelling is secure ; and though accidents are common, the Russian peasantry are so exceedingly obliging and friendly in their disposition, that they will run a mile to assist in getting a carriage out of a bog or deep rut.

The inns are infamous. The traveller who does not bring his food must abstain, and he who does not bring his bed must sleep on the floor. There you lie, travellers and luggage, all pell-mell, close together—so close that, as our tourist says, "we scarcely left space for the vermin to attack us." Filth and discomfort of every kind is the ordinary state of things in these caravanserais ; and the Russian nobleman never risks a night in one of them without cooks, beds, cushions, food, and drink.

At Schlussemburg, M. Leouzon le Duc met with the following adventure. He was coming back from Lake Onega. It was bitterly cold. He had been two days and two nights in his carriage. His limbs appeared frozen. At two in the morning he reached the post-house ; its rooms were all deserted—no light, no fire, all dark and cold.

"*Maltchik ! maltchik !* Boy ! boy !"

A sleepy voice, from under a sheepskin on the floor, answered,

"*Seitchass !* Directly !"

Now in Russia people always say *seitchass*, but they never are ready. He waited for a quarter of an hour, shaking in the cold, and worn by hunger and thirst, while the boy lit his lamp, himself shivering.

"Quick ! Fire and tea."

"*Ni mogena !* Impossible !"

"Why impossible?"

"The stoves are all out of order, and will not be mended for two days."

"Fool !" said le Duc.

"But, your excellency, it was very hot yesterday here, and will be hotter still when the stoves are mended."

"What is that to me ? Bring me a *samovar*."

The *samovar* is a kind of tea-kettle, which gives out so much heat that it serves at times the purpose of a stove.

"*Ni mogena*," said the boy.

"Why?"

"All the charcoal is burnt, so that the *samovar* cannot be heated. I can give your excellency nothing but a teapot and hot water."

"Hot water !—but where is your fire?"

"We have only some spirits of wine."

And this is the country, the panegyrists of which talk of its rivalling England.

To return to the nobles. Their life in the country, where they are despots, makes up for the humiliation of their town existence. They lord it here, as they are lorded over in St. Petersburg ; they receive petitions only on the bended knees of supplicants.

At nine the boyard takes his morning tea, smoking his pipe all the time; at eleven he breakfasts, and then roams about his estate; at four he dines, and at eight he takes his evening tea. His life is sometimes diversified by hunting, fowling, and by official festivals.

It is a completely royal existence. In their castles, the hereditary boyards know no law but their own will. Some are gentle and paternal in their conduct, but many are tyrannical to the last degree. A peasant insurrection, and the destruction by fire of a castle and all its inhabitants, sometimes give us an insight into the character of the relations which exist between master and slave.

The Russian serf, on an average, works three days for himself and three days for his master. He cannot rise above a

good quantity of brandy is the necessary preliminary to that amusement.

A very lively tourist says, with much of the unreflecting philosophy of a Frenchman: "In Russia, as in all other countries in Europe, the harest time is the occasion of festivities. It is then that the peasant, giving himself up to his taste for brandy, ends each day by a wild drunkenness, which leads him into strange extravagance. Nothing is more ridiculous and maudlin than Russian peasants in a state of drunkenness. They embrace each other, and use the most tender phrases. They run towards their lords and their stewards, or even towards a stranger, and swear inviolable obedience, attachment, and devotion. I have been half stifled with their embraces. The drunken Russian peasant



RECEPTION OF SERFS BY A BOYARD.

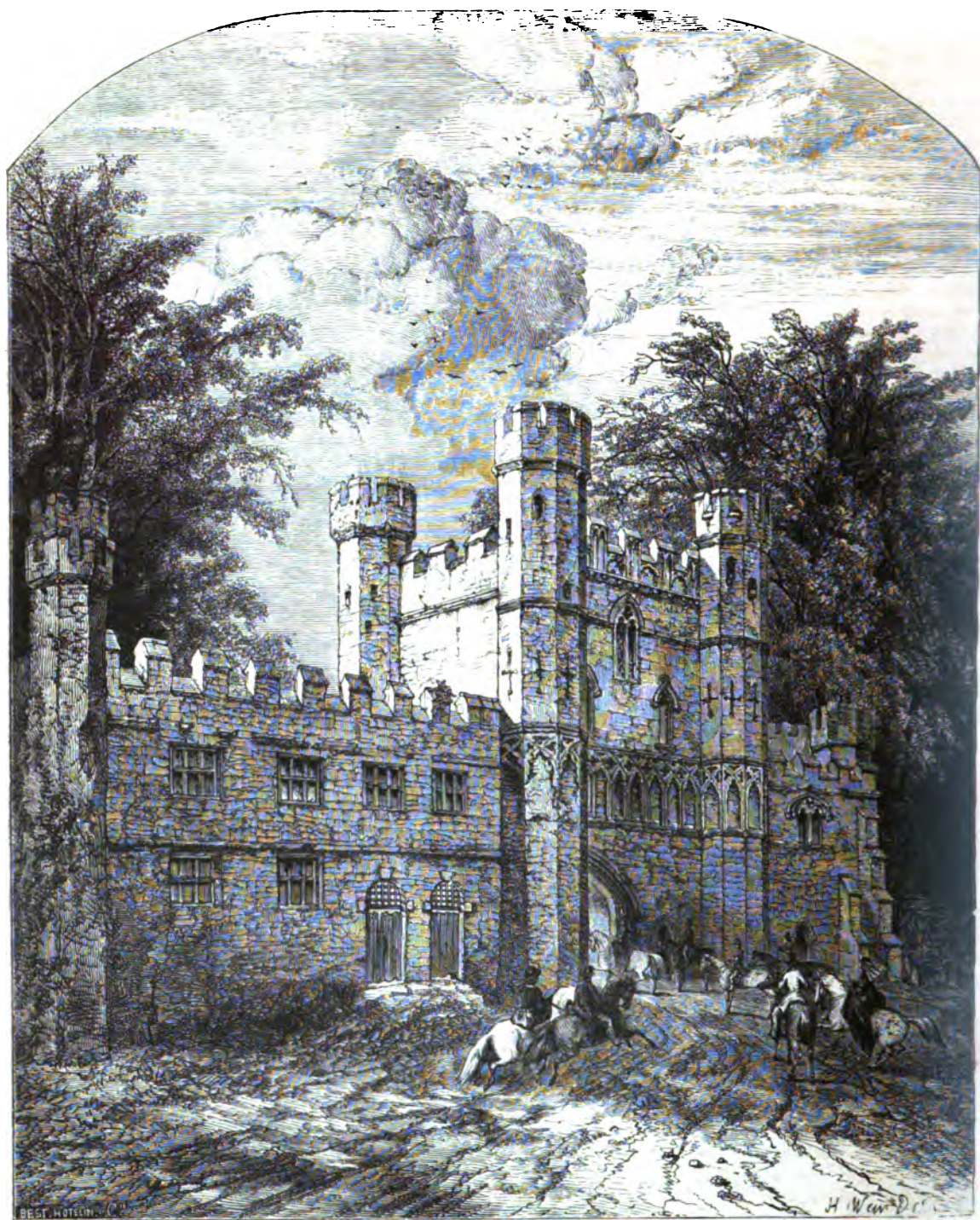
certain level. If there are fifty labourers in a village, they have fifty plots of land of equal size, with five over for those who are likely to marry in the year. That plot they may cultivate, and no more. They cannot leave the village without permission. The duty to the master is called *obrok*; some pay it in money, some in work. The peasant prefers three days' work; that is, three days spent in sleeping under a tree, when the superintendent is not by. Emancipate your serfs and give them wages, O Russians! if you would have your lands tilled. Three days of forced labour, without remuneration, will never be worth one day of paid and voluntary toil.

The serfs are all hard drinkers. The lords encourage this state of things, and the government provides a number of inns, of which it makes a large profit. Intoxication is the sole luxury of the Russian peasant, if we except dancing; but a

man in a state of nature, with a jollity and an oddity which is very queer. The Russian lord is neither willing nor able to abolish drunkenness. This state of things is so grateful to the feelings of the boyard, that he encourages it. On the other hand, the government keeps up a number of drinking-shops on every estate, from which it draws very large revenues. They preserve a monopoly in them. The boyard cannot abolish them; he merely selects the spot where they are to be built. Such customs seem strange; but they are so rooted in the manners of the country, that no one could change them. People and tax-gatherers would resist any change."

What can Europe expect of such a people and such a government, but that Russia will be for ages the refuge of barbarism ignorance, and vice?





BATTLE ABBEY.

BATTLE ABBEY.

SOME eight hundred years ago an invading army landed on the British shores. In a few days it was met by men who would have driven it back, had Saxon bravery been a fitting match for Norman guile. The cause of the quarrel need not be told here. As usual, the sacred name of religion was invoked, and her sanction was attributed to acts which the God of religion could never approve of. Early in the autumn morning marched the Normans up the hill, on the top of which was gathered the Saxon host. The place bore an appropriate name. It was called Senlac, a term, in the language of those times, indicative of blood. Harold, the last of the Saxon kings—for it is he of whom we write—posted his host in one compact mass, and thus awaited the Norman charge. In the centre waved the royal standard—the figure of a warrior in the act of fighting, worked in thread of gold and ornamented with precious stones. The papal banner waved over the Norman ranks; on they came, a stalwart mass—infantry and cavalry—charged and reeled, and retired and charged again. Evening drew on, and still the English battle-axes dealt death around. But they were to be used in vain that day. Confusion severed their ranks—a random arrow struck their leader, and he fell. Of the sixty thousand that had come there that morning to conquer the invader, only one-quarter left the field at eve. Even the last of the Saxon kings would have lain unhonoured and unburied on that field of blood, had not the woman whom he loved searched amongst the dead till she found what once she fondly called her own. The result the world knows. A Norman duke became an English king, and free lands were the rich rewards of all who had followed the Norman warrior across the sea.

In accordance with the spirit of the age, William had vowed to erect a religious building if victorious. Heaven, as he deemed, having heard his vow, Battle Abbey rose upon the very field where the body of Harold had fallen in a glorious cause. The high altar was placed upon the very spot. The foundation was to have been much larger than really proved to be the case. William meant to have had one hundred and sixty monks lodged there; the number in reality was sixty, and they at first were brought from Marmoutier in Normandy. The abbey was dedicated to the Holy Trinity and St. Martin. It had immense privileges. It was exempted from episcopal jurisdiction. It had the right of free warren in all its manors, treasure trove, and even sanctuary. The country round was freed from every kind of tax and service; besides, it was richly dowered with goodly manors and churches in Sussex, Kent, Surrey, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Devonshire, Essex, and even in Wales. The first abbot was appointed in 1076; the monastery was not completed till 1094. It was left to William's descendants to finish the work which he had begun. His son Rufus was present at its consecration and added to its endowments. The other kings of the same line did the same. Battle Abbey was a favourite one; it was founded by a monarch, and succeeding monarchs cherished it. With every reign it had a fresh grant. When the English constitution began to evolve itself, its mitred abbots sat in parliament. All bockneys are familiar with the name of Battle Bridge; that name is connected with the abbey. Stowe says: "The Abbat of Battel Inn in London was so called of Battel Abbey, for that it standeth on the ground and over a water-course flowing out of the Thames, pertaining to that abbey, and was, therefore, both builded and repaired by the abbats of that house as being hard adjoining to the abbats' lodging."

The ruins of Battle Abbey bear ample testimony to its ancient magnificence. Their circuit is computed at not less than a mile. Gough, says Sir Anthony Browne, bought the site of a previous grantee. What his son, the first Lord Montague, built here is, he adds, now the most ruinous part of the abbey, being only a shell of a suite of rooms, at the south end, with two towers, at the east end, which were standing when Birche's view was taken in 1737, but are now

down. The grand entrance, a large square building, embattled at the top with a handsome octagon tower at each corner, faces the town of Battle. It is supposed to be of the time of Henry VI. The ground-plot of the Abbey Church cannot now be traced; some of the arches of the west end of the cloister remain. The refectory, or abbey hall, above fifty paces long, had a carved roof of Irish oak, which, Mr. Gough says, was carried to Lord Montague's seat at Cowdray; the walls are now open at the top. There is another building, a little detached from the abbey, of the same kind, having twelve windows on one side and six on the other, presenting the remains of a room one hundred and sixty feet by thirty-five feet. The abbey kitchen had five fire-places, and was arched at the top, and, considering the large family maintained in the establishment, must have been the scene of extensive culinary operations. The monks could afford to live well. Their revenues yielded them an income of £10,000 a year.

That indefatigable antiquarian, Mr. Mark Antony Lomer, has published an interesting document, called "The Chronicle of Battle Abbey," which contains as much of the world's history as occurred within the abbey. Few monks knew much of the political contentions and wars which agitated society. They had their own duties to perform, and intelligence was far less rapidly diffused than in our day. The good chronicler, as a true Norman monk, never imagined for a moment that Harold, in fighting for the independence of his kingdom, was doing anything very patriotic or worthy of praise. The pious chronicler had quite a different opinion. This is clear from his opening paragraph, which is as follows:—"By that providence by which all earthly affairs are arranged, the most pious Duke William, of the illustrious stock of the Normans and of their famous Prince Rollo, a man worthy to be destined the father of his country, and the landmark of his duchy and kingdom, having arisen like a morning star upon the world—(through his admirable diligence, accompanied by God's favour, his own liberality, and the assistance of the nobility of France)—after innumerable storms of calamity, happily asserted his claim to the government, left him in right of heirship by his father, and at length effectually reduced it under his power. In the meantime, King Edward died, and left the kingdom of England to Duke William, whom he constituted his legal heir. But this was seized upon by a certain *perjured slave* called Harold, and the duke having received information of it, relying upon the advice and assistance of his friends, devoted all his energies, either by force or stratagem, to recover his rights. He, therefore, prepared himself a great fleet; and many counts, nobles, and illustrious men, who were not his subjects but belonged to neighbouring provinces, from motives of respect associated themselves in his retinue. The duke, therefore, setting sail with a prodigious army and attended by Divine favour, arrived safely near the castle called Pevensey."—But this is enough. The bias of the writer is clearly seen. Nor less remarkable is the writer's attachment to the abbey, in which we may imagine he led a very easy life.

One paragraph will demonstrate this. We read, in the time of William Rufus, that an importunate monk teased the king into giving him an order for ten pounds on the exchequer of Battle Abbey, for the purchase of a vestment for a foreign abbey. The order, of course, was honoured; but mark the result. "The vestment was forthwith made, and no apprehension of God's judgment being entertained, all things appeared to have been satisfactorily performed; but suddenly, at a certain time, about the third hour of the day, the Lord thundered from the heavens, and the wonted calmness of the air was changed into thick darkness and as it were the shadow of death, and there arose a mighty tempest of lightning and thunder. As we have said, the third hour of the day had commenced, and the brethren were chanting the verse, 'Sharp arrows of the mighty,' when, on a sudden, the day assumed the horrors of dark night, and the trembling earth, shaken by the crashing of the heavens, seemed to rise beneath their feet.

All the brethren, fearing the lightning stroke from heaven, desisted from the occupation in which they were engaged, and prostrated themselves in prayer, and lo! in a short space two of the monks were deprived of their vital breath." The next year Divine displeasure was equally displayed. A thunderbolt from heaven pierced the unjustly-purchased vestment, and it was filled with "wonderful holes made in it by the fiery force of the lightning." Hence, observes the chronicle piously, "we may see the marvellous power of God towards the saints." Of the abbots themselves the chronicle has little to say. One Abbot Ralph was a rare abbot. "Ever first at the choir, he was the last to quit it. Thus was he a pattern of good works—a Martha and a Mary. He was the serpent and the dove. He was a Noah amidst the waters: while he never willingly rejected the raven, he always gladly received the dove. In the sparingness of his food he was a Daniel—in the sufferings of his body a Job—in the bending of his knees a Bartholomew." Besides such holy men, Battle Abbey seems also to have had other treasures. It boasted a sword and a royal robe belonging to William the Conqueror, both of doubtful authenticity. Leland has preserved the catalogue of the library. A short extract will not make the present generation regret that its contents are not accessible to the reading public:—

The Gloss of Odo, Abbot of Battel, on the Psalter.
Clement of Sautory on the Spiritual Wings and Feathers of the Cherubim.
The Entire Chronicle of Jordan, Bishop of Ravenna.
Mellitus on the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.
Bede on the Distances of Places mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles.
Bishop Martin on the Four Cardinal Virtues.
Epistles of Ivo on the Body and Blood of Christ.
Abbot Odo: Exposition of the First Book of Kings.
Sermon of Stephen, Archbishop of Canterbury, on the Assumption.
Sermons of Richard of Melksham.
Sermons of Stephen of Canterbury.
Broker William de la Lees' Book of Chronicles.
The Responses of Albinus.
Albinus on the Propriety of Sermons.
Topography of England and Wales, by Sylvester Giraldus Cambrensis.
The Entire Prophecy of Hildeyard.
The Summary of Michael de Straulfield.

Truly a wretched library; not a single classic in it. The English monasteries must have degenerated. When Alcuin went to assist Charlemagne, he had his books from England. Certainly the learning of England had declined.

But we have yet to name what, in these modern times, is considered the most memorable thing in connexion with the abbey; that is, the far-famed Roll of Battle Abbey—a document which all who pride themselves on their Norman lineage refer to as indisputable authority. The roll is a list of the adventurers who came over with William the Conqueror. It is a list of which the English aristocracy are proud. He whose name is there boasts himself of pure blood. He whose name is there boasts with a feeling of pardonable exultation that his

is the honour of an ancient and unsullied line. It is questionable whether this is really the case. It is more than probable that the list has been tampered with, and that names which have no business there have been foisted in. Even if the list were genuine it would not be of so much consequence as some imagine. It is not birth alone that wins the world's homage now. The man we would honour must be better than his fellows—of nobler life, of loftier aim.

"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather and prunella."

The abbey was suppressed in Henry the Eighth's time, who granted it to Richard Gilder, from whose hands it passed into the hands of Sir Anthony Brown. It is now the property of the Webster family. By means of its connexion with the Browns, the abbey has become associated with that unfortunate Earl of Surrey to whom we owe the introduction of the sonnet and blank verse. The second wife of Sir Anthony was the lady Elisabeth Fitzgerald, daughter of Gerald, ninth earl of Kildare, whose beauty, under the name of the "Fair Geraldine," Surrey "married to immortal verse." The love that gilded his troubled life still lives and shines, for time

"Makes all but true love old."

Our readers will forgive us if we tell them, as the noble poet sang—

"From Tuscan came my lady's witty race,
Fair Florence was some time their ancient seat.
The western isle, whose pleasant shore does face
Wild Cambria's cliffs, did give her lively heart.

Fostered she was with milk of Irish breasts,
Her sire an earl, her dame of princes' blood;
From tender years in Britain she doth rest,
With king's child, where she tasteth costly food.

Hunsden did first present her to mine een,
Bright is her hue and Geraldine she might;
Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine,
And Windsor, alas! doth chase me from her sight."

Thus Battle Abbey comes to us with no common claims. It has its tales of heroism—of bravery—of piety—of learning, and of love. We see it rising with prayer and praise amidst the slaughter of the battle-field. When the times came for mitred abbots and shaven monks to pass away, we see the old halls filled with the bravery and the beauty of that age. It is still to us a chronicle, and reads to us a sermon of change and decay. It does more. It shows how imperishable is human energy. The children of Rollo landed strangers on our shores. Here with their broad-swords and strong right arms they won themselves a home. They are gone, and the abbeys they built and endowed moulder away—but their spirit still lives; we see it in the energy which grapples with the elements and rules the waves, that has preserved freedom here when the powers of Europe have conspired her overthrow, that has carried the English tongue into every corner of the globe, and that has made the banner of Old England float victorious over every sea.

THE COVENANTERS.

In "Old Mortality" Scott has represented or mis-represented the Covenanters. In other productions of his fertile genius he has alluded to them, and given, here and there, a sketchy indication of those terrible covenanting days, and of those who had imbibed the spirit of the times. Wandering Willie tells us, in a weird and fearful fashion, of the persecutors in hell; and in the "Bride of Lammermoor" we are introduced to Mr. Bide-the-Bent, who had been "out in the persecution." But in "Old Mortality"—the Marmion of his novels—the subject is brought more fully and broadly before us.

None other of Scott's novels produced so much controversy as this. While one class of critical readers pronounced the

"Old Mortality" Covenanters to be faithful portraits, others denounced them as gross caricatures, and Dr. Macrie took the field against the fiction-maker—ready to do battle for the reputation of the heroes and the martyrs who shed their blood for the Covenant. Scott himself, in describing the operations of that conflicting time, and the opposite principles brought forth in the struggle, attempted to give a faithful picture. He says: "If recollection of former injuries, extra loyalty, and contempt of their adversaries produced vigour and tyranny in the one party, it will hardly be denied, on the other hand, that if the zeal of God's house did not eat up the conventiclers, it devoured, at least, to imitate the phrase of Dryden, 'no small portion

of their loyalty, sober sense, and good breeding.' We may safely hope that the souls of the brave and sincere, on either side, have long looked down with surprise and pity upon the ill-appreciated motives which caused their mutual hatred and hostility while in the valley of darkness, blood, and tears." And the justice of this is apparent enough when we come fairly to consider the motives that directed and the emotions that aroused that terrible Scottish tragedy.

The covenant which the sixth James signed, while he was yet a boy—a saucy blockhead, as his tutor called him—included an abjuration of the Roman Catholic faith and an obligation to support the Protestant religion. Later in his life this same sagacious and pedantic king renewed the covenant at Edinburgh, giving thereby fresh impulse to the Presbyterian cause; but the old quarrel between the prince and the priests soon broke out again, and while matters were in the most unsatisfactory state imaginable, James quitted Scotland as England's king. The religion of Scotland had become the great question of the day. James attempted to reduce its institutions to uniformity with those of England, and the quarrel, bad enough before, now grew worse. Of all causes of quarrel under the sun none have been so prolific as religion. When James claimed the right to rule in matters ecclesiastical, and instituted penalties to compel obedience, every Scottish pulpit rang with invectives. When bishops came to rule the church, and had their way prepared by church officers, whom the sapient king called superintendents, the innovation was most loudly and positively denounced, and there were not wanting "Mucklewraths" to launch their thunders at the prelacy. "Dress them as bonnily as ye can," cried one, "bring them in as fairly as ye will, we see the horns of the mitre weel enough." All this squabbling rent unhappy Scotland till the wisest fool in Christendom slept his last sleep.

Scotland under Charles I. was even worse than Scotland under James VI. The devastation of the civil war was keenly felt there; the sword of persecution and the sword of rebellion were out of their scabbards. The Scots were not men to be trifled with. More than once they had lifted their swords against a crowned head. Like the Henrys of France, the Stuarts seemed a doomed family. James I. had been murdered in his bed-chamber; the nation had arrayed itself against James II.; the lifeless body of James III. had been left on the battle-field; the heart of James V. was broken; and Mary Stuart was imprisoned and deposed. What they had done before they could do again. But Charles pursued his own course of policy. The church quarrel was to be summarily ended; a liturgy—not that of the English prayer-book, but another—was to be read evermore. But at the first reading in St. Giles, Edinburgh, the wooden stool of Jenny Geddes hurled at the reader's head, betokened how the people liked it. The Edinburgh mob were fierce and cruel, and women in all directions headed risings against the liturgy, and in great crowds and with great enthusiasm the people met and signed the National Covenant. The parchment was spread on a flat tombstone in the Gray Friar's church. So many signed, that in many instances there was room only for initials, and these were here and there written in blood. This was in 1638.

The Covenanters were denounced and condemned, but they remonstrated and appealed; and then Charles and they marshalled their armies, and the fray began—a "bishop's war," they sometimes called it—a war of "liturgies and leaden bullets." The blue flag with its inscription in gold, "For Christ's crown and Covenant," floated over many a bloody field. The religious question was soon merged in that of politics—politics as plainly so as reform in parliament or an extension of the suffrage. Men sometimes do strange things in the name of religion. After the beheading of the first Charles, his son found a refuge with the Scots. They proclaimed him king, and the merry monarch became a Covenanter. At Dumferling, he appended his signature to a new declaration, renouncing "popery and prelacy," and asserting that he had no other enemies than those of the Covenant. Then came the reverse of fortune. The Presby-

terians of Scotland and the Puritans of England at warfare, moistened the earth with blood, and did it in the name of God: while the shout on the one side was "the Covenant! the Covenant!" Cromwell and his hosts replied, with deafening cries, "the Lord of Hosts! the Lord of Hosts!" The Scots were subdued, Charles had to seek a foreign home, and Cromwell declared in the spirit of the times—that it "was the great hand of the Lord, and worthy of the consideration of all those who take in their hands the instruments of a foolish shepherd, to wit, meddling with worldly politics and mixtures of earthly powers to set up that which they call the kingdom of Christ."

The restoration of Charles II. was the beginning of sorrow for Scotland. The Covenant might now be said to have completed its history. The upright minister of Crail—though withal given rather to sermon stealing—was their first messenger to the court, and as a simple presbyterian parson he came, but as a mitred prelate returned—the Rev. James Sharp became bishop of St. Andrew's, and with high triumph rode into Edinburgh. The burning of the Covenant by the hands of the hangman followed; then the old covenanting ministers were turned adrift. The depth of winter saw them homeless; for their old attachments were strong, and they refused to acknowledge the authority of newly-invested prelates. Four hundred congregations were thus deprived, but the deprivation was supposed to be made up by new teachers sent expressly to fill up vacant places. Then came those days of empty kirks and crowded hill-sides; the days when the episcopal teachers had none to listen, and the old pastors, in the green meadows and by the side of the still waters, preached to eager multitudes. To preach without a licence was sedition; pains and penalties fell on those who absented themselves from the parish church, but the preachers still preached and the people still listened. Quietly at first they met, and in quietness separated; but the dragoons were soon called out to prevent the gatherings and compel obedience to the law. Heavy fines were exacted, severe punishments inflicted, fines to the amount of fifty thousand pounds were paid in Ayrshire, women were publicly whipped, boys were scourged and branded, and, by shiploads, Scottish slaves arrived at Barbadoes. To give a drink of water or a piece of bannock to an ejected minister was a capital offence.

Oppressed on every hand, the Scots turned on their oppressors. They met to hear the word of God, but had their swords by their sides in case of conflict. Encounters occurred. They fought, and fought boldly, singing old saintly psalms in the rugged metre of the Scottish psalter, and struggled like men who had ventured all and had no mercy to expect. These simple country folk, unknown

"Till persecution dragged them into light
And chased them up to heaven,"

were slaughtered without pity or remorse. General Dalziel, fresh from butchering Turks and Tartars, who had learnt the art of war in Russia, was sent to hunt out contumacious Covenanters; and James Graham, of Claverhouse, came with his wild dragoons, and that brow-beating lawyer, the "bluidy Mackenzie." Sings a rough Cameronian muse:—

"Montrose did come and Athole both,
And with them many more;
And all the Highland Amorites
That had been there before.
The Lowdian Mallisha they
Came with their coats of bleu;
Five hundred men from London came,
Clad in a reddish hue.
When they were assembled one and all
A full brigade were they,
Lick to a pack of hellish hounds
Roaring after their prey."

The story of that dreadful persecution is too well known to need a recital here. John Brown the carrier, shot at his own door, in presence of his wife and little ones, by the hand of Claverhouse himself; the five wanderers, shot at Glencairn as they lay hid in a cavern; the countryman, shot because he

knew nothing; and another, hanged because he knew and would not tell where his father lie concealed;—these, and a hundred other cases still more dark and terrible, are familiar to us, and their harrowing details are not to be forgotten. The severity of the persecution drove the sufferers to hide themselves in dens and caves of the earth—haunted dens, by the report of the neighbourhood, and believed to be so by the Covenanters themselves. "A very romantic scene," says Sir Walter Scott, "of rocks, thickets, and cascades, called Creehope Linn, on the estate of Mr. Menteath, of Closeburn, is said to have been the retreat of some of these enthusiasts, who judged it safer to face the apparitions by which the place was thought to be haunted, than to expose themselves to the rage of their mortal enemies."

The persecution was not of short duration; it lasted eight-and-twenty years, mystically indicated—so said the Scottish seers—by the eight-and-twenty gaps, or broken pieces, in the

of the Puritans: he escaped, on the journey to London, and vowed revenge. The news came that his wife was dead—dead of a broken heart, and the oath of vengeance was renewed. Charles II. was restored; persecution began in Scotland; and among those who persecuted most bitterly was a pale-faced, noble-looking soldier—the widowed man who had sworn revenge. While staying with his troop at a Scottish hamlet, at the base of one of the loftiest hills of Scotland, a highland woman brought news of a covenanting gathering; she betrayed it all for a Scotch pound and a glass or two of whiskey. There was to be a gathering, and a young girl was to be married to her plighted one, in simple presbyterian fashion, and in the open air. The troop was soon in motion, the spot soon gained; they halted for a moment, and looked down through the brushwood at the gathering in the valley below. It was a calm, beautiful picture. The pastor grave and solemn as one of Israel's leaders; the happy look of the young man as he



A COVENANTERS' WEDDING.

sword of Captain Paton, a stern Cameronian, and a man of great personal prowess, who had sealed his attachment to the Covenant by his death.

An incident which occurred during the persecution is represented in our engraving. And the story is this. A highland laird, in the days when the Puritans ruled, had sought the hand of a lady of good birth, and whose father had great influence with the presbyterian party. They loved each other; they were of the same age, the same rank in life; everything tending to promise a happy future—everything but one—they differed in their faith. The young man was a good Catholic and a true loyalist; the girl a Presbyterian—her family of the strictest sort. The consent of the girl's father was refused; but love was stronger than aught else; the girl was secretly married to her lover, and a month passed away. When the secret was discovered, the rage of the old man was terrible; he said little, but he acted promptly. Ere four-and-twenty hours had elapsed, the young man was betrayed into the hands

took the trembling hand of his betrothed, and the group gathered around; the old men and the little children—all seemed so calm and still, as if they felt the peace of God within their hearts as God's sunshine fell upon them. A moment, and the soldiers galloped forward—a shout from the hill—the discharge of a rifle—the shrieks of the women—the volley of fire-arms, and soldiers and Puritans were mixed up together. Most of the group had fled; those who remained were prisoners. Two were slain, and those two the newly-wedded pair; hand clasped in hand, they lay upon the grass—dead! And the end of the story is this:—that beautiful girl, whose eyes were closed in death, who had been hunted out of life by that vow of vengeance, was none other than the soldier's daughter—the child of his melancholy union, of whom, till that day, he had never heard. It is a melancholy episode in a terrible history, and gives to the wild beauty of the spot where it is said to have occurred an additional and pathetic interest.

THE FUNGUS TRIBE.

CHAPTER II.

IN our last paper we observed that the treasures of food which it has pleased God to provide for us in the fungus tribe are, if not wholly disregarded, at least by no means duly appreciated by the English. There is, perhaps, no country richer than our own in the esculent species of fungi; they

Throughout the continent of Europe, on the contrary, plants of this tribe are eagerly sought after by all classes of men, and form the chief, if not the sole, diet of thousands, who would otherwise be but scantily provided with aliment. But fungi are not only the tolerated food of the poorer

FIG. 1.—*AGARICUS CAMPESTRIS* (THE MEADOW MUSHROOM).

abound in our woods and pastures, they grow from the ground and under the ground; they spring abundantly out of the substance of dead trees, and are often found on waste lands and heaps of rubbish, from which no other edible produce can be procured; yet, though this is the case, and more than

classes, they are also most highly prized by the rich man and the epicure; and afford, when daintily cooked, many a delicate dish and many a highly flavoured sauce at the most elaborately served and highly expensive tables. In Germany and Italy, immense numbers of the various species of this

FIG. 2.—*AGARICUS DELICIOSUS* (ORANGE MILK AGARIC).FIG. 3.—*CANTHARELLUS CIBARIUS*.

thirty species of esculent fungi are spontaneously brought forth in England, there are only three or four of these species that are eaten by its inhabitants; all the rest of this abundant supply being allowed to rot under the trees, or to become the prey of field-mice, toads, slugs, and other creatures, to which they afford many a delightful repast.

tribe are sold in the markets, and produce an amount of income which would seem to us almost incredible. In Rome, so important are the fungi as an article of commerce, that there is a public officer appointed for the express purpose of testing the species exposed for sale, and superintending this branch of the revenue; for in that market a tax is laid on

quantities of fungi presented for sale exceeding ten pounds in weight. All fungi brought into Rome are supervised by this officer, weighed, sealed up, and all destined for that day's consumption sent to a central dépôt. If, among the contents of the baskets offered, any stale, maggot-eaten, or dangerous specimens are found, they are sent under escort, and thrown into the Tiber; and another very remarkable circumstance is the law, that if any specimen of the common mushroom (*Agaricus campestris*) is found, it also is to be thrown into the river! So says an unpublished letter of Professor Sanguinetti, "Is-pettore dei Funghi," at Rome. It is certainly singular that the only fungus which is freely accepted in all English kitchens, and considered as the sole common kind that is honest and trustworthy, and possessed of no murderous properties, should be the one thus protested against, "whether in a state good or bad!" "For forty days during the autumn, and for about half that period every spring, large quantities of funguses, picked in the immediate vicinity of Rome, from Frascatti Rocca di Papa, Albano, beyond Monte Mario, towards Ostia and the neighbourhood of the sites of Veii and Gabii," are brought to Rome. "The returns of taxed mushrooms alone," says Dr. Badham, "during the last ten years, give a yearly average of between sixty and eighty thousand pounds weight; and if we double this amount, which we may safely do in order to include such smaller untaxed supplies as are disposed of in bribes, fees, and presents, and reckon the whole at the rate of six baiocchi, or threepence a pound (a fair average), this will make the commercial value of fresh funguses very apparent, showing it here to be little less than £2,000 a year." Besides this, we must consider the dried, pickled, and preserved supplies, which sell at a much higher price than the fresh, from one-shilling to one shilling and threepence per pound, and also recollect that this calculation includes only the Roman market, and that every other market-place in the Italian states has its proportionate sale of this wide-spreading branch of the vegetable produce of the land.

With the above statements fully in our mind, and after having been habitually in communication with many of the families from amongst our peasantry who were but scantily provided with daily food, we found ourselves one day, during the last autumn, in an extensive pine-wood near Budleigh Salterton, in South Devon, and saw the ground, which was densely carpeted with the accumulated dead leaves that had fallen from the trees, and lain undisturbed for many years, studded in every direction with fungi, of every colour and of every shape, in such quantities as that cart-loads might have been gathered there. Huge purple, white, brown, and tawny *Agarics* were there; the deep orange of the *Boletus edulis* was interspersed with the snowy balls of the *Lycoperdons*, and the delicate apricot tint of the pretty and singular *Cantharellus cibarius*, with many other beautiful and edible species, were scattered in profusion around us. How could we, under these circumstances, do otherwise than regret that ignorance of the differences of species, combined with the strong prejudice which prevails in England against using any of this tribe (save the two or three favoured individuals), should shut out our poor from the possibility of availing themselves of this rich supply of wholesome aliment, which the bounty of God had provided for them, if they would but be persuaded to use it? It is true, that amongst this extensive collection of fungi there were some species which would have proved poisonous, and others which would have been but disagreeable food; yet the greater number of them were such as, if properly cooked, would have furnished, not only *wholesome*, but also savoury and pleasant food; and it seemed to us a great pity that they should be so wholly neglected, and left for a prey to reptiles and field-mice.

The chemical structure of fungi is said to be the most highly animalised, or, in other words, to partake more of the nature of animal composition than that of any other vegetable. Besides the intimations of this circumstance that are afforded by the smell of some of the species in decay, which partakes much of the character of that of putrid meat, and the strong meat-like flavour which some of them possess when cooked, we find the

following fact stated—that, "like animals, they absorb a large quantity of oxygen, and disengage in return from their surface a large quantity of carbonic acid; all, however, do not exhale carbonic acid, but in lieu of it some give out hydrogen, and others azotic gas. They yield, moreover, to chemical analysis the several components of which animal structures are made up; many of them, in addition to sugar, gum, resin, a peculiar acid called fungic acid, and a variety of salts, furnish considerable quantities of *albumen*, *adipocine*, and *osmazome*, which last is that principle that gives its peculiar flavour to meat-gravy."

Fungi are considered to be highly nutritious, and are said by many of the faculty to be easy of digestion. This latter opinion, though strongly supported by many foreign medical men, is certainly quite in opposition to the generally received opinion on that subject in England, and also to the ideas of ancient writers. Gerard, the quaint old herbalist, says: "Some mushrooms grow forth of the earth: others upon the bodies of old trees, which differ altogether in kinds. Many wantons that dwell near the sea, and have fish at will, are verie desirous, for change of diet, to feed upon the birds of the mountaines; and such as dwell upon the hill or champion grounds do long after sea fish; many that have plentie of both do hunger after the earthish excrescences called mushrooms; whereof some are very venomous and full of poison, others not so noisome, and neither of them very wholesome meat." And again—"Galen affirms that they are all very cold and moist, and therefore do approach unto a venomous and murdering facultie, and ingender a clammy, pituitous, and cold nutriment if they be eaten. To conclude, few of them are good to be eaten, and most of them do suffocate and strangle the eater. Therefore I give my advice to those that love such strange and new-fangled meates, to beware of licking honey among thornes, lest the sweetness of the one do not countervail the sharpnesse and pricking of the other."

Fungi are classed under two primary divisions—*Hymenomyces* and *Gasteromyces*; the seed lying externally in the former, and internally in the latter. These divisions are subdivided into four tribes—1st, *Pileati*; 2nd, *Clavati*; 3rd, *Mitrati*; and 4th, *Cupulati*. In each of these tribes we find esculent species, although most of that description are found in the first tribe, the *Pileati*, and of that tribe the genus *Agaricus* supplies the largest number of any of the genera.

All *Agarics* are furnished with a fleshy pileus or cap, a stipes or stem, and gills placed at right angles with their stem. The species of this genus differ widely in size, shape, and colour; but all agree in the possession of the parts which we have named.

Our own favourite meadow-mushroom (fig. 1) is the first we will describe, of which old Gerard says:—

"The meadowe mushroom is in kinde the best;
It is ill trusting any of the rest."

Every one considers himself a complete judge of this species, and few hesitate to present at their tables a dish of these agreeable fungi, without taking any other means of proving their trustworthiness than that most fallacious mode of directing their cook to stir them whilst dressing with a silver spoon; in full belief that if their juices do not tarnish the silver, there can be no injurious specimen amongst them.

But although this kind is in such general use in England, yet it is by no means more easy to discriminate it from other species, than it is to discriminate most other kinds. "No fungus," says Dr. Badham, "presents itself under such a variety of forms or such singular diversities of aspect. The inference is plain; less discrimination than that employed to distinguish this, would enable any who should take the trouble to recognise at a glance many of those esculent species which every spring and autumn fill our plantations and pastures with plenteousness." The cap of this mushroom is in some individuals snowy white and smooth; in others, brown and scaly; in some instances the gills are of a delicate pink; in others of a deep, rusty black; some grow broad and flat, others in the form of buttons, looking almost like a puff-ball

of a soft, smooth texture, and of a pure white colour. The stem in some varieties is nearly straight, as in the larger one in our cut; in others it is broader, by one-third, at the top than at the bottom, and altogether shorter than it is wide, the under part of the cap being upturned at an obtuse angle with the bulky stem so as to display the coarse-looking, dark gills which line it.

It is a pleasant thing to sally forth early in the day, under the first burst of sunshine which breaks out on a soft, clear morning in September; and to see how the night dews have been at work in hastening the growth of fungi. We need hardly say that mushrooms are excellent pickled. The way to do this is to select all the *buttons*; place them skins and all in a stewpan with allspice, salt, and pepper; stew them until they have given out every drop of their juice, and (like children who give and then repent, and take back again) have re-absorbed all those juices charged with the flavour of the spices amongst which they have been straying. When this process is completed, add as much hot vinegar as will cover your mushrooms, boil them just for a minute, and they are finished. The large broad specimens are delicious, broiled with salt and pepper; and the middle-sized kinds, stewed in their own juice, with a little pepper, salt, and butter. Whatever the Italians may say, the *Agaricus campestris* is a delicious article of food; and it is a very rare thing for any injurious effect to arise from partaking of them.

Agaricus deliciosus (fig. 2), the "Orange milk Agaric," is another which is in high repute; it may be found in the fir plantations of Scotland, as also on those of the barren hills at Barr in Staffordshire, as well as near Guildford in Surrey, and in some other places. This fungus is of a dull reddish orange, with a somewhat viscid cap, frequently lined with concentric

circles of rather a brighter hue. It has narrow branched gills approaching flame colour; the stem is orange, solid, and tapering downwards, slightly bent, from two to three inches high, and covered at the base with short pointed hairs; the flesh of the cap, or pileus, is firm, and filled with red-orange milk, which turns green when exposed to the air, as does the whole plant when bruised. Badham and Loudon agree in stating it to be very excellent food, and much in request in the Italian markets. Sowerby says, "It was very luscious eating, full of rich gravy, with a little the flavour of muscles;" and Sir James Smith, "that it really deserves its name, 'A. deliciosus,' being the most delicious mushroom known." Badham says, "It may be served with white sauce, or fried; but the best way to cook them, after duly seasoning with salt and pepper, and putting a piece of butter upon each, is to bake them (in a closely-covered pie-dish) for about three-quarters of an hour."

Another of the *Pileati* which we must notice is the *Cantharellus cibarius* (fig. 3), an exceedingly pretty fungus, of a soft apricot hue throughout both cap and stem; and instead of gills, it is furnished with thick veins or plaits, very elegant in appearance. It is irregular in form, and the stems are seldom, if ever, in the centre of the cap. Loudon says that the best way of preserving them for use is to string them in rows after they have become flaccid, and hang them in a dry place, where they can have plenty of air; they then form a delicious ingredient in rich gravies. Vittadini, an Italian writer on the subject, says that the common people in Italy dry, or pickle them, or keep them in oil for winter use, and recommends, as they are rather tough, to soak them for a night in milk, when they should be gently stewed either with other fungi or with meat, or else alone.

SCULPTURE IN THE NEW CRYSTAL PALACE AT SYDENHAM.

ONE of the greatest wonders of the English Great Exhibition was the building in which the vast collection of industrial and artistic productions was enshrined. It was a thing altogether unprecedented, combining lightness, magnitude, and stability, in a degree never before known. Yet, marvellous as it was, it seems likely to be completely eclipsed by the splendour of the magnificent structure now just completed at Sydenham. Indeed, we may venture to predict that, as the first temple at Jerusalem was surpassed by the greater glory of the second, so the building in Hyde-park will be all but banished from recollection by the superior grandeur of the Sydenham palace, or if remembered at all, it will be chiefly as the parent of the present edifice. The former building was merely intended to answer a temporary purpose; the present is to be one of the established institutions of the country. The one was mainly devoted to purposes of practical utility; the other will minister as much to the gratification of the taste, and even the amusement of visitors, as to their solid improvement. Hence more attention has been paid to the general beauty of the edifice; its interior will be decorated in a higher style; its contents will be more varied, and its conveniences more multiplied, so as to make it an agreeable resort at all seasons and in all weathers. To these numerous attractions must be added the picturesque scenery and beautifully laid out gardens and grounds by which it is surrounded.

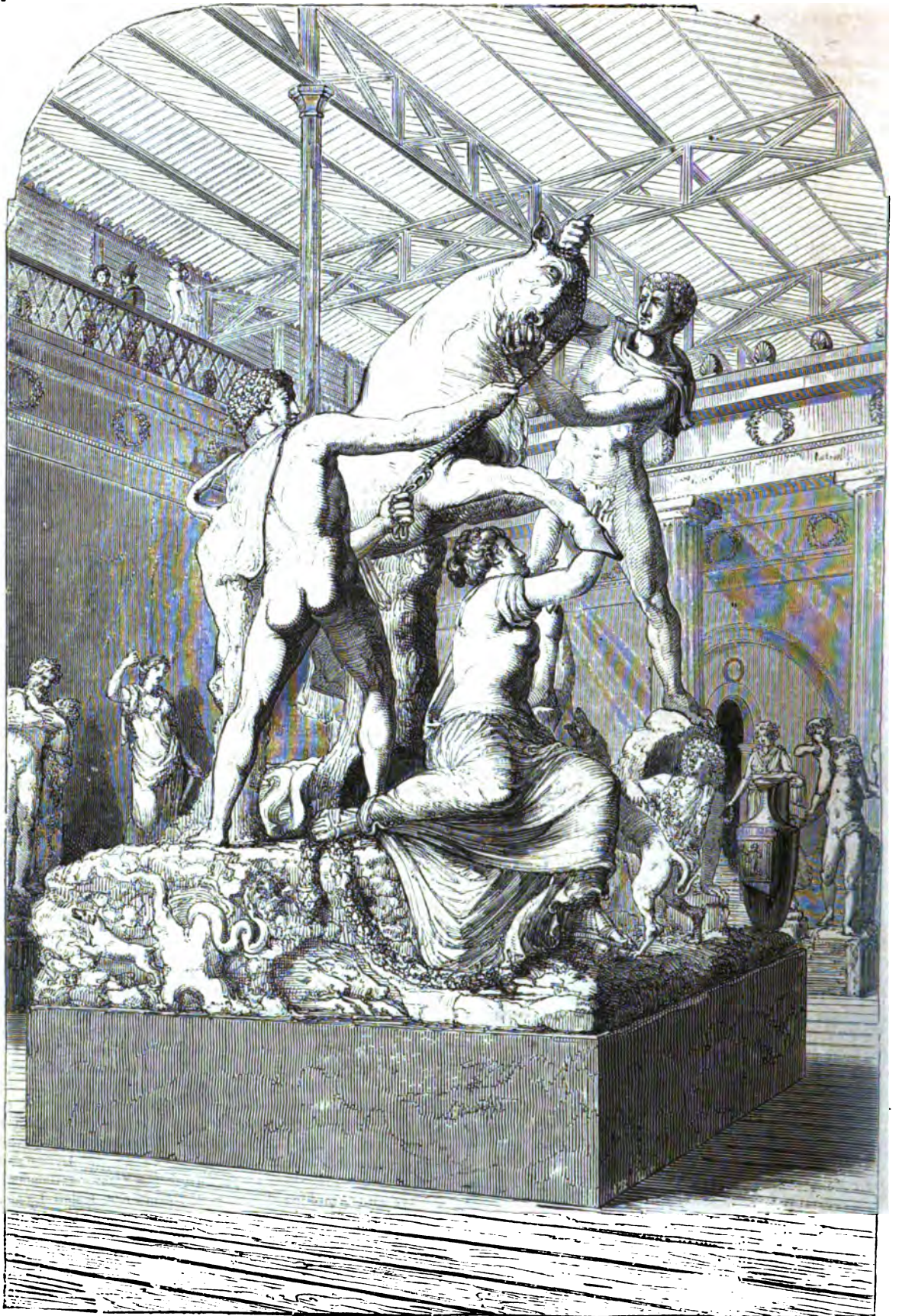
The Fine Arts Court will form a very interesting feature in the new crystal palace. Among other remarkable productions of high art, it contains a fine cast of the celebrated marble sculpture known by the name of the *Toro Farnese*, or Farnese Bull, and represented in the accompanying engraving (p. 296). This group was cut out of a solid block of marble by two brothers, Apollonius and Tauriscus, who came from Tralles, a town in Cilicia, Caria, or Lydia. According to Pliny, there was in his time an inscription on the marble, in which the two artists made mention of Artemidorus, their father, and Menecrates, their master.

Under the reign of Augustus this group was at Rhodes.

Asinius Pollio, a rich patrician, and a great patron of literature and art, whose favour towards the poet Virgil has secured him an honourable immortality, purchased it and had it conveyed to Rome. Buried in obscurity for a long series of ages, it was discovered about the year 1547, during the pontificate of Paul III., in the hot baths of Caracalla. It was found to be in a mutilated condition. A Milanese artist named Baptiste Bianchi, or Biondi, was commissioned to restore it. For a long time it formed part of the collection in the Farnese Palace at Rome, whence arose the name it now bears. In the last century it was conveyed to Naples, and employed to decorate the beautiful garden of Chiaja, which is washed by the sea, and forms part of what is called Villa-Reale, or the Royal Villa. At the present time it stands on the ground-floor of the Bourbon Museum, in a large hall, facing the celebrated Farnese Hercules, executed by Glycon of Athens.

It is well known that this gigantic composition represents Amphion and Zethys preparing the punishment of Dirce, their step-mother, in revenge for their mother Antiope. Lycus, the King of Thebes, says the legend, had divorced his wife Antiope to marry Dirce. The new spouse, impelled by violent hatred, had Antiope, whom she had supplanted, exposed to the fury of wild beasts, together with her two sons, Zethys and Amphion. But a shepherd rescued the two sons, and the mother herself joined them on Mount Citheron. Lycus and Dirce having met them there during the feast of Bacchus, Zethys and Amphion defended their mother, killed Lycus, and tied Dirce by her hair to the horns of a young bull, which rushed with her over the rocks and tore her to pieces.

Dirce is the principal figure in the group. Turned sideways, she is endeavouring to push away the bull which is just on the point of trampling her under foot, and she implores the pity of one of her enemies. But the two brothers have already fastened to the horns of the furious animal the cord which is intertwined at its other extremity with the hair of the ill-fated woman. Antiope stands in the background observing the preparations for vengeance without emotion. The festoons



CAST OF THE "TORO FARNESE" IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE AT SYDENHAM.

and various ornaments at the feet of Dirce are connected with the feast of Bacchus. A dog is jumping up and barking at

the bull, and a young priestess of Bacchus, who is sitting near seems terrified at the horrible scene before her.

NICHOLAS, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

In Petersburg there is a likeness, from which, do what you may, you can never escape. It is that of the Czar, Nicholas,

second wife, Maria Feodorowna, a princess of Würtemberg. The day of the imperial infant's birth was the 7th of July,



NICHOLAS, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

Emperor of all the Russias, whose iron rule extends over seventy millions of souls, and one-seventh of the earth. Nicholas Pawlowitsch is the ninth of ten children borne to Paul by his

1796. The child had reached the age of four months, when on the death of his grandmother, Catharine II., his father ascended the throne. The eyes of Russia were fixed on

Alexander and Constantine, his elder brothers, and no reason whatever had Maria Feodorowna to suppose that the young Nicholas would ever wear the imperial crown. His youth presented no remarkable feature; yet, probably, may his earliest recollections have some fibres of connexion with that terrible night when assassination passed through the chambers of the old palace of Michailow. It is not improbable that the earliest thought of his own conscious life was that moment when his imperial mother, alarmed at the clatter of arms and the confusion of tongues that filled the castle, snatched from their beds the two youngest princes, Nicholas and Michael, to hasten with them through the long succession of apartments to the emperor's suite of rooms, when she was encountered by Count Pahlen, who, by nature cold as ice, partly by persuasion, partly by force, led her back to her own chamber, the door of which he carefully closed, saying, "Madam, be quiet, there is no danger for you." At the same instant he vanished, leaving unanswered the anxious question of the empress, "But my husband?" The deed was done, and Alexander, her son, was the reigning czar.

The education of Nicholas would have been very superior had he profited by the high talents and culture which were called on to conduct it. But the young man showed more inclination for soldiering and making sport of the courtiers than for serious, certainly for deep and difficult study. Modern languages, however, he acquired with ease, and manifested a taste for music, especially that of a martial kind. Cold and close by nature, Nicholas regarded his instructors with unconcern, and treated them with distance. Even toward his mother he appears to have shown no tenderness when once he was fairly out of the nursery. Of his youthful friendships not a word is said; already the prince overshadowed the youth. Gifted only with a common-place soul, he could not even in his favourite military recreations and pursuits rise to anything great or noble, but was satisfied with becoming a connoisseur in belts, and locks, and flints, and cartridge-boxes, and ramrods, and parade evolutions. His severe nature never unbent in the company of the officers, and towards officers and men he maintained a rigid discipline. Yet was he often unjust in his punishments, consulting rather his passions and his prejudices than the simple facts of the case; and when once he had done a wrong, he was never known to make amends, or in any way to rectify his error, though after he became emperor he has not seldom repaired an injustice into which he had fallen; still those acts of justice seem to have been the result rather of prudence and policy than of a high and generous regard for what is right.

The prince naturally failed to excite on his own behalf any warm sympathies in the public mind. Those who know him best ascribe to him only moderate abilities, shrug their shoulders when they speak of his want of information, and consider him as essentially a mere imitator of his predecessor Alexander, only that he wants the affability of the latter, and inwardly regards with dislike the huzzas of his almost idolatrous populace. However, it must be added that the coldness and hardness of his nature had one advantage, namely, that they guarded him against the fascinations and immoralities of a corrupt city and court.

The year 1814, together with the peace of Europe, brought back the former splendour of the palace life of Petersburg. It also showed the necessity for extraordinary attention to the inner condition of the empire, which during the war had fallen into lamentable neglect. The emperor, now advanced in years, had no heir. His eyes fell on Nicholas, and it became important that the grand prince's education should be improved. Foreign travel was determined on. Characteristic was the avowed object of that tour, which was nothing else than a visit to the battle-fields of the war against Napoleon Bonaparte. In addition to a survey of the chief of them in both Germany and France, he visited different courts, amongst others that of England. Returning home he made a hasty tour of the chief cities of Russia. Reviews and field-days marked his passage. In his judgment no place after a field of battle surpassed a parade in interest. The soul of Nicholas is the soul of a

soldier. Shortly after his return, and on the 13th of July, 1817, he, now scarcely one-and-twenty, espoused in Petersburg, Marie Charlotte, princess of Prussia, who was about two years younger than himself. Years passed on in the midst of social disturbances and movements, which, though for the most part beyond his own dominions, Alexander did his utmost to compose and terminate. The chief result was, that he gave himself infinite pains. At last, longing for a quiet which he could not have, and after bereavements, disappointments, vexations, and sufferings, which excite anything rather than a desire for an imperial life, the reigning czar came to his end on the 1st of December, 1825.

When the will of Alexander came to be opened it was found that he had appointed to succeed him, not Constantine his elder brother, but Nicholas the younger. Nevertheless, for three weeks the latter was not emperor, but every public act was done and announced in the name of Constantine. This uncertainty, anywhere a serious evil, was full of danger at St. Petersburg, where the maintenance in its fullest force of the maxim, "The king never dies," was of essential consequence to the maintenance of the absolute government. At length difficulties were overcome, and on the 24th of December, Nicholas formally assumed the vacant throne. It is a curious fact, that the prince, who is now regarded as *par excellence* the representative and support of legitimacy, should owe his crown to a violation of the highest law of descent. The administration did not settle in the hands of the new czar without a conspiracy, which, however, was not allowed time to spread, and which was crushed together with its authors by the heavy hand of despotic power. The event was worse than a bad augury, for it confirmed the emperor in that course of unqualified absolutism which he has pursued every year with augmented rigours. To a man of his contracted faculties and inconsiderable reading, the progress of liberal ideas and institutions in the western and southern parts of Europe, serves only as an ever-increasing additional reason for tightening the reins of government at home, and for exercising all possible restraint abroad. And thus has it come to pass that the aggressive and despotical character of the emperor's foreign policy has for its source and support two of the strongest grounds: first, the traditions of his family; and, secondly, the necessities of his age; both of course understood in his own sense. Conquest and repression, thus recommended as the aim of a reign, easily fall into accord. In the mind of Nicholas they are practically one, and thus united, they act on his stern soul with ceaseless influence and overpowering effect. The momentum, which hence ensues, has another source of power. The Emperor of Russia is the head of the church. As head of the church he is regarded by his ignorant bores as next to God himself. Objects very near each other are often confounded. And so it is that Nicholas is accounted a god on earth, a *presens Divus*, even more so than any Roman emperor of old. His word in consequence is not only law, but the most sacred law: his will is not only absolute but righteous, and his wishes are all-prevailing, and his acts unimpeachable.

We have already seen that the czar is a soldier, a soldier of small dimensions, but "every inch" a soldier. This soldier-ship, which before his time had struck its roots deep in the country, by Nicholas has been nationalised. Russia is a huge camp, and the court is its head-quarters. Social life is a piece of drilled mechanism, passively obedient to the moving power, and going on with exactitude and constancy till the pressure is removed. Hence at once the strength and the weakness of the czar's empire;—its strength, for the whole moves as one mass; the weakness, for that mass is inert, passive, it has little life and no spontaneity. And hence its head is both to be feared and to be disregarded—to be feared, for he can ravage a neighbour's territories and put down liberty near his own borders, but he has no power for distant action; by diplomatic arts he may make himself felt in every European court, but he is unable to support his intrigues by armaments and expeditions, sundered from his soil, and sent to remote countries. Aware of this inability, the czar has constantly

endeavoured to extend the boundaries of Russia. The endeavour has been too successful.

The conquest and the advance have been rendered the easier by the pretexts under which they have been and still are carried forward. In the midst of a period of great social change, when free and active thought, in all countries of Europe, except Russia, has gone far to unbind the intellect and loosen the bands of society, Nicholas has appeared as the champion of prescription, of law, of order, of religion; and consequently as the opponent of revolution and anarchy, of infidelity and atheism. Such a position bestows incalculable power. But in what rough and unskilled hands is that awful power placed? Who can endure to think of a cause in substance so sacred being perilled in the custody of such a man and such a prince? What is right in the cause, he is sure to make wrong; and what is bad he is sure to render worse.

Take, as a verification of this, the impiety which marks his present aggression in Turkey. What does he—he, the champion of Christendom? Simply, he plunders a neighbour on the pretext of an express commission from Him who is “just and righteous in all his ways;” and when he has, in his marauding career, butchered thousands of his fellow-men, the children of God, he offers up acknowledgments and thanksgivings to the Common Parent. Worse even than this has been his conduct toward Turkey; for how has he got a footing in the house which he is now wasting and robbing? By duplicity the most consummate, and by contrivances the most disreputable. For the Turk, as a Turk, we have no sympathy; but all the sympathy in the world have we for the cause of justice, freedom, civilisation, and Christianity, which is put in imminent danger by the misdeeds of the great northern aggressor.

THE VILLAGE OF DENIS, ON THE RIVER GABON.

THE Gabon, which forms a receptacle for a number of water courses that have their source in the interior of the continent of Africa, is situated between 10° and 30° north latitude.

It may be considered to be bounded on the right shore by the points Clara and Obendo, upon the left by Pongara and Bohuin, and upon the side farthest from the sea by the islands of Konikey and Perroquets, beyond which extends the river Gabon, which, though of a considerable width near its mouth, narrows rapidly until its breadth is less than a mile. Before the establishment of French settlements upon the coast, Gabon was an important seat of the slave-trade. The wars which the different races inhabiting its banks and the neighbouring regions carried on among themselves, and their distant excursions, continually furnished the slave-ships with a considerable number of captives. The principal agents in the odious trade were the M’Pongos, whose most important village, situated upon the left bank, is called Denis, in honour of the chief who governs it. The M’Pongos are still almost the only agents of the barter which is carried on in the neighbourhood of the Gabon, and, in order to preserve this monopoly, they take care to maintain a mutual distrust between the Europeans and the tribes of the interior. On the one hand, they represent the Boulous, Pahouins, Bakalais, M’Bichos, &c., to us as nations of cannibals, who are constantly prowling about their villages to make captures, in order that they may have a feast on human flesh; and they feign the greatest terror at the mere name of their near neighbours the Boulous. On the other hand, they impress these tribes with the idea that we are rapacious and cruel pirates, when they visit them to procure from them commodities which they afterwards bring to us, such as ivory, wax, and dye-woods. But, in spite of this, the minds of the people of the interior are becoming enlightened as to the truth, and it is probable that, by means of some expeditions despatched to a considerable distance up the principal branch of the river, this trade, which is daily increasing, will soon become direct. Then, perhaps, the Europeans will at length succeed in opening a safe and regular route to the centre of the mysterious African continent, where so many generous missionaries of religion and of science have suffered bondage and death.

The M’Pongos inhabit the banks of the Gabon as far as the islands which surround the basin; their principal villages on the right bank are those of Kringer, Couaben, Louis, and Glass (called by the names of their respective chiefs), each village changing its name, and sometimes its site, with every new governor. Between Louis and Glass rises a wooden block-house, surrounded by palisades, and containing a garrison of Ioloffs, destined to protect the French settlement, built, as is also the Catholic mission, on a table-land overlooking the river. On a second table-land have been constructed magazines and some dwelling-houses; and it is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when a town will spring up around the settle-

ment. An American missionary resides at the village of Glass.

The left bank is lower, and more swampy and unhealthy; on this side are the villages of Denis and Little Denis, in the former of which is to be found the original stock of the M’Pongo race; hence, doubtless, the supremacy of King Denis over the other chiefs of the same nation.

The village of Denis, situated on a peninsula, bounded on the south by the Gabon, is divided into several districts, separated by creeks, the approaches to which are swampy, so that people are obliged to make use of *pirogues* (rude boats used by the savages) to pass from one district to another. The principal street of the central district faces the river; it is long, broad, and built with tolerable regularity; the houses, which are constructed of a lattice-work of bamboo, differ little except in size. They are usually divided into two compartments; in one, the sleeping chamber for the whole family, are spread mats which serve as beds; the other contains the furniture, utensils, and provisions, and is used as assembly-room, kitchen, and store-room. Bananas, papaws, shrubs, and flowers, particularly lilies of a brilliant red, ornament and overshadow the entrance of the house, behind which stretches a curtain of bushy and luxuriant vegetation. In this street is situated the residence of King Denis, which is loftier and more spacious than the others; it is distinguished by some rude architectural ornaments, conspicuous among which are four sculptured columns, in the M’Pongo style, supporting a ledge of the roof, and thus forming a kind of peristyle.

The numerous relations of the king, who seem to constitute an aristocracy, are generally assembled behind the colonnade; and there the chief interests of the village are discussed by those who enjoy the honourable, though costly, privilege of being admitted to the royal presence, for they debate on the affairs of state over the gaming-table. The monarch employs himself almost exclusively in thus gaining the cash and other property of his subjects. No one is, in fact, so clever, or it may be so rash, as to succeed often in defeating the sovereign. The game consists in passing four hard dry berries through each of twelve holes made in a piece of wood, and of which either player has six. It is necessary to play in such a manner, that in taking the berries contained in one of the holes and placing one of them in each of the following, you come to a division in which your enemy has only two berries; that which you place there makes three, and you take; if the hole in which you have previously placed a berry also contained but two, that which has just been placed there making three, you take again; when the divisions of your adversary are thus emptied, the game is ended. The noise which the berries make, quickly handled, resembles that of dice in backgammon.

The people of the village entertain the greatest respect for King Denis; no one dares to pass before his residence when

he is engaged in playing, surrounded by company, without making an obeisance. This veneration for the supreme chief has increased since he was made Knight of the Legion of Honour, as a reward for the services which he rendered on several occasions to the French trade. In return for this extraordinary favour, the M'Pongos lavish upon the French all the affection of which they are capable. Upon the huts of all persons of any importance may be seen an inscription dictated by the proprietor, and written by some soldier or marine, worded something in this way :—

"Prince Bamani, good heart for Frenchman,
Cousin of King Denis, a good courtier."

Orthography is rarely regarded in these advertisements, and sometimes the writer mischievously makes some addition

of this kind to the dictated encomiums : "Great thief." Far from suspecting any such perfidy, the personage thus designated shows his sign with a certain degree of pride to new arrivals, as a recommendation likely to serve his interests.

The women are also divided into two castes ; those of the higher class pass their time in working necklaces, bracelets, and other ornaments, of which they are very fond, with little glass beads. Seated upon low benches before their dwellings, they employ themselves thus from morning to night, only interrupting their labour to fill and re-light their pipes. The women of the lower order are employed in the light labour required for the cultivation of yams, maize, and tapioca, which are indispensable to subsistence in the village. A certain number among them are, from time to time, put into requisition to remove the grass from before the royal dwelling.



THE VILLAGE OF DENIS, ON THE GABON.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

CHAPTER XVII.

ALL the world knows, that during the summer months of the year, an Italian city presents at the hour of noon an appearance of repose and desertion that, but for the bright sunshine and the open doors of shops, might make one almost fancy that it was night. The *jalousies* of all the windows are closed ; no bright eye looks from the casements ; no light foot trips from the threshold ; no fair form glides along the *strada* or *piazza* ; nobody—except, indeed, those insignificant bodies that society always most properly considers as nobodies—we mean mechanics and labourers, or such like folk—is to be seen abroad ; and even they look drowsy and dreamy, as if they would be much better employed in doing nothing, like their betters. And what are their betters doing at this hour ? Why they are sleeping—aye, sleeping, while the sun's rays are at the hottest, and the day is in its meridian glory. Strange as this sight may appear to a denizen of our more northern latitudes, when first he enters a town of southern Italy, yet

he very soon learns not only to cease to wonder at it, but often to shut his eyes upon it altogether—that is, he too finds it a very pleasant thing to go to sleep just like his neighbours. And, indeed, it must be admitted that the southerners earn the right to this short repose by the habit of rising in the morning with the sun—under the delusion, it may be, that the night is then over—and being astir hours before the fashionables of Britain have awakened from their first sleep, and turned themselves upon the other side for their second slumber. If this be the custom in Italy, in our own days, so was it five hundred years ago, and especially in the fair city of Venice, than which—notwithstanding that she reclines, as it were, floating on the waters—a hotter spot cannot be found on a summer noontide between the Alps and the Apennines.

And so it was that, on the first day of July, in the year of grace 1380, the city of Saint Mark lay in the repose of its mid-day slumber. And yet to any eye that was waking and

exercising its function of vision, it must have been manifest that during the morning an unwonted amount of bustle and preparation for some approaching event had prevailed. Workmen might be seen occupied in erecting scaffolding in the principal piazzas and thoroughfares of the city, upon which benches were placed for spectators. Flags and draperies of cloth and silk, of the most brilliant hues and costliest texture, hung out of balconies; the canals were thronged with barges and gondolas, decked with streamers and ribbons and boughs of laurel, while the gondoliers lay sleeping upon the benches. Altogether, the scene was one that presented strikingly to the mind the contrast between excitement and repose—between life and death. You felt as if the Angel of Sleep had suddenly waved his dusky, leaden wings over the city in the midst of her activity, and lulled her into temporary forgetfulness. Amongst the fair lids upon which the balms of the angel had descended, was a very pretty pair which we have already attempted to describe. Their mistress was just at this hour tranquilly reposing in one of the apartments of the Palazzo Polani, whither she and her good old nurse had come from the Villa Morosini, at the summons of her guardian, who had notified his desire that she should be in readiness in the city, with the other daughters and dames of Venice, to receive the triumphant armament upon its return, and grace by their presence the festivities which had been ordered by the state. What the dreams of the young girl were, as she lay in partial *deshabille* upon the couch in that darkened room, where the cool exhalations from a large vase of perfumed water tempered the noontide heat, we shall not take upon us to say: certes, they seemed to be pleasurable, for a smile played upon the slightly parted lips, and a flush spread faintly over the cheek, and now and then a name was breathed in murmuring indistinctness upon the silent air of the chamber. Well, we shall not try to discover whose was that name. Let her sleep on. Life is not so full of unalloyed happiness, that one should be awakened from sleep too soon!

The repose of Bianca was, however, invaded somewhat earlier than was necessary by good Giuletta, who hurried up to her young lady's couch with unusual animation.

"Up, dearest signora, up," cried the old woman; "this is no day to lie a-dreaming. Here has been my young lord's serving man Tomaso an hour since. He has come all the way from Chioggia this morning, and brings such news."

The maiden arose from her midday rest, and as she disposed herself for the toilette the old woman continued her narration.

"By my faith, dear child, the wars have not done much to improve that same saucy valet, as he calls himself. Heaven knows he was forward enough when he came from his travels; but now he swaggers and ruffles about just as if he was ready to cut any one's throat that would look askant at him. The Virgin grant that the camp has not done as much for the young count Giulio."

Bianca smiled.

"We must hope, Giuletta, that the head of the master may not be so easily turned as that of the man; but thy news, good nurse."

"Oh, aye, signora; what a head I have to be sure. Well, Tomaso says, that his serene highness the doge, with all the captains and great warriors, were to leave Chioggia at day-break, and go in their galleys as far as Malamocco. It seems that a vessel has been sent thither by the state to receive him and his suite, and in this they are all to proceed in great pomp as far as San Chimento. And then, my dearest lady, the grandest part of the day is to commence, for the state has ordered the Bucentoro to be refitted and turned out in great splendour; and it is to be rowed down to San Chimento; and they say that half Venice are preparing to go forth to meet his highness, and to conduct him back again to the city with all sorts of triumphs and rejoicings, and I know not what. Santissima Madre! but it will be a great day in Venice, I trow."

A great day for Venice, assuredly was this first of July. How changed were her fortunes since, just six months before, her nobles and citizens had last assembled in her piazza, going

forth to do battle for their very existence then, now returning victorious, the Gonfalon of St. Mark still flying proudly, holding the unvanquished supremacy of the sea. All was bustle, excitement, and preparation throughout the city, the work proceeded vigorously through the day, and ere four o'clock everything was completed for the triumphal entry of the doge and the Venetian troops. And now the crowds grew denser in the great square and the piazzetta, every cales seemed to send forth a stream of life into the great thoroughfares; every house poured out its inhabitants, and the throng was so great that Sanuto assures us one could scarcely pass through the piazza. The windows and balconies of all the palazzi and buildings which grace the grand canal or the squares of Saint Marco, were filled with fair and richly attired women, and were hung with gorgeous draperies of cloth of every hue and texture, the effect of which was brilliant and picturesque in the extreme. At length, any one who looked along the sea of heads might perceive a simultaneous movement to and fro, while every countenance was intently turned in the direction of the water; then was heard a suppressed yet excited murmur of voices as, at last, the flotilla of the republic hove in sight. Strains of martial music came borne along the quiet air, and the sunshine fell upon the pennons and streamers of the galleys, and glistened off the gilded sides of the state vessel and the bright armour and weapons of the troops. And now they move on slowly and majestically through the water, making for the stairs at the foot of the red columns. First came the world-famed galley of the state, "*il nobilissimo e gran vascello Bucentoro*," as it was magniloquently designated; and a very grand and noble galley it was indeed, if elaborate workmanship and costly decoration, rather than utility, constitute grandeur. A British traveller, who saw it in the days of its glory, in the commencement of the seventeenth century, declares that "it is a thing of marvellous worth, the richest galle of all the world; for it cost one hundred thousand crowns, which is thirty thousand pounds sterling. A work so exceeding glorious, that I never heard or read of the like in any place of the world, these only excepted, viz. that of Cleopatra, which she so exceeding sumptuously adorned with cables of silke and other passing beautiful ornaments; and those that the Emperor Caligula built with timber of cedar and pouples and sternes of iuorie; and, lastly," he adds, we suspect with more loyalty than truth, "that most incomparable and peerless ship of our Gracious Prince, called the Prince Royall, which was launched at Wollige, about Michaelmas last, which indeed doth by many degrees surpass this Bucentoro of Venice, and any ship else, I believe, in Christendome." The size of the Bucentaur was, however, not such as will be very imposing to us of an age when Leviathan steam-vessels cross from the New to the Old World in a week; truth obliges us to disclose the fact that its length was but one hundred feet, and its breadth twenty-one; it was driven through the water by forty-two oars, each worked by four men, who sat in the lower deck; above this was the upper deck, covered all over by an arched awning of crimson velvet; the quarter deck was slightly elevated, and near the stern was placed a gilded throne for the doge, while along the length of the vessel ran four rows of benches for the senators and other great personages, who usually accompanied his highness. But how shall we describe the ornaments which crowded this lumbering aquatic-royal-coach with the most lavish prodigality? Near to the doge was a colossal statue of Justice, covered all over with gold, and holding the scales in one hand and the sword in the other. Along the sides were twenty more gilt statues, some of emperors and generals, others allegorical. Then there were marine deities, winged lions, medallions, cornucopias, fruits, flowers, all elaborately carved and richly gilded. The prow was fashioned into a mighty winged lion, which proudly divided the subject waters, while from the mast-head floated the same monster wrought upon the gonfalon of the state. Dear reader, smile not as you read at all this old-world pageantry: if you live in an utilitarian age be thankful; but do not forget that, with all our enlightenment, we have not yet got rid of the puerilities of lord mayors'

glass-coaches, and the mummeries of hideous bear-skin hats and civic robes.

On the day of which we write, however, there was no sense of disparagement to qualify the admiration with which a thousand wondering eyes beheld the imperial galley urging her course slowly onward. There sat the noble-hearted old doge, Andrea Contarini, in his golden chair of state, the horned bonnet on his brow, and his venerable white beard flowing down upon his gold-embroidered vesture. At his side were the Bishop di Castello, and the Calosci di San Marco, and le Croci; beyond these were such members of the Council of Ten as had accompanied him to the siege of Chioggia; then came the principal officers of the state, and the senators who had gone to meet the armament as far as San Chimento. On either side of the Bucentoro, and following in her wake, brigantines and skiffs of every shape and description were to be seen; some with the prows shaped in the forms of sea-horses, and other marine monsters; others with the sterns elongated into vast tails, but whether of fish or fowl, he would indeed be a bold zoologist who would take upon him to pronounce. But one huge galley engrossed special attention, and even divided the popular admiration with the Bucentaur herself. This vessel was nearly as wide across the beam as she was long from stem to stern, reminding one somewhat of an overgrown punt. The rotundity of its appearance was, however, relieved by two enormous dolphins, which were projected from the prow, and, being made of a shell-work of light wood covered with linen, floated high out of the water, showing their backs covered with golden scales, and being harnessed to the poop, they presented the appearance of drawing the galley through the water. From the deck of this craft rose a superstructure of a very novel character, to be seen floating on the water—nothing less than a lofty circular temple, of Greek architecture, surrounded by four-and-twenty pillars which supported a hemispherical dome; a pennon floated from the summit, and within sat a number of persons, of both sexes, arrayed in gay and fantastic dresses, and wearing masks.

And now the Bucentaur had reached the stairs at the foot of the piazzetta di San Marco. A flourish of martial music burst forth from the clarions; shouts of "Viva la Repubblica Serenissima! viva San Marco!" rent the air; while scarfs and kerchiefs were waved from balconies and casements, and bonnets were raised aloft in joyous acclamation. Then the old doge rose from his chair of state, and with the Bishop of Castello on his right, and the principal of the "Neri" on his left, and preceded by the gonfalon, stepped from the Bucentoro, and once more placed his feet within the city of Saint Mark. It was a proud moment for the old warrior. He paused for an instant on the lower step, and raising his sword-hilt with both his hands, he bent down his head till his lips touched the cross formed by the guard; then looking up to heaven, he exclaimed, amidst the profound silence of the multitude,

"Bear witness, O blessed Saint Mark, and ye holy apostles of God, I have kept my vow, and now return in triumph to Venice!"

Then the silence into which the crowd had, as if by magic, been lulled, was broken by a simultaneous cheer, as if from every throat in the concourse,

• Viva il Contarini! Viva lo doge! Viva l'eccellentissimo senato!"

And now the crowd of spectators were pressed back on either side by a company of Venetian halberdiers, who, passing down the centre of the piazzetta, made a clear space for the procession of the various trades of the city, who formed in the prescribed order to meet the doge, and conduct him to the Church of Saint Mark. First came, marching two abreast, the worshipful company of the barber-surgeons, marshalled by their gonfaloniere, bearing the standard of the guild, upon which was displayed the winged lion of Saint Mark, with the motto, *Quid non speremus*—a boastful one truly; but in all ages the professors of the healing art have understood the value of confidence in themselves in order to inspire confidence in others. Next in order followed the guild of goldsmiths;

their banner was, as might be expected, extremely rich; it was made of red and blue cloth of silk, embroidered profusely with gold and silver, having the motto wrought in thread of gold, *Nostros non aspernare labores*. Then came the tailors, with their banner of white silk wrought over with leaves of green velvet, with the legend, *Decorum et honestum*. After these was a beautiful flag of azure silk, representing the sky at midnight, studded profusely with stars of silver; the armorial bearings were a virgin holding the shield of Saint Mark in front of the temple of Janus, which was closed, as appeared by the motto, *Clauduntur belli portæ*, intimating that the fine arts flourish best in time of peace: this was the standard of the painters. And so each of the other companies followed in their prescribed order, the merchants bearing on their standard an image of the Virgin, with the legend, *Sub tuum præsidium confugimus*. Then the shoemakers, the glass-blowers, the mirror-makers, the fagriers, the swordblade-makers, who bore on their banner a wheel, with the motto, *Ex bello pax*. Then followed the dyers, the silk-mercers, or *toscani*, as they were then called; the carpenters, smiths, masons, and stone-cutters; the bakers, whose flag displayed Ceres crowned with a wreath of corn-blades, and the legend, *Hilaris flavescent*. But as we do not aspire to the office of the herald, we shall omit the rest of the trades, which were, indeed, very numerous in a city where all the arts and manufactures flourished in an extraordinary degree. Let our readers suppose them all to have passed by him in their procession upon the piazzetta, and attend to that portion of the pageant which next solicits his admiration. First come the eight standards which were presented to the state; they are of rich cloth of silk, embroidered with gold; two are of white, two of red, two of blue, and two of purple. Then come six trumpeters blowing the six state trumpets made of pure silver; after these followed the *scudieri*, or esquires of the doge, bearing his armour; then one carried the great torch called the *cerò*, being made of white wax. Next in procession come the councillors of state, the senators of the Pregadi, arrayed in their gowns of crimson silk with long white sleeves, the two ducal chancellors, the secretaries of the various tribunals, the treasurer, the procurator of St. Mark's and the other officers of the state. Next in order come the *cusino*, or cushion, on the one side, and on the other the *sedia*, or ducal chair, borne on the shoulders of two men, and resembling in form the curule seats of the Romans. Last of all comes the doge himself, preceded by the captain-general, the illustrious Zenò, and the grand chancellor, who though always selected from amongst the citizens took rank above the nobles. Old Andrew Contarini, with his weight of eighty years, bore himself erect and proudly that day, beneath the great state *ombrella*, having on either side of him the Bishop of Castello and the chief of the Council of Three, while after came the sword-bearer with the *stocco*, or sword of state, the procession being closed with a company of ducal guards. In this order the *cortège* proceeded, amidst the acclamations of the people and the sound of martial music, along the piazzetta towards the church of St. Mark. When they had reached the area in front of the cathedral, the members of the various trades separated on either side, leaving a clear space in the middle, and thereupon the canons issued forth from the principal entrance, clothed in their vestments, and bearing the cross while they chanted the "*Te Deum Laudamus*." As soon as they met the doge they turned and conducted him, still chanting the hymn, up the nave of the church and so on to the high altar, where grand mass was performed, and thanksgiving offered up for the successful issue of the war. When the mass was over the procession formed again, and conducted the doge to the ducal palace. The evening was closed with a magnificent illumination. The principal buildings were lighted up brilliantly; the galleys were moored in the canals of the Giudecca and San Marco, and lamps of various-coloured glass were hung along the rigging and the masts, while the Bucentoro was one blaze of splendour, to the great delight of the worthy citizens who paced the southern banks of the city, and filled the air with *vivas* and rejoicings. Neither should we omit to make mention of the piazza and piazzetta of

St. Mark. It was a sight of which they alone who have seen a Venetian carnival can form any just notion. Light streamed through every window of the princely palaces that lined these squares, which were traversed by hundreds in their gayest attire. The sounds of lutes and the songs of minstrels resounded on every side, broken upon from time to time by plaudits and shouts of laughter. Upon the next day there were boat racing, and those fights, *dei bastoni* and *dei pugni*, in which the Venetians delighted, wherein two contending parties endeavoured to maintain one of the principal bridges over the canals, fighting, in the former case, with staffs; in the latter, with their hands alone. In the struggling, numbers of the combatants were sure to be tossed over the low battlements into the water, to the infinite delight of the populace, who crowded the banks at either side, or sat in gondolas in the canal ready to receive the involuntary divers and pick them up when they had got a sufficient ducking. The mountebanks, too, plied their vocation in the squares, amongst whom was pre-eminent our old acquaintance Bartolomeo Venturini, the prince of *Charlatani*, who gashed his flesh, played with snakes, ate fire, vomited smoke and flame from his mouth, ears, and nostrils, told fortunes, sold drugs, potions, elixirs, and charms, and befuddled, bewildered, and picked the pockets of the *cittadini* and their wives to a surprising extent.

Such were the triumphant celebrations in Venice of the great victory achieved over the Genoese by the recapture of Chioggia. One looks back upon them with mingled feelings of wonder and sadness, for he remembers that all her great spirits are fled for ever; her doges no more rule the Adriatic, her navies no longer sweep the seas, her nobles are wanderers or beggars, her citizens serve the strangers who visit her, her palaces are the hired houses of the wealthy of other lands or locanda and hotels for the man of pleasure and the tourist. Naught remains but the fair body of the beautiful dead, whose soul is departed; there she lies corpse-like in her lifeless loveliness, decked out and placid in the repose of death, with the same glorious skies above her, the same waters kissing her fair feet, the same sun gilding her church-domes and palace-roofs. A city of memories that are as immortal as they are saddening.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MANY months had passed since the day when the doge returned in triumph to the city of Venice. Time, as he always does, had wrought his changes in the affairs of the state as well as of individuals. The republic had lost one of her best men and bravest soldiers, Vittorio Pisani, who died a few days after the surrender of Chioggia. Carlo Zeno had taken his place, going out to Zara in the galley that brought to Venice the remains of his friend and companion in arms. The war with the Genoese still lingered on with various success; tempest and famine wrought their work in the fleet; the senate, as usual, visited the consequences of their own imprudence, as well as of the storms and starvation, upon their general; and Zeno was thwarted, reprimanded, and threatened with imprisonment; but as yet the popular voice was too loud in his favour to render it safe to carry the threat into execution, and his own manly remonstrances, for a while, over-awed his rulers. Time, too, as we said, wrought his changes upon individuals, and those with whom our tale has to do were not exempt. Ah, who is there on whom he does not leave the impress of his cold hand as he passes? The child, as he grows to boyhood, puts away childish things and childish thoughts; the boy, as he attains to manhood, exchanges smiles for sorrows, and puts care upon him even as he puts on years; grief and infirmity come to age; and to all come trial and mutation, and at last the grave.

It was once again the spring, that season which everywhere is fraught with the charms of renescent nature, but which is nowhere more fresh and lovely than in Italy. It was spring, one of the bright, merry days in March, when the wind drives the light clouds athwart the sun, making their shadows flit across the sunlight of streets and squares, and upon the gleaming waters, and the glittering domes and spires of palaces and

churches. It might be about four in the afternoon, when our old acquaintance, the Count Polani, found himself just entering the Corso degli Orifici, at Venice. He paused a moment, as if in doubt whether he should proceed, and took counsel with his own thoughts.

"Diavolo!" said he musingly, "who could have foreseen that things would have turned out so unfortunately? Well, well, something must be done, and at once too; as well to-day as to-morrow, and better, for the time is drawing near. So, in the name of the Virgin, I will go to the old fellow even now; perchance I may move his soul by the prospect of greater gain in the end. Andiamo."

The count drew his black cloak more closely around him, and passing along the shady side of the street—a practice which in all ages gentlemen in monetary difficulties instinctively adopt—he proceeded at a pace so slow, that any one who marked his movements might readily conjecture he was bound upon no agreeable errand. Whether any eyes were upon him we shall not say; but certain it is, that after consuming twice the necessary time in the operation, he did at length arrive at a certain point of the street at which he came to a complete stand-still. The bottega, or booth, at which the count stopped, did not in appearance differ from those which ranged along the street. Beneath a projecting shed of timber that sloped down from the first story stood a table, covered with a carpet or thick woollen cloth, which reached in front down to the pavement. On the table were placed several leathern money-bags of different sizes, a small casket or chest for letters of exchange and bills on foreign goldsmiths, a pair of scales, an account-book, and an inkstand; behind was a bench, upon which sat an elderly man, wrapped up carefully in a fur-trimmed gown, and covered with a bonnet of black felt. He was diligently occupied in the examination of his account-book, in which he was making some entries, when the Count Polani addressed him.

"Buon giorno, good Messer Molo; thou art deep in thy studies, methinks. Thou hast pleasant memorials there of thy friends, doubtless, so that thou shalt not readily forget them. Is it not so?"

The old banker looked up from his book. As he recognised the speaker, his small gray eyes became for a moment fixed intently upon the face of the count, as if he would read his heart, and discover the cause of this unexpected visit; then he replied with his usual placid look:

"A servirla, signore. I rejoice to see your lordship, and in such a pleasant mood too. It is true indeed, as you say, I have abundant memorials of my good friends here," and he touched the book with his finger; "but I know not they are always so pleasant as I could wish. Just now it is somewhat the contrary; I was counting how much the friendship of a certain member of the Pregadi, who did me the honour to take my bills of exchange, shall cost me when I strike my balance. However, the unwonted honour of a visit from your excellency may help to cheer me."

The old man looked again with his sharp eye at the count.

"By my faith, I know not, Ser Molo, how that may be. I have come to talk with thee, however, touching matters that affect us both. Can I crave a moment with thee in some better privacy than the street of the Corso degli Orifici affords?"

"Assuredly, signore," said the banker. "Will your excellency excuse me for a moment?" he continued, rising from the bench and passing through a small door behind him into the ground story of the building. He re-appeared speedily, followed by the youth whom the count met at his first interview with the banker, and then said—"Will your lordship have the goodness to pass round the table? we shall be private in the apartment within."

The count complied, and Molo led him into a chamber in the lower part of the same house, the upper story of which the count had visited from the water-side on the night that he sought the goldsmith. Molo pointed with formal respect his guest to a chair, and seated himself in one opposite. The two sat for a time in silence; there was evidently a trial of

skill between them, each endeavouring to throw the opening of the conference upon the other. The cooler temperament and superior skill of the banker triumphed, and the count at last broke silence.

"Thou dost remember, doubtless, Ser Molo, a certain loan which I had of thee somewhat near a twelvemonth since?"

"Perfectly, sir count; your excellency gave me your bond for the repayment with interest, to which there was added a certain defeasance."

"Precisely."

"Is your lordship disposed to discharge the debt now? The time is not yet expired, nevertheless; should your lordship so wish—"

"Diavolo! did you ever know a man pay beforehand?" said the count, interrupting the goldsmith, somewhat testily.

"As you ask the question, signore, I can't say that in my experience I have ever met such a case."

"And thou never shalt, believe me. But didst thou ever know a debtor not prepared to meet his obligation when the day arrived?"

"Ah! frequently—that is quite in my experience."

"Well, then, worthy Messer Molo, I am come to increase your knowledge in that way. In a word—I have no money."

"Your lordship surprises me; men believe that the spoils of the Chioggia—"

"I care not what men believe or say on that head; but little of the treasure reached my hands, and that little—" and the count waved his hand impatiently.

"Oh! I understand," said the goldsmith; "but, surely, your good friend Ben Aaroni would gladly—"

"The devil take the Jewish dog: where he has once fastened his teeth he will never let go his hold till he takes away the flesh with him. Why, I had to pay him to the last florin, not many days since, to redeem my palazzo, and now I am without a coin in my pouch."

"Ah, that is very sad; but it is fortunate that your excellency can meet your engagement to me without money."

"Pooh! pooh! thou meanest that silly jest which passed between us touching my ward."

"And which," added the goldsmith, "was fairly writ out in the obligation and duly signed and sealed by your lordship. Should you wish to see it?"

"Not I, faith. Thou wouldst of course never think of losing thy money, even if I were to take thee at thy offer; but set thy mind at rest. I shall never hold thee to so foolish a bargain."

"In the first place, signore, the money is not mine but my nephew Girolamo's, as I advertised you on the occasion of lending it. In the next place, he is aware of the arrangement, and will, therefore, require at my hands either his gold or the young lady."

The count sprang from his chair in a fury—

"So help my God and all his saints, thy nephew shall as soon get my ward in marriage as he shall the Adriatic; when he is done he may look for her, not till then."

"Though a citizen of Venice," replied Molo, coolly, "I know not that Girolamo has any desire for so high a station; but he has the rights of a citizen, and will of course know how to enforce them."

"Rights! what speak you of rights? Dost not know that mere citizens, such as thou and thine, are not permitted to aspire to the noble daughters of Saint Mark without the license of the state? Thou wilt but make thyself and thy nephew a jest in the mouth of every patrician."

"Not when I can produce such a document as this with the seal of the grand council attached to it." And the goldsmith drew forth from a drawer a folded parchment.

"These presents testify," he continued as he opened the document, "if your lordship will please to peruse them, that for divers services rendered to the republic of Venice by Pietro and Jacopo Molo, citizens, it hath seemed good to the grand council of the state, upon the prayer of the said Pietro and Jacopo, to grant unto Girolamo Molo, the son of the aforementioned Jacopo, license and authority to intermarry with any

lady of noble degree, notwithstanding any ordinance to the contrary."

The banker proffered the parchment to Polani, but the latter waved it away with his hand. Molo then quietly folded it up and replaced it in the drawer. The operation gave the count time to recover from his astonishment and to cool down in temper. When they were both seated again he resumed the conversation.

"My good friend Molo, this is folly or madness. A union so ill-assorted, and between persons who are unacquainted with each other, could never be happy. Should I force the lady Bianca to give her hand, I cannot compel her heart to go with it. Will thy nephew take a bride on such conditions?"

"If he refuse to do so, then shall the lady be released and your lordship acquitted of your obligation."

"Meantime, to avoid such an alternative, whereby he may lose both money and bride, I have a proposal to make."

"If it so please your lordship to state it, I shall attend."

"My palazzo is, as I told thee, redeemed from the Jew. I will now pledge it to thee for the repayment of thy loan at such reasonable time as thou shalt name, provided thou wilt deliver me up the bond."

"What interest do you propose to give, should I be minded to let the money stand out, signore? The laws of Florence and of Venice allow us to take as high as twenty-five per cent."

The count groaned.

"Well, I shall not chaffer with thee on that point, if thou wilt give me a year for repayment."

"Count Polani, we Molos have ever made it our rule to lend our moneys at reasonable interest; therefore we never take more than that which thou hast already stipulated to pay."

"Ah! thou art a just man," interrupted the count, brightening up hopefully.

"I do humbly affirm that I am a just man, sir count—one who ever performs his own obligations and expects others to do the same. I have made my contract with your lordship, and shall abide by it. Were you to offer me cent. per cent. at the end of another year, I would refuse it. We shall wait, my nephew and I, on you at the palazzo, according to the condition of the obligation. You will doubtless be then and there prepared to fulfil either alternative of the condition."

The count arose once more, but his face was now deadly pale, and his lip quivered with suppressed emotion. At length he spoke slowly and almost calmly:

"Thy money thou shalt have upon that day, if by any human means I can procure it—if not, by the blessed Saint Theodore, I swear thy nephew shall not marry the maid without her free consent. Sooner would I see her a corpse at my feet. Now bide thy time, and do thy worst."

The count drew his cloak closely round his breast, and passed with a hurried step out of the room of the goldsmith.

"Ah, che sono collerichi questi nobili!" said old Molo when he found himself alone, "there is no getting them to listen to reason; as to expect them to talk rationally upon money matters, that's quite too much. Yet will I not, for all the threats of this proud noble, forego my cherished hopes for the aggrandisement of our house. Why should not the Moli climb as high as the Medici? If this count shall be able to repay the loan, well—if not, then I am justified in requiring him to fulfil his contract. My brother, Jacobo, is well pleased with the prospect of this alliance; and as to Girolamo, if he be not as blind as an owl at noon-day, and a fool into the bargain, he will account himself the luckiest youth in Italy; besides, he is too well-nurtured a lad to gainsay his father. I wish he were arrived, as the time is drawing nigh; by my advices he should be here before the week is out."

The pale face of his grandson at the door broke upon the old banker's meditations, and summoned him to attend to the duties of his calling outside. In another minute he was engrossed in the agreeable occupation of giving specie for a bill of one of his correspondents, a certain wealthy goldsmith of Madrid, and deducting a very satisfactory discount in the process of transmuting paper into gold.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, THE NATURALIST.

THE sublime scenery and luxuriant vegetation of North America not only delight the tourist, but seem to make a love of nature racy of the soil. We can hardly wonder, then, that one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest, naturalist the world has ever seen, should have arisen in the midst of this vast continent.

woods and listening to the song of the warblers. His father took him with him frequently when making excursions to distant parts of the state, and was always careful to direct his attention to rare flowers and beautiful birds, pointing out to him the variegated plumage of the latter, and speaking to him of their instincts, their mode of life, migrations and



John James Audubon was born in Louisiana about the year 1782. He was of French descent, and gave early manifestations of his taste for natural history. Birds, above all, exercised a sort of fascination over him. No amusements or pleasures that his family or friends could offer possessed half the attraction for him that was to be found in roaming in the

pleasures, and changes of colour at various periods of the year.

The child was delighted, and the tastes thus encouraged grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. He has recounted in glowing terms the delightful impressions which these rambles of his infancy made upon him. The

desire to preserve the beautiful appearances thus presented to him, which from their very nature were fleeting and evanescent, was early awakened, and led him to apply himself to learn drawing. This was at first but a boyish fancy, but it soon became a passion. Though many of his sketches were of course at first little better than caricatures, the very imperfections of the copy led him to admire the original the more, and encouraged him to persevere in his efforts. When he was fifteen years of age he was sent to Paris to complete his education; and while there he received lessons during two years from the celebrated David, commencing with the study of the human figure. While at Nantes he formed an acquaintance with a young Frenchman, with whom he entered into partnership, with the intention of carrying on business in this country. A very characteristic anecdote is related of the way in which they employed themselves previously to their departure. Whilst his friend was busy in filing accounts, making out bills of lading, invoices, &c., Audubon occupied himself in cleaning his gun, and providing a plentiful supply of paper and crayons. It may be readily imagined that where there was so little community of sentiment, a community of property and pursuits could not last long; so that the partnership was soon dissolved.

Upon his return to America he was eighteen years of age, and his father gave him a farm near Philadelphia, where the Perkioming Creek falls into the Schuylkil. Here Audubon, freed from the irksome cares of the counting-house, gave himself up entirely to his favourite employment—roaming through the woods in the neighbourhood and the vast plains and hills crowned with eternal verdure, which offered multitudinous subjects for his pencil. His excursions, he tells us, invariably commenced at dawn; and to return in the evening wet with dew, and carrying a feathered prize, formed one of the sweetest pleasures of his life.

It might be readily supposed that one who sought happiness only in the pathless woods, and thought the songs of the wild birds the finest of music, could have but little taste for domestic pleasures, and but little inclination to tangle himself in the silken cords of love. And yet here was another proof of the thousands that have appeared since the world began, and will continue to present themselves till it ends, that no pursuits or pleasures, toils, or ambition, or triumphs, can make the heart of man cast off its allegiance to the gentler sex. Audubon married early. "Nature," says he, "which had inclined my heart towards the birds and flowers, had not rendered it insensible to softer influences. It is enough for me to add that the object of my affections has now for a good while past given me the name of her husband." This, however, is the only allusion to his marriage.

Immediately after his marriage he went to live at Louisville, in Kentucky, below the rapids of the Ohio. He remained here two years, occupied in his favourite studies. He sketched all the birds he could meet with, and took notes. His fame spreading, a great many sportsmen in the neighbourhood shot specimens, both birds and quadrupeds, and sent them to him, so that his collection increased daily; and he had at last more than two hundred drawings of various animals. He was thus engaged in March 1810, when Wilson, the celebrated author of the "American Ornithology," one morning entered the counting-house in which Audubon spent his time in sketching and his partner in keeping their books. He gave evident signs of astonishment when he saw the way in which the former was engaged; but he, nevertheless, walked forward to the table at which he sat, and stated without hesitation the object of his visit, which was to induce him to become a subscriber to his work, and favour him with his patronage. Audubon was surprised and delighted with the engravings, and after turning over the leaves of the portfolio, was about to add his name to the list, when his partner said abruptly—"Mais, mon cher Audubon, qui vous pousse à souscrire? Vos dessins sont meilleurs que ceux-là, et vous devez mieux connaître que ce quidam les mœurs et l'histoire des oiseaux d'Amerique."—"My dear Audubon, what induces you to subscribe? Your drawings are better than those, and you surely know more about the

habits and history of the American birds than this fellow." Whether Wilson understood French or not, is not known; but he evidently saw what was meant, for he instantly lost his cheerfulness, and became silent and reserved. Audubon, however, did all he could to soothe him. He lent him some of his drawings, and went for a day's shooting with him in the neighbourhood. Wilson lodged in the house, a part of which was occupied by Audubon and his family, and every evening he was heard playing Scotch airs on his flute alone in his room. The American was touched by his lonely situation, introduced him to his wife and many of his friends, and gave him a list of American birds written out with his own hand; but all was not sufficient to heal Wilson's wounded pride: and he states in his diary, that "literature and art had no friend in the place."

Audubon, years after, had reason to regret, and doubtless did regret, his cool reception of the poor Scotchman, when he himself was wandering, portfolio and subscription list in hand, and seeking the same patronage and support which he had then denied.

A few months after Wilson's departure, Audubon moved farther up the Ohio, nearer to the wild forests of the far west. He fixed his residence at Henderson, a village which then contained only six or eight houses. One of them, which, however, was only a very small log-hut, was luckily empty; and in this, with his young wife and infant son, he took up his abode. All around was a dense forest, no market near, and nothing to be had for money; but the neighbours were kind, and brought them plenty of flour and smoked hams, and did whatever else was in their power to make them comfortable. A happier couple than he and his wife at this time never existed—no care or misgiving ever troubled them. They roamed together in the woods, he with his gun on his shoulder, and often leading his child by the hand, or carrying him in his arms. Business was now totally neglected, and the livelong day passed in shooting and fishing. He made a retreat on the top of his house for the swallows and martins, to serve them at the period of immigration.

He had now for nearly twenty years submitted impatiently to the drudgeries of commerce, but he was unable any longer to control his inclination; and he therefore, in spite of the prayers and entreaties of his family and friends, resolved on bidding adieu for a season to the delights of home, and completely abandoning himself to a nomad life in the forests. He set out with a valise on his back, containing his diary, his colours, and his brushes and pencils, and a small supply of linen, which he made use of when required to furbish his fowling-piece, and plunged into the prairies. Not only has he painted and described the numerous species of birds which inhabit the vast continent which extends from Mexico to Labrador, but in five thick volumes he has given lively and picturesque sketches of the strange characters and the strange incidents which he encountered on the way, and graphic descriptions of the sublime scenery which everywhere astonishes and delights the tourist in the far west. He slept by night at the foot of a tree, killed game and cooked it for his subsistence, and floated down hundreds of miles along mighty rivers in a frail canoe, sketching as he went—everywhere braving fatigue and disappointment with dauntless courage. But he had as yet no idea of publishing his work. All this labour was undergone under the influence of pure enthusiasm.

It was only in April, 1824, that having met with the celebrated ornithologist, Charles Lucien Bonaparte, at Philadelphia, and having been presented by him to the Natural History Society of that town, he first experienced the desire of fame. His drawings were greatly admired in Philadelphia and New York; but he did not remain long to enjoy the praise which they elicited. He started thence to visit the great lakes of the north; and it was in the silence and desolation of the vast forests on their shores that he first thought of giving the results of his labours to the world. "Happy days! happy nights!" he exclaims in his journal, when, revelling in dreams of future glory by the light of his lonely watch-fire, he ran through his collection, asking himself

proudly, how should one man, without assistance, without reputation, without literary or scientific connexions, be able to carry out a plan so vast and extensive, to publish immense drawings, in which not only each bird should be reproduced as large as life, but every part of the bird,—beak, feet, legs, talons, all laid down by the aid of the compass with mathematical accuracy? Flowers, plants, insects, reptiles, fishes, had all been faithfully copied from nature in every particular. Difference in form or size had led him in the beginning to divide his collection into three classes; but he now made a further division into books of five plates each, and advancing still farther westward, determined to leave nothing wanting to the success of his work, which time, perseverance, and labour could accomplish.

Eighteen months afterwards he returned to his family, who were now in Louisiana; and after having explored the forests in that neighbourhood, and in vain endeavoured to procure subscribers in the chief towns of the Union, or induce the American artists to undertake the engraving of his designs, he determined with a heavy heart to try his fortune in Europe. He therefore embarked for England in May, 1826.

His first impressions of England were anything but agreeable. He had numerous letters of introduction, but still considering every European far superior to the Americans in matters relating to literature and art, he looked upon himself as lost in the crowd; and he states that, as he traversed the streets of Liverpool without meeting with one friendly glance, his heart sank within him. But on presenting his letters of introduction, his prospects began to brighten. His drawings were exhibited to the public, and loudly praised in the newspapers. He was received with great favour and *éclat* in Manchester and other great towns. In Edinburgh his reception was enthusiastic. Upon going there, he put his drawings into the hands of the engraver, although he had not as yet one subscriber. On leaving the northern Athens he had obtained the names of sixty-five of its aristocracy, thus enabling him to count upon £16,000 for a work which had only just been commenced.

All now went on prosperously. After a tour through England and Scotland, he paid a visit to Paris in 1828, where he was received with open arms by the scientific world. Cuvier said "that his work was the most gigantic and most magnificent monument that had ever been erected to nature." The ensuing winter was passed in London, and in April, 1829, he returned to America to explore anew the woods of the middle and southern states. Accompanied by his wife, he left New Orleans on the 8th of January, 1830, for New York; and on the 25th of April, just a year from the time of his departure, he was again in the great metropolis. Before the close of 1830, he had issued his first volume, containing one hundred plates, representing ninety-nine species of birds, every figure of the size and colours of life. The applause with which it was received was enthusiastic and universal. The kings of England and France had placed their names at the head of his subscription list; he was made a fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh,—a member of the Natural History Society of Paris, and other celebrated institutions.

On the 1st of August, 1831, Audubon arrived once more in New York, and having passed a few days with his friends there and in Philadelphia, proceeded to Washington, where the president and other principal officers of the government gave him letters of assistance and protection to be used all along the coast and inland frontiers where there were collectors of revenue or military or naval forces. He had previously received similar letters from the king's ministers to the authorities of the British colonies.

Proceeding at length upon his mission, he explored the forests of Maine and New Brunswick, and the shores of the Bay of Fundy, and chartering a vessel at Eastport, sailed for the gulf of St. Lawrence, the Magdalen Islands, and the coast of Labrador. Returning as the cold season approached, he visited Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, and, rejoining his family, proceeded to Charleston, where he spent the winter;

and in the spring, after nearly three years' travel and research, sailed a third time for England.

The second volume of "The Birds of America" was finished in 1834, and in December of that year he published in Edinburgh the second volume of the "Ornithological Biography." Soon after, while he was in London, a nobleman called upon him, with his family, and on examining some of his original drawings, and being told that it would still require eight years to complete the work, subscribed for it, saying, "I may not see it finished, but my children will." The words made a deep impression on Audubon. "The solemnity of his manner I could not forget for several days," he writes in the introduction to his third volume; "I often thought that neither might I see the work completed, but at length exclaimed, 'My sons may;' and now that another volume, both of my illustrations and of my biographies, is finished, my trust in Providence is augmented, and I cannot but hope that myself and my family together may be permitted to see the completion of my labours." When this was written, ten years had elapsed since the publication of his first plate. In the next three years, among other excursions, he made one to the western coast of the Floridas, and to Texas, in a vessel placed at his disposal by government; and at the end of this time appeared the fourth and concluding volume of his engravings, and the fifth of his descriptions. The whole comprised four hundred and thirty-five plates, containing one thousand and sixty-five figures, from the bird of Washington to the humming bird, of the size of life, and a great variety of land and marine views, and floral and other productions, of different climates and seasons, all carefully drawn and coloured after nature. Well might the great naturalist felicitate himself upon the completion of his gigantic task. He had spent nearly half a century "amid the tall grass of the far-extended prairies of the west, in the solemn forests of the north, on the heights of the midland mountains, by the shores of the boundless ocean, and on the bosoms of our vast bays, lakes, and rivers, searching for things hidden since the creation of this wondrous world from all but the Indian who has roamed in the gorgeous but melancholy wilderness." And, speaking from the depth of his heart, he says, "Once more surrounded by all the members of my dear family, enjoying the countenance of numerous friends who have never deserted me, and possessing a competent share of all that can render life agreeable, I look up with gratitude to the Supreme Being, and feel that I am happy."

In 1839, having returned for the last time to his native country, and established himself with his family near the city of New York, Audubon commenced the publication of "The Birds of America," in imperial octavo volumes, of which the seventh and last was issued in the summer of 1844. The plates in this edition, reduced from his larger illustrations, were engraved and coloured in the most admirable manner by Mr. Bowen, of Philadelphia, under the direction of the author.

Audubon was too sincere a worshipper of nature to be content with inglorious repose, even after having accomplished in action more than was ever dreamed of by any other naturalist; and while the "edition for the people" of his "Birds of America" was in course of publication, he was busy amid the forests and prairies, the reedy swamps of the southern shores of America, the cliffs that protect the eastern coasts, by the currents of the Mexican Gulf, and the tide-streams of the Bay of Fundy, with his sons, Victor Gifford and John Woodhouse, making the drawings and writing the biographies of "The Quadrupeds of America," a work in no respect inferior to that on birds.

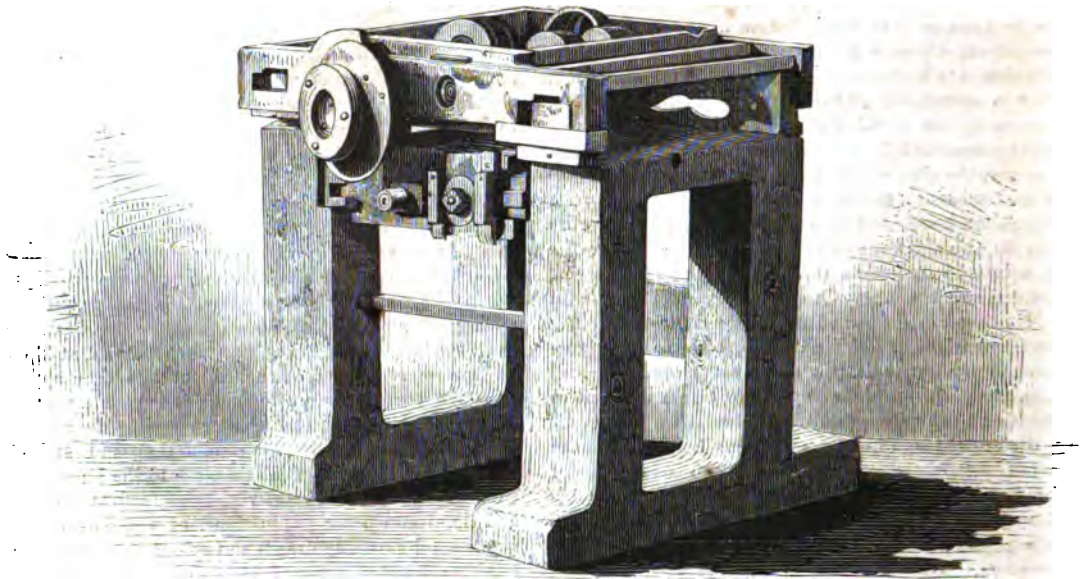
Audubon's highest claim to admiration is founded upon his drawings in natural history, in which he has exhibited a perfection never before attempted. But he has also indisputable claims to a respectable rank as a man of letters. Some of his written pictures of birds, so graceful, clearly defined, and brilliantly coloured, are scarcely inferior to the productions of his pencil. His powers of general description are also remarkable.

After his many travels, Audubon died peaceably at his residence in New York, on January 27, 1851. He had arrived at a ripe old age. Two sons survive to deplore his loss, and to prosecute the science in which the father won such fame.

BANK-NOTE ENGRAVING IN AMERICA.

THE object of the present article is not to examine the origin of bank-notes or bank-note engraving, but to furnish a simple outline of their production and its history in the New World. As a department of industry, bank-note engraving claims

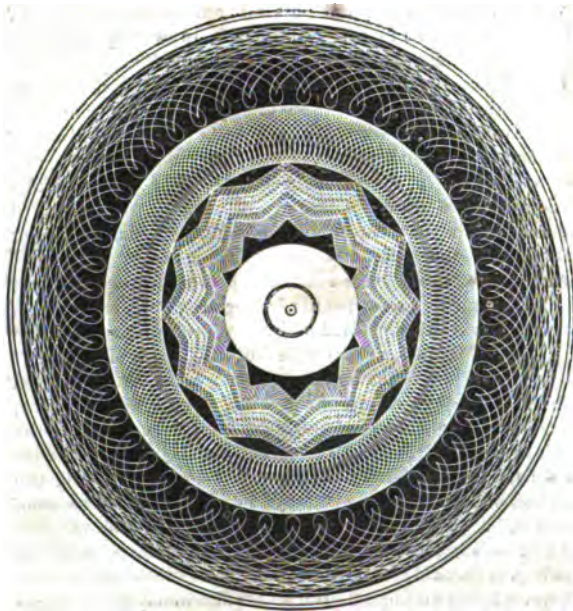
In "The Illustrated Magazine of Art" we can occupy ourselves with only one of these subjects—bank-note engraving—a subject which has in itself no necessary connexion with monetary crises, and little even with the disturbances pro-



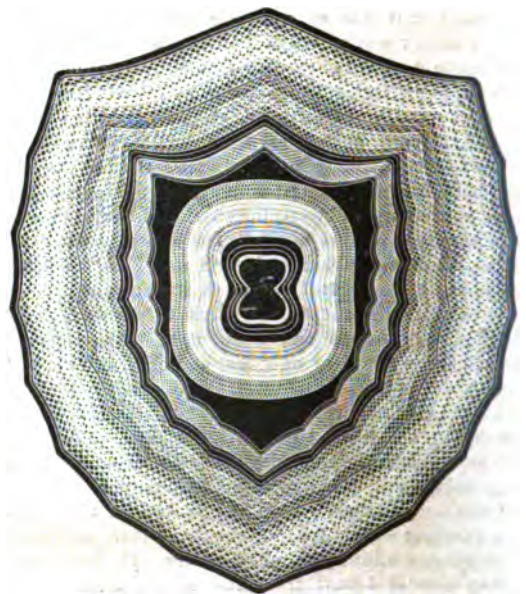
SPENCER'S GEOMETRICAL LATHE—THE FIRST MADE.

more than a passing regard from all classes of citizens. It involves processes which are unknown to the community at large, and to be ignorant of which is not very reputable to a people who read and write so much. It is connected, more-

duced in business by counterfeiting; but, on the other hand, has, if properly guarded by the states and understood by the people, an intimate connexion with monied prosperity and confidence in the circulation of bank-notes.



COMPOUND OF CYCLOIDAL AND WAVE OVAL OF THE GEOMETRICAL AND ROSE ENGINE COMBINED.



LATEST IMPROVEMENT OF GEOMETRICAL LATHE.

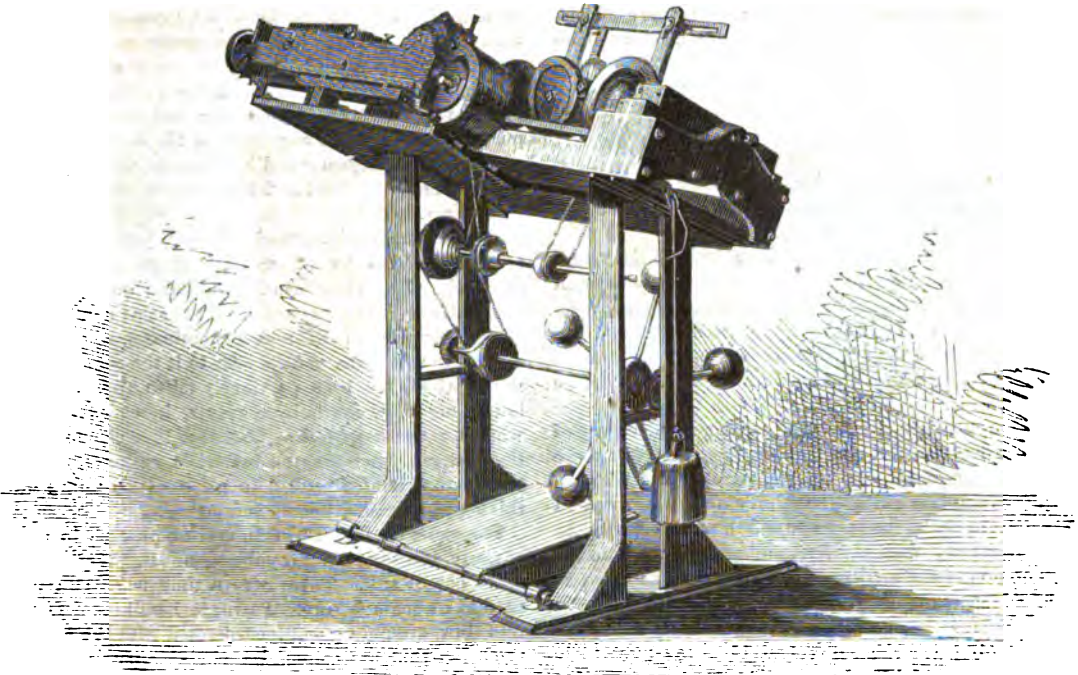
over, so intimately with monied interests and public confidence in paper currency, as to require that we become better acquainted with it and the guarantees which it holds out against the various forms of counterfeiting.

THE BANK-NOTE AS A WORK OF ART.

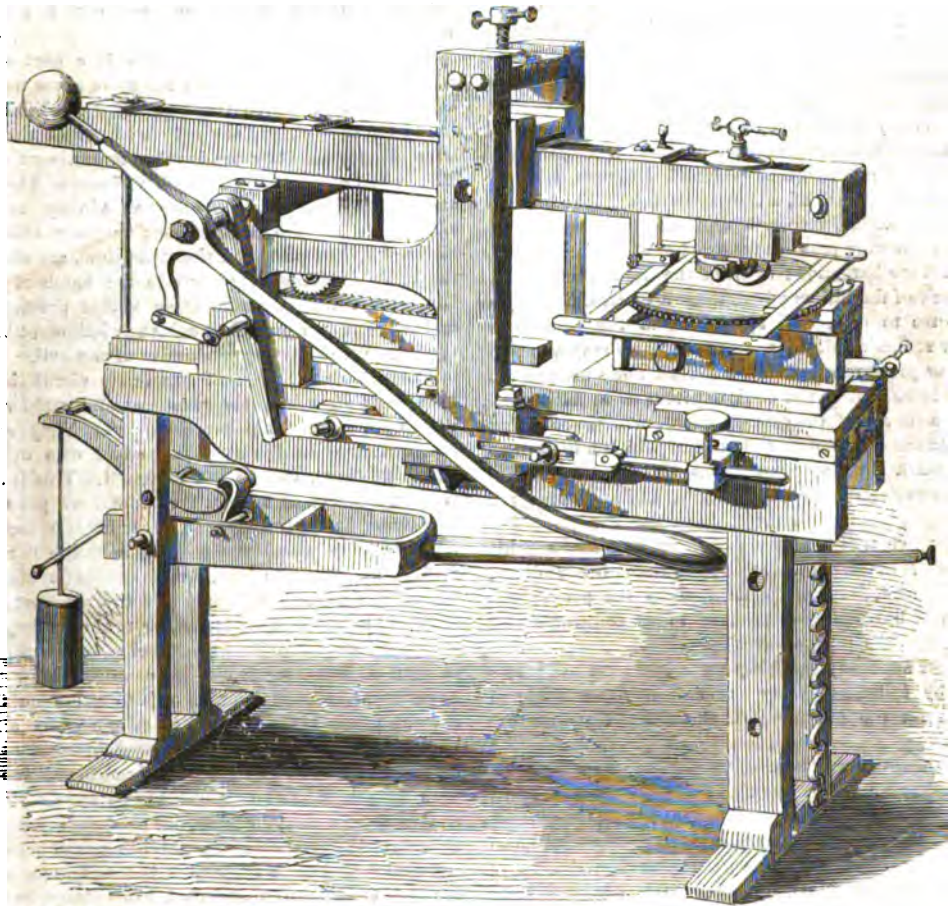
We proceed now to consider the bank-note simply as a work of art. As such, it belongs solely to the engraver, and its production is to be sought and studied in his line of life.

The banking company and state have little to do with it. The former, by committees, can only order certain plates, and

notes printed from the plates furnished by the engraver—laws that respect the welfare of the public. The bank-note, as we



DURAND'S IMPROVED GEOMETRICAL LATHE.



DURAND'S TRANSFER PRESS.

select those designs which suit their taste; the latter can only pass certain laws or regulations regarding the issue of the

have already intimated, is the point from which we wish to observe its production. It is before us, and, as we examine it,

we have a striking instance of the division of labour. Its production is the joint work of many and very diverse hands: miners and charcoal men, smelters and ironmongers, hemp-growers, weavers, and paper-makers, mechanics and machinists, designers and engravers, workers of lathes and presses, legislators and banking companies. These are the chief agencies employed in the production of a bank-note. We proceed now to mark the working of these agents, and the stages that distinguish the various processes of the work.

THE PLACE OF THE PRODUCTION OF A BANK-NOTE.

To give something of a graphical character to our presentations, and enable the reader to follow us, we will enter a bank-note engraving establishment.

We select, for this purpose, that of Dantforth, Wright, and Co., an extensive and rapidly-increasing establishment, well organised for the production of bank-notes, with new machine-work and fine designs. It is the only establishment that can produce new work from the geometrical lathe: Cyrus Durand is the only man living who is able to work such lathes, and he is connected with it.

A walk through this establishment, and a general survey of the several departments of business, will prepare us for a more careful examination of the details and processes of bank-note engraving. We begin with the show-room, or room of specimens. Here are to be seen show-frames and books, in which we can readily trace the past and present condition of the art. The progress is marked, and fully sustains the enterprising and advancing spirit of the people.

The next room is that which is occupied for engraving. Here the vignettes are engraved, and the bank-note plate lettered. Designs that represent the most pleasing conceptions of our artists are fixed by the graver on the enduring steel.

From this room we pass to that occupied by C. Durand, and used for the geometrical lathe-work. Here are produced those end-pieces and ornamental work in which the figures of notes are commonly engraved, and on which so much reliance has been placed against counterfeiting. It is an instructive place. That lonely point, obeying the impulse of wheels, concentrics, and chucks, and working endless combinations of lines, produces the most correct geometrical figures, adorned with, or rather composed of, a tracery of lines, that give to them the perspective and beauty of a picture.

From thence we may pass into the room where bed-pieces, dies, and plates are hardened; or enter the transferring room, where the work of the lathe and engraver are transferred by a rolling pressure to dies, and afterwards to the bank-note plate. Other rooms await us, among which we may mention the printing or press-room, where the bank notes are printed and prepared to be sent to the bank department at Albany.

After such a survey of the establishment, we are somewhat prepared to examine the materials out of which a bank-note is made, and mark the several processes and steps in its production. The materials, models, designs, and apparatus, are all at hand.

The designer, we will suppose, has been at work, and his conception of Manhattan under the rule of the Indians, or the hostler's nest, has been embodied by the pencil, and now awaits the burin of the engraver to be translated and fixed in steel.

The *bed-pieces* are ready for this purpose. These are pieces of steel, $2\frac{1}{2}$ by 4 inches. They are first decarbonised, and rendered soft for the graver. On these the vignettes are engraved.

While the engraver was producing the vignettes on steel, the geometrical lathe was at work, and a rich variety of ovals, circles and shields, machine engravings, have been furnished. We present (p. 308) an engraving of the first geometrical lathe ever made. By comparing it with the improved ones of Durand, an engraving illustrating one of which has been given, the reader will see that great progress has been made in this department of invention.

The *dies* are now to be called into use. These are cylindrical in shape, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, and having an inch hole

in the centre, to admit a mandril. On these, the vignettes from the *bed-pieces*, and also the lathe-work, are to be taken up. For this purpose, the *bed-pieces* are hardened, by being burnt in animal carbon in a common furnace. The work of transferring is now to be done—a process that greatly facilitates the production of bank-note plates.

A transfer press is needed at this stage of the work. Into this press the die is introduced, and by a rolling pressing motion backwards and forwards over the *bed-pieces*, with a strong purchase, the vignette comes up on the die. In this way the several dies of vignette and lathe-work are prepared. They are then taken, dressed and hardened in the same way as the *bed-pieces*.

The bank-note plate, made of steel, but formerly made of copper, 8 inches by 14, and $\frac{1}{16}$ th of an inch thick, is now required. This plate usually includes on its surface four notes. Sometimes these are all of the same denomination, but most commonly of different denominations. The dies are applied to this plate, and transfer to it the vignette and lathe-work, which has been previously taken up upon them. The letters are then cut in by a graver, if we except the titles, which are transferred. The plates are then cleaned and sent to the printer. Such are the materials, agencies, and stages in the production of a bank-note plate. Its printing claims, at this stage, a passing notice, and no more.

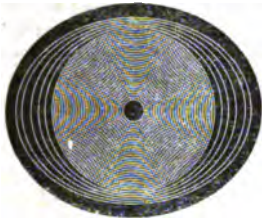
The paper on which bank-notes are printed, in the opinion of many, has something peculiar about it. Many regard it as made out of silk. There was a time when silk was partly used in its manufacture. Pawnee handkerchiefs were torn into slips, ground up and incorporated with the paper pulp, in the belief that the coloured threads or particles would be a protection against counterfeiting. Bank-note paper is made out of new canvas. The press on which the notes are printed is an ordinary copper-plate one, and is worked in the ordinary way.

The mode of issuing bank-notes is a part of the process which has some interest for all, as it gives us a clear view of the security which the state of New York has thrown round the subject, and the care with which she has watched over the public interests in this department of legislation. The bank orders a certain number of notes. These are printed and sent to the bank department at Albany, to be registered and signed by the comptroller; they are then returned to the bank. The plates, in the mean time, are also lodged with the bank department, or left in the hands of the engraver. The former disposition of them is that pointed out by law, and is the proper one, although their lodgment in the hands of the engraver cannot be productive of any evil.

The notes are then sent forth into circulation, after they have been signed by the president and cashier, and become part of a legalised paper currency. They go forth as a representation of the gold and silver coin of the country, and, like them, can be counterfeited. This is a view of the subject that has an interest for all, and we pause to consider it. Every one in business, or in the habit of receiving money, must wish to weigh the chances in favour of receiving good money. We may add here, for the comfort of all, that counterfeiting is now very difficult, and the prospect is such as to render it probable that it can be rendered impossible. The common belief is different. Merchants, learned men, as well as mechanics and labourers, are asking, "How can notes be counterfeited?" It is not enough to tell them that there are several ways, and that the chief one is by alteration, and in all such cases the note so altered makes its appearance in public as an old note. No altered notes appear as new ones, because the alteration could be detected. The engraver cannot imitate the labour of the geometrical lathe, and calls to his aid the deception of apparent age and circulation.

There is another way, which is less known and more dangerous. Original dies, and even bank plates, have found their way among the public, and fallen into the hands of counterfeiters. How is this? it is asked. It is easily seen. Some years ago petty banks sprung up on all hands, and, after a petty existence, expired. Their dies and plates survived, and

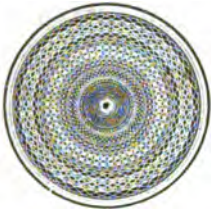
were, in many cases, sold by the officers of the bank or sheriff. In this way they fell into the hands of counterfeiters, and supplied them with the means of making notes or altering them. A ten or fifty could be easily cut out of a plate, hardened, and transferred to notes from which the denomination had been extracted. Such things can no longer exist



PLAIN OVALS AND CIRCLES.

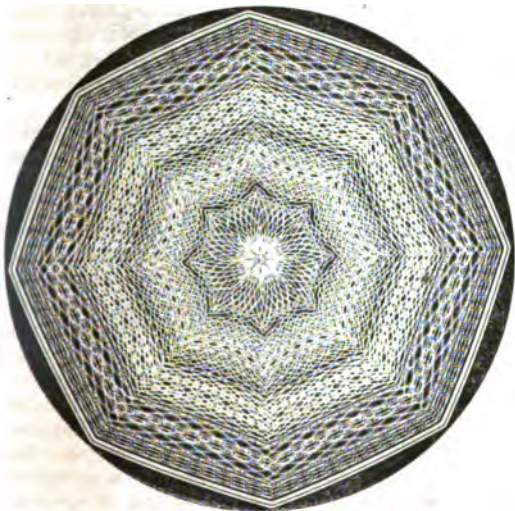
under the new banking law of New York. Counterfeiting in every form has nearly closed its career. We are able to announce an improvement in connexion with lathe-work, that will render it impossible.

A sketch of the history of bank-note engraving in this country will put the general reader in possession of all that is



COMMON GEOMETRICAL LATHE-WORK.

important in connexion with the subject. English money, as is well known, circulated in the colonies. During the revolution, the paper currency, known as continental money, was little better than a common label. Notes were engraved with a graver up to the year 1812. About this time, or perhaps a little before it, we find the house of Lennie and Rawlinson



ROSE ENGINE AND GEOMETRICAL LATHE-WORK COMBINED.

adding some water-work at the end of notes, produced by the crossing of wave lines.

In 1815, Spencer of Philadelphia, and C. Durand of New York, produced some concentric circles and ovals, the first work of the geometrical lathe.

About the year 1817, Mr. Gobright, of the Philadelphia Mint, got Mr. Spencer to make a machine, called a medallion roller, by which medals were ruled, and for a long time

adorned bank-notes. They are, in some cases, still used on county bank-notes.

During the same time a new improvement was made in the ovals and circles by Durand. The wave oval and circle were introduced, and added much to the effect of the note. Their varieties are endless.

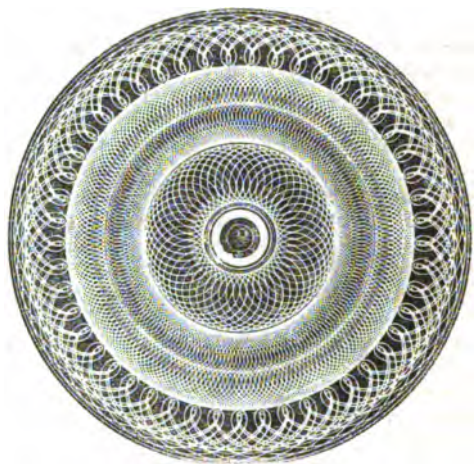
Up to this period the process of bank-note engraving was slow; all the work was made on the plate by *etching*, and afterwards bit in by a mordant. The invention of the transfer



CYCLOIDAL LATHE-WORK.

press by Durand changed the whole process, and offered new facilities in the production of plates. It seems that Perkins and Spencer of Philadelphia used, even before that time, a rude machine, by which they transferred some vignettes. It was a long beam that passed down through the floor, a kind of lever by which they increased pressure. It had little, if any, points in common with the presses of Cyrus Durand.

About the year 1824, Durand introduced some simple improvements into the working of the printing and transfer presses, that facilitated the process of bank-note engraving, and added something to the correctness of the processes and



COMPOUND WAVE AND CYCLOIDAL LATHE-WORK.

work. These consisted mainly of a plank, rolling on four rollers, separated by another plank or bed.

The improvements that were made from time to time to the geometrical lathe form the most pleasing features in the history of bank-note engraving, but features which we can only indicate here. The elegance of designs and the perfection of engravings belong to fine art as well as to bank-note engraving. The rise and fall of houses are simply matters of business, and belong to general prosperity. But the work of the lathe is almost characteristic of the bank-note, and is destined to be its security against counterfeiting.

The introduction of the cycloidal motion, a motion like that of a nail in the hub of a carriage in motion, and the improvements on it, have added much beauty to the lathe-work. We regard this work as supplying the only happy and just illustration of what constitutes the beauty of lines and forms, the flexible play of life.

The last improvements, in our estimation, have carried forward the work of bank-note engraving, especially in the machine department, to a notable degree of perfection. We see little, if anything, more to be added. The combinations are endless, the varieties pleasing, the effect rich and pleas-

ing. There are no limits to be assigned to the varied labours of the improved geometrical lathe, but the want of capacity in man to calculate the combinations. The latest improvements consist in such a disposition of lines as produces with artistic effect the various geometrical figures, and indeed all beautiful forms.

Such is bank-note engraving in the New World, and as seen and illustrated in the enterprising house of Dantforth, Wright, and Co., of New York. The machine-work that accompanies this article was cut by Cyrus Durand on his own machines.

RATISBON.



GOthic WELL IN RATISBON CATHEDRAL.

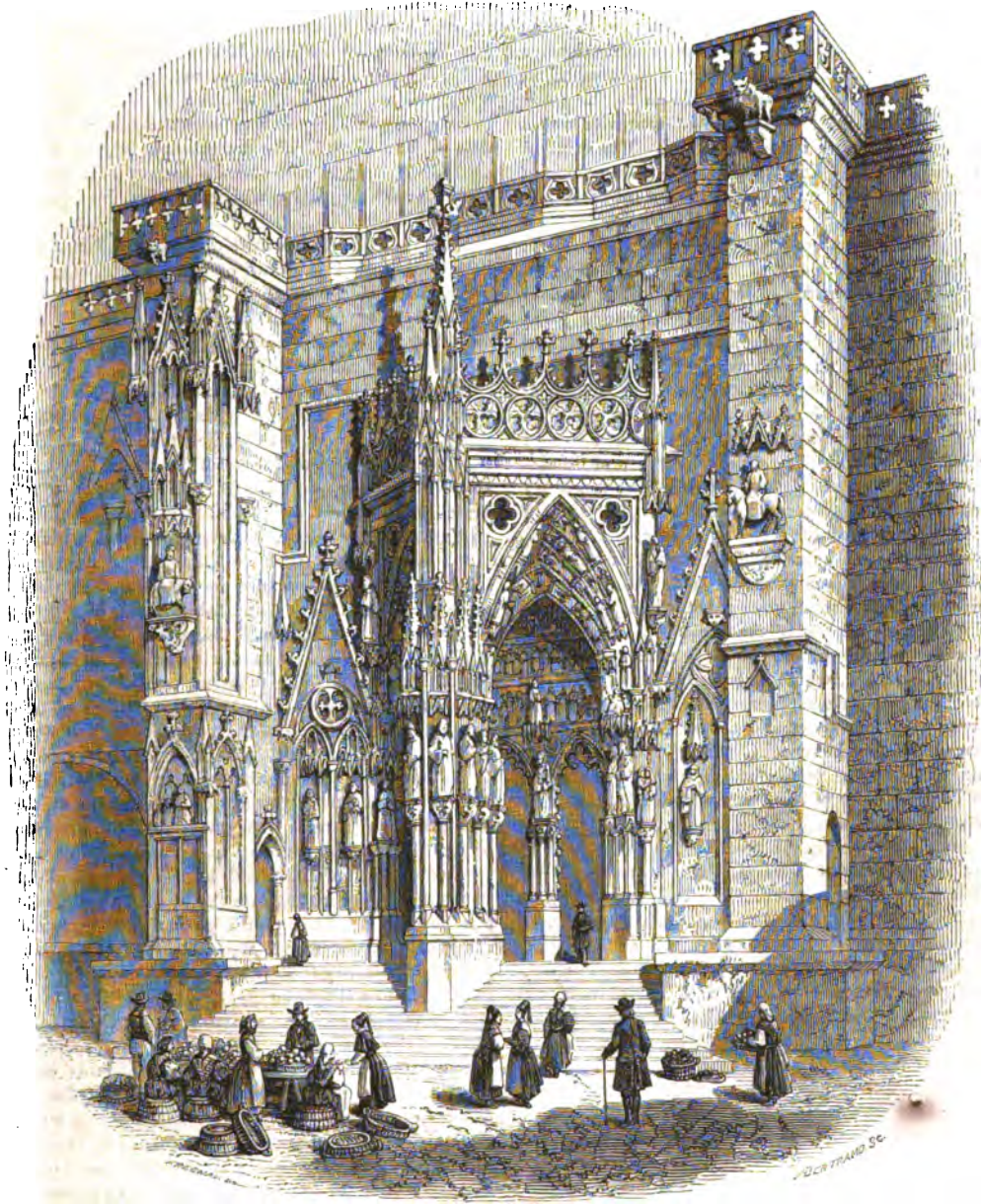
RATISBON (in German, *Regensburg*), in the kingdom of Bavaria, is situated at the confluence of the Regen and the Danube, in the midst of a very picturesque and fertile country. It is now the chief town of the circle of the Regen: it is one of the most ancient cities of the Upper Danube. Under the Romans

it bore the name of *Reginum*, or *Castra Regina*; the emperor Tiberius stationed his fourth legion there, whence it took the name of *Tiberia Quadrata*; in the Latin of the middle ages it was called by a sort of surname, *Ratisbona* (good raft or vessel?). We shall not stop to devote much attention to the tradition

which carries back its foundation to the arrival of a certain Savaro from Armenia, who established a colony here, and whose descendants were conquered by Norix, son of Hercules. These are fables with which credible history has little or nothing to do. The inhabitants were converted to Christianity about A.D. 185; but the first bishop was established there in the eighth century by St. Boniface. In later times Ratisbon became a free city (*Freistadt*), and made great advances. The conflagration which took place there in 1046, and almost entirely consumed it, only checked its commercial activity for a brief season. In fact, this city was, during the middle ages, one of the most important commercial towns in Germany. It corresponded with Venice, which sent

high reputation for several centuries, till the discovery of a new route to the East Indies, and of a continent in the west, previously unknown, gave commerce a new direction.

Ratisbon never recovered from the blow then inflicted upon its prosperity, though the Diet of the empire has long held its sittings within its walls and given it a sort of *éclat*. It is still a busy city, without doubt, but is no longer the flourishing Ratisbon of former days. The present population is 25,000. The town, surrounded by the remains of ancient fortifications and a wide and deep ditch, has irregular, narrow, dark, and ill-paved streets. The houses with which they are lined give evidence of a remote antiquity. From time to time you perceive near the dwellings of the citizens massive Gothic



DOORWAY IN RATISBON CATHEDRAL.

it commodities from the East, and received furs in exchange. It is even said to have had commercial transactions with Kiew in Russia. Thus it was the rival of the neighbouring industrial city, Nuremberg. The Crusaders, in order to reach Asia, had recourse to the boatmen of Ratisbon, who maintained a

towers, the last vestiges of a period in which the citizens of Ratisbon withdrew behind thick walls to defend themselves against enemies as well as their fellow-citizens. Among these monuments of a barbarous civilisation may be discerned the Golden Tower (*der Goldene Thurm*) and the Goliath, a kind of

fortress, on the front of which is represented the combat of David and the giant Goliath. But the principal edifice in Ratisbon is the cathedral of St. Peter, one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of German architecture.

After the disastrous conflagration to which we have already alluded, a new church was built, the first stone of which was laid by the bishop Leo Thundorfer, patrician of Ratisbon. In the seventeenth century the works were not yet finished, and even now two towers remain incomplete. In a chronicle of Nuremberg, dated 1493, these towers of the cathedral are represented as surmounted by a crane, like that of Cologne at the present time.

The present cathedral, which, as we have observed, is the chief object of interest in Ratisbon, is as remarkable for the good taste of its internal ornamentation as for the imposing majesty of its exterior. Altogether it is considered one of the finest Gothic churches of which Germany can boast, whence the reader may infer that it possesses no ordinary attractions as a specimen of mediæval architecture. It was commenced in the year 1275, and continued building down to the early part of the sixteenth century, or about two centuries and a quarter; but it is still in an unfinished state. The original architect was Andrew Egl. Having been so long in course of erection, it is not surprising that it exhibits a want of perfect harmony in the style of its construction. Hence, in the west front we recognise the Decorative style of the fifteenth century, while part of the east reminds one of the early English style. The towers of the west front are not completed, but even in its present state this part of the building commands great attention. It exhibits noble proportions, and ornaments are lavished upon it without overburdening it. The large entrance door, represented in our illustration (p. 313), is built on a different plan from those of most other cathedrals. It projects out in the shape of a triangle, and forms a sort of baldaquin or canopy, in which the art of the sculptor is displayed in all its magnificence. It is flanked by two accessory doors, not less artistically decorated. On the two sides of the building is a perfect forest of pillars, pyramids, and turrets, above which runs an open balustrade, whence a magnificent view of the city and environs may be obtained. On the north of the cathedral there is a small tower, *Eselsturm*, so called because, during the construction of the edifice, the asses laden with the materials went up there. There is some peculiarity in the plan of the building, which is built after the model of an ancient basilica, the transepts not extending in length beyond the breadth of the nave and aisles. There are transepts, however, in the upper story. On entering the building, the eye is struck with the magnitude of the pointed arch supported on each side by pillars, and richly adorned with windows of stained glass, which soften the light as it streams through. These windows were painted by the first artists of Munich, by order of Louis of Bavaria. The cathedral of St. Peter owes much to that monarch. He had it completely restored and stripped of all the ornaments, altars, statues, and tombs which were out of taste and marred the general harmony. The chief altar, which was all glittering with silver, did not accord well with the decoration of the church, on account of its modern form; hence he had it adorned with a covering in the Gothic style. This altar, which is of beautifully chased silver throughout, and at the back of which is a well-sculptured crucifix, stands in the middle of the choir, which is a hundred feet long. The nave measures three hundred feet in length, and a hundred and twenty in height. The altars in the aisles have not been neglected, but exhibit sculptures of exquisite workmanship. Thus a most beautiful statue of the Virgin—a work of art distinguished by singular merit—stands in the north aisle not far from the west end. It is thought to have been executed some time in the fourteenth century. One of the most original and curious objects in the cathedral is the Gothic well in the south transept, from which the water necessary for sacred purposes is obtained, and of which we furnish an engraving (p. 312).

Several tombs may be observed in the cathedral at Ratisbon; among others, those of Count Herberstein and Prince Charles

Dalberg. This last, which is very near the statue of the Virgin just mentioned, is of white marble, and was designed by the eminent sculptor Canova. The monument to Count Herberstein has a marble bas-relief representing Christ feeding the multitude, which, though wanting in freedom and ease, is a very elaborate piece of minute workmanship. Formerly that of Albert the Great, *Albertus Magnus*,—a famous doctor of the thirteenth century, too much of a philosopher not to be accused of sorcery—was also to be seen there. It was pretended that he had the gift of omnipresence, and that at the same moment in which he was instructing his pupils in theology from his chair, now preserved in the chapel of the Dominican convent, he was seen sitting in his study at Donaustauf, a small town situated about twelve miles from Ratisbon. Hence his tomb has been removed to the Dominican chapel. Another sorcerer (according to the superstition of the common people), the celebrated astronomer, John Kepler, lies buried at Ratisbon, where he died on the 15th of November, 1630. A monument, adorned with his bust and a magnificent bas-relief, executed by Dannecker, is erected to his memory in the public promenade which bears the simple title of The Walk. The traditional story of Kepler's having died of hunger is not strictly correct; he sank under the vexation and opposition which harassed him during the latter part of his life.

Near the cathedral is the cloister which forms part of it, and in which there is a crowd of monuments, sarcophagi, busts, and statues, belonging to the Roman and middle ages. A door in this cloister leads to what is called the old cathedral (*der alte Dom*), in which stands a pagan altar, in stone, which was probably used for the delivery of oracles.

St. Peter's is not the only building in Ratisbon which is worth visiting. The old parish church of St. Ulrich, the Benedictine convent of St. James, the church of St. Emmeran, and the palace of the princes of Tour and Taxis on the site of an ancient abbey, are all objects deserving of attention. The princely family last mentioned has for a long time held the postage of the whole of Germany on lease, which has contributed largely to its wealth. The palace is adorned with great luxury; above the entrance door Schwanthaler has sculptured some magisterial figures; inside there are some excellent stables, a riding-school, a Gothic chapel with a figure of Christ, by Dannecker, and a family vault in the Byzantine style. Not far hence may be discerned, mouldering with age, the walls of the Hotel de Ville, which was the seat of the Diet of the German empire from the year 1663 to the commencement of the present century. The representatives of the different states assembled for deliberation in a large hall, where the imperial chair is still preserved. The vaults of this building are curious to traverse; they were formerly prisons and places of torture; the instruments of torture employed by the barbarous legislation of the middle ages hang all along the walls. A projecting house, opposite the Hotel de Ville, attracts attention on account of two paintings on the walls, representing the struggle of a warrior of Ratisbon with the giant Krako, in the reign of Henry the Birdcatcher. The defeat of the monster gave birth to a simple song, the family of the victor, Dollinger, was ennobled, and the spot on which the combat occurred received the name of the Heathen Place (*Heideplatz*).

The stone bridge over the Danube, built in the twelfth century, was a marvel of the age in which it was constructed; but its arches are not wide enough for the boats that now navigate the river, and the consequence is, that accidents not unfrequently occur. But this ought not to excite any astonishment; for his Satanic majesty, we are told, has passed by there. The architect of the bridge, who had invoked his aid by promising him the soul of the first crosser, played him a well-known scurvy trick. He made a dog cross the bridge, and the evil one, in his rage, cut off the poor creature's head. Hence the figure of a dog without a head, which is to be seen on the balustrade.

Another circumstance which gives an interest to Ratisbon is the fact that near it was fought the celebrated battle of Eckmühl, in which the French conquered the Austrian forces.

A CHAPTER ON LIZARDS.

THOSE who have read or heard anything of geology, and the extinct tribes of creatures which once peopled the globe, but are now only to be found embedded in a fragmentary and fossil state in the strata which form the crust of the earth, must be perfectly familiar with the name of the Saurian tribe. It is an extensive group, belonging to the order of reptiles, and comprising eight families now existing, among which the crocodile and the chameleon may be mentioned. Another of these eight families is that of the *Lacerte* or lizards, a few specimens of which are represented in the accompanying engraving. They are found sometimes as far north as Sweden and Denmark, but more commonly in the central and southern parts of Europe.

We will suppose the reader walking on a fine summer's day along the outskirts of a wood in these more frequented regions. All of a sudden he hears a slight rustling among the dry leaves which the wind has blown together under a bush. He starts with alarm at the unexpected sound, lest a deadly viper should attack him with its venomous fang. But he need be under no apprehension. The little creature which has frightened him is as harmless as it is lively and brilliant. It is a green lizard, or, in the language of naturalists, *lacerta viridis*. It appears at the foot of our illustration with its soft and forked tongue, which is quite incapable of doing any mischief. But if lizards do not sting, they make up for this inability in some measure by the tenacity of their bite. When once they have got firm hold of their enemy, it is no easy matter to make them let go—in fact, the only way in which he can generally release himself from their grasp is to kill them. We are assured by a naturalist that he has carried one hanging on at the end of his finger for nearly a mile. Although the animal's bite is not at all dangerous, and its little teeth are too short to penetrate through the skin, it is better not to try any such experiment with a large one, because the force with which it bites causes considerable pain. Beyond this inconvenience, however, there is nothing to be feared, for none of this species are at all poisonous.

There are about sixteen known species belonging to this family. As they vary a good deal in colour and size, naturalists have been obliged, in order to distinguish the different species, to study every part of the body very minutely, even down to the scaly plates on the head, to each of which a technical name has been given. Even with all this minuteness of observation, it is not easy to draw any marked and certain line of distinction between the various species; for what have been thought specific characters by some naturalists, have been found by others to be present in one individual and absent in another of the same species. Be this as it may, the green lizard is generally from ten to twelve inches long; sometimes, in the south of France and on the coasts of Barbary, it attains nearly to the length of eighteen inches. The temples are covered with polygonal scales of unequal sides, the central scale being larger than the rest. The occipital plate is small; those of the belly form eight rows, two of which are shorter than the others. There are from twelve to twenty femoral pores along the interior of the thigh. What purpose these pores are intended to serve is at present altogether unknown. The jaws and even the palate are furnished with very small teeth. The belly is yellow; but the back, as well as all the upper part, varies a good deal in colour. It is generally green throughout, or marked with yellowish spots. Sometimes it is brown spotted with green; at others, brownish spotted with green or white, and streaked with black; or, lastly, it is brownish, with from two to five longitudinal white stripes bordered with black.

The lizard which in our engraving seems to be threatened by the one of which we have been speaking, is the species known under the name of *lacerta stirpium*, or the trunk lizard. It is generally half as large again as the green lizard, which it closely resembles in other respects. But its belly is white, sometimes spotted with black. In the male the back is of a

uniform brown or red brick colour; or with black spots, with or without white streaks or spots. The sides of the body are green, spotted with brown. The female has the upper part and sides of the body of a clear brown or fawn colour. Its back is marked with a series of blackish spots. All along the sides it has one or two rows of black spots, with a white dot in the middle of each spot.

The highest position in our illustration is occupied by a lizard, called by some naturalists *lacerta muralis*, but better known as *lacerta agilis*. It is very common, in France, along the walls of gardens which have a sunny aspect, and is one of the most beautiful and lively species of this family. Gilbert White, in his charming "Natural History of Selborne," speaks of having seen "beautiful green *lacerta* on the sunny banks near Farnham;" but it is now generally thought the lizard he saw—as well as those mentioned by other naturalists as occurring in England and Ireland—was not the *lacerta viridis*, as he supposed, but the *lacerta agilis*. According to Mr. Bell, the *lacerta agilis* is much more timid than the *lacerta viridis*, and consequently much more difficult to tame. "This latter species," he says, "may be readily tamed, and taught to come to the hand for its food, and to drink from the hollow of the palm of any one to whom it is accustomed. It will lie coiled up between the two hands, enjoying the warmth, and not offering to escape. But it is very different with the former species, which appears not to be susceptible of any such attachment. It will indeed attempt to bite any one who handles it. . . . When in confinement it ceases to feed, conceals itself with extreme timidity when approached, and ultimately pines and dies." This lively little creature rarely exceeds five or six inches in length. It has only six rows of ventral plates, while the green lizard has eight; and the half necklace under the neck is not indented. Its colours are so varied that it would be very difficult to give a description of them; but as they are well known, it is not at all necessary.

The animal which, with its young on each side, appears in the centre of our engraving, is the *lacerta vivipara*, or the viviparous lizard; the size of which is still less than that of the *lacerta agilis*, to which it would bear a strong resemblance if it had not eight rows of ventral scales. Its back is brown, olive colour, or reddish, having on each side a black band bordered with white, above and below, and in the middle a black streak. The belly is of a yellow-orange colour, spotted with black. The female is brown-red above, almost uniform throughout, without lines, and with only a few indistinct spots. Another species of lizard, found in the South of France, is *lacerta ocellata*, which attains to the length of eighteen inches.

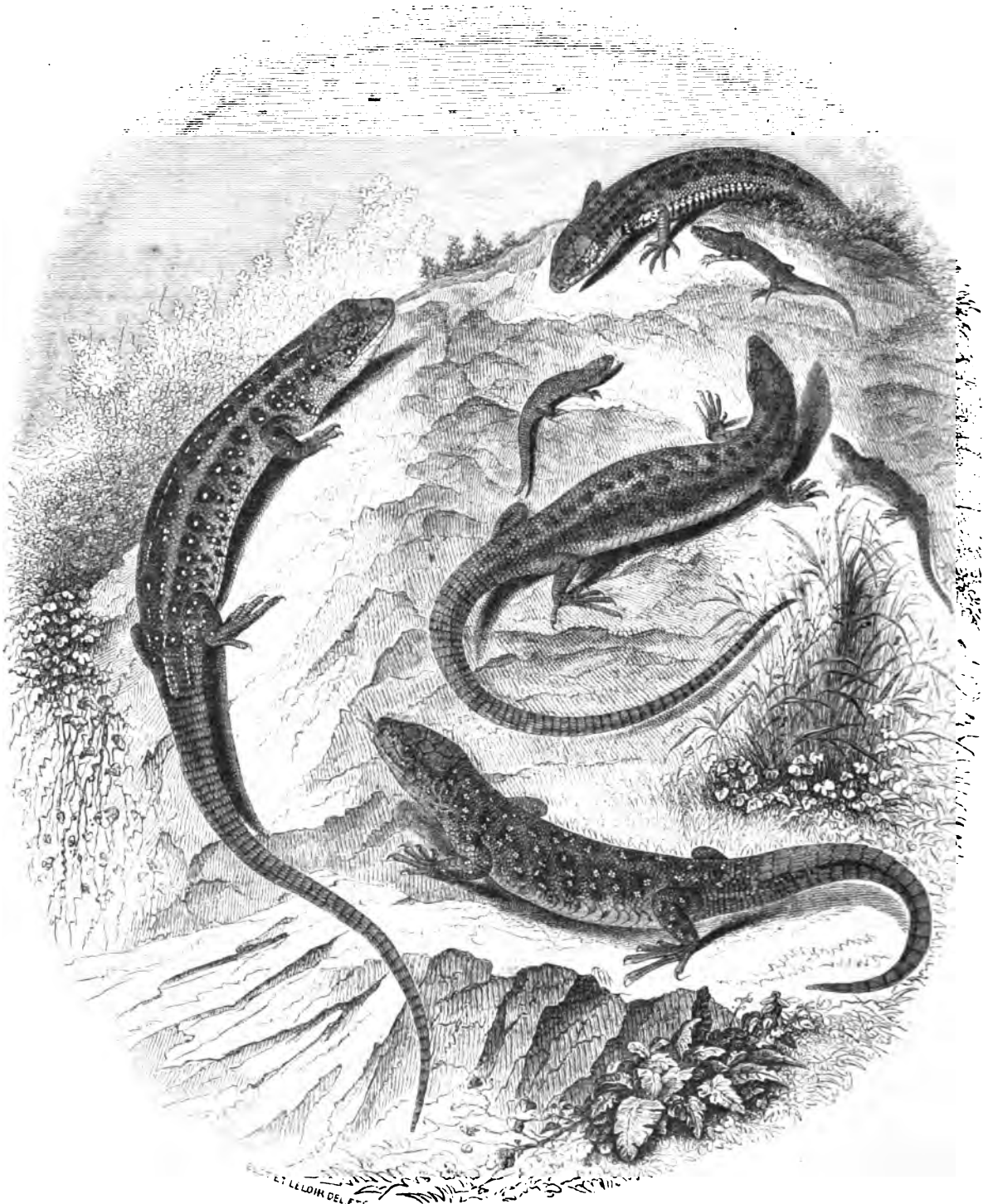
As a general rule, lizards—and indeed the whole Saurian tribe—are oviparous, like all reptiles, and their eggs are covered with a semi calcareous shell, which is tolerably hard. But it is strange to see what wild freaks, so to speak, nature seems to play. Here we have a mammiferous animal—the ornithorhynchus—which is without paps, and lays eggs; there we meet with the viviparous lizard which lays no eggs, but brings forth its young alive and perfect; while in Normandy a still more marvellous prodigy is found, for the terrestrial salamander lays eggs in spring, and brings forth young, like the mammalia, in autumn. How is it possible, in the face of such anomalies as these, to frame any perfect classification of living creatures? It matters not what distinctions may be chosen as the grounds of a systematic arrangement; at some point or other we are sure to find our principle at fault. It is said that lizards, which are so lively and active in summer, are torpid in winter from the effects of the cold; yet towards tropical climes, animals of this same tribe—crocodiles among others—also become torpid from the very contrary cause, namely, heat; for it is in summer only that this torpidity takes place. The facts are unquestionable, but the explanation is not easy to give.

Lizards are thought to have very obtuse senses. This is

pretty certain so far as regards taste and smell; but their hearing is very acute, and their sight very penetrating. Like all animals covered with scales, they have no delicate sense of touch; on the contrary, they are almost devoid of all susceptibility in this respect. It appears that the epidermis which

out, it began to run about the table as if it had suffered not the slightest inconvenience.

These animals feed exclusively on living prey, consisting of flies and other small insects, caterpillars, and particularly earth-worms. They have the power of remaining a long time



THE TRUNK LIZARD (*Lacerta spiliopium*). THE WALL LIZARD. (*Lacerta muralis*). THE VIVIPAROUS LIZARD (*Lacerta vivipara*).
THE GREEN LIZARD (*Lacerta viridis*).

covers them has a fatty substance for its base, for it is impervious to injury from acids, or at least nitric acid, such as engravers use. We are informed, by a careful observer, that he once put a green lizard into a jug filled with this acid, and let it remain there for an hour and a half, yet, when he took it

without food, the length of the period being dependent upon the temperature. They live in old stumps, holes which they make in the ground, crevices in rocks, or holes in walls, always in a part most exposed to the sun. They have in general not much sagacity; and yet they soon learn enough in

aptivity to come when called, and take the food in one's hand. The ancients thought them friends to man, whom, it was supposed, they would wake up when they saw a serpent approaching him in his sleep. The origin of this notion appears to be, that on seeing an adder or serpent a lizard would naturally take to flight for fear of being devoured, and that in so doing one of this tribe may have disturbed a man who was asleep, and thus rescued him from danger.

The tail of the lizard is extremely fragile. It breaks on the slightest accident, and continues to move for a long time after it is separated from the body. The animal gets another, and sometimes, though rarely, a third and a fourth.

It was thought by the ancients that these reptiles were passionately fond of music, and facts are mentioned by modern naturalists which seem strongly to favour the notion. Thus, a French writer of this class states that as soon as he began to play his flute, a large green lizard used to put half its body out of a hole in the rock opposite his window, and seemed to listen with great attention. When he left off playing, it went back into its hole; if he began again, it immediately re-appeared; and he could make it repeat this as often as he

chose. He does not pretend to decide whether it was simply curiosity which prompted the animal to act thus, or whether it mistook the sound of the flute for the buzzing of some insect upon which it hoped to prey.

The same writer tells us that one day he took a long wire—a piano-forte string, in fact—and fastened a fly to the end of it. He then brought the fly as near the lizard as the length of the wire would allow. The lizard hesitated for a long time, but at last took it, and afterwards a second and a third without any hesitation. Next day he shortened the wire a little, the day after as much, and so on from day to day, till at the end of eight days it took food from his hand without any fear. He also accustomed it to come out of its hole to be fed whenever he whistled as a signal.

Proceeding in this course of training, he began to hold the prey six inches from the lizard's mouth, instead of close up to it, so that it was obliged to come completely out of its retreat to get it. The next day he doubled the distance, and went on increasing it every day, till, at the end of a fortnight, the animal would follow him all round the garden to get a worm.

M. PIERRE SOULE.



THIS distinguished diplomatist was born at Castillon, in the Pyrenees, during the first consulate of Napoleon. His father had served for some time in the republican army, and rose to the rank of lieutenant-general. On retiring to his native mountains, he became an administrator of justice, and rendered valuable services to the community in which he lived. Finding his son Pierre to be an intelligent and promising lad, he determined to devote him to the service of the Church, and in 1816 sent him to the College of the Jesuits, at Toulouse. Here he soon distinguished himself; but, as the strict discipline of the order did not agree with his notions of freedom,

he withdrew, and was afterwards sent to Bordeaux to complete his studies. When only fifteen years of age, he was concerned in a conspiracy to overthrow the newly reinstated Bourbons, and being detected, he sought safety in flight. For more than a year he was concealed in the little village of Navarre, where he followed the quiet occupation of a shepherd. He was then permitted to return to Bordeaux, where he greatly distinguished himself as a professor in one of the principal institutions of the city. This quiet position, however, did not long suit his active spirit, and he removed to Paris, where, at the same time that he devoted himself to the

studies of science, philosophy, and law, he contributed articles to the leading journal, which brought him into intimate connexion with the chief members of the liberal party. Here he established a newspaper, in which he advocated republican sentiments, and hurled bitter sarcasms at the throne and the Church. He was soon brought before the courts of law; his advocate, Charles Ledru, defended him, and requested the clemency of the court on the ground of his youth. Soulé himself started up, and in a tone of impassioned eloquence defended his opinions, and took upon himself the responsibility of having uttered them. His eloquence proved unavailing, and he was sentenced to the cells of St. Pelagie. In a short time after, he made his escape to England, with the intention of proceeding to Chili, where the situation of private secretary to the president had been offered to him. The ship having sailed without him, and the post being filled by another person, he resolved to return to Paris, and take his chance. On landing at Havre, however, he met with a friend, Captain Baudin, who advised him to seek an asylum in the United States of America, and offered him a passage in his ship, about to sail for St. Domingo. The project pleased young Soulé. He arrived at Port-au-Prince in September, 1825, and was cordially received by President Boyer. In the autumn he took passage for Baltimore, and soon after visited New Orleans, where he became the guest of General Jackson, and acquired his first knowledge of the English language. This knowledge he perfected during a residence in the convent at Bardstown; and on his return to New Orleans he underwent an examination for the bar in English, and was admitted. His latent energies of character were soon forced into action, and a brilliant career opened itself before him.

In 1847 M. Soulé was elected senator from Louisiana, and in 1849 he was re-elected for six years. Since the death of Mr. Calhoun, he has been considered as the leader of the ultra-southern party. He was selected by General Pierce as the ambassador from the United States to the Court of Spain—an appointment somewhat annoying to the Spanish people, who recollected that M. Soulé owed some portion of his popularity to the force with which he advocated the annexation of Cuba.

The writer of "Political Portraits with Pen and Pencil" says: "At the bar M. Soulé is distinguished as much for his originality as for his ingenuity. His keen observation and ready wit, his intimate knowledge of the human heart, and the great sympathetic power he possesses to appeal to it, to move it, give him an unbounded influence with a jury, which he seems to subjugate at will. The style of his eloquence is logical, earnest, and impassioned. His fine face, eloquent as his language, changes with every varying thought; and his eagle-eye flashes, or softens in expression, as he would kindle or subdue. His gestures are graceful and spontaneous." In private life the same writer represents M. Soulé as active, amiable, affectionate, and exemplary. "In society he is not less distinguished than at the bar or in the senate. The elegance of his manners, the brilliancy of his conversational powers, his deference to others, as much the result of his kindness of heart as of his high breeding, his blended affability and dignity, would lead one to pronounce him pre-eminently a man of society, did not a certain presence or *prestige* that always accompanies him, indicate, that though he may adorn the saloon, his true sphere lies in the higher regions of thought and action."

A RECOVERED ORIGINAL PICTURE BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

In October, 1844, Vincent Botti, a painter and restorer of old oil-paintings at Florence, purchased of a broker of that town a picture which had been daubed over by some unskilled hand, in a most unjustifiable manner, for the purpose of veiling the nudity of the figure. The experienced restorer quickly apprehended that here, as in other cases, a masterpiece might be concealed behind this coarse daubing. Following out this

idea, he proceeded with great care to free the picture from all incongruous touches; and, before long, he had the gratification of seeing a female figure of wondrous beauty, which he immediately recognised as one of the finest of Michael Angelo's creations, coming out, in all its pristine freshness, from beneath the covering which had so injudiciously been thrown over it.

The picture consists of a single figure, half the size of life, and represents the Goddess of Fortune sitting, with extended wings, upon a wheel, naked to the middle, the lower part of the figure being wrapped in the folds of a rose-coloured drapery. She rolls onward, her countenance expressive of unconcern and perfect ease. Her head inclines slightly towards the right shoulder; she stretches out her arms, and her hands scatter on the right a sceptre, crown, and laurel-wreath,—on the left, thorns and arrow-heads. The front of the goddess is surrounded by a bright radiance, which gradually deepens into black. It is said that Michael Angelo zealously studied Dante's Poems, and more than one of his works embody thoughts of the celebrated singer: it was this fact which procured him the title of the Dante among the painters. The figure of Fortune is the expression of some lines in the seventh canto of the "Inferno," where it is said:—

"And she it is, on whose devoted head
Are heap'd such vile reproach and calumny
By those whose praise she rather merited.
But she is blest, and hears not what they say;
With other primal beings, joyously
She rolls her sphere, exulting on her way."

And truly the head, which is of enchanting beauty, is expressive of the most blissful ease and equanimity with which she looks down upon human things, evil as well as good. In all Michael Angelo's pictures it is manifest that the hand of a sculptor guides the brush. In the creations of this master-spirit, you feel the power of genius, and recognise a deep knowledge of the laws of anatomy; but in the figure of Fortune the painter has, with far-seeing delicacy, modified his usual superabundance of strength, in order to preserve the delicate form becoming the young and graceful goddess.

In order to establish the authenticity of this discovery, it was necessary to have recourse to strict and careful comparison. "The Holy Family," by the same master, which is to be found in the Gallery of Florence, and the genuineness of which is not questioned, afforded an opportunity. This comparison has resulted decidedly in favour of Signor Botti's discovery, a systematic and conscientious examination having shown that both these pictures are painted on boards of the same wood, prepared by the same process—that is, covered with a thin coating of white, and painted in water-colours, over which is laid a coat of oil known by the name of oil of Albizzo, which fixes the colours and imparts to the figure what we call *mezza tempera*. Lastly, the whole is washed over with a varnish, which gives it the appearance of an oil-painting. The wings of "Fortune" evidently show that the newly-discovered picture is painted by the process just described. Moreover, the same connoisseurs and artists have unanimously recognised an entire similarity of treatment in the "Fortune" and "The Holy Family;" for both these pictures, painted by the same process, exhibit the same treatment of light and shadow, the same colouring and disposition of the draperies, and, what is still more interesting, the same purity and perfection of drawing.

After the picture had in this way been proved genuine, the discoverer was compelled, in compliance with the urgent desire of many lovers of art, to exhibit it in public. He selected the Bartholomew Palace, at Florence, for the purpose, and though he originally intended the exhibition to last only a single day, the great interest it excited induced him to extend it to a week. There was but one opinion as to the genuineness and beauty of the painting. Those who were best qualified to form a judgment declared that not only was it unquestionably a real production of Michael Angelo's genius, but that he must have lavished upon it an unusual degree of care and attention, as if he wished to show by this single

gure how much he could accomplish. All who beheld it greed in regarding it as a *chef-d'œuvre* of the great master; and as worthy of the highest admiration for the correctness of the drawing, the grace of the attitude, the truth of the colouring, and, in a word, the general effectiveness of the whole.

The painting thus unexpectedly discovered has since been verified by a great number of copies throughout Europe. In

Florence alone there are not fewer than twenty-two. One of these, in the Gallery of Prince Corsini, had till this discovery been regarded as the original, but, on comparison with Signor Botti's, it was at once seen to be a feeble imitation by Vasari.

We understand that Signor Botti intends to make a tour, with his fortunate discovery, through the principal towns of Europe, first visiting Paris.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR.

ANDRÉ HERAULT DE MAISSÉ, who was sent by Henry IV. as ambassador to Queen Elizabeth, has written a memoir, in which he relates all that he heard and saw during his negotiation. This memoir is filled with singular revelations concerning the manners of that celebrated princess and of her court. The care that Herault took in the compilation of this book is accounted for by the importance of his mission, which was undertaken for the purpose of enlightening Henry IV. as to the secret intentions of Elizabeth, who began at this period to alienate herself from France, in order to bind herself more closely to Spain. The Queen, at the time that M. de Maisé wrote his journal (1597-8), was about sixty-five years old. She had then reigned thirty-nine years. Ten years before she had shown herself a worthy daughter of Henry VIII., by the judicial assassination—for it deserves no better name—of the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of Scotland. This journal is so much the more valuable, as it contains revelations that historians have passed over in silence or scarcely alluded to. After a long delay, the audience that M. de Maisé had requested was granted to him, and a gentleman came to fetch him in one of the carriages of the court. "He conducted me," says M. de Maisé, "through a large room, in which were the guards of the Queen, and to the presence-chamber, in which the attendants always remain uncovered, whether the Queen is there or not. He led me into a corner, in which was placed a cushion for me. I waited some time, and at length the Lord Chamberlain came and conducted me by an obscure passage into the privy-chamber, as it is called, at one end of which sat the queen on a low seat, while at the other end stood gentlemen and ladies in attendance. After I had bowed to her most reverently at the door of the room, she rose, and came five or six steps towards me, nearly in fact to the middle of the chamber. I kissed the hem of her robe, and she embraced me with her two hands, and welcomed me in a gracious manner. Then she returned to her chair, and made me take a place by her side upon a little folding-seat, without arms or back. Afterwards, I commenced speaking to her. She was strangely attired in a dress of white and carnation silver cloth; or, of silver gauze, as it is called. This dress was open at the sleeves, lined with red taffeta, and was fitted with other little sleeves, which hung almost to the ground, and which she fastened and unfastened very frequently. She had the front of her dress open, and often, as if she suffered from heat, she widened with her hands the opening of her cloak, the collar of which was very high, and the lining of which was decorated with rubies and pearls in large quantities, but all of very small dimensions. She also wore a necklace of rubies and pearls, and upon her head was a garland of the same manufacture. Underneath was a large wig, nearly of a red colour, with a number of curl-papers of gold and silver, and some pearls, not of much value, hanging over her forehead. On both sides of her ears were large bands of hair, which rested upon the collar of her cloak, reached almost to her shoulders, and were decorated with curl-papers similar to those upon her head."

In the account of his second interview, although the remarks of M. de Maisé cannot be said to add to our stores of historical knowledge, they nevertheless arouse curiosity, for they lay bare the weak side of the Queen's sex.

"The same day the Queen sent me her carriages. I found her well in health, and in an excellent humour. She was having the spinet played in her chamber, and it seemed that

she was very attentive to it, or pretended to be so, as if I had taken her unawares. I excused myself for disturbing her in her amusement. As she said that she was very fond of music, and that she was having a pavannah,* I replied that she was a good judge, and that it was reported that she was mistress of the art. She said that she had studied it formerly, and still took great pleasure in it.

"She was dressed in a robe of white silver cloth, open very low down, with her bosom uncovered. She wore her accustomed head-dress, but it was diversified by many kinds of precious stones, not however of very great value. She wore a little dress underneath of silver cloth, of a dark peach colour, which was very handsome.

"Whilst I was conversing with her about business she often made great digressions, either on purpose to gain time and not to be too much pressed by my demands, or else from mere habit; and then she excused herself by saying, 'What will you think, Mr. Ambassador, of the importance I attach to such trifles? But this is always the way with old women like me.' Then she went back to the subject of discourse, or else I brought her back, pressing her to answer. She said, 'I am inter Scyllam et Charybdim.'

"She knows all ancient histories, and it is impossible to make allusion to any of them upon which she does not offer some apropos observation. I remarked to her, by the way, that she was well informed of what took place in the world. She said that her hands were long, grasping, and powerful; and then taking off her glove, she showed me her hand, which was indeed very long—longer than mine by full three fingers' breadth. It must have been very handsome formerly, but it is now extremely thin, though its colour is still beautiful. Ah! Mr. Ambassador, where is your gravity stumbling now? I presented to her, at the end of the audience, Secretary Philippe, assuring her of the satisfaction which he had given to the king, my master. She received him very well, saying that she had seen many of his letters, but that until then she had not known him personally. He was upon his knees, and she began to take him by the hair to lift him up, and pretended to give him a box on the ear.

"It is a strange thing how lively she is in body and mind, and how clever in all she attempts to do. That day she was in very good humour, and very gay, and, when I took my leave, treated me very favourably, and saluted all the gentlemen who were with me. She is, in truth, a great princess, who is ignorant of nothing."

In the third interview, after M. de Maisé had discussed with the Queen the political interests of the continental powers, she concluded by talking to him of the affection which her people bore her, adding that they were very happy to be under the government of so good a princess.

"I am on the brink of the grave, and must think of dying.' Then suddenly catching herself up, she said: 'I am not thinking of dying at present, Mr. Ambassador, as I am not so old as people imagine.'

"I said to her that God would preserve her still for the good of her kingdoms and subjects, and that she was wrong to call herself old as often as she did; for that, thanks be to Heaven, her constitution was such that she had no occasion to call herself so. She answered, that M. de Beauvais used

* A serious dance introduced from Spain, in which the dancers display themselves one before the other, as peacocks do with their tails.

also to say the same thing to her—that she was wrong so often to call herself old. And in truth, with the exception of her face, which showed signs of age, and of her teeth, it is not possible to see so beautiful and so vigorous a disposition, either of body or of mind.

"She was that day dressed in cloth of silver, as usual—what we call gauze in French. Her robe was white, and her stomacher of violet-coloured silk. She had a great quantity of jewels upon her, as well upon her head as inside her collar, round her arms, and on her hands; with a great quantity of pearls, as well about her neck as upon her bracelets. She had two armlets, one on each arm, which were very costly.

"She placed herself upon a seat, and made me sit beside her. She takes great pleasure in the ball-room and in music. She told me that she kept at least sixty musicians; that in her youth she had been a very good dancer; that she had composed ballets and music, and played them and danced them herself. She takes such pleasure in them, that when her women dance, she keeps time with her head, her hand, and her foot, and scolds them if they do not perform well to her mind; and doubtless she has a right to do so. She told me that she used to dance well when young, and had learnt to jump high, after the Italian fashion. She told me that people called her the Florentine. I answered, that this was a sign



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S RECEPTION OF THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR.

"She affects great gravity among her people. When I entered her chamber this time, she was walking up and down in a marvellously proud manner, and with her was Mr. Secretary Cecil; and I think that she did this on purpose, in order that I might see her, whilst she pretended not to see me. The same day, after dinner, the Queen sent for me to go to her council; and having come into the chamber of the said council, I saw a gentleman, who told me that the Queen would soon pass with her ladies to go to the ball, and asked me if I wished to see her pass. (It was she who had sent him to me.) I went, and immediately she came out, and seeing me from afar off, came towards me, and said that she did not expect to find me there, that she was going to the ball, and asked me if I would go with her. I said that I would obey her commands in all things, and accompany her.

that she was wise and prudent, and that this name was not given without reason."

M. de Maisé, being a clever courtier, here kills two birds with one stone; for his journal was to pass under the eye of Marie de Medicis.

"She said, that it was because she was thought cunning; but that she was not so. She spoke of the languages she had learnt; for she often makes digressions; and told me that when she came to the crown, she knew several languages better than she knew her own. And because I said to her, that this was a great merit in a princess, she said that it was not wonderful to teach a woman to speak, but that it was much more difficult to make her hold her tongue."

The remainder of the journal treating only of political matters well known to history, we shall here close our quotations.

STORY OF A FALCON.

THE extensive plains of Quercy affect those who see them for the first time with a strange sensation. As far as the eye can reach, nothing is to be seen but a mass of small, hard, grayish stones, which on all sides encumber the surface of the soil. The only traces of animate nature consist in a few stunted oaks, and a narrow field, enclosed by walls formed of pieces of rock, in which

linen tunic striped with purple, tucked up to the knee; but you see only your shadow in this discouraging solitude, and you hear no other sound than the distant bells of a flock doomed to browse on the scanty blades of grass which here and there appear between the stones.

In this Sahara, in the midst of one of the few copses which



A HAWKING PARTY.

chilly and confined spot may be observed the white flower of the buck-wheat. Here and there, enormous hollow blocks, twenty or thirty feet long, remind you what people formerly inhabited this desert. It seems to you as if the blood of human victims still flows in the recesses of these dismal ruins; the mind, impressed with a sense of involuntary terror, recalls the form of the Druid, with the crown of oak-leaves on his forehead and his

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overshadow the hills, washed by the Dordogne, between Rocamadour and Grama, you would have heard, towards the middle of June in the year 1156, the most joyous flourish which the trumpeter's skill of that period could produce. The Viscountess of Ventadour had come to visit the Lord of Montvalent, her cousin, and was hawking with her numerous train of cavaliers and retainers. Fowling being at that time the favourite amusement of

the nobility, was particularly in favour with the young lords, who were passionately addicted to it; so that the art of hunting was then considered the most agreeable branch of human knowledge. We can now only judge of the importance in which it was then held by the brisk controversies which daily arose upon the choice of falcons. Henry II., King of England, who loved his horses and dogs more than ever other Christian did, had brought into fashion the falcon of Denmark and Norway; but, either to protest against the dominion of England or from national pride, the barons of the south preferred those of the Alps. Indeed, if we are to believe the best authority of the age, Deudes of Prades, the author of "*Les Oiseaux Chasseurs*," the King of England was right. The worthy canon of Maguelonne, in his poem, which was to be found in every castle, speaks thus:

"Il est trois sortes de faucons,
Les autours, les émerillons,
Puis un petit de bonne race;
Ainsi la nature les classe.
Le danois l'emporte sur tous;
Il est plus gros, plus vif, plus doux;
Les yeux il a clairs et luisants,
Les ongles crochus et tranchants."

Now we cannot inform our readers whether the bird which had just been loosed in the woods, by the edge of the water, on the day of which we are speaking, was from Norway or from the Alps; but it flew so as to deserve the praises of its mistress, the beautiful lady of Ventadour, who, absorbed in the chase, stood upright in her stirrup, looking anxiously towards the sky; whilst two huntsmen, leading hounds in leash, kept at some distance behind her; and a little old man, whose game-pouch announced his profession, mounted on a small horse from the moors, prepared a lure in his left hand, whilst to his right the impatient chargers of some barons, whose eyes sparkling with pleasure followed the chase, stood pawing the ground.

The noble bird shot vigorously upwards; for some time it continued to mount with the same rapidity, then it was seen to stop, balance itself, and remain like a motionless point in the air, steadily-observing its prey. By degrees, however, he blockaded it, that is to say, he got to windward of it, and, having gained this advantage, he commenced a hot pursuit.

It was a partridge, which, not being a match in swiftness with this cruel adversary, tried to escape him by precipitating herself into a cluster of bushes. But here a new danger awaited her; the hounds, which had been loosed on seeing her fall, plunged after her, and as if it were not enough to frighten her with their sharp and plaintive barks, the old man with the game-pouch hastened to dismount and to beat the bushes noisily with his stick.

In spite of the pleasure which every noble lady took in the chase, the Viscountess of Ventadour did not behold, without a certain emotion, the ever increasing peril of the unfortunate bird, and her desperate position. The dogs uttered yelpings of joy in the thicket, the old falconer plunged his stick into it with a sort of sinister delight; and, as pitiless as his master, the falcon, hovering above, with eager eyes and trembling claws, waited till they had forced his prey to quit its asylum. And the dilemma of the poor bird, which, paralysed with terror, did not dare to move, and could only escape from the man and the dogs to find death ten yards higher, under the claws of the hawk, was indeed a piteous sight.

The lady was quite distressed, and, calling to the servant with the green game-pouch:

"Let her escape! I do not wish it to be killed, you know that I do not wish it."

"Madame?" said the falconer, as though he had not heard.

"Leave that partridge and reclaim the falcon!"

The vassal pretended to obey, but he was so long in seeking his lure, that the hounds got at the partridge and dislodged her. Choosing the slowest of two deaths, she darted away like an arrow; unhappily the falcon, warned by the cries of the old falconer, had perceived her. Vain was her rapid flight, the pursuit was still more eager, and after having for some time wheeled about in the air, she fell wounded by the attack of the falcon in a neighbouring glade.

Flushed with emotion, the viscountess urged forward her steed so rapidly, that she was in time to witness a singular scene. Some vassals, seated upon the ground, were partaking of their frugal morning-meal, and seemed to be encouraging by their cries a child, about ten years of age, who was seen through the bushes. This child, who was very beautiful, and whose eyes flashed with anger, had picked up the partridge, wounded and half-dead, and holding it with one hand against his breast, with the other he repelled the falcon, eager for its prey, which was flying around him, in order to seize it.

At the sight of the viscountess the vassals arose hurriedly; the falconer arrived to recall and hood the hawk; and the cavaliers, appearing from the wood, asked the fair lady what interested her so deeply. For answer, she pointed to the child, who still proudly held the partridge, as though he wished to dispute it with his lord. The first action of the viscount was to call him in his rough and commanding tone, which froze the vassals with fright; but upon a sign from his lady, he courteously gave place to her, and reined in his horse.

Adelaide of Ventadour deserved this deference. Daughter of the rich William VI., Lord of Montpellier, she had brought as a dowry to her husband, Ebles III., a hundred marks of silver, beautiful clothes, a stock of fine linen, two silver cups weighing six marks, and the Arab palfrey which she rode with so much grace. Indeed, in order to raise her to the seigneurial grandeur of the domain of Ventadour, Ebles had divorced his first wife, Margaret of Turenne, whose distant relationship to him afforded a plea for considering their union illegal, as soon as he became acquainted with Adelaide. Still under the charm of recent marriage, he listened to his lady, as the young clerks of Dalon did to the white-bearded monk who taught them chanting; all her wishes were laws, and her desires were granted almost as soon as expressed. Therefore she interrupted the viscount, whom she thought too severe; and beckoning to the child to approach:

"Wilt thou give me thy partridge for this piece of gold?" said she in a gentle voice.

"No!" replied the child boldly.

"Why?"

"Because you will let the falcon kill it."

"And if I leave it thee, wilt thou come with me?"

"No!"

"Thou wilt not follow me?"

"No; you are wicked—you made my godmother weep."

"Who is thy godmother?"

"Madame Marguerite!"

Here the viscount interrupted, and, urging forward his horse in spite of the entreaties of his lady, he demanded roughly of the vassals, whom he recognised as belonging to him, who had given them permission to leave his domain. They replied with the boldness of people protected by a superior power; for in spite of its iron law, feudalism, the brutal expression of physical force, flinched before the church, the emblem of spiritual power; they replied that they were returning from a pilgrimage to Rocamadour, to thank the saint for having heard their prayers the preceding year. The viscount now only wished to know the name of the father of the child, who had already so far made friends with the lady as to bring her the bleeding bird without being alarmed at the impatient movements of the palfrey. When her husband again came to her side, the first words which she said to him were these:

"Ebles, may I ask a favour of you?"

"Yes, lady, and if it be possible, consider it as granted."

"Do you know to whom that child belongs?"

"To a servant named Bernard, who heats the ovens at the castle."

"Do you know what I wish if he has a large family?—to keep this young boy and bring him up as my son, until God gives me a child of my own."

"Let your wish be mine!" said Ebles, bowing graciously towards the viscountess.

Young Bernard accordingly received, at the Castle of Ventadour, the brilliant education given to the sons of the nobility of the time. An old monk of the Abbey of Dalon taught him to

peak Latin grammatically, to reason, think, overthrow arguments, to sophisticate adroitly, and discomfit his adversary by eloquence, and to ornament his conversation by rhetoric. He moreover imparted to him the knowledge of the science of numbers, the four major and the four minor tones of music, and rendered him so learned that when he had reached the age of sixteen, with a robe of fine cloth and a purse at his side, he prized the pen a hundred times more than the purse, and became a troubadour.

From that time, joining to his name that of the estate of the viscount, Bernard lived gaily through the latter half of the twelfth century, honoured by the great, cherished by the towns-people, esteemed by the ladies, and popular from the Loire to the Pyrenees by the charming songs which he composed wherever he went. As in this iron age (and it is worthy of remark) wit and talent excelled, Bernard of Ventadour was celebrated during forty years; his triumphs and his gaiety only ended with the century.

An event as singular as that which began his career marked the close of it.

Forty years later, Bernard, his hair blanched with age, was looking at some tapestry, upon which Alice, Duchess of Normandy, had traced, with great truthfulness and extraordinary

vivacity of colour, the hawking of Rocamadour. On beholding this scene of his native country he breathed these lines:—

“Quan la douss' aura venta
Devès nostre país,
Mès veiaire qu'ieu senta
Odoz de paradis. . . .”

“Whene'er the breeze goes murmuring by,
The breeze that in my country sighs,
I vow it wafteth unto me
The rich perfume of Paradise.”

At this moment an equerry entered the apartment, bringing two letters.

One was for the Duchess Alice, and announced to her that Richard Cœur-de-Lion, to whom she had long been betrothed, was about to marry a Princess of Castile.

The other, sealed with black, informed Bernard of the death of his faithful friend, the valiant Count of Toulouse.

Both were struck with a terrible blow, and took the same resolution; Alice covered that forehead, despoiled of the crown, with the veil of Fontervault; and Bernard, bidding a final adieu to the world, knocked at the door of the Abbey of Dalon, the port and refuge of all the vanity and wretchedness of the age.

BAHIA, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF BRAZIL.

THE ancient capital of Brazil, officially called San Salvador da Bahia de Todos os Santos, but more generally known by the simple name of Bahia, possesses a magnificent harbour, of which some idea may be formed from the accompanying engraving (p. 326). This harbour, which gives much commercial importance to the town, has long been the admiration of mariners, and the skilful French hydrographer, whose book is now an authority in part of South America, does not hesitate to place it among the first of the numerous ports of which he gives so clear and exact a description. “All Saints' Bay,” says he, “taking it in its full extent, forms a very deep gulf in the continent; this gulf, which is known by the name of *Reconcaro*, is nearly thirty miles in circuit, and receives the waters of several rivers, some of which are considerable.

“The largest fleets would be safe in Bahia, for in many situations vessels would find good anchorage secure from all gales, whilst the fertility of the surrounding country would insure them all necessary supplies.

“On the eastern side of the principal entrance, where the ground rises in an amphitheatre from the shore, is situated the town of San Salvador, which possesses some fine buildings; it stands on uneven ground intersected by gardens, and is divided into the high and low towns. Next to Rio Janeiro, the town of Bahia is the most important in Brazil, and has a population of 100,000. Several forts, built on the summit as well as at the base of the declivity, command the coast and protect the town; the dockyard is defended by the fort Do Mar, a circular fortification built upon a bank of sand two hundred toises from the shore.”

Not only is Bahia an opulent and singularly picturesque town, it is also a city of old traditions, strange memories, and even poetic legends. Brazil had only been discovered three years, when, according to several trustworthy authors, whose chronology, however, is questionable, the entrance of the bay was explored for the first time by Christovam Jaques, who there erected one of those sculptured stone pillars which were then called *Padrões*, and which marked the progress of the navigators along the uncultivated shores. Seven or eight years later, about 1510 or 1511, the numerous tribes of the Tupinamba Indians, who wandered on the fertile coasts of Itaparica or Tapagipe, had had time to forget the passing of the European ship, when a vessel trading in dye-woods was stranded upon the shore of the pleasant district which now bears the name of Victoria. It is said that the shipwrecked mariners all perished, devoured by the savages, with the exception of a brave Gallician, who maintained so much

sang-froid in the midst of peril, and displayed so much dexterity among the Indians, as to save his life and earn for himself the privileges of a chief. Arriving in the presence of the Tupinambas, who received him clamorously and with menacing gestures, Alvares Correa, seizing a stray arquebuse which the waves had cast up among other remains of the wreck, loaded it, aimed at a bird, which he killed, and the report of fire-arms resounded for the first time on these shores. Henceforward the young European bore the name of a dreaded animal; he was called Caramourou, in memory of the mysterious power of which he had just given proof. The tribe of Indians, struck with terror, surrendered to him; the daughter of a chief, the beautiful Paraguassou, voluntarily united her fate to his: he ruled where he thought to have perished. Tired of a life among the Indians, but faithful to his young companion, Correa left Brazil accompanied by her, and embarked in a Norman ship commanded by Captain Duplessis. But here the legend, decking itself in the most brilliant colours, and warming with the most varied incident, belies all chronology. Welcomed on the banks of the Seine by Catherine de Medici, who had been recently united to Henry II., Paraguassou, so the story runs, received baptism in an old chapel at Paris, and took the name of the young queen who acted as her godmother. Sated with the marvels of Europe, she soon left France with Alvares Correa to return to her country, where she established herself in her native village, bringing with her the fruitful germs of Christianity, and subsequently the conquerors owed to her the legal surrender of the magnificent territory upon which the city now stands.

This legend, which is in the mouth of every Brazilian, and which has even given rise to a national poem, receives no support from chronology; and the Brazilians, who now really make deep researches as to their origin, take good care to defend it, and content themselves with their own explanations. They divide the marvellous events into two parts, and attribute them to two Europeans cast on their shores about the same time; it is thus that they elicit the truth of the story.

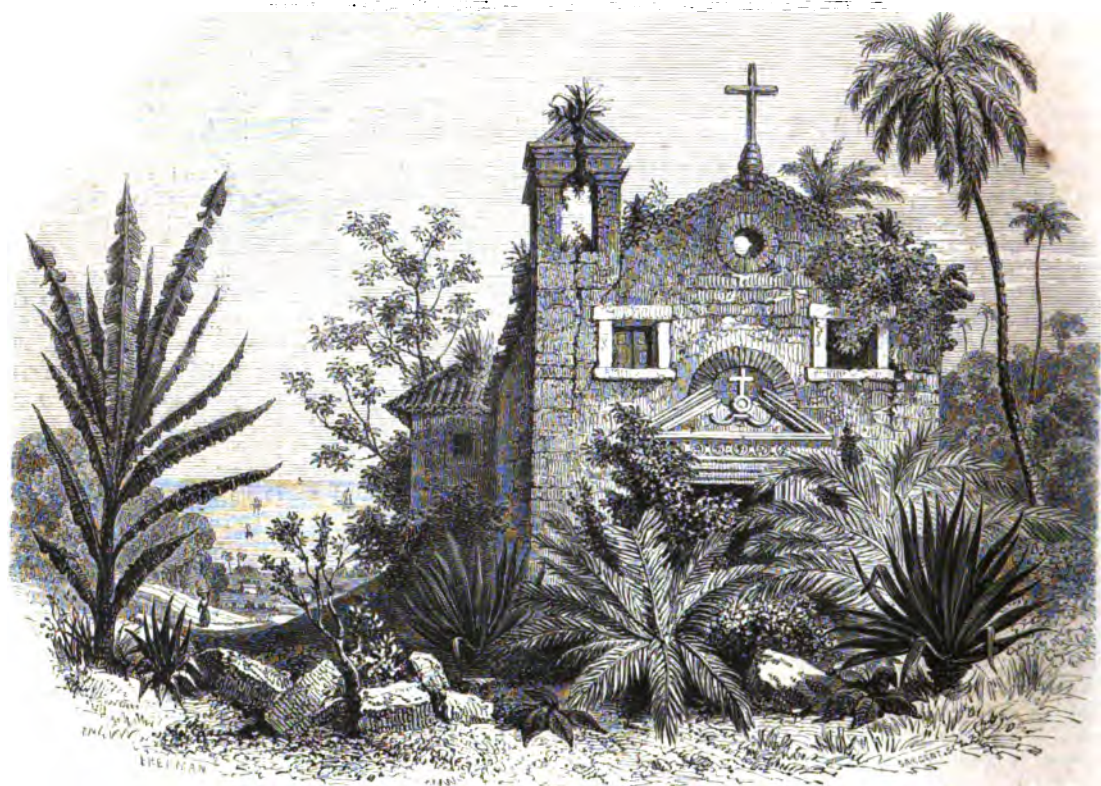
They assert that Alvares Correa, united to Paraguassou, was the primitive founder of the city, but do not allow that he went to France; he received the first *donatario*, Pereiro Coutinho, and even shared his misfortunes; but later, in 1549, when the noble Thomé de Souza was on the eve of laying the foundations of a regular town in the midst of these warlike tribes, he became the most active agent of colonisation; he acted as *lingua*, that is to say, interpreter, charged with direct-

ing the difficult negotiations which must precede the erection of a capital in a wild region, the inhabitants of which are little known. With Thomé de Souza came men acquainted with the difficult art of subduing this proud people and of commanding obedience. Navarro, Anchieta, Nobrega, and others, descended the rivers of the south, in order to render their assistance to the new governor; and when, in 1557, Caramourou died in the midst of his children like a patriarch full of days, the towers of the cathedral were already rising on the verdant hill, where the vast college of the Jesuits was in course of construction.

This brief account, although very insufficient, at least serves to show to what epoch the most important edifices of this capital belong, buildings whose erection was actively continued under Duarte da Costa and Mendo de Sa, the illustrious governor, whose death occurred in the year 1577.

diluvial rains, which cause a return of the landlips. On this occasion, he gave the opinion of an experienced French engineer, Colonel de la Beaumelle, who had remarked, while staying at Bahia, the defective system of construction, and proposed to remedy it by the erection of vast buttresses, calculated to sustain the unstable ground. The wise administrator wished to adopt this system, and to undertake these gigantic works without delay. If they be not already commenced, sooner or later it will be necessary, in order to avoid the ruin of the low town, to have recourse to these Cyclopean ramparts, revived from ancient times.

We do not here pretend to name all the edifices hidden by the pleasant hills represented at the entrance of the port; otherwise we should have to describe the old cathedral (La Sé), constructed in the year 1552; the Jesuit College, built entirely of marble, by the side of which is the valuable library, founded, thanks



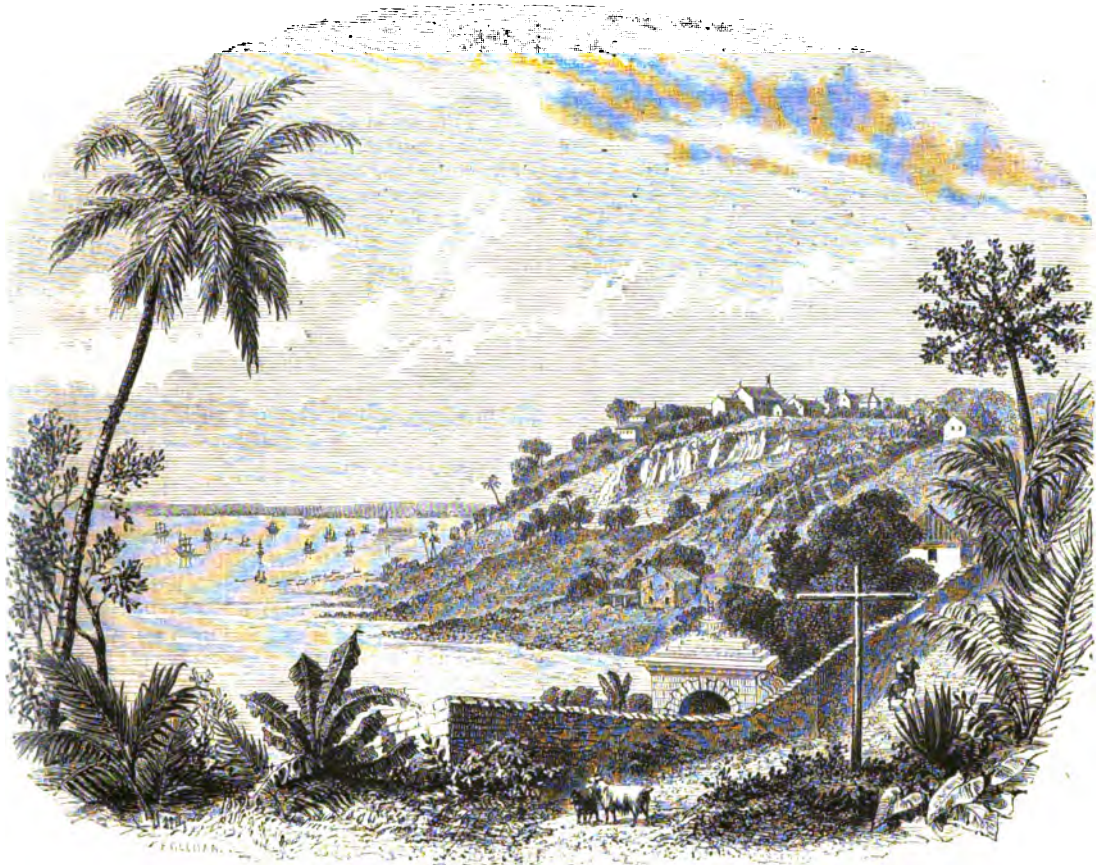
THE CHAPEL OF SAN GONCALO AT BAHIA.

The genius which planned so many edifices was more active than provident. The requirements of commerce increasing, houses and immense magazines, called *trapiches*, multiplied, forming the vast street of La Praya, which borders on the sea, and which is continually menaced by the fall of the enormous buildings of the high town. The disastrous events of the years 1671 and 1748, when more than sixty persons perished, crushed by the landlip, seemed to be entirely forgotten, when catastrophes quite as lamentable at last awoke the solicitude of the authorities. About eight years ago, one of the most active and provident men who have presided over the destinies of this great city, Don Soares d'Andrea, rightly informed the legislative provincial assembly, that all the precautions required by prudence having been neglected, there remained only two courses to be taken: either to abandon completely this part of the town, or to avert as soon as possible the peril by which it was threatened, especially at the season of the

to the suggestion of Don Gomez Ferrão, from the proceeds of a lottery, in 1811; the palace of the former governors, now occupied by the president of the province; the Mint, which traces its origin back to the year 1694; the play-house, only erected in 1806; and the public promenade, planted, in 1808, by the orders of the Count dos Arcos, to whom the town is indebted for many other useful institutions. From the *Passeio Publico*, where rises the obelisk in commemoration of the arrival of John VI., we direct our steps towards the charming lake known by the name of *Dique*, which, at only a short distance from the town, recalls all the delights of those virgin woods now only to be met with in the interior. Descending towards the low town, which also has its monuments, we may mention the Church of the Conception, which was built, so to speak, at Lisbon; for all the stones, cut and numbered, were brought thence, about the year 1623, to the spot where they were put together. We must not fail to notice the R-

change, a vast building, finished in 1816; the magnificent mosaic floor of which displays the richest collection of indigenous woods known in South America. Among the innumerable religious edifices we must, at least, mention the great Convent of San Francisco, founded in 1594; then San Bento, erected thirteen years previously; Los Carmos; San Pedro; the monasteries, Das Mercês, Do Desterro, Da Soledad, the residence of the Ursuline nuns. We remark upon the little church of Da Graça, from the fact that it contains the tomb of Paraguassou, and notice the Nossa Senhora da Victoria because the date of 1552 shows it to be the most ancient of these religious structures. Among the many edifices belonging to different ages and various institutions, we must do honour to the attention to preservation paid by the last magistrates charged with the municipal administration. Nevertheless, it is a sketch of a ruined chapel which we offer to our readers (p. 324) as a speci-

men of the architecture of the eighteenth century, an age in which so many churches were erected in Brazil. On the road leading to the delightful district called Bom-Fim may still be seen the chapel of San Gonçalo. Scarcely a century has passed since the last stones were set in its façade; agaves, palms, bananas, and even cocoa-trees, now grow in disorder around it, and completely block up its entrance. Thousands of other plants spring luxuriantly from the fissures in its walls and hasten its destruction. No pains have, however, been taken to retard its decay, which might have been easily avoided; for this chapel, constructed in 1763 by the Jesuits, in a beautiful situation, had only been completed six years before the destruction of the powerful order to which it belonged. Its decay soon commenced, and at the beginning of this century Lendley described its picturesque ruin as one of the most interesting objects in the neighbourhood of Bahia.



THE HARBOUR OF BAHIA.

A ROMANCE OF ARTIST LIFE.

From Smith's "*Lights and Shadows of Artist Life.*"

JEAN KUPETZKI was the son of poor parents, living at Porsine, on the borders of Hungary, and earning their livelihood by weaving. Jean was brought up to his father's business, to which he had an invincible dislike, and accordingly ran away from home at fifteen. Begging his way from door to door, chance conducted him to the mansion of the Count de Czobor, with whom a painter of Lucerne, named Claus, was at that time staying. The little vagrant observed the works of this artist with the deepest attention, and, impelled by a desire to produce something similar, he traced with a piece of charcoal on the wall some ornamental designs with so much spirit and precision, that the painter and his patron were equally surprised. Nor was their astonishment lessened

when, in a reply to a question from the count, young Kupetzki assured the noble querist that he had never received a single lesson in drawing from a master, and that he was indebted to an internal impulse alone for the skill which he had displayed. The count generously resolved to befriend the boy, and placed him under the tuition of Claus, defraying beforehand, from his own purse, the charges for his *protégé's* maintenance and instruction.

Kupetzki returned to Vienna with his new master, and continued to study under him for three years, after which, believing that the time had arrived when he should imp his own wings for flight, he set out for Venice. But neither in the Queen of the Adriatic nor in Rome could the unfriended painter obtain any employment for his pencil; and, once more reduced to solicit alms, he entered a public-house for that purpose, where his deplorable condition attracted the notice of a Swiss painter, who procured for the wandering mendicant an

engagement with a brother artist, whose *mot d'ordre*, like that of Giordano's father, was *Fa presto!* and Kupetzki obeyed the injunction to the letter, for we are told that he dashed off in one day nine copies of a given subject. But just as he was acquiring both money and reputation, he was stretched upon a bed of sickness, from which he narrowly escaped with his life. In the mean time his productions reached the public through the hands of a crafty picture-dealer, who obtained high prices for them, but sedulously concealed the artist's name. Prince Stanislaus Sobieski, at that time on a visit to Rome, was a warm admirer and liberal purchaser of Kupetzki's works, but could not succeed in discovering from whose pencil they emanated; until the accidental sight of a picture which the artist had gratefully presented to his medical attendant, and which he, in his turn, had presented to the Austrian ambassador, disclosed the secret to his prince, and brought him into contact with the painter. Kupetzki's fame soon spread; commissions flowed in upon him, and the son of the poor weaver, on his return to Vienna, received a pressing invitation from the Prince de Lichtenstein, to take up his abode in that nobleman's palace, where the artist might pass his days happily among the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the great masters and kindle his enthusiasm, when it flagged, by the inspiration which their productions were calculated to excite. This offer, Kupetzki's love of freedom induced him to decline; and we next find him on the eve of revisiting the home of his early days, from which he had departed a fugitive, when he received intelligence of his father's death, accompanied by the consolatory assurance that the old man had forgiven both the flight and mendicancy of his truant son.

About the same time also our artist obtained tidings of the death of his first master Claus, for whom he entertained the affection of a son, and who, in dying, had left behind him a daughter of considerable personal beauty. Full of gratitude for the benefits he had received at the hands of his old instructor, and not untouched, it is easy to believe, by the charms of the orphan girl, Kupetzki wooed and won her; and if the troubles of his early life were great, those which resulted from his union were greater. His wife possessed, as we have said, great personal attractions, was not unaware of her beauty, and loved admiration; while the husband, loving her "not wisely, but too well," did not escape the curse of jealousy. Nor were these the only sources of disunion. He was prudent and industrious, she thoughtless and prodigal; he was a zealous Lutheran, she a rigid Catholic; and the infelicities of his married life weighed heavily upon a mind naturally sensitive, and easily thrown off its balance. While the Czar Peter was at Carlsbad, Kupetzki was sent for thither by the autocrat, who invited him to return with him to St. Petersburg; but this invitation our artist declined, and after a professional visit to Leipsic, returned to Vienna, where he found his wife had given birth to a son.

A transitory ray of domestic happiness seems to have played upon the painter's home, only to be succeeded by a heavier shadow than had yet fallen upon it. He discovered the existence of an intrigue between his wife and the resident envoy of a foreign court, with whom he had lived on terms of the closest intimacy. With the New Testament in her hand, she recommended her infant son to the pious and affectionate teaching of his father, thanked him for having opened her eyes to the errors of her own creed, and prayed him to instruct her in the fundamental principles of his. Poor Kupetzki was not proof

against the fluent tears and the well-feigned repentance of his erring wife. He forgave her all that had passed, and again received her into his confidence and affection.

There was strength as well as weakness in the nature of our painter. When it was announced to him that the Emperor of Austria had conferred upon him the appointment of Premier Painter to his Majesty, and had left to the artist the nomination of his own conditions, Kupetzki's reply to the nobleman who communicated the gracious message to him, was couched in these words:—"Tell his Majesty that I humbly thank him for the honour he has done me, but that I crave permission to decline it. I have firmly resolved to be dependent on no man, and the only favour I require at the hands of the Emperor is permission and protection, for my wife and family, in the worship of God according to the dictates of our own consciences." The reply was faithfully delivered to the Emperor, who merely rejoined, with bitter brevity, "Kupetzki is a clever artist, but—a fool." Prince Eugene's commentary on the artist's refusal of the proffered honour was conceived in a better spirit. "Unassuming as you are," he remarked to Kupetzki, one day as he watched the artist at his easel, "I find that you are a happier man than many of the so-called great, who, in a life agitated by inquietudes, are constantly exposed to the attacks of the envious."

Some little time after this incident, a brother artist, who was also a Lutheran, warned Kupetzki, under the guise of friendship, that a design was entertained of bringing himself and family under the ban of the Inquisition; and, without pausing to inquire into the truth or falsehood of this malicious and groundless assertion, our timid artist fled from Vienna to Nuremberg, where he remained some time, courted and honoured by the citizens and noblesse, and where he received and declined an invitation from the King of England and the Queen of Denmark to visit their respective courts. The death of his son, in whom he had garnered up his heart, and who had become the hope and consolation of his life, broke down a spirit naturally sensitive and delicate. He had anticipated for this—his only—child, a brilliant career; and the accomplishments of the youth, who had reached the age of seventeen when he died, were such as to give the fairest promise for the future. So inconsolable was Kupetzki after this "distressful stroke," that he refused to permit the interment of the corpse, nourishing a sort of frenzied belief in the possibility of its restoration to life, and it was at length secretly buried, without the knowledge of the grief-stricken old man. For long afterwards, his mind was so entirely possessed with an overwhelming sense of the bereavement he had sustained, that he was accustomed to see visions, in one of which his distempered fancy beheld his son seated in heaven and crowned with an aureole. It soothed his sorrow and tranquillised his mind to transfer this vision to canvas, which he did with his accustomed skill, and presented the picture, when completed, to the Hotel de Ville, at Nuremberg, annexing to the gift but one condition, that if ever they parted with the work, the sum for which it might be sold should be distributed among the poor of the city.

Borne down with sorrow, and afflicted by the indiscretions of his wife, Kupetzki dragged on a painful existence, for a further term of seven years after the loss of his son, until death delivered him, in 1740, from much mental suffering, and from a complication of disorders, which he supported, says his pupil and biographer, with the patient fortitude of a true Christian.

L O N D O N B R I D G E .

In our last number we gave some slight description of Paris as it was, as it is, as it may be—may the last be long delayed, if it comes at all. From Paris to London is a mere step in days of steam-boat navigation. A fast and splendid vessel has recently been built, which makes the trip in a few hours; so going on board at the quay near the Louvre, we were wafted away, down the Seine, over the channel, up the Thames to

London Bridge. Of London Bridge we give an engraving, and present some slight account; for not only in the old country, but in our own Republic, this bridge is full of historical associations, as having been the scene of great and stirring events in the past.

London—and under this term many villages, and in fact the city of Westminster, are now included—has six good bridges.

Vauxhall; Westminster, built in the days of George II.; Blackfriars, erected a few years later; Waterloo, far more modern, as its name implies; Southwark, an iron structure; and London Bridge, the oldest and the best. Not the oldest in the strictest sense, for the present structure was finished in 1831, but the locality was famous for its bridge centuries ago.

In old Saxon days, so goes the legend, there was a ferry on this very spot, and the ferryman, who made a first-rate property by his speculation, left all his wealth to an only child. Beautiful Mary, beautiful as she was good—and this is saying much, for the church held her in high esteem as a pattern of good works—determined to devote her wealth to God. So she built a chapel, and endowed a nunnery, and they called it St. Mary over the Ferry, easily corrupted into St. Mary Overy, a name which still clings to an old building forming part of St. Saviour's, Southwark.

When the ferryman laid by his oars, nobody followed his avocation, and the citizens thought it highly desirable to build a bridge. They began to work in the days of Ethelred II. (1010), and having laid a strong foundation reared a wooden structure, the marvel of the age, and the pride of the city. It was a very rough, ungainly sort of building, with little of architectural beauty to commend it to the connoisseur; but it was useful, and utility was the object which they sought. This Saxon bridge lasted during the reign of the Ironside Edmund, and became the scene of a frightful conflict when the Danes and the Norsemen raised their wild cry, and besieged the city from the Thames. The injury which the bridge sustained in the contest was easily repaired; timbers from the forest—and forests were not far off in those old days—were easily procured, and the communication between the city and the ville was once more rendered perfect.

But a wooden bridge was not altogether the sort of building likely to last. Three or four times it caught fire and was quite destroyed; and once, in the time of William Rufus, it was carried away by a flood, and its fragment swept into the sea. This determined the citizens to re-erect the structure of stone. The struggle of the Civil War, however, during the reign of Stephen, prevented them from carrying their determination into effect, and not till the days of Henry the Second did they begin their work.

It was placed under the superintendence of Peter, the curate of Colechurch, an architect of no mean attainments. The exterior of the foundation on which the stone piers were laid consisted of huge piles of timber, driven as close as art could effect; on the top of which were laid large planks, ten inches thick, strongly bolted; on these were laid the bases of the stone piers, nine feet above the bed of the river, and three feet below the starlings; while the lowermost layers of stones in the piers were laid in pitch instead of mortar. Peter of Colechurch, however, either by death or the infirmities attendant upon old age, was prevented from finishing the work he had begun; for in the third year of the reign of King John, a letter was sent from that monarch to the burghers of London, recommending as a fit and proper person one Isambert, to finish the bridge. Isambert, however, though thus strongly recommended, was not, it appears, approved by the citizens, for the structure was completed under the direction of Serle Mercer, William Almayne, and Benedict Botewright, merchants of London.

About four years after the bridge was finished, a terrible fire broke out in Southwark, and eventually attacked the bridge, doing vast injury thereby, and moreover destroying no less than 3,000 citizens! In 1232 five of its arches were destroyed by the sheets of ice produced by the great frost, for which that year is memorable. By these terrible disasters the structure fell into so ruinous a condition, that letters patent were granted for taking custom or toll, to be applied to the purpose of repairing the bridge; so with the funds thus collected the bridge was thoroughly repaired.

London Bridge in those days presented the appearance of a regular street, lined on either side by rows of houses, in which dwelt tradesmen, who there carried on their various avocations; three openings were however left for the purpose of command-

ing a view of the river, east and west, guarded by stone walls and iron railings—these were over three of the widest arches, generally called the navigation locks; across the middle of the street were several lofty arches, made of strong timber, to support the houses on either side. At the northern extremity of the bridge was erected a draw-bridge and lofty tower—the former to admit vessels that came with provisions to Queenhithe, and the latter to defend the same from foreign invasion or civil attack. On the ninth pier from the north end was erected the chapel, dedicated to St. Thomas—it was sixty feet in length by twenty and one-half in breadth—whilst the awful gate, the square embattled tower, on which was the ghastly spectacle of human heads blackening and rotting in the sun, was situated at the southern extremity of the structure.

A rare old place was this London Bridge, and did its duty well for six centuries, patched and propped from time to time, as the growing commerce of the great mart of the world required new facilities. Every strong pier and massive buttress had its strange romantic story of royal processions, the penances of martyrs, the fierce contests of civil warfare, the gorgeous pageantry of the old city. With its Southwark gate and strong portecullis, it was the pride of every citizen; and even Howell, the old historian, inspired by the subject, breaks out into Latin metre, which he graciously translates into English, and passes a panegyric on the bridge almost enough to make the stones blush.

"When Neptune from his billows London spied
(Brought proudly thither by a high spring tide),
As though a floating wood he steered along,
And dancing castles clustered in a throng:
When he beheld a mighty bridge give law
Unto his surges and their fury awe:
When such a shelf of cataracts did roar,
As if the Thames with Nile had changed his shore:
When he such massy walls, such towers, did spy,
Such posts, such iron, upon his back to lie:
When such vast arches he observed, that might
Nineteen Rialtos make for depth and height:
When the cerulean god these things surveyed,
He shook his trident and astonished said,
'Let the whole earth now all her wonder count,
This bridge of wonders is the paramount.'"

The old chroniclers tell us of brave doings on the bridge, when kings rode in procession, and there was high holiday in the city; how the street was more like an Eastern palace than a metropolitan thoroughfare; all the houses decked with tapestry and velvet, and an awning of cloth of gold, perhaps, stretched from roof to roof to make the scene more splendid. Then noble lords and stately gentlemen rode amid the loudest plaudits, and there were pageants and hobby-horses, and giants of "wondrous wild and terrible appearance;" and dragons, and pages, and leopards were crowded in with morris-dancers, to perform their lively measures to the sound of pipe and tabor. These were the red-letter days of the bridge. Then it had its romances. The chroniclers tell how a certain noble lady, widowed by the law, came stealthily at night with "a trusty fellow," and took down her noble husband's head from the top of the bridge-gate, where it was exposed. And there was a curiously interesting story of a mercer's daughter, who one day leaning forth from the overhanging window of her father's house, watching, with child-like pleasure, the bubbles as they floated on the stream beneath her, fell from the window into the rapid current, as it swept beneath the arches of the bridge. And, as the story went, her father's 'prentice leaped into the river and saved her; of course he loved her—of course their love was crossed, and gay courtiers, light as summer midges, sought her hand; but love's labour was not lost—the 'prentice married his master's daughter, and became chief magistrate of the city! Many and many a story such as these clung to the green timbers of the old bridge.

Over the rough road many a mournful cavalcade had passed. During the days of the first Mary, the trials and examinations of Protestants were conducted in St. Saviour's, Southwark;

so, in mournful show, the unhappy victims were led from Newgate to their place of trial over the water; and many a man well loved received his last friendly greeting on London Bridge, before the flames consumed him. This it is which gives a mournful interest to that guardian of the old bridge, St. Mary Overy's. In that old church the council sat with Gardiner and Bonner, and dealt out fiery law to nonconforming heretics. This made the bridge a very dolorous way, a road of sorrow.

And London Bridge had been a place of conflict. In the days when Saxons struggled for their lost freedom, and all their martial glory and old heroism awoke at the words of Longbeard, called the Lord of London—on the bridge they fought, and there many a gallant Saxon died. In Wat Tyler's time, when the peasantry arose against the poll-tax, and with cries of "No haughty lords! No hollow-headed bishops!" made their way to London, a battle occurred on the bridge. Again, in the time of Jack Cade, a similar

attacked and burnt down the houses of the foreigners, massacred the inhabitants without pity or remorse, and threatened to proceed to even further violences. The troops, called out to suppress the riot, drove the rioters on to the bridge. The bridge-gate had before been closed and was strongly guarded: so, hemmed in on every side, they came to a parley, and the riot ceased; but not without a terrible struggle, and the destruction of three or four houses on the bridge.

About the bridge-gate a German traveller in the reign of Queen Elizabeth says,—that on the top of this structure he counted no less than *thirty heads*!

The bridge was the oldest memorial of English civilisation. Its nineteen narrow arches, not much broader than the windows of some Gothic aisle, were gradually widened; the chapel dedicated to the "Unbelieving Thomas" was pulled down; the quaint old shops on either side, and the arches which supported them, were removed, and a modern parapet



LONDON BRIDGE.

occurrence took place; and in the days of Henry VIII. a fierce conflict occurred there. Foreigners had become the objects of detestation; it was said that trade was injured, that commerce was hampered, and that "the land mourned" because of them. It was not a rebellion for "Free-trade," but a rebellion for "Protection:"

"Up then rose the 'prentices all,
Living in London, both proper and tall;"

and on the eve of May-day played mad havoc in the city. They met to play at bucklers and quarter-staff, but took to serious work; when, as the twilight deepened into night, they woke the echoes with the clatter, and, in open defiance of all law and order, continued in the streets till the boys of Alsatia and the Clink were ready, the magistrates resorted to force, and lodged one or two of them in gaol. But a 'prentice was a veritable hero in those days, and the cry of "Club, club! 'prentice, 'prentice!" set all London in a blaze. They

erected in their stead; the Southwark gate no longer frowned on the multitude who passed across; and at last the bridge itself, waterworks and all—those waterworks were the wonder and glory of London—was swept away, and in place of a piece of antiquated patchwork a magnificent bridge was erected.

New London Bridge cost nearly two millions of money. It was built 180 feet higher up the river than the old one, by which the steep approach from Old Fish-street Hill was avoided. The first pile was driven on the 16th of March, 1824. The first stone was laid on the 27th of April, 1825. The first arch was keyed on the 4th of August, 1827. The bridge was completed on the 31st of July, 1831, and was opened by king William IV. on the 1st of August. The bridge consists of five semi-elliptic arches, the centre arch being 152 feet wide, the rise above high-water mark 29 feet 6 inches. The whole length of the bridge is 928 feet, the roadway 53 feet wide between the parapets.

J. LOUIS DAVID.



ART is an idea, an abstraction. At all events it is so in the sense that every man has his own conception about it, each man his own peculiar notions. In addition to this, notions have their separate theories: one notion is positive, another imitative, another poetical, another classical, while all have their oddities and fancies. We, perhaps, more than any other country, have set at naught mere schools and academies, and allowed each individual man to work out his own individuality. There are attempts at schools, it is true; but it must be said, they are not successful. The very many painters in England who have kept apart from schools, are really those who have held the highest position.

Truly Art has avowed many theories relative, in most cases, to schools; but the greatest expressions of genius which belong to art are those of single men, who, like John Martin, have worked out their own conception apart from academies, theories, and schools. But if, to a certain extent, this be true of England, it is scarcely true elsewhere, and is not true even in the case of David, whose greatest glory is to have founded a school, which has gone on copying and imitating ever since. Before we judge the school, then, let us inquire into the history of the artist.

This great historical painter came in time to save the French school from utter extinction. Since those days when the fascinating and licentious Watteau had left the slips of the opera covered and concealed by rouge and vermillion, Art in France had fallen into a kind of voluptuous intoxication, a faint and rapid imitation of this castaway amid the pupils of Rubens. Despite the solemn absurdities of Lemoine, who was so serious in his part of a painter as to fall on his sword and die, French Art was at the lowest ebb—a mere type of universal debauchery, the emanations of sensualism, and the dreams of bestiality. There was not a shred, not a remnant of decency or delicacy left. The alcove, which the Flemish school concealed in their studios, or hid away in the corner of a picture, shaded and modestly veiled, was now the subject-

matter of all French productions, the artists of that country seeking to outdo each other in their endeavours to pervert and degenerate the human intellect.

Art, literature, morals, manners, all were sinking into the same vortex under the baneful influence of such courts as those of Louis XV. and the Regent of Orleans, the members of which were on a par with, if not below, the average of the populations which fill our bridewells and our Magdalen hospitals. Casual observers have often been surprised when gazing at pictures like those which adorned the walls of ladies' chambers under the Regent, have been naturally horrified at the violence and brutality of the people at the commencement of the Revolution, and have condemned artists and people as they had previously condemned writers and philosophers. But the true criminals must be sought elsewhere. The tone of public morals, the stamp of public character, in times like the last century in France, must be taken from above. The court, the aristocracy, the church, the women of rank, were all equally corrupt, equally profligate, equally vile and contemptible. It would have been difficult to find at Versailles or at the Tuileries men and women capable of loving a Milton or a Dante, of admiring a Michael Angelo or a Raffaele, of understanding or appreciating a high-class production of any kind; and Voltaire, Piron, Boucher, Watteau, and the novel of Faublas, were the fitting children of such a soil as that which educated and fashionable society presented at this period. Poets, painters, authors, philosophers, historians, in France especially, must be read and admired; and as to be read and admired it was necessary to be cynical, irreligious, and indelicate, poets, painters, authors, philosophers, and historians were cynical, irreligious, and indelicate.

It is an error to suppose that intellect forms the character of the age; it is the characteristics of the age which form the intellect. It will be noted by all careful observers, that as society has become refined, so has literature softened down and been purified; and this is the more evident when we

remark, that literature is generally a little more loose and bolder than the language of the most refined society in a civilised country.

In France, in the time of Watteau, the very name of love had been degraded and materialised. We no longer saw fond affection beaming from an averted face, a languid eye, an expressive smile, love timidly venturing on a stolen kiss; all was bold, audacious, unblushing, and daringly painted on the wainscoting of boudoirs, the interior of ladies' bed-chambers; a style of dress somewhat too *négligée*; or ideas, unfit for pencil or brush, crudely and coarsely expressed. Scenes of country life no longer breathed innocence and purity; they were excuses for rough and dubious scenes; while even landscape was degraded into the representation of a nature stiff and impossible—a nature reminding one of the painted scenes of a ballet, and not of the reality. The imitators and followers of Watteau had none of his talent, none of his soft and lovely skies, none of his truth and power of colouring.

Art was then, like society, religion, virtue, morals, and even national existence, about to perish at the end of an orgy and debauch fit for the purlieus of some demoralised capital. Never did a nation present a more degraded or melancholy spectacle than did France towards the latter end of the last century; without faith, honour, or even the last semblance of virtue—its best outward sign—modesty. To save Art, a revolution, a change as radical and as sweeping as that which was about to save the body politic, was needed. This mighty and tremendous change was effected by David—not wholly, not completely; for French Art has never yet risen to the very highest level, never soared to those tremendous heights which dazzled the minds and fired the genius of Rome, of Florence, of Venice—but effected to an extent which is fortunate for France. Not that the voluptuous, even the painfully indelicate, style of art has been wholly discarded in France; by no means. The students of this disagreeable branch of painting still exist, as do the imitators of the *abbés* and *petit-maitres*. They must and will remain while France is France. But a more severe, a more chaste, a higher tone has been given; and the men of talent and genius who attain to eminence in France, discarding the *boudoir* and *ruelle*, have elevated their thoughts above the palled copyists of Boucher and Watteau, and obtained a deservedly high place in the art-history of modern Europe.

Several attempts had been made, previously to the day of David, to turn the foul current into a pure and wholesome channel. But only another Hercules could cleanse the Augean stable. Vien made one or two timid attempts to check the torrent, but was swept away in the mud which he stirred to the surface. A more vast and capacious mind, a more daring and original genius, was required to effect a real, a radical cure—one who would boldly grapple with the tide and hurl it back under the influence of the beautiful, and of the beautiful as accepted by the great verdict of antiquity. It was a mighty stride to take, from the effeminate Boucher, who showed you how to treat a leg elegantly, or made a cripple look graceful, to the painter David, who was to profess the worship of the beautiful with all the severity of a Florentine.

It is the mistake of France to rush to extremes. She is eternally either turning liberty into licence, or groaning beneath the heavy load of despotism. In the same way in art. From a romp in the hay-field, she turns to the rape of the Sabines, and that art which was familiar, funny, coarsely humorous, is now nothing if not classical. A man christened his son Brutus, and was painted in a toga. It may have been necessary to excite this enthusiasm for Rome and Greece at the time; but the dull monotony of classical subjects, as depicted by artists, would soon have wearied the world if Scripture and modern history had not furnished the artist with fresh materials to work upon.

Singularly enough, the man who was to commence the revolution against the immodest Boucher was his own relation. The last of the corrupters of painting in France, he who closed the long procession of the carnival of materialism

in France, sent forth from his own family the regenerator of his art. The nephew of François Boucher was Louis David.

Born in France in the middle of the eighteenth century, in 1748, David was educated at the *Collège des Quatre Nations*. He derived little advantage from the education he there received, already influenced as he was by the desire of painting. His copy-books were covered with rough and shapeless sketches, and when he should have been writing a speech of Scipio or of Hannibal, the young rhetorician preferred painting one of them with a Roman helmet. His father, who was a mercer on the Quai of the Megisserie, having been unfortunately killed in a duel, David fell, at the age of nine years, under the tutorship of a maternal uncle, who wished to educate him as an architect, believing him to be possessed of a solid and reasoning mind. But the young student, while possessed of much calm good sense, had a fiery and ardent disposition. He rebelled against the authority of his tutor, by whom he did not feel himself to be appreciated.

One day he was sent by his mother with a letter to his great-uncle, Boucher. He found the artist engaged in painting one of those voluptuous pieces he was in the habit of supplying to Madame Dubarry—pieces which were not without originality and talent. The sight of the easel, the palette, and the brushes inflamed the imagination of young David, who, while Boucher was reading the letter, remained in silent amazement before the picture, no doubt mentally revolving, like Correggio, his own career.

He resolved to become a great painter.

His friends were compelled to yield to so energetic a will, and David became a pupil of Boucher, as Guerin was the teacher of Géricault. But Boucher, despite his weakness in yielding to an immoral and degrading style for the sake of momentary triumphs, had a conscientious mind and much greatness of soul on occasions. In those days he hesitated not to corrupt still more the vicious strata of society; but he at once acknowledged that his lessons might be pernicious and injurious to David, and he advised him to go to Vien, who would give him more wholesome instruction. In 1772 the pupil of Vien wished to try for the "prize of Rome." His genius was, however, in an anomalous state, and his judges were the men of the school he was about to overthrow. He tried twice, and twice failed.

David suffered all the usual difficulties of a young man beginning life in any profession, when without rich friends. He often wanted the means of devoting himself peaceably to study, and the gnawing cares of want were added to what he considered injustice. His sufferings were, however, not of very long duration, and he was delivered from his misery in a very unexpected way. David was saved and started by an opera *dansuse*. The celebrated Mademoiselle Guimard, whom Paris adored, and who was surrounded by a court of scamps, the friends of the Prince de Soubise, her ruined lover, had just built in the *Chaussée d'Antin*, under the name of Temple of Terpsichore, a "delicious hotel," where the *petit souper* was regarded as one of the objects of man's existence. To embellish her dwelling, the renowned courtesan addressed herself to Fragonard, a charming painter, a painter especially of love and love-scenes, wholly, says a French writer, *without prejudices*! A quarrel took place shortly, however, between Guimard and her decorator. The latter had painted his fair employer as Terpsichore, but returning secretly to the *salon*, with brushes and paint, he re-touched the head, and made of her a furious and raving Nemesis. The *dansuse* came into the room, where, seeing herself disfigured in this way, she flew into a passion, and overwhelmed the artist with reproaches and insults. She called in her friends to show them the horrible head, forgetting that in her rage she was assimilating herself to the caricature. Everybody began to laugh. Fragonard, avenged, abandoned the decoration of the hotel, which was then handed over to David. One day, the young man appeared pensive, and sighed profoundly as he thought. Mademoiselle Guimard overheard him, and asked the cause of his *ennui*. David confessed his want of money to pay his models, and to wait at leisure the chance of a coming trial,

The good-natured opera-dancer—she who had so much money, so easily obtained—brought him all the money he wanted.

David was a true Frenchman. He took the money, and took heart at the same time, finished the decorations, and began to work hard again for his third trial. A third time he was rejected. He gave way to utter despair, and, shut up in his room, determined to allow himself to die of hunger, another victim to the eccentric faintness of heart so often felt by men of genius. He was living in the Louvre, in the apartments of Sedaine, a clever poet, who loved him as a son. This worthy man, uneasy at not seeing David, went and knocked at his door. He obtained no answer, and, in a state of great alarm, rushed to the house of Doyen, and induced him to come also. They both began knocking and imploring, and finally induced him to open. On recognising the voice of Doyen, who alone, of all the members of the Academy, had been favourable to him, David had dragged himself to the door, pale, thin, half-dead. Restored by his friends to life and hope, he presented himself a fourth time, and, in 1775, carried off the great prize.

Natoire, who had been director of the school at Rome, died this same year, and Vien was selected to take his place. The master and pupil then started together for Rome, and enjoyed, during the journey through Italy, one long draught of admiration. David, on arriving at the Vatican, wandered with delight and surprise through those halls filled with masterpieces, elevated even more by history and antiquity than by intrinsic merit. He began immediately to draw bas-reliefs, to copy antique statues and the Italian masters, choosing always the most pure. At once a resolution began to prepare itself in his mind, still affected, however, by the recollections of his country, by the first impressions received; and seeing in Valentine the genius of his nation, he executed a copy of the "Last Supper" of that vigorous French master. Thus floating and uncertain between his reminiscences and the imposing models which he had under his eyes, he painted a picture of the "Plague," which is in the Lazaretto at Marseilles, and in which will be found something of the old manner of the eighteenth century, with an evident leaning to originality and reform. The old painter, Pompey Battoni, said of one figure of a man struck by plague, who occupies the front of the picture, that it was worthy of Michael Angelo.

A great movement was taking place at Rome, a movement which was destined to carry David with it. Canova was meditating the reform of statuary, Raphael Mengs was restoring a solemn and earnest tone to art-criticism, and endeavouring to revivify in his own paintings the examples of Raphael d'Urbino, so long neglected. About the same time the learned Winckelmann published his "History of Art," in which he reproduced the principles of the Greeks, indicating the most delicate beauties of their art with all the passion of an antiquary. The moment then had commenced, and a revolution was to emanate from these efforts, such as Diderot foresaw, and which was to be contemporaneous with that in the body politic. When David returned to Paris in 1780, he was already completely transformed, in the sense, at least, that he had made up his mind to cease taking his subjects from real life, and to choose them from the antique, or from a nature suited to a noble and energetic style.

It was when influenced by these new ideas that he composed his "Belisarius," of which we offer an engraving (p. 340), and which was the last instance of his indecision, the line of demarcation between the past and the new school which he himself was about to create. As for the execution, in the original it has all the breadth which should be found in an historical picture; the drapery is not copied with any of that smallness which is found in the copy in the Louvre. "But," says a French writer, "the emotion fails, because the artist is not moved, and though he has written on the stone the simple words, *Date obolum Belisario*. Vandyck had already treated this fine subject. Some amateurs recollected this, and hastened to place the picture alongside of the engraving. The soldier was much admired, who, in the attitude of

astonishment, contemplates his general reduced to beg, and seems to say, 'Is that Belisarius?' The intention of the Flemish painter was so striking, above all in the movement of the arms of the warrior, that if his head had been covered up, his arms would have expressed astonishment. It was felt, on the contrary, that David had given to the soldier, on whose action all depended, as forced a gesture as that of Vandyck was natural and expressive. Nevertheless the multitude were delighted, and carried David in triumph round his picture."

The story doubtless assisted the success of the picture. It is one of the many in Roman history which strikes the imagination forcibly.

Whole books have been written to tell the tale of the blind old general, who went forth into the world to beg his way, after commanding some of the finest armies in the world. We only allude to it, in addition to describing the picture, because it is a really good subject, one which will bear trying again, and which we recommend to the young artist as a pleasing experiment. The story of Belisarius is simply this, setting aside all the romance of Marmontel:—

He was a favourite general of one of the emperors of Constantinople, and was sent forth at the head of large armies to resist the barbarians. He was successful, and gained great glory, but met with the usual reward of men who trust in princes. Having done his duty, he was cast aside, then forgotten, and suddenly re-appeared, recognised by a soldier who had served under him, begging, with his child in his arms to guide him as he went.

The renown of David was spreading. From all sides came ardent young men, who insisted upon having him for a master; and he was pressed to open that school which afterwards became so celebrated. A lodging in the Louvre was allowed him; the Academy received him unanimously; Louis XVI. named him painter to the king; and fortune, as if never weary of her favours, came to meet him with the hand of a richly dowered young girl, Mademoiselle Pecoul, whose father was an architect and builder to the king.

In 1784, the King of France having desired of his first painter "The Oath of the Horatii," David determined to go and paint the heroic Romans in Rome itself. He accordingly started on a second journey to that capital, and there painted his picture, which was rapturously received by the Italians. Nothing was talked of but the Horatii and the French painter. The cardinals wished to see the "rare animal," as David himself expresses himself in a familiar letter to the Marquis of Bierre. But when "The Oath of the Horatii" was received in Paris, the intendant of the king's household, M. d'Angivilliers, affected to speak of it with disdain. He was one of those men of routine who were frightened at the new school. He could not bear the Borghese Gladiator, and objected to "that thing" being given to pupils as a model. His first care was to take a compass to measure the painter's canvas; and as he found it to be thirteen feet instead of ten, he was quite alarmed, and complained that an artist should have been audacious enough to pass the dimensions assigned to a picture. He was punished, at a later period, by the rough remark of David: "Well, then, if it really is too big, take a pair of scissors and cut it."

"The Oath of the Horatii" (p. 332), to be correctly judged, must be connected with the period at which it was painted. When we recollect the soft and languid compositions of the contemporaries of David, and how insipid was that continual representation of Sybarites, without even the old peculiarity of a fixed style, one is surprised to see these masculine figures arise, and to have represented to us a Roman interior reconstructed on archaeological principles so well suited to the great drama, the sublimity of which was no longer understood. The stupefaction of the world must have been great indeed when they saw an artist, at the same time that he evoked one of the most striking episodes of ancient history, restore the costume, the manners, the architecture of the heroic times, choose a simple background, and find so admirable a movement of enthusiasm in these warriors animated by the genius of Rome, and such

marked masculine and real faces. We pass, as it were, from the insipid nonentities of Dorat, to the sublimity of Shakespeare or the heroic verse of Milton. This serious model, this severe expression of reality, this firm position of the feet and hands, which is to be seen in every fibre, may appear exaggerated now, as doubtless it is, when we more thoroughly understand what an historical picture should be. But what a contrast, at a time when nothing was seen but soft carnations, indecent subjects, pretentious or disgusting pencils!

Seroux d'Agincourt, the illustrious author of a continuation of Winckelmann's work, accuses David of having committed an historical heresy in certain parts of the picture. The author, however, defended himself on solid ground; he had profoundly studied all that was connected with his subject. He knew Plutarch by heart. He was very fond of the Latin classics,

thology or history. Talma must yield to David the whole part of the honour of having brought about this transformation in scenic costume; for it was in the society of David that the celebrated comedian learnt to love the antique, and to see the extreme absurdity of Nero appearing in red-heeled shoes and gartered breeches, Venus in a hoop and powder, Jupiter in a wig, and Cupid in the costume of a *débardeur*. It was David who cast the Roman toga on the shoulders of Brutus, as represented by Talma, who appeared suddenly in the costume of the hour, to the great astonishment of the French public, and to the great disgust of the old stagers.

An anecdote of David will characterise his stiffness and hardness of character, and illustrate the heathen time in which he lived, better than the most lengthened statements. It is as



THE OATH OF THE HORATII.—FROM A PAINTING BY DAVID.

especially Livy. He is in general, therefore, exceedingly correct in all that requires historical knowledge, in manners, customs, scenery, &c. At the time, his taste was so highly rated, that everybody began to model their furniture and dress upon his ideas. It was immediately after the public exhibition of "The Oath of the Horatii" that antique ornaments came into fashion. This illustrates completely the character of the French, fickle and impulsive to the last degree. Everybody was led to have the furniture of Tarquin the Proud, to drink in the patera of Herculaneum, to light themselves by the lamps of the Villa Albani. The ladies' dresses were cut in imitation of the chlamys, while their shoes were exchanged for cothurni. Statues, medals, and Etruscan vases dislodged the furniture of past times, and for the first time the characters in tragedy were clothed according to the traditions of my-

anecdote that could be true only of a Frenchman. Madame de Noailles asked of David a "Christ," which the painter refused to execute, because he never painted religious subjects, they not inspiring him in the slightest degree. This might have been true of the ridiculous representations of saints and nuns, which adorned chapels and oratories; but it is incomprehensible how any man of genius could fail to be inspired by the history of Christ himself. David at all events, Frenchman as he was, would not, or could not be inspired. But as the Marchale de Noailles insisted, David painted a "Christ" for her, with the features of a handsome soldier in the Garde Française. He often declared that the Scriptures spoke not to his heart; and one of his great reasons for regarding Raffaele as so far above all other painters was, that he could be inspired by subjects which left him utterly and hopelessly

indifferent! Here speaks the countryman of Piron, of Voltaire, and others, who, with all their genius, have done so little for poor humanity. But we must take David as we find him—incomplete, weak in many things, but powerful even in his defects and errors. His was an essentially pagan genius; his god was Socrates, his religion love of country, liberty his worship. His heroes were Brutus, Horace, Leonidas; and, if he could not feel the soft and ennobling and vivifying poetry of Christianity, or understand the consequent superiority of modern society, he was at all events a worthy pupil of the Grecian statuary and of the philosophers of the portico. His outlines are always classical; his arrangements are guided by good taste; while the attitude of his tranquil figures is that which we should expect to find on the walls of an Athenian temple. He wanted but to feel the elevating

"Cato went to meet death, and Socrates waited for it to come to him." David had painted him holding a cup, which the slave in tears had offered to him. "No! no!" said André Chenier, "Socrates will not seize it until he has finished speaking." The scene and the contrasts are indeed remarkable. The executioner is much more moved than the victim. Around the master are grouped all his disciples, their minds divided between grief and admiration. The younger ones are striking their heads against the walls of the prison, and are giving other signs of despair. Crito is deeply attentive to his last words. Plato sits at the end of the bed, wrapped in his cloak, his head bowed, meditating on the last speech he is listening to; he does not dare to look at Socrates, as if the serenity of the master shamed his grief. In the background you see a dark staircase, by which the family of the philosopher is



DAVID, PINX.

M. CABASSON, D.

PREVIÈRE, S.

THE SABINES.—FROM A PAINTING BY DAVID.

spirituality of Christianity to have been an immortal painter.

Since the Renaissance, there never was a painter capable of conceiving and executing the death of Socrates better than David (p. 341). Socrates is speaking with his friends on the immortality of the soul, when the servitor of the Eleven comes to bring him the cup of hemlock, turning away his eyes and weeping at his task. The philosopher is about to take the cup of poison with his right hand without looking, as a man who, wholly absorbed by a serious conversation, declines to interrupt it by noticing any ordinary event. His left hand, one finger of which is raised to heaven, points out clearly the subject of his discourse, and his way of taking the cup indicates sufficiently the calm and quiescence of his mind. A French poet, speaking of death, alludes to the celebrated dying scenes of antiquity, and says:—

"Caton se la donna . . . Socrate l'attendit."

being taken away—that family which has just said a last adieu to him. A critic has remarked: "It is a great pity that David did not devote to the execution of this masterpiece the ideality which should be in harmony with the subject. Poussin had himself established and applied that law of propriety which makes the artist choose on the palette tones in conformity to the character of the thought which is to be translated. He would have treated the death of Socrates in a Doric way, as being the most severe. He would have wielded his brush with breadth, have affected sober colours, avoiding pleasing in order to move. David, on the contrary, having devoted himself with too much complaisance to his best work, has fallen into a too finished, over-careful, and fastidious style; so that it is much better to see his picture as represented in the engraving, if we wish to admire it without reserve and see it in its true light,—that is, the finest composition of all schools of painting."

"The Death of Socrates," which the critic thus speaks of, is not certainly "the best composition in any school of painting;" it owes much to the subject itself, which is the most marked fact perhaps in the whole of Athenian history, as Socrates was, without comparison, the greatest man of the pagan world. It is, however, too well known to require description.

David has often committed the same fault which is very surprising in an artist, all of whose works were in every other respect so vigorously treated. His "Brutus," for example, is characterised by a certain affectation in the pencilling, which is out of place in such a subject. The furniture is painted with the care which we might expect in a *Miérís* or a *Gerard Douw*; the details are elaborated in the style of domestic pieces, and contrary to the usual historical style. It is much for a painter, who did not really understand the effect of light and shade, to have thrown a dark shadow over the form of the Roman consul. And, truly, it was right that in the shade should have taken place the struggle between the conscience of the father and the austere duties of the republican citizen—duties which have never been proved to be such as we in our philosophy cannot sympathise with—the man condemning his own offspring to death. There were other magistrates and other citizens besides a father. The head of Brutus certainly could not have been fittingly displayed in the light, while the headless dead bodies of his children are carried away, executed by his command. He is, truly, finely represented, in obscurity turning his back to the gloomy procession, hesitating between his pride at having been ferocious, and his sorrow at not having shown some heart and feeling. The rest of the picture has been generally condemned as cold, formal, improbable, and without moving effect. The daughters of Brutus are generally thought to have fainted too gracefully. Woman's nature, even though that woman be a Roman or a Spartan, is impulsive. A sister gazing at the corpse of a brother, just being brought in from execution, would not have preserved such order, it is thought, in the folds of her garments and in the arrangement of her hair. It has been objected, that the severity of the father is enough without imparting to the women even the semblance of coldness or calculation. The wild despair of the women would indeed have formed an admirable contrast to the restrained emotion of the father, and the artist would have avoided the error of introducing two unities into one action.

The great revolution, which was to burst on the world like a thunder-clap, approached with rapid strides, and David had already completed his. "Brutus" bears the date of 1789, a date big with mighty consequences to the whole world; a date, the deeds of which, terrible as were some of their consequences, saved continental Europe from utter corruption and chased away the leprosy of government, morals, and manners, to return no more. Society had fallen into so vile a mire, the seeds of decay and corruption were sown so deeply, that nothing but the whirlwind and tornado could eradicate them. For a long time all felt an uneasy foreshadowing of tremendous events. The existing form of things was known to be irretrievably bad, and so unmistakable was the impulse to better things, that the picture of "Brutus" was ordered for that very king, who, the weakest and best of his race, was to suffer for the monstrosities of those who preceded him—monstrosities only known in ancient times, under the reigns of Commodus, Caligula, and Theodorus.

David had been powerfully influenced by that philosophy which sapped the foundations of the past without providing an effective remedy for the future. He determined at once to devote his art to aid the movement of the public mind. At the very opening of the revolutionary scenes he used his brush in its cause. He undertook to paint the "Oath of the Tennis-Court," one of the finest incidents of the Revolution, a protestation against the insanity and violence of despotism. It is a magnificent historical scene admirably rendered, a scene in which one dominant feeling is expressed by a thousand different organisations, and yet, despite the difficulties, the impression is one and the same. What a transport illumines

every face! Here, thousands of arms raised in the air; there, hats waving aloft; there, excited representatives of the people collecting in groups, encouraging and embracing each other; all this strikes the mind as would a clamour of many voices. Upright on a table, and alone, calm amidst the general tempest, the President Bailly pronounces the words of the oath, in an attitude as calm and motionless as that of the law. Never was such another collection of men congregated, and this materially assists the painter. Here is Barnave, here Mirabeau, and away there in the crowd is Robespierre. Each man is moved according to his character. One strikes the ground with his feet and raises his clenched fist; another sitting on a bench timidly holds out his hand. The younger members, standing on chairs, mingle disorder with their enthusiasm. An aged man, dragged forward in an arm-chair, has his arm held up for him while he takes the oath; while others weep, some with rage, some with fear. In the centre foreground is a group composed of a Chartreux monk, a Protestant, and a Catholic priest. The Protestant is Rabaut Saint-Etienne, the Carthusian is Dom Gerle, and the priest is the Abbé Gregoire. All difference of opinions have disappeared, all hearts are beating in common, and this one group tells the amity of the assembly. The movement is everywhere,—in the hall, in the air, above and below. A stiff breeze has raised the curtains of the windows, to which are holding on some groups of people, and through which can be seen a thunder-bolt, which falls on the royal chapel. David understood at once, perhaps, how the sombre drama was to end; the prologue of which was occurring in the place devoted to the games of the princes.

On the motion of Barère, the Constitutional Assembly decreed that the "Oath of the Tennis-Court," commenced by David, should be executed at the expense of the public treasury, and placed in the hall where took place the sittings of the assembly. But David did not paint this work. He sketched it out in pencil and bitumen on an immense canvas. Despite the ugly modern costume, so difficult to make picturesque, the learned anatomist determined to lose none of his science. Before clothing his figures with their ample waist-coats, he sketched their broad chests in the most conscientious manner. The figure of the "virtuous Bailly" originally occupied the centre of the group, and was drawn so perfectly in the style of a Greek statue, that beneath his coat the muscles of his arm, the form of his shoulder, and the developments of his torso might easily be seen. In general, clothes are stuck fast on the body, like damp linen—an exaggeration which is preferable to the heavy and wearisome effect which would be produced by a simple imitation of costume on a canvas where it takes up so much place. David remained a Greek, even when he should have been a Frenchman. The love of the naked,—the remembrance, the earnest perception of the antique, made him pursue the human form even under the lace of the Constituants. He had the true stamp of great artists, who are the same in all things, rather inclined to bend their genius to the level of a work, than force the work into collision with their native talent.

This sketch of such great historical value, as powerful and bold as a cartoon of Michael Angelo, was put up to auction seven years ago at a very low price, and the government, which afterwards purchased it, allowed it to be sold to a private individual, with a little finished sketch in pencil by David himself, from which the engraving was taken.

The importance of the picture is best seen from a brief sketch of the scene which it represents—a scene which, followed up in the same united and harmonious way, would have changed the fortunes of Europe.

The meeting of the states-general of France was an event which plunged the whole nation into the wildest state of excitement. For a long time the writings of philosophers and satirists, and political economists, had been preparing the public mind for a change, which was imperatively demanded by the circumstances of the times. France was tottering, ready to fall. The throne had been dragged in the mire by its own occupants, and the efforts of a well-meaning but weak man

could not save it. Individually without the one great vice of his courtiers, his court was still a scene of profligacy and iniquity, such as the pen of an English historian can scarcely write. The nobles were the same vapid, chattering, boasting, debauched set of infidels, who thought it clever and strong-minded to be irreligious, the height of glory to be debauched. The middle classes, though better and more moral, were not more religious, except where protestantism shed its quiet and unobtrusive light upon the home; the people were nothing, wretched, poor, oppressed. There were slaves, serfs of estates, in the days of Louis XVI.—men who belonged to the soil they dwelt on, the property of bishops and chapters.

But the nation was weary of all this. Famine with its grim horrors stalked through the land, scattering disease and death; and it was rumoured and believed that the whole was produced by vast and disgraceful speculations. The fore-stallers and regraters were pointed out. Men were discovered and hanged for emptying bags of corn into rivers, to produce scarcity. The peasantry never even saw white bread, Agriculture was neglected; the nation was in debt; the whole body politic was rotten, and it became clear that the dissolution of society was near at hand.

Reluctantly, unwillingly, the king summoned his parliament. It was called against the ideas of the court, and undermined and opposed from the very earliest moment. This was one of the chief causes of all the misery that followed. A frank yielding to popular opinion would have saved the court from much. What exasperated the French people and caused the reign of terror, was the emigration *en masse* of the rich and powerful, who, once on the frontier, launched anathemas at the people, and announced their intention of coming back at the head of foreign armies to put down the new ideas. Had the whole aristocracy accepted the revolution and rallied round the king, without listening to the syren voice of the queen, who was the chief cause of all the mischief; had the aristocracy have done this, and surrendered their exclusive privileges quietly, there would have been a limited monarchy, and France might have been gradually prepared for that republic which is the ardent hope of her educated classes.

But the resistance of blind conservatism began at once. The crown and nobility tried from the first to snub and keep down the *tiers-état*, that is, the representatives of the nation; and at last in a fit of vigour, or rather of delusion, respecting its own power, the court closed the doors of the meeting-house against the representatives.

Then occurred the great historical scene which is illustrated in the picture of Louis David. The representatives finding workmen at work, and soldiers guarding, knew very well the meaning of the act. It was an attempt to dissolve them under pretence of adjournment. They knew that if they submitted to the delay, it would be all over with them. Their existence depended on the support of the country, and that support would be gone if they bent to the arbitrary power of the crown. They accordingly determined to meet elsewhere, and the great racket-court of the princes was selected. The representatives poured in in great numbers, and, incited by Mirabeau and others, swore to be faithful to their delegation, and opened the career of revolution by openly opposing the power of the crown, which, by attempting what it could not carry out, lost all force and prestige. The scene of the "Oath of the Tennis-Court" killed the old monarchy. It exhibited it in a ridiculous light. It aimed at ruling by force, it insulted and tried to degrade the representatives of the people, who remained calm, dignified, and did their duty unawed by bayonets, unintimidated by violence.

From that hour the revolution knew its power, the crown began to feel its utter weakness and insignificance, which was made more completely manifest by the rapid emigration of those who had sworn to defend and guard the throne of Charlemagne, which since has been so unceremoniously tossed from Bourbon to Napoleon, from Napoleon to Bourbon, from Bourbon to Orleans, and thence back again to Napoleon.

There are few such scenes of unity in the French Revolution. It augured well; but the augury, like many others, meant nothing. The apple of discord was soon to fall amid that assembly, and bring about terrible, though perhaps natural, results. The year 1793 was the saturnalia of a nation of slaves, bursting without preparation into liberty, which, when not won gradually and by the genuine progress of the human mind, is always licence.

Elected to the Convention by the section of the Museum, in September, '92, David exercised over the assembly the dictatorship of arts. Everything he proposed was instantly decreed. Two French artists, Ruter and Chinard, having been attacked at Rome by the sbirri of the Inquisition and taken to St. Angelo, David was immediately informed of it by a letter from Topino Lebrun, his pupil, and he obtained a decree from the Convention that the ministers should write energetically to the Pope. "He further obtained," says a modern writer, "that the office of director of the Academy of Rome should be suppressed, as he himself says in a letter, the autograph copy of which is before us, and from which oozes forth his hatred of the old institution in brutal and coarse words.

David voted for the death of the king. On the eve of the execution, Lepelletier St. Fargeau having been assassinated in the Palais Royal, David set to work, and two months afterwards he presented to the Convention the picture of the "Last Moments of Lepelletier." The victim of Paris was represented lying on the ground, the torso showing the bleeding wound in the side, relieved by the white linen; a sword, suspended by a thread perpendicularly over the wound, is thrust through a paper on which is written these words—"I vote the death of the tyrant." On this occasion David depicted nature in all its energetic truth with the same brush with which he had before produced the "Last Supper" of Valentine. He was even more true and more expressive in his painting of "Marat Expiring," which is certainly a masterpiece for execution, and in which he has almost idealised the hideous countenance of his hero, the lunatic revolutionist. The assembly accepted the present, and ordered that it should be engraved at the public expense, and that the honour of the Pantheon should be publicly given to Marat. With his head thrown back, and his hand outside the bath, Marat holds out a scroll, on which this is written—"Give an assignat to the mother of seven children whose husband has died for his country."

Marat's body was, a few months later, cast by a mob into the common sewer.

The part which David played in the Convention had its brilliant side; the chief direction of the fine arts, the command of all patriotic festivals, his solicitude for the laureats, to whom he had a pension of about £100 per annum voted for the five years they were to pass in perfecting themselves either in Italy or in the territory of the republic, were all proofs of his love of art. It was David who made to the assembly that famous report, which began, "A statue shall be erected to the people; victory will supply the bronze." At last, on the 19th Prairial, after Robespierre's speech on the "Immortality of the Soul," David developed his plan of the "Festival of the Supreme Being." There were to be choirs of young girls and boys in imitation of the ancient Panathenæa. Paris awoke to the sound of music on a vast scale. The altar of the country, placed on the summit of a mountain, was to be the front of an immense procession, in which the members of the Convention figured, with bunches of flowers and fruits in their hands. Dances, decorations, burning piles, thousand-coloured illuminations, gave to this *fête* unprecedented splendour and grandeur without a parallel; but it was one of those enormous pieces of showy clap-trap possible only in France. It was very nearly the death-warrant of all who conceived it. Compromised among the conquered of Thermidor, David's arrest was ordered. He was detained in the Luxembourg five months, then set free, and then arrested again. Supported in the Convention by Thibeaudeau, Chenier, Merlin de Douai, and Boissy d'Anglas, who had experienced his worth in

private life, he at last regained his liberty. Then it was that he painted the picture of "The Sabines," which is engraved in our pages (p. 333). The idea of this picture came to him, it is said, in somewhat of a romantic manner. While yet a captive, David learnt that his wife, though parted from him for some time, did her utmost to save him, and even confronted danger for his sake. Touched with this devotion, he resolved to paint her; but after some reflection he came to the conclusion that he, David, the legislator of painting, should wisp his allusions under a general and historical idea. The story of the Sabines came to his thoughts.

the lives of thousands of warriors were spared by the heroism of the women.

"If the picture of 'The Sabines,'" says a critic, who, though partial to Louis David, is sometimes severe, "were to be critically examined as a masterpiece, and the work of the chief of a school, we should have to protest against much of its immense reputation; for it has neither movement, nor *chiaroscuro*, nor comprehension of that skill which is displayed in the grouping of many figures. Besides, these are not the robust ancestors of the reapers of Leopold Robert. We can scarcely reconcile to our minds how it happens that such a delicate,



POPE PIUS VII.—FROM A PAINTING BY DAVID.

The story is familiar to all readers of history. The Romans having established themselves upon their rocky fortress, and being without wives, made an inroad upon their neighbours, the Sabines, and carried away their younger and more beautiful women. The Sabines, after preparations which consumed some time, came out to revenge the outrage. The Romans armed to resist their enemies, and a terrific combat had commenced, when the women, who had husbands and children on one side and fathers and brothers on the other, rushed in, placed themselves between the combatants, and stayed the contest. A treaty of amity and peace then took place, and

elegant, and perfumed warrior as Romulus should have come forth from those Roman walls, whose heavy, massive constructions, starting from the Tarpeian rock, are seen in the distance. We wonder how it can be that this well-fed hero, with such delicate flesh, rubbed doubtless with aromatic oils, so gracious, so clean, so well combed, should be the nursing of the she-wolf, the founder of that savage colony of brigands who were destined in their savage ardour to conquer the world. It is hard to think that that gentlemanly delicate hand slew Remus. Poussin is more true, more historical. The heroes of David are gladiators, who stand to be admired before an

sembled people, who are ready to die or kill elegantly. The personages of Poussin's paintings are coarse, barbarous, primitive; they move about naturally, if not nobly. It is a rough and vigorous scuffle, in which people tear each other's hair, and in which men snatch from each other superb women,

the old woman who shows that she has nurtured Romans, and the mother holding up her child aloft before the armies. The armour-bearers are very fine in form, but too much in the style of the statues of the time of Hadrian; they are figures which do not move—which could not move."



NAPOLEON CROSSING MOUNT ST. BERNARD.—FROM A PAINTING BY DAVID.

who are handsome without seeking to show it; while the Sabines of David are scented with musk, pretty, and coquettish, and elegant, even in the disorder of their hair. Their gestures are theatrical, their position full of affectation. And yet in many of the figures we find the great master-hand: e.g., that of the old warrior who is sheathing his sword, of

The same critic, having exhausted his blame, turns to the other side of the picture:—"Everything, however, must be said. If the picture of 'The Sabines' is not a real masterpiece for three reasons—because the pantomime is improbable, in not being treated according to the proper fashion, and because the light is without play, and the composition without true

optics—we must own that the figures, considered separately, are admirably modelled. The Romulus, the centre figure, is an Apollo with a helmet, a javelin, and a golden buckler; it is a figure of the finest time of youth; all is simple, pure, and clothed in a soft skin, with a wavy and gentle outline; while the whole reveals the serenity of the demigod. The figure of Tattius, more masculine and robust, and belonging to a less elevated type, is of itself a masterpiece, not only for the beauty of the torso, the individuality of the limbs, and the perfection of every form—severely studied even to their finest extremities, and firm as the muscles of the Laocoon—but also because the face demonstrates a fierce pride of which antiquity itself has shown few examples, except in the figures of Ajax. David, in this picture, seems to have added to the antique the passionate sentiment of Polydorus of Caravaggio. Some parts of the picture of 'The Sabines'—the children, for example, especially those who, with their hands on the ground, seem to smile at the spectator—are admirably executed. The eyes seem to shine, and the very carnation has life in it. As for the horses, they have not the antique character so desirable in this style; they are not painted correctly from nature. At the time when David painted 'The Sabines,' it is true the horses of Phidias were unknown. It was many years after, that the fragments of the Parthenon were taken to England by Lord Elgin, and multiplied all over France by copies."

The eminent critic might have added that Romulus and Tattius are very fanciful sketches, as far as costume are concerned. David preferred showing his power over the human figure, his admirable capacity for delineating sinew, muscle, and limb to correctness. A hero, who could display such a helmet, javelin, and buckler as those of Romulus, would not have been wholly denuded. Many other incongruities might be pointed out. The fact is, that David was not quite so great as many of his countrymen have tried to make him out to be. He was an earnest and studious lover of art, who did some very great things, but who never produced one of those mighty and suggestive masterpieces which have immortalised Michael Angelo and Raffaele.

In 1795, David proposed to M. Rousselin de St. Albin, a friend of Danton's, to paint him a portrait of the famous tribune. He traced the portrait from memory, assisted by a very feebly executed marble bust. This drawing is of inestimable value. It is dashed off boldly, with extreme fire and energy. Some pencil dashes, executed with extreme freedom, some vigorous cuts, have sufficed to place before us the revolutionary genius, in his crushed mask, half lion, half bull-dog, sublime in its ugliness. When he had finished it, David examined it for some time, and offering it to St. Albin, said: "Take that; I give you Jupiter Olympus." These words were not without meaning from a man who wished to efface all idea of participation in the death of Danton. The gallery of Messieurs St. Albin, which we visited many times a few years ago, contains the most valuable memorials of the revolution; and M. de Lamartine derived much information for his late eloquent works from that unique collection, which, if still in existence, can by their politeness be always visited. David had many features in his political life, which the art-historian can scarcely wish to touch upon. But we cannot forbear comparing the David, who was the devoted friend of Robespierre and St. Just, with the same man denying his fallen friends, and spurning his former rôle, to accept the title of first painter to the emperor—he had been first painter to Louis XVI.—induced, doubtless, by the thought of figuring in history as another Apelles to another Alexander. Young Robespierre asking to die with his brother—young Robespierre, to whom Napoleon owed so much of his promotion—presents a more noble spectacle than the fickle and versatile artist. But though David went as far as the most extreme men of the Mountain, Marat excepted, his artistic reputation saved him from the unmitigated obloquy lavished on the men of the revolution. Napoleon ordered him to paint, for the sum of 180,000 francs, the two pictures, "The Distribution of the Eagles" and "The Coronation," which are to be found at every stall in France. They are gigantic compositions. The first is

monotonous, and inevitably so, from the crush of uniform which has in reality overwhelmed the beautiful and the true. In those days all, even art, bent beneath the sword. The sky is inflated, and the perspective bad. "The Coronation" is more successful. It is wisely and nobly grouped. It contains about one hundred and fifty portraits, painted conscientiously and striking in likeness, especially those of Talleyrand, Bernadotte, and Cambacères, who stand in the foreground. The element chosen by the painter is that when the emperor, having crowned himself with his own hands, is about to place the crown on the head of Josephine. The head of Napoleon is radiant, and the simplicity of the lines adds to the grandeur of the figure. As usual with all painters after Napoleon was emperor, David idealises the man. The group of priests is very excellent; there are some heads in the number, which seem to live and speak. The silk, the velvet, the ermine, all the stuffs, all the costumes, are admirably rendered; but the whole is cold; we seem to want more noise, more animation, more crowds, a long nave full of people,—less etiquette, in fact, and some other background, instead of those marble pillars which check the vision. David, who thoroughly comprehended the tone which suited each particular object, did not comprehend those great combinations of colour with light, which, by learned gradations of tone, arrive at magnificence and grandeur. In his ordinary style he had represented Pope Pius VII. with his hands on his knees, a useless actor, looking on at the imitator of Charlemagne. But the emperor ordered him to raise the powerless hands in sign of benediction. "I did not bring him from so far," said he, "to do nothing."

"The Portrait of Pius VII.," by David (p. 336), has been very highly lauded. There is certainly a great power of modelling in it. The simplicity of the execution is great, and nature is reproduced with great fidelity, while the style is correct and firm. The hands are treated with the feeling of a Philippe de Champagne, and yet with more *naïveté*. This is held, however, to be nothing but a little bit of Dutch imitation: the painter has added nothing of his own: if there be thought in the head, it is because of the original. There is none of the idealism of the great painter. David has done nothing but copy marked features—features which present a mixture of roughness and elevation of character—the Italian's look, and the movement of his black eyebrows. It is really a fine thing, admirably executed; but the beauty of the model, his expression, his rank, his renown, produced this of themselves. David, with the Pope before him, was what he always was—a first-rate artist, an incomparable master of graphic science and the art of modelling; but this reality is a little naked, without ideal, without interpretation, and the study of form appears to have absorbed everything. If we examine the portrait of the same Pius VII., by Lawrence, we find it full of poetry and grandeur: the head beams with animation, it shines with intelligence, and there is a lightning flash in the glance. Genius shines in the eyes of the sovereign pontiff through the plebeian envelope; the weight of the chin, the thick form of the mouth, are compensated by the delicacy, beauty, and dazzling brilliancy of the eye. Instead of the Pope of David, sitting tranquilly near a wall, nothing indicating his sovereignty except the Roman purple, Lawrence has given us a prince of the Church surrounded by splendours and amidst the wonders of the Vatican. If his face is uneasy, if his eyes flash, if his whole person is in motion, if his whole physiognomy flags, it is to remind us of the wandering and uneasy existence of the celebrated prelate.

David never was more poetical, never more successful, than in his celebrated picture of "Napoleon crossing Mount St. Bernard" (p. 337). One can gaze with pleasure on this robust horse, which seems to tremble beneath the weight of his illustrious rider, and one examines, with a curious eye, this beardless general crossing the rocks where are engraved the names of Hannibal and Charlemagne, while the breath of fortune sends the folds of his mantle waving to the summits of the Alps. This is a great picture.

The day the allies entered Paris, David finished his "Leonidas." The picture of "Thermopylæ" dates from

terrible invasion, the end of that bold bad man's ambition, the idea of the picture is happy, and the isolation of the hero, Leonidas is good. He has just spoken familiarly with his soldiers, and promised them that they shall sup with Pluto. He is mute, pensive, his mind is far away in the abode of the gods. The whole, the full sublimity of his sacrifice appears to us, and makes him radiant with solemn delight. As he was the soul of the troop, David has made him the centre of the picture. Around him all is in motion, all agitated; every one trembles; the trumpets sound the hour of death; a last crown offered to Venus; and, to add to the emotion, a sketch of a life is introduced, in the persons of the slaves bearing burdens, and of mules carrying the baggage of the army. The execution of this picture, confided almost wholly to M. Ingres, one of the ablest practitioners of the school, is carefully soft and somewhat coquettish, too much so for the subject. These faults, however, escaped the masses, and the impression made by the picture was immense.

In 1816, David expatriated himself and went to Brussels. The law of amnesty condemned him to exile. He was lucky to escape the horrible massacres, equal in bloodiness to those of the Terror, which followed the Restoration. David was more persistent now than in earlier days. He would neither ask pardon nor yield to the earnest request of M. de Humboldt, who offered him, in the name of the King of Prussia, the title of minister of arts at Berlin. The brother of the king himself visited the painter, and wished to take him away in his carriage. "You will paint us," he said, "as you have painted that general," pointing to the magnificent portrait of the Marshal Gerard. The old quondam republican this time resisted in his refusal.

He lived ten years at Brussels, honoured by every one, loaded with favours by the king of the Low Countries and the Prince of Orange, adored by his new pupils, for he stuck to his art to the day of his death. As he was about to die, the consistent old heathen asked for the engraving of "Leonidas." He had it placed before him, looked for some time at it and said, "I am the only man who could have succeeded in conceiving and executing that head." These were his last words. He died on the 29th December, 1825.

The Restoration showed all its petty and mean pitilessness towards David; it carried its revenge even beyond the grave by a refinement of cruelty scarcely to be credited. Despite the earnest supplications of his family, of his friends, of so many illustrious pupils—despite all those speaking witnesses to his fame which dotted the Louvre, the government would neither pardon him alive, nor allow his body to return after death. His coffin was stopped at the frontier with a savage barbarity which raised a cry of indignation over all Europe. The liberal party in France made good use of the circumstance, and Beranger wrote upon the subject one of the most terrible of his songs.

David was great in drawing and in style, as Rubens was great in colour and fancy. If we wished to deny David wholly, we must deny the whole French school; the distinctive characteristic of which is to excel rather in substance than in form. David had nothing original about him as far as the execution is concerned; sometimes he is led away by the touch of Valentin; sometimes he falls into the porcelain and labouriously polished style of Van der Werf; sometimes he takes up the line of Dominichino, whose timid and grayish tones he adopts without warmth and without earnestness. Then, when he grew old and lived in Flanders, he allowed himself to be won by colour: he loved to unite Raffaele and Rubens, and ended by producing his "Mars and Venus."

The great merit of David is the thought, the conception. No French artist has ever had a higher idea of painting, though applying his art to the things of this world, and making the world his all in all. And yet, when we recollect how David was mixed up with the terrible and mighty deeds of the Convention, we wonder at his coldness. One would expect a striking evidence of fiery emotion, dashing colours—and we find tranquil forms, beauties correct as a statue, but as cold; imposing historical personages, motionless as marble. We

seek the burning conception of the revolutionist—we find ourselves examining the productions of a solemn legislator.

The fact is, David wanted the vivifying influence of some spiritual faith. He was a mere materialist. Having no belief in Christianity, man became to him a machine with limbs and muscles. Hence his cold and stiff character; hence the want of mind, of soul, in his pictures. The inner man speaks not to us through the eyes: woman is, on his canvas, a mere beautiful animal, beautifully painted. There is no ideality, no poetry, no connecting link between the mere human frame and the speaking, living, thinking thing within. His best picture is "The Death of Socrates;" and here the head we admire is that of the philosopher, whose countenance is lit up as he expounds his theory of the immortality of the soul. David, imbued with the warm and elevating sympathies and the ennobling faith of Christ, would not have been the artist he was; he would have been truly great. His materialism stunted his conceptions and dwarfed his mind.

David had unbounded influence over his pupils. When he entered the workshop every one was silent, and none took the liberty to joke, so much were they impressed by his presence. It is true he was jovial and even familiar in his language, despite his dignity of manner; but his lofty stature, his imposing bearing, his look, and perhaps the remembrance of the terrible part that had been played by the ex-Conventionist, all this intimidated. His face would have been handsome, had its left side not been disfigured by an accident, which had swelled the cheek, and imparted a sidelong expression to the lip, which made him always look harsh and sneering. Though this deformity interfered with his pronunciation, he expressed himself neatly and with precision, like a man who had always moved in enlightened circles. He neither taught his pupils colour nor the manual process, which he disdained. His lessons were confined to teaching the great principles of art, to style, to the study of the antique combined with that of the natural model, and to perspective, which it was necessary, he said, not only to know, but to feel.

Two things will preserve the remembrance of David—his school, and his works. His pictures are certainly his best works. Gros, Girodet, and Gerard, are worth more than the Sabines. The enormous influence he exercised over the character of his era, and that era one of such greatness, will be his first title to glory. This influence was continental, and it transformed and changed nearly every school in Europe. David persuaded the Flemish artists that it was necessary to draw. He it was who persuaded the painters of Rome that pagan art was better than catholic art. In France he did good; he brought back art to something like a serious position; he organised magnificent fêtes; he brought about a revolution in costume, furniture, ornaments, and decorations. He was the absolute master of the arts.

And, moreover, alongside of that beauty which owes its success to contemporary ideas, there is another, independent of circumstances and fashion, an absolute beauty which is of all countries and of all time. This is to be found in David, when, in presence of the dead body of Lepelletier or of the bath of Marat, he forgot the lessons and teachings of systems to attack frankly nature herself. The painter then will live as long as the chief of the school; and should posterity forget the influence of David, to think only of his personal works, there will still remain in the minds of his countrymen a passionate image, like the "Oath of the Tennis-Court," or a calm, imposing, and sublime idea, like the "Death of Socrates."

A catalogue of the works of David would be very difficult to give; there are, however, certain of his pictures which should be recorded.

1772. "Combat of Minerva against Mars aided by Venus." The second prize of Rome.

1775. "The Loves of Antiochus and Stratonice." This picture fetched a high price, and is now in the Ecole des Beaux Arts.

Then he painted the roof and the wainscot of the salon of Mademoiselle Guimard (the Temple of Terpsichore), Rue du Mont Blanc (Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin), Paris.

Exhibition of 1787. "Belisarius."

"Saint Roch interceding with the Virgin for the Cure of those stricken with the Plague." This picture is at Marseilles, in the Quarantine.

"Portrait of M. Potoki on horseback."

Exhibition of 1783. "The Grief of Andromache." This was the picture which gained him an entrance into the Academy.

Portraits of M. Desmaisons, uncle of David; of Madame Pecoul; of M. Leroy, doctor; of M. the Count de Clermont d'Amboise; of M. Joubert.

Exhibition of 1785. "Oath of the Horatii;" painted at Rome for the king, in 1784.

"Belisarius," reduced.

"Portrait of M. P——."

"The Oath of the Tennis-Court." His best picture finished by M. Coupin.

1793. "The Last Moments of Lepelletier de Saint Fargeau." This *tableau* was exhibited in the hall occupied by the Convention.

Portrait of Mademoiselle Lepelletier, and of a daughter of the French nation.

"Marat assassinated in his Bath;" a half-figure, size of nature. This picture was exhibited to public view in 1846, in the Bazaar Bonne Nouvelle.

Portraits of Bailly, Grégoire, de Prieur, of Robespierre, of St. Just, of Jean Bon Saint André, of Marie Joseph Chenier, of Boissy d'Anglas. These are in the gallery of the Count de Saint Albin.



BELISARIUS.—FROM A PAINTING BY DAVID.

Exhibition of 1787. "Death of Socrates;" belonging to M. Trudaine.

A reduced copy of "The Horatii," nearly wholly from the hand of Girodet; belonging to M. Firmin Didot.

Exhibition of 1789. "J. Brutus, First Consul, having just witnessed the execution of his two sons, executed by his orders." The lictors are taking away the bodies.

"The Loves of Paris and Helen."

Portraits of Monsieur and Madame Lavoisier, of M. Thelasson de Sorcy, of Madame de Sorcy, of Madame d'Orvilliers, of Madame de Brehan, of Monsieur and Madame Vassal, of Madame Lecoulteux, and Madame Hocquart.

"Louis XVI. entering the Constituent Assembly." This picture is lost.

"The Death of young Barra."

Exhibition of the year IV. (1795.) "Portrait of a Woman and a Child."

1799. "Sappho and Phaon." Now in Russia.

"Romulus."

1800. "An Equestrian Portrait of the First Consul Crossing the St. Bernard." There are five copies of this celebrated picture.

Portraits of Madame Verninac, of Madame Pastoret, of Madame Trudaine, of Madame Recamier, of Blau and Meyer, of M. Pennerin Villandois.

1804. "Pope Pius VII. and Cardinal Caprara."

1805. "Portrait of Pius VII."

1808. "The Coronation."

"The Sabines."

"A full-length Portrait of the Emperor." This belongs to the King of Westphalia.

Exhibition of 1810. "The Oath of the Army at the Distribution of the Eagles."

"The Emperor standing in his Cabinet." This portrait was painted for the Marquis of Douglas.

When it was nearly finished, the emperor came in suddenly to the atelier of the artist, who had hitherto concealed it from him. He saw this picture at a glance.

"Admirable!" he cried. "I must have that, David."

"Sire, I am sorry; but it is sold—it is an order."

"Paint another; I must have this."

"I am sorry, sire, but this painting is sold," replied David, respectfully but firmly.

"Who has bought it?" asked Napoleon, on whose brow the imperial frown was collecting.

"The Marquis of Douglas——"

1816. "Love quitting Psyche early in the Morning."

"Telemachus and Eucharis."

"The Coronation," another picture; sold first for £3,000, then for £80.

"The Anger of Achilles." "An old Gipsy telling fortunes."

1824. "Mars disarmed by Venus." This picture was exhibited for the benefit of the old men's hospital at Brussels, and then in Paris for the benefit of the author, to whom it brought no less than 45,000 francs.

Our views relative to French Art are, to a certain extent, supported by the author of a book which has appeared since the above was written. "The Purple Tints of Paris" * thus describes Art in France:—"One of the distinctive characteristics of the French nation is its love of Art. No one can deny that it possesses this in an eminent degree, though, from want of proper calculation, the practical results are not com-



THE DEATH OF SOCRATES.—FROM A PAINTING BY DAVID.

"What! an Englishman carry off this prize—the best you have ever painted of me? No! It cannot be."

"Sire, I have sold it."

Napoleon, who was extremely passionate, and whose passion sometimes made him do little things, raised his foot in an instant of ungovernable rage, and put it through the canvas. He then walked away, leaving the amazed artist to gaze at the ruin of his admirable painting.

Next morning David was sent for to join the emperor's breakfast-table. Not a word was said on the subject of the previous day's discussion; but the manner of the emperor was so gentle, and he took the hand of the artist with so much affection, that David clearly understood that the man apologised, though the crowned head was too proud to allow it.

The picture was re-painted, and is, we believe, still in the possession of the Marquis of Douglas.

1814. "Thermopylæ," size of nature.

mensurate with the strength of the passion—at least, in the higher departments. The Frenchwoman, when she chooses the colour of her dress, and arranges its graceful folds, is an artist—quite as much as the cook or the historical painter. The *ouvrier*, when he creates a table, a work-box, a vase, a watch, or a brooch, is pre-eminently an artist. Even the lad who displays shawls and muslins in a shop-window has the artistic feeling. It is not surprising, therefore, that the number of persons who apply themselves to drawing, and painting, and sculpture, is immense. In Paris alone there are rather more than six thousand artists, in our sense of the word, of whom one half are amateurs, and the other half gain, or endeavour to gain, a living by their profession. Almost the whole of them have spent several years in the atelier or studio of a master, and have acquired a certain *esprit de corps*, and a peculiar way of viewing things. The great majority

* "Purple Tints of Paris." By Bayle St. John

are republicans, more or less fanatical—though some of the most successful gentlemen now affect aristocratic ideas.

"I have hinted that French love of art, in as far as it has to do with patronage, is by no means enlightened. To prove this would take me into a special discussion, and necessitate invidious remarks. I could give instances innumerable to prove that the small class of persons who buy pictures are directed in their choice more by accident than by science, and that the public willingly admires when it is told to admire. The history of the reputation of Prud'hon, now so popular, is a case in point. During his life-time he was only appreciated by a few friends, connoisseurs, but uninfluential; and it was only twenty years after his death that he began to be talked of. At present, pictures which would scarcely be sold at all in his life, now fetch thousands of francs, and there is a disposition to overrate him. I know an instance in which an amateur,

bewitched, and away it goes, like a pack of hounds at a puss, until some other game crosses the track, when it turns aside and leaves the first victim of its enthusiasm astonished and no doubt rather grieved, at its safety.

"It was not till about the time of the Fronde, that the young nobility of France, sent abroad by their families to travel out of the way of civil dissensions, acquired and brought home a real admiration for art. Some fifty gentlemen, with means and leisure at their disposal, began then to praise and buy pictures, and encourage genius to do its best. Then taste was, perhaps, never very refined. At any rate it rapidly deteriorated. Yet, up to the revolution, there was a constant, and, to a certain extent, enlightened patronage of art. A little previously, the wealthy bourgeoisie, more from imitation than any other cause, had begun to purchase pictures, and to understand their beauties. Probably, had things remained

de Rome le 28 avril 1785

*Il faut que j'écrive Monsieur le Marquis de
Laurès m'attendu de mon Tableau touchant les peuples
le peuple Romain à d'accorder quelque mérite à un peu
Francois mais cette fois cy ils nous rendent
(car il y a un bon coin de monde) à mon tableau
presque au même nombre que la comédie du Sédentaire
quel plaisir ce serait pour vous qui m'aimez de
être témoin au moins j'en dois vous en faire la de-
-tation.*

Monsieur le Marquis

aux Comptes d'Espagne à Madrid

*Robert de La Harpe
Paris*

who spoke with contempt of a now well-known painter, was rebuked severely by a critic, and was possessed, six months afterwards, of pieces by that very hand to the value of eight hundred pounds. A more singular case of the same kind would require the mention of individuals now living; but perhaps this sort of thing is sufficiently common all the world over to enable the reader to understand what must be its manifestations where it exists in an excessive degree.

"I compare the growth of a reputation, artistic or literary, in France, to the progress of the Giaour in 'Vathek,' who, after he has been kicked from the steps of the throne, rolls himself into a ball, and by some unaccountable attraction draws after him the deadly-eyed prince, Carathis, the war minister, the courtiers, the people—even the halt and the infirm. By some accident, one or two amateurs become convinced, with or without reason, that a man has genius, and begin running after him. Very soon the whole country is

quiet, the education of their taste would have been successful but time was not allowed them, and they were left heirs of fashion instead of a science. They, as well as the people at large, had an intuitive veneration of art—though more as a name than as a thing. It was their impression that art was a great and beautiful manifestation of the mind, and they endeavoured, with less success than might have been wished, to appreciate its productions. France, therefore, possessed a wealthy middle class, really disposed to hail and reward the genuine artist, but without the power of recognising him when he appears. This accounts for so many sudden and ephemeral reputations. The bourgeoisie are conscientiously on the look-out for great men, and are easily deceived into supposing they have found them. Under such circumstances, we need not wonder that intrigue and quackery are almost necessary to whomsoever desires to succeed.

"Among themselves the artists affect, above all things, to

pise the *bourgeois* feeling, and those who truckle to it. One of their number is excommunicated because he did not suit a grocer who exclaimed, "Your picture is a masterpiece; but I cannot buy it, for it is six inches too wide." Another is accused of selling for two hundred francs what he had previously asked a thousand for. In truth, however, all really professional men are obliged to be tolerably condescending to the ignorance and indelicacy with which they are to deal, and revenge themselves when alone by pasquille and satire."

This is a very correct representation of the state of affairs in Paris. As we are on the subject of modern art, a few more facts may be interesting. The same writer says: "Many young French painters affect an originality in their manner which they have not in their mind. Would-be men of genius are nearly always lazy. They think this one of the most valuable privileges of their character. My friend Basil belonged to this class, except, perhaps, that he had more talent than the world gave him credit for. He lost himself yielding, to a most ridiculous extent, to that absurd habit of some intellectual men of 'wanting inspiration.' They wait for inspiration sometimes all their lives, and it never comes. The real way is to go and fetch it. Basil did not choose to do so. On one occasion a friend procured him, ostensibly out of charity, an order from the wife of a wealthy banker for a kind of thing in which he excelled—a couple of bouquets in water colours. The money was paid in advance some years ago, and the bouquets are not yet in bloom. He does not intend to defraud her, but 'he wants to produce something excellent.' He is waiting for inspiration. His friends tell him that this seems dishonest. He colours, bites his lip, and says, 'I will set about it,' in a deplorably desponding tone; but he has not put pencil to paper yet. He has no studio of his own, but goes now to one friend's place, now to another—sometimes with, sometimes without, materials; but upon almost every occasion he thrusts his hands into his lock of hair, and sits down complaining that he has no ideas, no inspiration. As may be imagined, he is often in want of a dinner, and is compelled to sponge upon a friend. He went one day, and in his heavy, lumbering way, said, 'I have got no money, and yet I must eat.'"

David is the original of all these students. He it was gave the tone to the *ateliers*; it was he made the artist a republican, an eccentric individual, with a broad-brimmed hat and moustaches. It was in his workshop that first appeared the Loustic and the Rapin, thus described:—"The Loustic is generally an artist-amateur, that is to say, his parents have property; they see him some day, when a child, take a piece of chalk or charcoal, and scratch the portrait of his father or his schoolmaster. This is enough. It is at once determined that a great genius has revealed itself. The lad no sooner escapes from college than he is sent to a painter's studio. He is supplied with a handsome sum of money, and becomes very often the Loustic of the *atelier*; perhaps the most backward in the serious of his art, but clever as a caricaturist, and allowed to take any liberties as a practical joker.

"The Rapin is the servant of the *atelier*, something equivalent to a fag at a public school. A shabby dress is a necessary part of his definition. Most probably he has an immense bush of hair. He often becomes a clever artist, but no one knows him. His duties are to do all the work of the *atelier*; to run off errands, to set the model, &c. He often picks up a good deal of knowledge from the conversation of the students, and repeats it in a mysterious manner."

Such are some of the types found in a French *atelier* of painting—the *ateliers* of the descendants of the great master Louis David.

JOHN MARTIN.

If this remarkable English painter did not receive during his life all his due, it appears likely that now at last, when death has closed upon him, he will be granted the honours of renown and fame in full measure. But even during life John

Martin was admired and popular with a very extensive portion of the community. There was a grandeur, a magnificence about some of his paintings—his "Belshazzar's Feast," his "Crucifixion," and his "Pandemonium"—which struck the eye at once, and caused him to be appreciated. Vast conceptions in architecture have their weight in the eyes of the millions, and his were truly vast. His "Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still" is known everywhere. It has carried his reputation into all quarters, over the whole of continental Europe as well as this island.

And he is dead at last, having at length followed those great contemporaries of his, who divided with him public favour and applause. Those, who knew something of him in those days when his drawing-room was the place where men of all kinds, authors, artists, singers, and public favourites in every style, were wont to meet, regret his death much, though aware that for some time past he had been lost to art. It is the more to be regretted, because he has left several admirable pictures unfinished. This had been discovered for some time past, and had caused him to retire to the Isle of Man, where he died a few weeks back.

John Martin was born at Cayden Bridge, near Hexham, Northumberland, on the 19th of July, 1789, and having in his early youth shown a very marked liking for the limner's art, his parents determined on sending him to a coach-builder at Norwich, there to learn the glorious art of heraldic painting. But this did not suit Martin; it was not at all what he aimed at. His ambition was above this; and disgusted and irritated at the drudgery imposed upon him in the coach-builder's employment, he threw up his apprenticeship. He now received some instructions in drawing of a different kind from one Muss, father of a very well-known enamel-painter of the same name, which had been changed from Masco under the impression that to succeed one must have a thorough English name. With these riches, and no other, John Martin started for London in search of fortune.

There have been so many stories told of what poor artists and poor authors have suffered in the upward struggle for fame and competence—for they are never insane enough to dream of wealth—that the reader will not require any minute details on this subject. Whether he dined on a penny loaf, or added to that solid luxury an ounce of beef, or, like the Paris artists out of luck, walked the streets without a dinner, and talked of the fine joint he had dined on, are things we scarcely care to know. Suffice it to say, he steeled himself in the fiery cauldron of genius—poverty, and came from it energetic, vigorous, ready and able to do battle with the world.

He began to gain a living by painting on glass and china, by making water-colour drawings, and also by the thankless task of teaching. But this was the outward and positive life; there was the ideal life too going on. He had already determined in his own mind to be a great artist, and it was at this period that he painted pictures on towels instead of canvas, for want of the more artistic preparation. The long hours of the night, that should have been spent in sleep, were devoted to earnest study, and especially to a deep elaboration of the principles of architecture and perspective—two elements he has used admirably in all his productions.

At last, eager for the fray, he began the battle of life, and came boldly before the world. In the year 1810, having, like most men of any note or success in any walk demanding study and reflection, married early, he painted his oil picture of "Glytie" for the Royal Academy Exhibition of that year. It was, like the first picture of David, in whose life there are points of resemblance with Martin, rejected at first, and then at the opening of the following season accepted, tolerably well hung, and very highly appreciated by good judges. In 1812 his fancy and imagination, those great illuminators of his genius, were very forcibly shown in the production of "Sadak in search of the Waters of Oblivion." This was a genuine development of his peculiar characteristics. "Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still" was a very successful picture, and gained him the £100 medal of the British Institution. In 1819 he became more grand and sublime in his "Fall of Babylon,"

which was speedily followed by "Macbeth and the Witches." In 1821, however, the whole artistic world was dazzled by the appearance of that gorgeous production, "Belshazzar's Feast," which gained him the £200 prize of the British Institution. It was a glorious picture of a wondrous scene, of which Byron says:

"The king was on his throne,
The satraps throng'd the hall,
And thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival."

The background of enormous, vast, black architecture—on the left the luminous wall, played all over with a strange brilliancy—in the foreground the low tables sumptuously spread, with groups of men and women apparently just disturbed from the attitude of luxurious enjoyment, all with their eyes directed towards the blazing characters which Daniel is about to stand forward and interpret—his austere, prophet-like appearance presenting a striking contrast with the indolent and effeminate personages who encircle the festive board—all combine to form a grand conception, grandly rendered. His "Destruction of Herculaneum" was less successful. In "The Seventh Plague" he has concentrated all the horrors which afflicted the whole land; and a few groups of men and women, with misery-stricken countenances, may be supposed emblematical of the whole afflicted race. "The Paphian Bower" was not in his style; but "The Creation," in which nature, under the hand of God, seems to grow visibly before us out of the darkness, without form and void, is admirable. In 1826 appeared his well-known painting of "The Deluge." This picture, through the broken light of a tempestuous evening, presents us with the terrible aspect of the earth when the universal flood had just begun to rise. The inhabitants, vainly hoping that it was only an extraordinary inundation, are flying to seek refuge on lofty places. The aged and the sick, the frightened young girls and children, are carried up the rocks by the strong men. The painter here has discriminated philosophically between the various developments of the human character. Here we see heroic self-sacrifice, men hazarding their lives to protect the helpless, women clinging to their children and refusing to leave them, daughters seeking to drag their mothers up almost inaccessible precipices. On the other hand, the interest of self-preservation is illustrated by individuals who in this dreadful hour break all bonds of natural affection, forget all duties, forsake all friends, and fly alone, not caring who may perish, so that they may be saved. The wild and rugged landscape; the stormy and rolling waters, which already threaten the "fenced cities," as though the ocean had broken its bounds; the dark and beetling crags; the confused and terrified multitude, in which they who wear the apparel of princes and queens cling in abject terror to any who may be near them; the clouds rent at intervals by streaks of fire; the night which blackens over all—these elements of the sublime and picturesque are blended into a tableau of the most wonderful interest and power. On a distant mountain-top, the ark seems to rest like a promise of salvation and peace, with a flash of lightning passing harmlessly over it.

"The Fall of Nineveh" resembles in many of its characteristics "The Feast of Belshazzar." Its chief merit consists in the grand proportion of the architecture, and in the artistic disposition of broad and bold masses of light and shadow. The same may be said of "Pandemonium," in which there is a grand series of "blazing cressets" casting a bright glare on innumerable fierce and defiant countenances, upturned to listen to the words of the arch-deceiver and enemy of mankind. The architectural conception is here vast and mighty.

Martin subsequently illustrated Milton, receiving £2,000 for the drawings. He did the same for the Scriptures in a popular edition. He then for several years devoted himself assiduously to those engravings of his own pictures which have so materially added to his reputation. He was earnest and laborious, full of ingenuity and originality, applied new modes of varying the texture and perspective effects of large mezzotinto plates, and thus led the way to a marked and general improvement in this important branch of art.

But while thus at work, he was almost wholly forgotten as a painter, when he revived the memories of the world by his very able picture of "The Coronation of Queen Victoria." His pictures had long hung neglected on his walls; and not but men of science, artists, and authors, went to see them. His long-standing quarrel with the Academy prevented his exhibiting. But now he had the inestimable honour and glory of painting dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies; his royal picture was talked of by the press; and prosperity came once more. It is always held in England an honour to be painted by an artist who has painted a lord; and as Martin's "Coronation" had painted not only many lords, but a queen, he found the demand upon his time very great. And yet he did not grow rich. A large family, a position in society to be kept up, a precarious and uncertain income, are things which men with fixed salaries can scarcely comprehend. Poor Martin did, to his cost, and his life was one struggle from the early days of his poverty to the uneasy hours of his death in the Isle of Man. But there is a fact in connexion with his life which must never be forgotten. Nearly all the great schemes for giving London pure water, for a vast sewer to collect the refuse of that vast city, and for other great sanitary purposes, came from our ingenious artist. A writer, who appears more intimately acquainted than we are with his private history, says:—"Notwithstanding the extraordinary amount of industry spent on his pictures and engravings, nearly as much time, and the larger portion of his earnings, were expended on engineering plans for the improvement of London, such as the embankment of the Thames and the drainage of the town; also on the ventilation of mines, light-houses, and the improvement of our harbours. The money he actually expended on those useful and ingenious projects must have exceeded £10,000."

His mind retained its faculties to the very last. He had several very great paintings in hand, which we fear no one can finish for him. They are of the usual character—"The Judgment;" "The Days of Wrath;" and the "Plains of Heaven." Of late years, Martin had fallen into a habit, derived perhaps from Etty, of using one colour too freely; and in one case, a very fine landscape is so blue as to leave the mind in doubt where the earth ends or the cerulean sky begins.

Martin was simple in his habits, independent in his ideas, no worshipper of rank or wealth, and yet he was sought for and respected by the high in place, far more than any toady or parasite of power. His *soirées* were visited, not only by men of talent and reputation, but by ambassadors and princes; and there might sometimes be seen, amid a crowd of other celebrities, the genial countenance of Sir Walter Scott. Martin was much liked by literary men, and owed much of his early pre-eminence to the favourable criticism of the "London Weekly Review," edited by one of the St. Johns. And he died far away on a still little island of the deep, the Isle of Man, where for some time he had gone every year. Here, probably, he gathered fresh from nature many of his magnificent inspirations—his moonlights on the water, his bursting and golden sunlights, so powerfully used by him at times; here too he died, "and," says a local chronicler, "hallowed no doubt in their estimation will ever be the place of his sepulchre, where he will repose by the side of some of his departed relatives, in the cemetery on the hill, near the romantic churchyard of Kirk Braddan, one of the spots he admired so much, and loved to visit; and henceforth the deathless name of Martin, associated with that of our lonely Isle—like the great Napoleon's, linked with St. Helena—will invest it with an interest and celebrity which will endure to the end of time; and we may truly predict, that strangers from all parts of Europe, landing on these shores, will, like pilgrims journeying to some far-famed distant shrine, visit the grave of Martin, and pay 'the sacred tribute of a tear' to the memory of immortal genius and sterling virtue."

Allowing for the enthusiasm of a friend and admirer, there is some truth doubtless in this; and it is pleasing, at all events, to think, that genius is remembered by man, when the spirit that vivified is gone, and the body slumbers in the grave.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

the English county of Suffolk has but few great men to boast of. But it may rejoice in the name of Wolsey, who was born at Ipswich in the month of March, 1471. Common report makes his father a butcher; of this we have no certain proof. The worthy and painful Mr. Groves took three journeys to Ipswich, for the purpose of acquiring information relative to the Wolsey family, but with little success. All he could gather was, that Wolsey's father's name was Robert—no very valuable addition to historical lore. Cavendish says Wolsey was "an honest poor man's son." We are inclined, however,

to the belief that the common opinion was correct, and with which the student of history is well acquainted, what was done by the father was attributed to his more eminent son. It is highly improbable that Wolsey spent any of his time at his father's trade. At the age of fifteen we find him a student at Oxford, and already in possession of his Bachelor of Arts' degree; and before that time he certainly would not have been selected to drive cattle a distance of thirty or forty miles. A little while after, the "boy bachelor," as he was termed, became Fellow of Magdalen College (the funds of which



HENRY VIII. DISMISSING CARDINAL WOLSEY.

to the belief that the common opinion was correct, and that Wolsey's father was a butcher. Actually, at this very day, there is a butcher in the flourishing town of Ipswich of the same name. A local tradition yet prevalent in his native county also strengthens this report. On the east coast of Suffolk, not far from Southwold, may be yet seen Wolsey's bridge, as it is called in memory of the cardinal. The tale is, that when a boy, driving some cattle, he nearly lost his life there, in consequence of which, when he became great, he ordered the bridge to be built. We are inclined to think that the bridge might have been built by the father, and that, by a pro-

college he appears to have misappropriated for the purpose of building its tower), and tutor to the three sons of the Marquis of Dorset. From his father he obtained his first preferment, the rectory of Lymington, in Somersetshire. There a neighbouring justice subjected him to the disgraceful punishment of confinement in the stocks, in consequence of a riot at a fair, in which our young divine took a somewhat unclerical part. Years after, when Wolsey became Lord Chancellor, Sir Amias Paulet, the justice referred to, found that Wolsey had neither forgotten nor forgiven the act. This affair we can easily imagine made Lymington a very undesirable residence for

Wolsey. Accordingly, he left it, and became one of the domestic chaplains of Archbishop Dean. On the death of that prelate he went to Calais, where Sir Richard Nanfan, the treasurer, was so struck with his talents for business, as to recommend him to the patronage of the king. The recommendation was not given in vain. Wolsey became one of the chaplains of the court. Soon after, the living of Redgrave, in the diocese of Norwich, was given him, and he obtained the friendship of Fox, Bishop of Winchester, at that time Privy Seal, and of Sir Thomas Lovell, then Chancellor of the Exchequer. The career of our hero seems to have been prosperous from the very commencement. Before some men rise they are brought down almost to the depths of despair. They have to struggle with everything that can break the heart. The great Sam Johnson walked the streets of London with an empty stomach and a yet emptier purse. So have done many of our illustrious great. Hitherto Wolsey had had no opportunity of evincing to the king his capacity for public business. An opportunity now offered. A treaty of marriage was pending between Margaret, the dowager queen of Savoy, and Henry VII. It was necessary to send some one to her father, Maximilian, the emperor. Fox and Lovell recommended Wolsey, who accordingly went. Wolsey made such haste as to return before the king thought he had commenced his journey, and reported the business of his mission with so much clearness and propriety, that he received universal praise; and when the deanery of Lincoln became vacant, it was spontaneously given to Wolsey by the king.

On the 22nd of April, 1509, died Henry VII., and his only surviving son, Henry VIII., ascended the throne. The favour shown Wolsey by the father was continued by the son. In the war with France which was shortly after undertaken by Henry at the instigation of the restless Julius II., Wolsey accompanied his royal master in the humble but useful office of commissariat; and when Tournay yielded to the English arms, Wolsey was made its bishop. In the forty-fifth year of his age, Wolsey was advanced to the dignity of cardinal, and was installed in Westminster Abbey with more than regal pomp. About the same time the great seal was given him for life, with the dignity of chancellor of the realm. His power now became immense; in fact, he was the real monarch. Henry's will was but a reflection of his own. There were times, however, when Henry differed from the cardinal, as the reader of the first volume of "The State Papers" will soon perceive. However, when they did differ, Henry was generally in the wrong; so that we must not blame him if, with a few exceptions, he gave himself up to the pleasures of the court and the chase, and left Wolsey to direct the affairs of state. In that dark barbarous time, men only revered rank and power as it was robed in splendour. To the taste of the age, in this respect, Wolsey scrupulously conformed. His household establishment was conducted on the most princely scale; according to Cavendish, it consisted of a hundred and eighty persons. No wonder that Salisbury-square, a large piece of ground on the south side of Fleet-street, London, takes up but a part of the ground on which at one time stood his mansion—which formerly belonged to Empson, but was given to Wolsey by the master he had served so well. Subsequently Wolsey appears to have lived in York-place, near Whitehall—a palace belonging to the see of York, borrowed by Henry when Anne Boleyn lived at Suffolk House, next door, and which, owing to a defect in the royal memory, has been ever since retained by the crown. Wolsey's revenues at this time must have been equal to those of his master. They were derived from the fines in the legatine court, the archbishopric of York, the bishopric of Winchester, and the abbey of St. Albans, with several other English bishoprics, which were held by foreigners, but assigned to him at low rents for granting them the privilege of living abroad; together with pensions from the Spanish emperor and the French king, the emoluments of the chancellorship, the revenues of the bishoprics of Badajoz and Placencia in Spain, with rich occasional presents from all the allies of the king, and the wealth and domains of forty dissolved monasteries. His house exhibited the finest productions

of art; the walls of his chambers were hung with cloths of gold and tapestry still more precious. The sons of the nobility attended him as pages, and, as Mr. Galt says, "the daily service of the household corresponded to the opulence and ostentation of the master." Abroad he was yet more pompous and magnificent. His progress was a royal one. His daily visits to Westminster Hall, or his Sunday ones to Greenwich, where his royal master then resided, were conducted with a pomp and splendour never equalled before or since.

When Leo the Tenth died, Wolsey aspired to the tiara, but the French and Spanish cardinals joined, and Adrian, the tutor of Charles, was elected to the vacant dignity. Charles united with Henry a second time, and war was again to be declared with France; but how was the money for the war to be obtained? The feudal system was dying out, and it was to the credit of Wolsey that he introduced the financial system which has lasted in England to the present day. He met the clergy, and then the representatives of the people, and prevailed upon them to pass an income tax. War with France was accordingly commenced. The campaign, however, failed of any practical result. Charles V. was fighting with more success. Henry rejoiced in his victories till he fancied the balance of power was destroyed by the battle of Pavia, when he, with a chivalry worthy a better cause, went over and sided once more with the French; but no advantage resulted from this change, and the people, heavily taxed, fearful of losing what trade they had by a war with Charles, disliking the alliance with France, began to murmur against the cardinal. Many of the nobility also, whom he had eclipsed, looked at him with unloving eyes. The clergy owed him no good will, for they felt that he had hurt them in two ways: he had endeavoured to make them bear their share of the national burdens, from which they had hitherto been exempted; and he had endeavoured to curb their gross licentiousness of conduct. Wolsey leant upon a bruised reed. His apparent power and splendour were maintained only by the single will of the king, and that king more headstrong and wayward than any man who had hitherto sat upon the English throne; that king, one whose "royal nature," as Wolsey himself said, would lead him to endanger the half of his kingdom rather than want any part of his pleasure; that king, one before whom the proud cardinal had so humbled himself, as often to kneel for three hours together, that he might dissuade him from his will, but in vain. Let but that fickle and imperious will conceive that the cardinal stood between it and the gratification of its appetites; let it but shift to some other subject; let it be but cooled down by indifference and neglect, and Wolsey's fall was inevitable and sure. Already the signs of a coming storm had loomed in the distance and blackened the horizon. Between Wolsey and his royal master more than one misunderstanding had occurred; but Wolsey, blinded by success, little understood how to avert the impending peril. The editors of "The State Papers" conjecture that the conduct of Wolsey in the election of an abbot for the monastery of Wilton occasioned a coolness on the part of Henry which was never removed; and yet within a very short time after, we find Wolsey petitioning the king for a valuable preferment for himself and his natural son. It is true that on his last embassy he seems to have foreseen the coming change; but the wonder is not that he saw it then, but that he had not seen it before. He had seen Empson and Dudley—both of whom he had known as the grasping servants of a grasping king—given up to popular vengeance. He had seen Surrey distanced by himself. He might have seen that sooner or later his hour would come. His own knowledge of human nature might have told him that the man who could be false to the wife of his bosom could also be false to the minister of his choice.

And this time speedily arrived. It was given to Wolsey to feel what others had learnt before him, the proverbial ingratitude of men who sat upon thrones. That gay and giddy Anne, for whose sake he discarded the Pope's authority, and who basked a few short years in the sunshine of royal favour, till she also cloyed and was thrown away, bore the cardinal no

I will, as he would have kept her from the dangerous
ence at which she aimed. To preserve herself, she felt that
power of the cardinal must be destroyed. Hence it was,
Wolsey was banished from the royal presence, and that
ry was prevailed upon never more to see the man who had
ed him faithfully—who had pandered to his pleasures—
had promoted his interests for nearly twenty years.
Wolsey did not long survive the blow. Late one autumn
ing, a weary cavalcade stopped at the door of Leicester
ey. "Father," said a broken-hearted, sunken man, "I
come to lay my bones among you." When the morrow's
sank down the cardinal was no more.

et Wolsey deserved the honours he had won. Com-
d with his contemporaries he appears to advantage.
acted no assassin's part, as did Gardiner, Bishop of
chester. He plotted no treason, as did Bucking-
a. Oxford and the College of Physicians yet remain to
w how much he would have done for the people
r whom he ruled. Never was man condemned by an
glish parliament on lighter grounds. What he had done,
did under the cognisance of the king. His great blunder
s, that he did not see what his knowledge of Henry's
racter ought to have led him to perceive, that to obtain
ne, Henry was prepared to violate every duty, and to
rst through every moral and prudential restraint. Even
re he blundered, in common with Campeggio and Clement
I., and to that blunder we owe the Reformation. Un-
oubtedly Wolsey was fashioned to much honour from his
idle. He had the rare skill, not only to attract men's
miration, but to retain their affections. His personal
meanour was that of a prince. The heir of a hundred
ngs could not have conducted himself with a haughtier
ien and a more regal pomp.

Wolsey's moral character, tried by the standard of the
esent day, deserves the severest condemnation. Selfish,
rogant, voluptuous, in the day of his pride, he was
even-hearted in the dark hour of his disgrace. Tried by
e standard of his own times, he was neither a saint nor
fiend; and he was better than most of his own class. Most
f the courtiers of Henry had his vices—none his redeem-
g merits. It is easy for us to condemn him, but it is
ridently unfair. We must not judge the men of the past by
e light of the present. If they walked not according to the
rinciples of their day, let them be reproached; but not other-
rise. The time does in some degree mould the man; over most
s tyrannises with an iron hand. There have been better poets
han Chaucer—better printers than Caxton—better statesmen
han Wolsey; but we still quote their names with respect,
ecause in their day they were each the first of their class. To
Wolsey's credit it must be remembered, that those who knew
im best clung to him to the last—that when he was weighed
down by misfortune and disgrace, Cromwell eloquently pleaded
his cause—and that to Cavendish we are indebted for the most
faithful picture of his life. Wolsey was Henry's better angel,
and, left to himself, Henry became that odious monster—that
plot and stain upon the annals of the old country he has
ever since remained. It was not till the cardinal's death
that the English people really learnt the character of their
imperious and besotted king. Wolsey

"Was a scholar, and a ripe and good one,
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.

And though he was unsatisfied in getting
(Which was a sin), yet in bestowing
The most princely. Ever witness for him
Ipswich and Oxford. One of which fell with him,
The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little;
And to add greater honour to his age
Than man could give him; he died fearing God!"

Thus writes one, whose "Henry VIII." is still worthy of
study, as the best history of that time.

CAPRIFICATION.

THE inhabitants of the islands of the Archipelago derive
their chief subsistence from dried figs, which they eat with
barley-bread. Hence it is an object of importance to them to
promote the fructification of the fig-trees. They have two
kinds, the cultivated and the wild fig-tree. The former bears
fruit only once a year; but the figs grow in such abundance
that they would injure each other, and never reach maturity,
if art were not resorted to. The wild fig-tree bears three
crops of fruit a year, the figs being unfit to eat, but useful for
ripening the produce of the cultivated fig-tree, by the process
of caprification. Wild fig-trees begin to bear their first or
autumn crop in August. These figs continue till November
without ripening. Little worms are engendered from eggs de-
posited by a species of very small ichneumon flies, of a glossy
black colour, which fly round the tree for a long time. In
the months of October and November these worms, having in
their turn become flies, pierce the second or winter crop of figs
which appear in September. The autumn figs fall a little
after the flies come out; the winter figs remain on the tree till
the month of May, containing the eggs deposited by the flies
which have come out of the autumn figs. In the month of
May the spring figs begin to appear. When they have
attained to a certain size and the eye begins to open, they are
pricked in that part by the flies reared in the winter figs.

In the months of June or July, when the worms which are
engendered in the figs of the third or spring crop are about to
change into flies, the peasants gather these wild figs, stick
them upon a sort of skewers, and put them on the cultivated
fig-trees which are then in blossom. The flies which come
out of the wild fig-trees, after being thus transferred, enter the
cultivated fig, carrying with them the pollen or fructifying
dust which they collected in moving about among the stamens
of the wild fig blossoms, and introduce it to the very centre of
the fruit in which they are about to deposit their eggs. The
entrance of these flies produces a double effect—first that of
conveying to the cultivated fig the pollen of the wild fig; and
next that of causing a sort of irritation which attracts the
fluid to the parts where they are, and where they lay their eggs,
thus occasioning an abnormal enlargement. We see something
analogous to this in pears, which, when they have been pierced
by insects and contain worms inside, grow larger more quickly
than the rest. It is a little surprising to see the Greeks taking
so much trouble about figs; but we must bear in mind that they
form a large part of their food, and that therefore quantity is
of more consequence than quality.

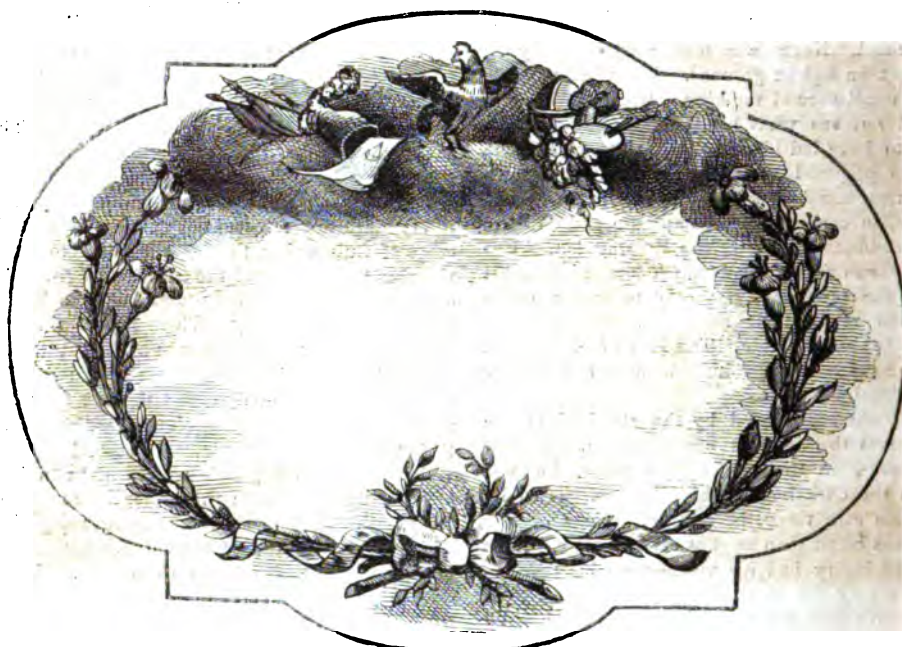
AMATEUR ARTISTS.

SOVEREIGNS and other eminent personages have not unfre-
quently been glad to seek relief from the pressure of weightier
affairs in the cultivation of art. A long list of distinguished
names might be drawn up to which this remark is applicable.
The royal family of France has been peculiarly rich in such
names. It is with great probability supposed that Charle-
magne—the founder of the Germanic empire, and the head of

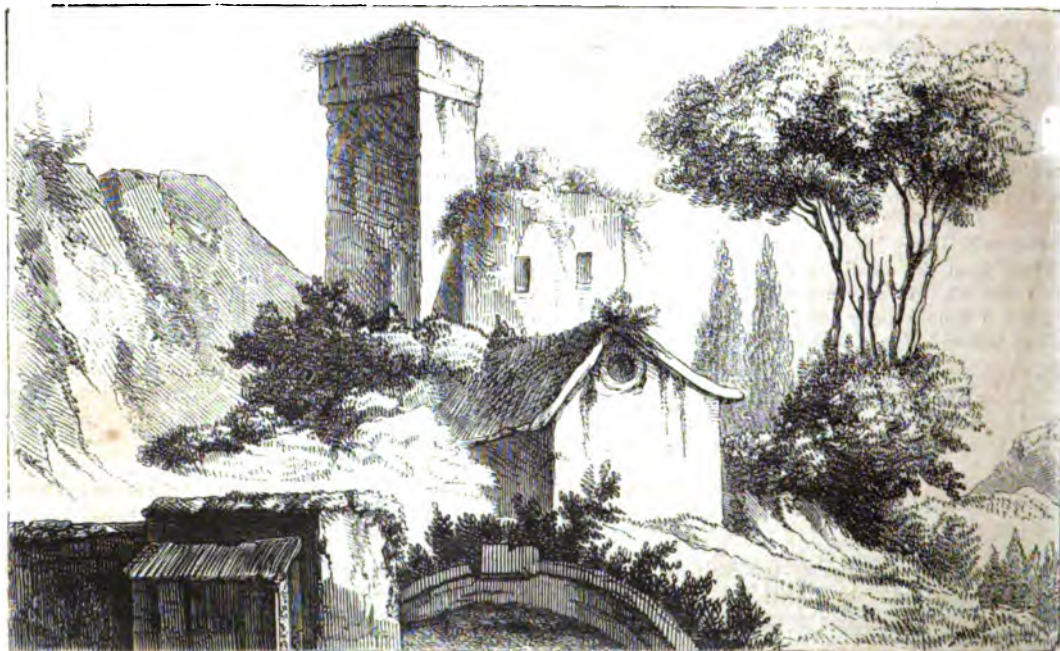
the Carolingian dynasty of French sovereigns—spent some
of his leisure hours in the illumination of missals. Among
other members of this family who have occupied themselves
in such pursuits, may be mentioned the Grand Dauphin, son
of Louis XIV.; one of the Dukes of Burgundy, who, about
the years 1694 and 1698, executed several engravings from the
works of distinguished artists; Louis Charles of Bourbon,



DRAWING WITH A PEN BY LOUIS XV. WHEN A CHILD.



FAC-SIMILE OF AN ETCHING BY LOUIS XVI.



ETCHING OF A LANDSCAPE BY DUKE DE CHARTRES (PHILIPPE EGALITE).

Count d'Eu, who also engraved with much skill Louis Henry of Bourbon, whose drawing was of a superior order; Louis of Bourbon, and the Count of Clermont, who produced an excellent engraving of a landscape in the style of Coypel. The passion of the good King Rene of Anjou for the fine arts is well known—an unfortunate passion, which withdrew him

the print department of the *Bibliothèque Nationale* at Paris, includes a vast store of curiosities, to some of which we venture to call the reader's attention. In the portfolio of the Grand Dauphin, son of Louis XIV., there is a view of the Escorial Palace at Madrid, where his mother, Maria Theresa, and his grandmother, Ann of Austria, were brought up, and



A LANDSCAPE BY THE BARONESS OF HERLAC.



ENGRAVING BY COUNT HESSENSTEIN.



DRAWING BY THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.



DRAWING BY EUGENE NAPOLEON OF LEUCHTENBERG.

too much from a due attention to the affairs of state, and at the same time was not crowned with any great success, if we may judge from the specimens he has left of his artistic skill. Mary de Medicis also deserves to be mentioned for her bold wood-engraving of the bust of a distinguished woman who lived in the middle ages.

The collection of drawings and engravings by amateurs in

where his son, the Duke of Anjou, afterwards reigned. Upon a leaf are five sketches traced with a pen by Louis XV. when a child, four drawings of little houses, and the two dogs, of which we give a *fac-simile* (p. 348). In the King's Library there is a collection of pen-sketches by various princes of the royal family, from Francis I. downwards. Among these are some by Count d'Artois (afterwards Charles I.); the Count de

Provence (afterwards Louis XVIII.); and the Dauphin (afterwards Louis XVI.). We have reproduced a well-executed etching (p. 348) of a *fleur-de-lis* garland, with a symbolical trophy of a cock, arms, and objects of art, by the last of these princes.

The landscape by the Duke de Chartres, which forms our third illustration (p. 348), is the production of a genuine artist. This Duke de Chartres could be no other than Louis Philippe Egalité, so familiar to those who have read of the first French revolution; for on a leaf of the portfolio containing his engravings it is stated that he was born in 1747. Besides the natural taste for art which distinguished his family, he had a good master in L. C. de Carmontelle, who was an agreeable and faithful attendant, and after whom he engraved a small plate called "The Manœuvre of St. Cloud," in the year 1764. His six landscape etchings are really masterly productions.

It is not easy to determine the origin of the charming landscape by the Baroness of Herlac, as she is termed in the manuscript (p. 349). It is by some thought to have been etched in 1756, from a drawing by Leprince, whose name appears on the margin of the plate. The pointed, lean, and slender figure (p. 349), like that of a gentleman-usher or a bailiff, was engraved some years later by Count Hessenstein, from an original design by M. de Hamilton, who intended this to be accompanied by a huge, fat, thick personage, with immense paunch and perruque.

Our readers may, probably, feel more interest in the next illustration (p. 349), which is a drawing by the Princess Charlotte, whose premature and melancholy death threw such a gloom over the English nation, no less on account of the singular private virtues which endeared her to the country, than the interest attaching to her position as heir-apparent to the throne. Eugene de Beauharnais, the former viceroy of Italy, who enjoyed equal popularity, was the father of the amateur artist who drew the last figure on the preceding page. The son, Eugene Napoleon, of Leuchtenberg, who was a cousin of the present Emperor of the French, married the late Queen of Portugal, whom he left a widow. There is a series of seven small etchings by him, the first of which is represented in our engraving.

The collection from which the above illustrations are taken was founded in the year 1754, when the following announcement was put forth respecting its contents:—"France loves the arts and cultivates them with success. This collection will supply striking proofs of that attachment, which extends from the sovereign to the peasant; and among the various ranks pervaded by it, may be observed some persons whose pursuits would seem almost incompatible with this pure and elevating study. It is divided into three parts: the first contains engravings by our kings, princes, and princesses; the second is composed of similar works by ladies of rank, who have amused themselves in this way; and the third includes the productions of lords and other persons of distinction, arranged in alphabetical order."

Such was the purpose contemplated in one of the most curious portfolios in the French national collection of plates. At the time of its original formation it was intended to include only engravings by amateurs; but ten years afterwards drawings were added.

Among other works deserving of notice is a small landscape bearing the following inscription, *Ludovica Maria, fecit, anno 1762*, and presented by the royal artist to Countess de Baschi, at Parma. The lady mentioned in the above inscription is Louisa Maria Theresa of Parma, second daughter of Don Philip, Infant of Spain, and Louisa Elizabeth of France.

THE MOLDAVIAN HELEN.

THE poet very properly asks, "What laid old Troy in ruins?" To this question but one answer can be given—a woman did it all. What mischief has the sex not done in its time! To please a woman Alexander set fire to his capitol, and Anthony made war with the conqueror of the world. To avenge the wrongs of a woman, monarchy was abolished in

Rome; and at a later day they usurped the wealth and power of Spain. Anne of Austria frowned on the libertine addresses of Buckingham, and the result was a war with France. The Duchess of Marlborough ruled Queen Anne, and in consequence we won the laurels of Blenheim and Ramillies. Mrs. Masham became Anne's favourite, and the protestant succession was in such jeopardy, that if Anne had not suddenly died, the Revolution would have been nullified, and James III. would have ascended the throne from which his father had been righteously expelled. Women, then, have done considerable damage. The author of the "Frontier Land of the Christian and the Turk" has given us a new instance of this old saw.

"Moldavia," writes a native historian, "like the Troad, offered the spectacle of a bloody war fought for a princess. she was as beautiful as Helen, and more innocent." The lady thus referred to was Roxandra, the daughter of Basil Luper, Prince of Moldavia about the middle of the seventeenth century, and of a Mahometan slave of Circassia, whose marvellous beauty had captivated the Christian prince. The daughter was still more beautiful, and five kings and sovereign princes of Eastern Europe disputed her hand. The father preferred the great warrior, Prince Coributh of Poland; but the daughter declared she would consent to no matrimonial arrangement till she had first seen and spoken with her betrothed. Soon after, she was at the church of the Three Saints on Palm Sunday, when it is the practice for every one to carry the branch of a tree. A youth of noble mien, in the disguise of a humble merchant, approached her and gave her the branch he held in his hand, at the same time gallantly saying, what every polite young man would under the circumstances, that the fatigues of his long journey were amply repaid by a glance of her bright eyes. The lady, of course, after such a flattering speech, took the branch—it was the least she could do—and on looking at it, she found on it a piece of paper bearing these words: "He, who burns to win thee, swears to succeed or die." The fair Roxandra concluded this burning youth could be no other than Prince Coributh, and gave him a smile which sent him away happy. Poland was then at war with the Cossacks, and being beaten, was compelled to sue for peace; but the Cossacks required, as the first condition for treating, the delivery of Prince Coributh into their hands. The young prince escaped into Moldavia, where he assumed the name of Argyrius. Here, under this assumed name, he became known to Prince Luper, who took him into great favour, and became known to the beautiful Roxandra, to whom he made love without declaring his real name, and by whom he was rejected on the ground that she would never marry any one but Prince Coributh. Meanwhile the Cossack hetman, after humbling the pride of Poland, returned to the Ukraine to consolidate his power, and to demand the hand of Roxandra for his son Timush. The young lady would not hear of a Cossack husband. The hetman grew furious, and invaded Moldavia: Luper was compelled to yield. But now the scene again changes. The war broke out again; Coributh returned to his country, and by his presence gave new courage to his troops. Fortune was unfavourable to the Cossacks, who were driven back to the Ukraine. The Prince of Moldavia then considered himself at liberty to retract his promise to marry his daughter to the hetman's son, Timush, which she implored him to do; and he now offered her hand to the victorious Coributh, whom she professed to love. The Polish suitor advanced with a numerous and warlike retinue to claim his bride. Timush armed his Cossacks to avenge the breach of faith of the Moldavian prince. The rivals met on their way to Jassy; a long and bloody battle ensued, and Coributh was killed. Bitter were the tears Roxandra shed, and still more bitterly did they flow when Timush summoned Luper to keep his word and to give him his daughter's hand. Roxandra, on her knees, besought him not to do so. Her heart was in the grave with Coributh; she never, never, could be another's. On the other hand, the boyards, fearing the country would be ravaged by the Cossacks, called on her father to save his country by sacrificing his child. The prince was in a terrible

lemma—he knew not what to do. He wished his country well, but he loved his child. At length, however, the crisis rminated, and he resolved to sink the father in the prince. alm Sunday again came round, and the reluctant bride again ent to the church of the Three Saints in procession, and ayed for a miracle to come to her assistance. As she ached the church, she was shocked by seeing those horrid ossacks again—the very men that had slain the loved one of r heart. Timush advanced from amongst them, and pre-nted the branch he held to the princess, who was considered patriotic, broken-hearted victim, and who did not dare to ise her eyes from the ground. He said,
 “I have won thee, and I claim thy hand.”

It was the voice of Coributh, of her brave, and beautiful, nd lost one. She looked up and saw, instead of a fierce and ivage Cossack, the handsome youth on whom she had estowed her heart a year ago, who, in the humble guise of a urchant, had made so lasting an impression upon her sus-eptible bosom.

“You are Coributh,” she exclaimed.

“I am Timush,” was the reply.

Timush or Coributh, she married him. It seemed that all along it was with Timush she had been in love. Coributh she had never known, not even when he was at her father's court; for he had kept his name secret, in the hope that he would soon return victorious in his real character. The story goes on to say, that when the remains of the Polish prince lay in state before interment, and the features of Argyrius were recognised, she wept for her friend thus suddenly cut down, but less bitterly than she had done for her lover. It is to be hoped that she had no reason to regret his loss. It is to be hoped that Timush made her a good Cossack husband, and that she made him a good wife. If Moldavia had had its Homer, the world would have been familiar with her charms. As it is, her name has long been buried in the forgotten past. All that we know of her is, that she was beautiful; and that for that beauty men fought and died. Nor is it necessary that we know more; imagination will do all the rest.

THE HON. FRANCIS HINCKS,

PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA.

THIS gentleman, to whose enlightened mind and patriotic spirit Canada is so deeply indebted, is the fifth and youngest son of Dr. Hincks, of the family of Hincks, of Breckenbrough, in Yorkshire, which traces its origin to William Hincks, an alderman of Chester, in 1641. Dr. Hincks, who settled in Cork in 1791, was an active member of the various benevolent societies in that city. He was minister of the Princes-street Presbyterian Congregation, and secretary of the Cork Institution; and was also distinguished for his success in the instruction of youth, several educational works that he published having had a large circulation, and many of his pupils having risen to eminence in their respective professions. In addition to the ordinary branches of school education, he gave lectures on natural philosophy, chemistry, and natural history, which were open to others as well as his immediate pupils, and which led to the establishment of the Cork Institution, of which he may be regarded as the founder. In January, 1815, he removed to Fermoy, in consequence of obtaining the mastership of the classical school there, founded by John Anderson, Esq.; and in July, 1821, to Belfast, having been elected head classical master and professor of Hebrew in the Royal Institution of that city.

Edward, the eldest son of Dr. Hincks, obtained a fellowship in Trinity College, Dublin, in 1813, and is now rector of Killyleagh, a college living, which was formerly of considerable value. He is the author of several papers in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, on subjects connected with Egyptian, Persian, and Assyrian archaeology. In the two latter his discoveries have attracted much attention, in connexion with those of Colonel Rawlinson, the same results having, in several instances, been obtained almost simultaneously, by the one at Killyleagh, and by the other at Bagdad. He was the first to determine the forms and values of the Assyrian numerals, from an examination of ancient inscriptions at Van, an account of which was published in the Journal of the Asiatic Society.

The second son, William, is distinguished as a naturalist; he was the first professor of natural history in Queen's College, Cork, and has lately obtained a similar appointment in Toronto, Upper Canada. The third son, Thomas, has been curate of Belfast, and is the prebendary of Cairne Castle; he has the character of being one of the most active and efficient clergymen of the established church in Ireland.

Francis, the subject of the present notice, commenced his education under his father, at Fermoy, and continued it in the classical and mathematical school of the Belfast Institution, then presided over by Dr. James Thomson, afterwards

professor of mathematics in the University of Glasgow. In the month of November, 1822, he entered the collegiate department of the institution, and attended the Logic and Belles Lettres, and the Greek and Latin classes during the winter session. But in May, 1823, he expressed a desire to be a merchant, and it was finally arranged that he should be articled for five years to the house of John Martin and Co., previously to which, however, he had three or four months' initiation into business habits in the office of his father's friend, Samuel Bruce, Esq., notary public and agent. The period for which he was articled terminated in October, 1828, but he continued with the firm until the beginning of 1830, when he sailed to the West Indies as supercargo of one of Messrs. Martin and Co.'s vessels. He visited Jamaica, Barbadoes, Trinidad, and Demerara, but not meeting with an inducement to settle in any of these colonies, he agreed to accompany a Canadian gentleman, whom he met at Barbadoes, to Canada, and proceeded to Montreal and Toronto, his object being to ascertain the nature of Canadian commerce and business. Having gleaned the information he desired, he returned to Belfast in 1831. In the following summer, having determined to settle in Canada, he married the second daughter of Alexander Stewart, Esq., linen merchant of Belfast; and soon after sailed to New York, and proceeded to Toronto, where he became the tenant of a house and store belonging to and adjoining the office and residence of Mr. Baldwin, who had emigrated from Cork several years previously. From him Mr. and Mrs. Hincks and their youthful family received attentions and services, of which Mr. Hincks often speaks with grateful recollection. He soon obtained a high reputation for knowledge of business, and when Mr. Mackenzie attacked Mr. Merritt and others, respecting the Welland canal, and obtained a parliamentary investigation, he was chosen, with another merchant, to examine the accounts. He was also appointed secretary to a Mutual Insurance Company, and cashier to a new Banking Company.

On the appointment of Lord Durham to the government of Canada, Mr. Hincks commenced the *Examiner* newspaper, in the editorship of which he displayed such remarkable vigour and talent, that he was invited to become a candidate for the representation of the county of Oxford in the first parliament held after the union of the Upper and Lower provinces. The election was held in March, 1841, when Mr. Hincks was returned by a majority of thirty-one over his opponent, a gentleman named Carroll. Shortly after his election, he was appointed by Sir Charles Bagot, Inspector-General of Finances, and was obliged in consequence to vacate his seat, and

return for re-election. He was opposed by John Armstrong, Esq., who abandoned the contest at noon on the third day, Mr. Hincks having a majority of 218. When Lord Metcalfe dissolved the Canadian parliament in 1844, Mr. Hincks was defeated, his opponents being Robert Riddell, Esq., who was returned by a majority of twenty over Mr. Hincks, and the Hon. Thomas Parke, who did not go to the poll. In 1848, however, he was again elected by the large majority of 335 over his old opponent, Mr. Carroll. Having for the second time accepted the office of Inspector-General of Finances, under the administration of his first friend in Canada, he was re-elected without opposition.

Upon the reconstruction of the ministry, consequent on the retirement of Mr. Baldwin, owing to his impaired health, Mr. Hincks was, through the strong expression

nine over his opponent, John G. Vansittart, Esq. Mr. Shenston, clerk and census commissioner of the county of Oxford, has, in his "Oxford Gazetteer," borne powerful testimony to the value of Mr. Hincks's patriotic and praiseworthy exertions. In dedicating his useful work to that gentleman, he says:—"I find that the first municipal act, giving to the people great powers; the amendment of it, whereby these powers were greatly increased; the establishment of township councils; the new election law, whereby a poll is opened in each township; the amendment to the election act, whereby sheriffs are *ex-officio* returning officers, and township clerks *ex-officio* deputy returning officers; the division court act, the new assessment act, the new jury act, the new post-office act, and cheap postage, all of them date their existence from the time of your first election to represent this



THE HON. FRANCIS HINCKS.

of public opinion, named prime-minister by the Governor-General; and he has since continued to fill that post with distinguished honour, and with the confidence and respect of all the good men of every political denomination in Canada. Nor is this a higher meed than he deserves; for it is mainly to his financial ability, his enlarged views as a politician, his great practical knowledge of what is conducive to the material interests of Canada, and his tact and experience as a parliamentary debater, that the province occupies its present position, and has before it the brilliant prospects that are constantly opening up.

When Mr. Hincks visited England in 1852, he had the honour of being presented to the Queen, who received him with much courtesy.

On his return to Canada, he was elected to represent the county of Oxford for the fifth time, by a majority of seventy-

county, and in all of them your masterly hand is unmistakably discerned. In addition to these inestimable and invaluable blessings, enjoyed, in common with us of this county, by the whole province, I may add that, although the Great Western Railroad and the London and Hamilton Plank and Gravel Road had long been in contemplation, and repeated unsuccessful attempts had been made to forward them before your election, it required your information, energy, and perseverance to complete the one, and place the other in its present prosperous and promising condition." It was he, too, who first appreciated the necessity of a great system of railways throughout the province; and it is to him that the credit of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, in its present extended proportions, is due. Happy, indeed, would every colony of Britain be, if its councils were directed by a minister as patriotic and as enlightened as Francis Hincks!

A VISIT TO PORTSMOUTH.*

AFTER an interval of about forty years, Portsmouth has again come a place of peculiar interest, and the scene of great activity. In this vast naval arsenal may be seen at the present time in which we write no fewer than seventeen first-rate line-of-battle ships, with about as many frigates and rammers, all in commission and ready to proceed to sea at a few hours' notice; not to mention the very many ships laid up ordinary in the harbour, which could also be got ready for service in an incredibly short space of time. This fortified town surrounded on every side by bastions, batteries, ravelins, ditches, and other dreadful-looking preparations for battle and slaughter, of which, in our peaceable nature, we confess ourselves in happy ignorance, even of their names. It is also a place interesting in the highest degree to the archaeologist, from the antiquity of these fortifications, which Leland, in his *Itinerary*, informs us were "began in the time of Edward I., and set forward in building them by Richard III.; and

establishments, both of which belong exclusively to, and produce articles exclusively for, the use of the Royal Navy. These two establishments, however—the Dock Yard and the Royal Clarence Victualling Yard—exhibit features of such interest, and we doubt not to many of our readers novelty, that we feel convinced that a few remarks descriptive of them will not be unacceptable.

But first for the town itself. The one great feature that must immediately strike the notice of every visitor to Portsmouth, is the series of fortifications which surround it. Now, as we have said before, we are thoroughly unacquainted with all relating to warlike matters. Still, to attempt a description of Portsmouth without including these, would be to realise the often-quoted, but we suspect fabulous, story of the country theatre playing *Hamlet* with the character of the Prince omitted. And, perhaps, after all, this very ignorance may be somewhat in our favour. Writing as we do to convey



PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

Henry VII. ended them, at the procurement of the Bishop of Winchester." It is interesting to the tourist from the very singularity of the town itself, no less than from its being the port from which he can most conveniently embark for one of the most beautiful spots in England—the Isle of Wight—distant only about four miles from Portsmouth; interesting also to the man of science, from the manufactures carried on there, some of which we are about to describe. Let not the reader, however, fancy from what we have just said about its manufactures, that Portsmouth in any way resembles Manchester, that great emporium of peaceful calico and utilitarian cotton prints. Nor is it in the least like Birmingham, where the more sanguinary cutlasses and death-dealing Minié-rifles are constructed. Portsmouth exports no staple products like the steel of Sheffield or the ribbons of Coventry. The manufactures of which we have spoken are confined to two great

our own impressions of the place to our readers, most of whom, we presume, know as little and wish to know as little of the art of war as we ourselves do; we are not at all sure that these impressions made on us by Portsmouth will not be as acceptable as if a brigadier-general (whatever that may be), fresh from the barracks, were to sit down and describe at length the height, advantages, capabilities, and situation of every single bastion, battery, ravelin, redoubt, etc., as aforesaid.

Of the antiquity of these fortifications we have already spoken. Queen Elizabeth, we are told, greatly increased and extended them, "and fortified it (the town of Portsmouth) so stronglee," says the contemporary historian from whom we copy, "that nothing is wanting to make it a place of great strength; some of the garrison mount guard day and night at the gates; others in the steeple, who by stroke of a bell giveth notice what numbers of horse and foot are approaching, and by a flag, which way they come." Charles II. and James

* We are indebted to an English correspondent for this account.

II. both added to the fortifications, and William III. completed them almost in the state in which they now stand. The lines of fortification round Portsea, a town which adjoins Portsmouth, and in which the docks are situated, were not commenced until 1770, and were only finished in 1809. But enough of their history. The reader will, doubtless, by this time be anxious for some sort of a description of them.

Imagine, then, a long series of massive stone walls facing about at every conceivable angle, and of heights varying from ten to twenty feet. Imagine these walls to have behind them and above them a solid mass of earth proof against cannon-balls. Suppose this earth-work pierced through at every few yards with openings just large enough to allow a most alarming-looking cannon to peep through upon the plains below, or else upon the sea, where, perhaps, the greatest number of them look out. Then imagine the whole of this stone-work, earth, cannon, and all, surrounded by a wide moat, or ditch, some twenty feet deep, generally dry, all but a small channel in the middle which is deeper; but capable of being completely flooded in a few minutes with water enough to swallow up a host. Imagine, we say, all this; and then you will have a tolerable idea of what are called the Portsmouth "lines." In addition to these, there are no end of seemingly indestructible stone buildings, all literally "bristling with cannon." Of these the principal are the Saluting Platform, so called from its guns being used for saluting the Queen, or any other personage of great dignity, when passing; but capable, in case an enemy should unhappily ever approach our shores, of doing most murderous damage; Southsea Castle, a fortress of stone, commanding Spithead and all the sea around outside the harbour, originally built by Henry VIII., and used as a state prison in the reign of Charles II.; Blockhouse Fort, situated upon a point of land running right out into the sea opposite to the town of Portsmouth, at the very entrance of the harbour; and a very ancient Round Tower at Point Battery, opposite Blockhouse Fort, where there was formerly a corresponding tower. Between these two towers, we are told by Leland, "a mighty chaine of yron" was stretched across the mouth of the harbour every night. The remains of the capstan for effecting this may still be seen, and we are informed that part of the "mighty chaine" itself is visible upon the beach at low water. The Round Tower is now, however, entirely appropriated to a powerful battery, having been made considerably higher within the last few years. Another battery stands upon the site formerly occupied by the old Semaphore telegraph, now superseded by the electric wires. Several other batteries might be mentioned; but it not being part of our plan to give anything like a list, we will proceed.

Our impressions on first beholding the fortifications of Portsmouth were singular. The first idea, we must confess, was something very like a feeling of alarm. Peaceful Londoners as we were, we could not but tremble to see, whichever way we turned, a cannon presented point-blank at us, and then, turning again to escape it, to see another, and again another! No escape from them, go where we would, like a haunted man in a melodrama. Cannon before us, behind us, and on every side of us; pointed at us from every conceivable angle; so much so, that we have always felt thoroughly convinced that, should they ever be fired in good earnest, some of them must of necessity shoot exactly into each others' mouths! It was, to say the least of it, something we were not accustomed to. Then we were struck by those funny little gateways (like juvenile Temple-bars), with drawbridges attached, which we met with all over the town; and those still more funny and still smaller arched passages underneath the "lines," some of which led into the high road, others into different odd nooks of fortifications, possibly "redoubts" or "ravelins." Then we were shown two more gates (if possible, even more funny-looking still), leading out directly into the sea. These, we were told, were "sally-ports;" and we immediately set it down (much to the disgust of our friend who pointed them out) that they had been so called after a belle of Portsmouth of the name of Sarah.

After awhile we take a boat, and now we are on our way

down the harbour. All round us we see objects in the highest degree worthy of notice—the Royal Clarence Victualling Yard; Haslar Hospital, for invalid sailors and marines; and large red brick buildings, seemingly without any mode of ingress or egress—no windows, doors, or even chimneys to be seen;—these are powder-magazines. Then we see the "Royal George" yacht, built for George IV. at a cost of £100,000. We pass the "Victory," renowned as the ship in which Nelson fought and fell—one of the chief lions of Portsmouth; and right before us lies the town itself. But stop; it is a beautiful morning, and we have yet a few minutes to spare. The reader may never have been on board a man-of-war: let us then have a look over the "Victory." What say you, reader? You consent? Very well. Waterman! put the boat about. We won't land yet. Just run us alongside the "Victory." "Aye, aye, sir;" and here we are, our pigmy boat grating against the wooden mountain that rises high above us. Reader, if you have never seen a man-of-war, here is a novel sight indeed. What first strikes you is, doubtless, the immense size of every part of her. The main-mast of a first-rate man-of-war, when ready for sea, with the top-mast and top-gallant-mast affixed to it, measures 212 feet high, somewhere about the height of the monument of London! while the yards, those seemingly small rods of wood stretching across the mast, are some of them upwards of 100 feet long! And everything is in proportion. The interior of the vessel resembles a small town—deck above deck, between each of which is seen a long perspective which, to the unaccustomed eye, is difficult to measure. The immense cable by which the ship is moored looks strong enough to hold the entire world together, should gravitation cease, and, this mighty chain be bound round the globe. The foot of each of the gigantic masts passing through the decks is bigger than a large—a very large, sugar-hogshead. And then mark the regularity on board. A place for everything, and everything in its place, is literally carried out on board a man-of-war. Here is the carpenter's store, there the rigging-store, the armoury, the purser's store—all order, no confusion. Then you see the immense guns, each thrust through a port-hole in the vessel's side. Should you hear them fired—and we did—hold your ears! It was only a salute we heard—one single gun fired at a time, and that with blank cartridge. But oh, such a report—heard as it was in the low space between the decks! What, then, must be the effect of a broadside from some fifty of these guns at once? The spot where Nelson fell is marked by a brass plate upon the quarter-deck, and where he died after having been carried below is also indicated. These two spots are held in the greatest reverence by the sailors.

We were shown the chain-pumps, capable of discharging a ton of water every minute. These pumps, which are used for emptying the ship of water should she spring a leak, are worked by the crew by long crank handles. They consist of a series of pistons fixed upon an endless chain of iron, and working in a cylinder. Working thus with a continuous motion, there are no piston-valves as in reciprocating action pumps, but the water is drawn up in one continued stream.

There are the mess-tables for the crew; the galley-fire for cooking; the officers' cabins; and the ward-room for the superior officers' use; all strange and interesting to the landsman; while down below, in the very bottom of the vessel (called the "hold"), are shown the tanks in which fresh water is carried out to sea. The rigging it would be impossible to describe. Such a tangled mass of cordage as it seems—and yet every rope has its distinct office. Some for shifting the sails, some for hoisting signals, others for supporting the different masts, etc.

But we must now take leave of her. We have done our best to point out to our readers some of the principal objects of interest on board—so, casting a lingering look behind, we get once more into our boat—and again and again, as we proceed onwards, looking back at the beautiful outline of the vessel when seen from a distance sufficient to take in the whole at a glance, we ultimately arrive once more at the town of Portsmouth.

MANUFACTURE OF GUTTA PERCHA.

THE following remarks from an English periodical, upon one of the most useful articles recently discovered, and applied to an immense variety of purposes, will, we doubt not, be read with interest:—

We live in eventful times; and every day brings to light some new discovery in science and the arts, or some special application of hitherto known but unappreciated agents. Here, a flash of the electric spark conveys intelligence from point to point, over mountains and through the very sea itself; there, the discovery of a new law in nature robs romance of half its charms, and explains, in part, the dreamy superstitions of our ancestors; everywhere the mind of man is active and awake, and ready to receive new impressions. Indeed, one of the most remarkable characteristics of the age in which we live is an inquiring spirit, which, in some cases, amounts almost to lameable credulity. Within the memory of living men, steam and gaslight, electricity and galvanism, photography and mesmerism, were unknown agencies to the great mass of the people; and it is only within the last ten years that the substance called "Gutta Percha" has become a useful appliance in domestic life.

We purpose, aided by the pencil of the artist, to record briefly the history and uses of this curious vegetable gum. Let us glance at the history

GUTTA PERCHA IN ITS NATIVE WOODS.

Like photography and the new planet, this product seems to have had more than one discoverer—Dr. Montgomerie, assistant-surgeon to the Presidency at Singapore, and Mr. Thomas Lobb, botanical agent to the Messrs. Veitch, the well-known florists of Exeter, each claiming the discovery as his own, though each was miles distant from, and acting independently of, the other. Priority of discovery, however, seems by common assent to be given to the first-named gentleman. The home of the gutta percha tree is in the islands of the Indian Archipelago, where there is reason to believe that it is indigenous. In the year 1824, Dr. Montgomerie was out in the woods at Singapore, when he observed, in the hands of a *urang*, or native woodsman, a hatchet, the handle of which was composed of a strange substance. "I questioned the workman, in whose possession I found it," says the Doctor, in his account to the Society of Arts, "and heard that the material of which it was formed could be moulded into any form by dipping it into hot water, when it became as plastic as clay, and when cold regaining its original hardness and rigidity." Subsequent inquiry led to the fact that gutta percha, like caoutchouc, or india-rubber, is the sap of a species of sapotaceous forest tree, thousands of which abound in the dense forests of the Malay peninsula. Our engraving will convey a good idea of its noble proportions.

Of course, the Doctor was not long in disseminating his knowledge of so remarkable a substance. He speedily procured specimens of the tree and its product in various states of preparation, and forwarded them to the Society of Arts in London. As soon as it arrived in this country, its peculiar properties were rigidly inquired into; and, its value in manufactures being speedily ascertained, the gold medal of the Society was awarded to the Doctor as the first discoverer.

This substance derives its name, not from the scientific world—though it is curious that the first half of the term is the Latin word for *drop*, whence it might be concluded that gutta percha meant the *droppings* of the percha tree—but from the native Malays. It is pronounced *pertscha*, not *perka*.

Dr. Montgomerie had several opportunities of becoming acquainted with the method by which the gutta or sap was obtained from the tree. The fruit yields a "concrete and edible oil, which is used by the natives with their food;" while the sap circulates between the bark and wood of the tree in vessels whose course is sufficiently well marked by black longitudinal marks. At first the natives were in the habit, when they required a supply, of felling the tree; but experience soon taught them that the milky juice might be collected

by cutting notches here and there in the trunk, and that in this way the life of the tree might be saved for future "tappings." The sap coagulates in a few minutes after it is collected; but before the crude gum becomes quite hard, it is kneaded by hand into compact oblong masses from seven to twelve inches in length, by four or five in thickness. This part of the work is mostly performed by women, as seen in the engraving. The blocks made up for exportation, however, are not always of uniform size and appearance, the fancy of the rude barbarian sometimes giving them strange forms—such as that of a bird with red berries for eyes, images of ships, quadrupeds, or the "human face divine." The gum is always sold by weight—a fact which is taken advantage of by the crafty savage, who, in humble imitation of more clever adulterators, sometimes introduces a stone or a heavy substance into the interior of the mass. As it would entail a serious loss of time on the merchant if he were to cut each block at the port of shipment, it often happens that, on the substance reaching this country, it is found to conceal stones or rubbish; and then woe to the purse and the cutting-knives of the purchasers! Besides this, however, the block often contains a vast amount of unavailable material in the shape of bark, dirt, leaves, and so on, which become accidentally incorporated with the gum.

From the examination of the specimen sent over by Dr. Montgomerie, it became apparent that a large trade in the article would speedily take place; and in a few months the jungles of the Johore Archipelago, the scene of the first gatherings, were explored by Englishmen, Chinese, and Malays, in search of the gum-exuding tree. Their efforts were actively seconded by the natives; and in a short time it was discovered that the supply, of which some doubts had at first been entertained, was almost inexhaustible. It is singular, remarks an acute observer, that, although the Portuguese, Dutch, and English, had, one or other of them, retained possession of the islands on which the trees grow for more than nine centuries and a half, it should have remained for an Englishman to discover their valuable properties at so late a date as 1843.

The rise of this new trade gave a great impulse to the activity of the Oriental islanders; and the value of the gum becoming fully known, eager search was made from island to island, and among the forests of the Archipelago; and large profits were made by the *sarmingongs*, or chiefs, of the aboriginal tribes, who exacted from the gum-hunters a royalty on all they found. Sufficient profit, however, was left, even after this deduction, to stimulate the cupidity of the natives, and the port of Singapore was speedily supplied with the article in great quantities. At present, above two millions of pounds are exported into this country in the many-shaped masses alluded to. We will now inquire into

THE NATURE AND APPLICATIONS OF GUTTA PERCHA.

At the present time the chief supplies of the article come from Singapore, though vast numbers of the tree—the wood of which, being of a soft spongy nature, is of little commercial value—are found in Borneo, Java, Sumatra, and Penang. In its nature it differs from indian-rubber chiefly in its superior density and toughness. Though both substances are somewhat alike in appearance and manner of application, the absence of oxygen in indian-rubber may account for its greater elasticity. The chemical constituents of gutta percha, as ascertained by Dr. MacLachlan, are—

Carbon	86.86
Hydrogen	12.15
Oxygen...	1.49
			— 100

While those of india-rubber are—

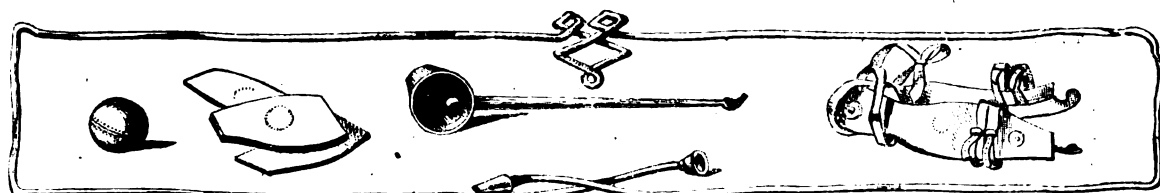
Carbon	87.2
Hydrogen	12.8
			— 100

Exposed to a temperature of 248 degrees, gutta percha melts; and in cooling remains in a semi-fluid adhesive state—par-





GUTTA PERCHA—ROLLING MACHINE AND TANK.



tially decomposed, in fact; and when set on fire it burns very readily, with a dense smoke. At a temperature of about 200 degrees it becomes soft and ductile, though without stickiness, and can be put into the shape it is intended to retain when cool. Its specific is .975, that of water being 1.000. It is a repellant of, and completely unaffected by, any description of cold water; and of heat and electricity it is a non-conductor. It is proof against alkalies and acids, being only affected by sulphuric or nitric acid in a highly concentrated state; while the most powerful ascetic, hydrofluoric, or muriatic acids, or chlorine, have no effect whatever on its structure or capabilities. Of its power to resist frost, sufficient proof exists in the number of boot and shoe-soles manufactured from it; and of its acoustic properties we shall have more to say.

The capabilities of the resin were tested as soon as the specimen forwarded by Dr. Montgomerie reached London, and a kind of historical interest is attached to this sample from the fact that, from this humble beginning, a large branch of manufacture has arisen which now employs some thousands of workmen. Several ingenious tests were applied to the specimens, and it was soon proved, by Messrs. Whishaw and Hancock, that it was applicable to a vast number of purposes; and from it were made tubing, lathe-bands, and impressions of medals—all of which were shown at the late Exhibition in Hyde-park. If further proofs of its value were necessary, we need only refer to the experiments made by these gentlemen; one of which consisted in the softening a mass of the material in hot water, pressing it round a soda-water bottle, hardening it in cold water, pressing it out into a thin sheet, and then, by the application of heat, again rolling up the gum into the form at first assumed. From the patents taken out by Messrs. Hancock, arose the manufacturing and trading firm known as the "Gutta Percha Company."

We will now examine

THE MANUFACTURE OF GUTTA PERCHA.

Perhaps few of our readers think what a vast amount of capital and labour are constantly working hand in hand in the byways of London. We pass through the main streets, and are acquainted with the general complexion of the thoroughfares right and left; but, unless our business leads us directly into the vortex of industry, we bestow little thought upon aught that comes not immediately before our eyes. A few steps out of the main line in one direction take us into the midst of the tan-yards of Bermondsey; a hundred yards or so from Finsbury-square, and we are in a new world among the weavers of rich silken and velvet stuffs; through a street or two from that same square, and we are deafened by the clang of hammers and the din of labour; in every direction, did we care to search, we should find factories where hundreds of men earn the "daily bread" for which, it is to be hoped, they nightly pray. So it is with the spot in which the Gutta Percha Company have their factory. A few yards out of the City-road, near the canal basin, and we find ourselves in a strange neighbourhood, where coals, and lime, and culm, and building materials, are being constantly unloaded from queer-shaped vessels, and where numerous manufactures are being carried on. In this "Wharf-road" are the works we are now visiting.

We enter a modest-looking doorway beside a pair of folding gates, on which the words "Gutta Percha Company" are painted, and we become speedily aware that a branch of manufacture of which we hitherto knew next to nothing is being carried on within. Sight and smell—a smell something like a tan-yard, something like old cheese, something like half-dried clothes in a laundry, something like gas-tar—an odour we soon become accustomed to—inform us that we may expect to witness a new sight. And we are not mistaken; for the manufacture of gutta percha has necessitated the invention and use of novel machines, strange processes, and odd-looking tools. Every fresh application of the material—whether it be the production of merely useful or highly ornamental designs, the imitation of the grain of wood, the close texture of papier-

maché, or the endeavour to make this Eastern gum a substitute for leather—has necessitated the invention of tools not hitherto thought of, and the use of appliances beyond the range of the ordinary workman. As soon as we are fairly in the yard of the works, we look around and read the history of the manufacture all about us. Here are piled great heaps of the raw material, in all imaginable strange shapes; there, and on every side, are buildings erected especially for the processes to be carried on inside—store-rooms, engine-houses, workshops, a quay for unshipping the gum, *cum multis aliis*.

Let us enter the building nearest us, and, by the help of Mr. Statham, the intelligent manager, and "our own artist," we will endeavour to explain what we witness. The blocks of gutta percha required for use are taken from this heap to the cutting machine. This is a large solid vertical disc of iron, making about two hundred revolutions per minute. The raw material is cut into thin slices by several sharp knives, like those in a carpenter's plane. The block of gutta percha, being brought to the edge of a sloping iron table, is rapidly caught up by the knives, and literally reduced to shavings, which fall into a receptacle beneath. The cutting apparatus, as well as the other machines on the premises, is put in motion through the agency of two fifty-horse power engines, the boilers of which are constructed on a novel plan, by which eleven pounds of water are evaporated to one pound of fuel. The furnaces, moreover, consume their own smoke. A reference to the engraving will convey a good idea of the appearance of the cutting machine; and we may remark, in passing, that the stone and other adulterative material which the cupidity of the Malay gatherers has added to the mass, are discovered by this process, often very much to the injury of the cutters.

Reduced to shavings, the gutta percha must next be perfectly cleansed of its impurities. This is no easy matter, but patience and hot water are certain at last to effect the desired object. The shavings are thrown into great tanks and boiled, and then, the greater part of the rubbish having fallen to the bottom, the gum is collected into one mass and carried to what is called the "teaser"—a sort of large circular box, containing a cylinder or drum, covered entirely with rows of bent, jagged teeth. Revolving at a great rate (about 800 turns in a minute), the "teaser" quickly tears the mass into shreds and tatters, which fall into a vat of water beneath. The true gutta percha, being lighter than water, floats on the surface, while the impurities sink to the bottom; and thus, being perfectly cleansed of all impurities, is ready, crisp and new-looking, for the succeeding process. Another boiling brings the material again into a soft, compact mass, which is "kneaded" or "masticated" in heated iron cylinders, in which revolving drums so completely turn and twist the pasty gum as to bring it into a perfectly homogeneous state, without a particle of water in its composition.

In this state the gutta percha may be considered ready for manufacture, and the subsequent processes are employed either in making it up in sheets or tubes. If required for after use in the production of ornamental articles, the kneaded mass is carried to the rolling machine. This apparatus is similar to that employed in paper mills, the gutta percha passing on an endless band through steel cylinders placed at the requisite distances apart, according to the thickness of the sheet required. By a simple adjustment of the cylinders, it can be made to produce with equal ease the stoutest driving-band or the thinnest tissue so much used and appreciated by surgeons as a substitute for oiled silk, hydropathic bandages, etc. During the passage of the sheet through the machine, it has become sufficiently cooled to form a solid consistent body; or if the substance of the sheet required be too thick to allow it to cool in the ordinary manner, it is blown upon as it passes on to the drum at the end by a series of fans, like those in a winnowing machine. When the material is required to be in strips, a very ingenious construction of knives takes the sheet just before quitting the machine, and cuts it into longitudinal bands of the required width, which are, as before, carried forward on to the drum.

In the production of tubing, a different but highly ingenious and simple process takes place. "A mass of the softened material is forced by a piston through a steel cylinder, terminating in a mould, which consists of a solid circular piece of metal set within an iron tube, the space between the two being the thickness required;"—in fact, this is a very curious modification of the wire-drawing process. The gutta percha, after having left the mould in a tubular form, is received into a canal of water about fifty feet in length. The office of the water is to prevent the tube from contracting or collapsing; the pressure being equal both within and without, it is thus reserved in the required shape, and is afterwards dried and hardened by exposure to the air. As the tube leaves the water it is wound off at the other end, and the "feeding cylinder" is so contrived that no pause occurs in the transmission of the material. By this means a pipe of upwards of 1,000 feet in length has been manufactured in one piece.

From the sheeting and tubing thus prepared an infinite variety of articles are composed. The numerous workshops are crowded with men and boys engaged in various operations. In the cutting and stamping room the paper-cutting machine, invented by Mr. Wilson, is brought into extensive operation, moulds of every description being used to produce the different articles; and so great is the demand for new combinations of gutta percha, that scarcely a week passes without some addition to the stock of curious contrivances—some unique pattern, some elegant design, or some useful appliance. As we said before, the novelty of the manufacture has introduced a vast number of curious looking tools, etc.; but it may be affirmed that the principal and indispensable necessities are, boiling water, the knife, the mould, the press, and the plastic hand of the workman. The operation of the cutting machine is as instantaneous as it is curious. If shoe-soles are required, the band is applied to the machine, and a dozen pieces of one shape is the result; if line or string is wanted, a series of sharp knives press down on the material, and the necessary quantity is ready for the workman's hand to roll and polish; and so of every article in which a distinct outline is necessary.

The next process is the moulding or stamping. The sheets are cut into pieces, and each piece is warmed sufficiently to take the impress of the die. These moulds, many of which display great ingenuity and originality, are all made on the premises, and constitute a distinct branch of the company's operations. We come now to speak of

THE USES OF GUTTA PERCHA.

The most important use to which this material has been applied is undoubtedly that of tubing. The history of water-carrying is the history of civilisation. First the spring at which the wayfarer stooped to drink; then the rude passage formed of trunks of trees laid end to end; then the aqueduct, carried o'er hill and valley to imperial Rome; then the gay, splashing fountain, with its retinue of water-carriers; lastly, the leaden pipe, which does its office stealthily beneath the earth, and bears the stream from distant country places into our very homes. But even the reign of the leaden pipe is doomed, and must give way in turn to gutta percha. Even while we write, the system of supply for large cities is undergoing change, and medical men are beginning to perceive that the conveyance of water in leaden pipes is hurtful to the health. "Many serious and alarming disorders," says Dr. Thomas Smith, "such as mania, epilepsy, sudden death, nervous affections, paralysis, consumption, hydrocephalus, heart disease, etc., owe their origin, in some instances, their intractable character in others, to the gradual and continuous infinitesimal doses of lead, copper, etc., introduced into the system through the channel of our daily drink." For all sanitary purposes the gutta percha tubing is admirably adapted, as it possesses strength, purity, and is entirely unaffected by frost. It is accordingly extensively used for pump-barrels, ship-pumps, fuel-pipes, for locomotive engines, syphons for mines, suction-pipes for fire, garden, and washing engines; and, being unaffected by acids, is available for bleaching and all chemical

purposes. It may be united to a metal pipe without difficulty; is unhurt by gas or chlorine; and, as for strength, it has been found to resist a pressure of 200 lbs. to the square inch. At New York a gutta percha pipe of 1,000 feet in length, and of but two and a half inches calibre, has been laid down for conveying the Croton water from Blackwell's Island. Its durability has been proved by the fact of its having lain in damp ground quite uninjured for two years, and its ductility is seen in the fact that it may be bent, twisted, or coiled in all directions without injury. A curious and valuable use has been made of the gutta percha tube in illuminating buildings. One end being attached to a gas-pipe, and the rest coiled round a cylinder, the light may be carried about by hand to any part of the building, the tube being coiled and uncoiled at pleasure.

Formed into carboys, flasks, funnels, bowls, scoops for ladles, linings for cisterns, battery-cells, buckets, troughs, or syphons, the Indian gum answers its purpose equally well, and is found far more strong and economical than any material hitherto tried.

In acoustics the gutta percha tubing has been found of admirable service; and whether employed as an ear-trumpet for the deaf; as a speaking tube in a railway carriage; a domestic telegraph by which messages may be conveyed from one part of the house to another, and whereby the lowest whisper is distinctly heard; a speaking apparatus from the mouth to the lowest depths of mines; or as an appliance whereby a minister may address the deaf among his congregation—it has been found equally certain and unfailing. In various churches and chapels it has been applied to the latter purpose, being conveyed under the flooring from the pulpit to the most distant pews; and in more than one instance it has been attached to the doorway of the medical man, and carried up to his bedside, so that he is enabled to communicate with the messenger of his patients as readily as if he attended them in person in the cold night air.

For shoe and boot-soles it has been extensively applied, and numerous testimonials speak of its efficacy in resisting damp, and protecting the feet from cold and frost in all situations. As a substitute or addition to leather for these purposes it is undoubtedly of great and important use.

We would willingly speak at length of its services in telegraphic communication; but when we say, as is already known to all our readers, that through its agency the British Channel has been spanned, and Paris, and Berlin, and Brussels have been brought within speaking distance of London; when by a flash of lightning the submarine telegraph conveys intelligence from shore to shore, we think we have sufficiently testified to its usefulness and importance in this respect.

As a decorative and fine art material, gutta percha has been brought into use in an immense variety of ways. In gutta percha are formed all manner of domestic appliances and ornaments—trays of all sorts and sizes; vases, watch-stands, and plates; bouquet-holders, statuettes, brackets, jugs, mugs, inkstands, and clothes-lines; flower-pots and stands, paper-weights, medallions, cornices, doors, mouldings, picture and glass frames, drinking cups, fishing nets, and portmanteaus; skates, policemen's batons, and boats; oil-cans, washing basins, and whips; stethoscopes, splints for dislocations, and curtain-rings; stuffing for horses' feet, mill-bands, and stop-cocks; cutting boards, cabmen's hats, and traces; life preservers, bottling boots, and seals; powder-flasks, air-guns, and book-covers; sponge-bags, galvanic batteries, and bandages for broken limbs. For all these, and thousands of other purposes, it has been found of eminent utility, and we think enough has been said to commend it to the reader's attention. It may be mentioned, in conclusion, that many imitations and falsifications of the company's patent have been attempted, to obviate which the names and offices of the patentees are now stamped on all articles issuing from their establishment. We could go on, but space forbids. To the stranger in London, and the seeker after novelty in manufactures, an hour or two cannot be more profitably spent than in visiting the works of the Gutta Percha Company. Much that is useful, much that is curious, and much that is beautiful, awaits his inspection.

KONIEH.

KONIEH is a town of Asiatic Turkey, built on the ruins of Iconium, the capital of Lycaonia. To this city allusion is made both in sacred and profane history. Herodotus, Strabo, Cicero, and Xenophon, make mention of the place; and there St. Paul was persecuted by the unbelieving inhabitants, both Jews and Gentiles. The ancient name signified *image*, and was bestowed, it is said, on account of the head of Medusa being suspended from one of the columns.

After the taking of Nicæa by the crusaders, in 1099, Konieh

built on the model of that of St. Sophia at Constantinople. Neither is there anything beautiful in the surrounding country—for the most part it lies bleak and bare, an inhospitable district, a dreary, barren plain, edged with snow-covered mountains. But Konieh has still something interesting. Its importance belongs to the past; but the walls reared by the sultans, from the remains of old Iconium, are covered with figures in alto-relievo, which are said to be the finest in Turkey. The gate represented in our engraving is thus orn

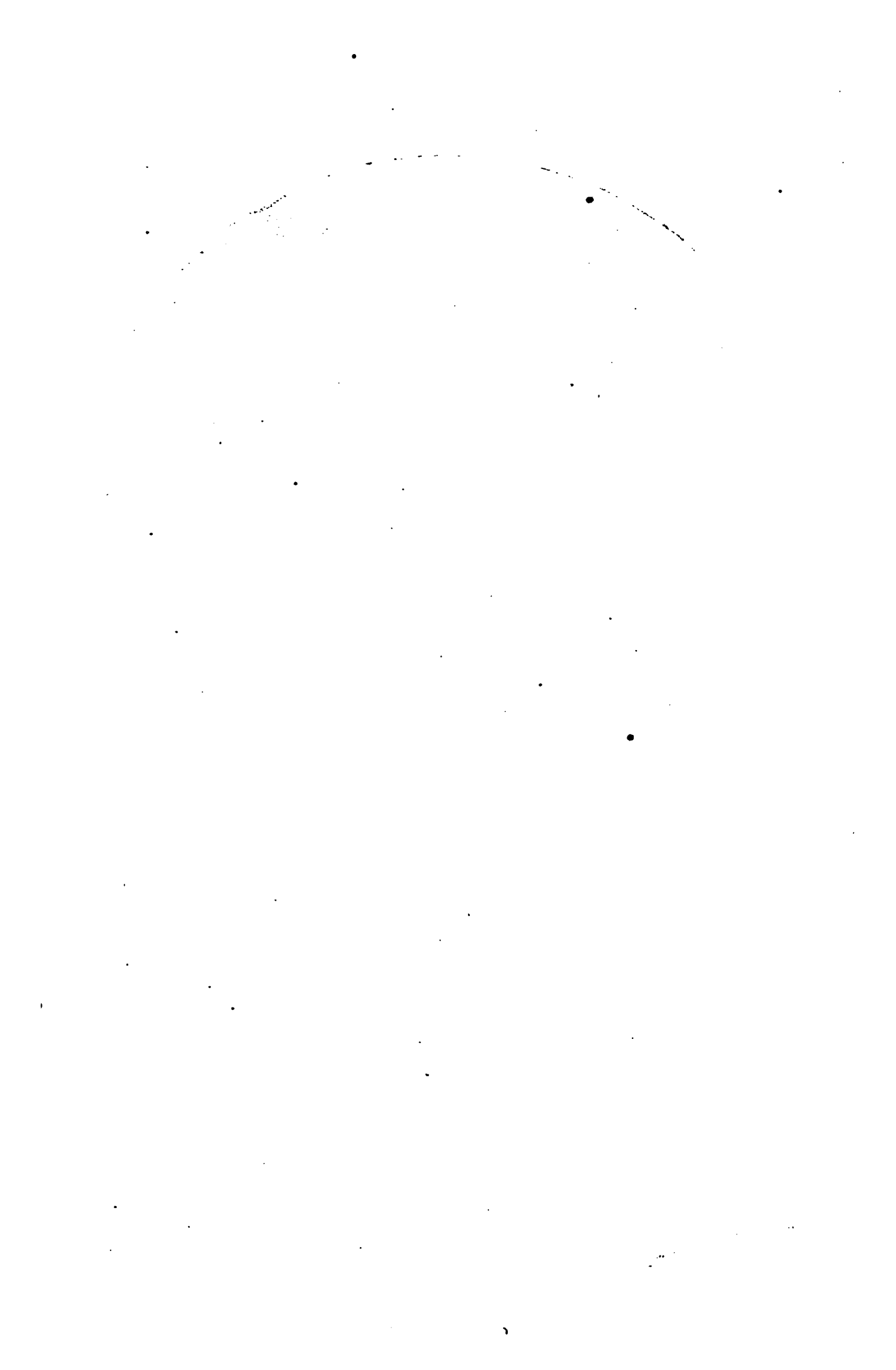


THE GATE OF KONIEH.

became the residence of the Seljuk Sultans, by whom it was restored to much of its ancient glory, and embellished with many new buildings. Ninety years afterwards it again changed hands, and the Turks were expelled by Frederick Barbarossa. At his death the city was retaken by the Moslems, and there the Seljuk Sultan lived in great state till the irruption of the Khans. Since the days of Bajazet it has been included in the territory of the Grand Seignior.

Konieh has little to recommend it. The mosques, the coffee-houses, and the Armenian churches, have nothing very attractive in them, except, perhaps, Sultan Selim's mosque,

and is a very fair specimen of the whole. The winged figures over the gate are supposed by the inhabitants to be good angel Gabriel, and the fallen spirit Ariel. The key ornamented with a double-headed eagle. The balls suspended by chains from the upper part of the wall are trophies, common enough among the Mussulmen, of former triumphant victories. The structure altogether is in a very ruinous condition, the sculptures sadly defaced, and the appearance of the gate injured by the Turkish booths which are clustered thick about it; but there is still enough to attract a visit from an antiquary, and to reward him for his trouble.





OLIVER CROMWELL.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

THE world at length understands Oliver Cromwell. Every believer in truth, every worshipper of sincerity, must thank Thomas Carlyle for this. He was the first to expose the misrepresentations that have grown and thickened these last two hundred years, and to help mankind to realise what an honest, earnest, God-fearing man this Cromwell was—how he was guiltless of selfishness and ambition; and how, full of faith and love, he laboured for one great end, in the council-chamber or the battle-field.

Cromwell came of good family. His mother had royal blood in her veins. His paternal ancestors sat as barons in parliament so far back as Edward the Second's time. Cromwell himself was born at Huntingdon, in the large Gothic house to which his father's brewery was attached, on the 25th of April, 1599. He was a second son, and the only one of three who lived to manhood. Curious tales are told of Oliver's childhood. On one occasion, it is said, playing with the future Charles I., he quarrelled with his illustrious playmate, and made the blood flow in copious streams from the prince's nose. On another occasion, he is said to have dreamt that the curtains of his bed were slowly withdrawn by a gigantic female figure, who told him that before his death he would be the greatest man in England. His first years were spent in the Grammar-school of his native town, and he entered Sydney Sussex College, Cambridge, April 23rd, 1616, the very day on which Shakespeare died. Soon after the death of his father, Cromwell proceeded to London, and, according to Noble, was entered at Lincoln's Inn, although the books of all the inns of court have been searched, and there is no mention made of Cromwell in any of them. In August, 1620, Cromwell being then twenty-one years and four months old, we find him married to Elizabeth Bourchier, a kinswoman of the Hampdens. The marriage was celebrated in St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate—the church in which, some fifty years after, Milton's wearied body found repose. Cromwell then returned to Huntingdon, where he threw open the doors of his house to the persecuted nonconformist divines, where many of his children were born, and where he seems to have been active in business as a brewer, and at the same time to have undergone a deep religious change. In the third parliament of Charles I., Cromwell took his seat for Huntingdon. It was a parliament of sober, serious men. Weeping like a girl, old Coke declared Buckingham the author of all the miseries that had fallen upon the nation; but Charles angrily prorogued the parliament. In the next session Cromwell made his first speech. "Dr. Alabaster," he had heard, "had been preaching flat popery at Paul's Cross;" but the matter dropped, as, in another fortnight, parliament was dissolved. In the next eleven years, Charles ruled without parliaments, and Cromwell retired into private life. He removed from Huntingdon to St. Ives, where he remained till the summer or spring of 1638. In that year we find him at Ely. Here he remained till the time of the Long Parliament, draining the fens, while "cousin Hampden" was trying the right of the king to collect ship-money. At length the Long Parliament met, with Cromwell as member for Cambridge. During the first three-and-twenty months we find but few traces of our hero. He was, however, only biding his time, in patience possessing his soul. On Sunday, 23rd of October, 1642, we find Captain Oliver present at Edgehill, and doing his duty, though he had but four tapsters to lead against the enemy. Associations were formed for the protection of the counties against the king's troops; of these the most important was that in the Eastern counties, in which he raised a troop of horse, of which he became colonel. Cromwell was made lieutenant under the Earl of Manchester, and governor of the Isle of Ely, and did good service to the parliamentary cause by his bravery, his determination, and skill. Shortly after we find him at Waisby, near Horncastle, where he had a horse killed under him. This engagement had a startling effect. It revived the parliamentarians. Charles, when he heard of

it, was reported to have said, "I would that some one would do me the good fortune to bring Cromwell to me, alive or dead."

Cromwell now had his hands full. Prince Rupert, in 1644, came pouring over the hills from Lancashire with an army of some 20,000 men, and was met by the parliamentary generals at Marston Moor—with what result, the world knows well. But we must pass rapidly along the history of those times—the passing of the self-denying ordinance, Cromwell's expedition in the west, his return to the associated counties, the battle of Naseby, etc. Suffice it to say, war being done with for a time, we find Cromwell in his place in parliament, deep in debate on the further establishment of the Presbyterian government. Meanwhile, after much insincere negotiation on his part, the king escapes from Hampton Court, and is lodged or the present in Carisbrook Castle. In 1646 Cromwell wins the battle of Naseby; and parliament makes him a baron, and settles on him a pension. In 1648 the civil war again breaks out. Cromwell marches into Wales, in May; then to Scotland, in August; and returns to town in a crisis. Members of parliament are sent to the Tower and elsewhere. The minority becomes a majority: that majority did a thing memorable in English history: by it was tried and executed Charles Stuart, King of England. The second civil war being thus terminated, Cromwell left England for Ireland, where Ormond, with his army, is strong for the king. Cromwell's career began at Drogheda, whose garrison, consisting of 3,000 men, he put to the sword. Wexford met with a similar tragic fate. Of a truth, Cromwell was no rose-water quack. At Clonmel he closed his Irish campaign, and returned to England, where, in 1650, he was made Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of all the parliamentary forces. Immediately he was marching on to Scotland. At Dunbar he defeated David Leslie with an army of upwards of 23,000 men. Next summer he destroyed the hopes of royalty for a time, and thus triumphantly consummated his military career. Henceforth we find him as potent in the council-chamber as in the field of battle. The Rump Parliament had become useless; and thirty-one months after the battle of Worcester it had to be dismissed, and in what manner dismissed it is needless to repeat. This was followed by the Barebones Parliament. After five months of struggling and debating, the members resigned their powers to his excellency, and the parliament dissolved itself. Nothing remained but that Cromwell should be made Protector, which accordingly was done. At this time, says Carlyle, "he stands some five feet ten, or more—a man of strong, solid nature, and dignified, now partly military carriage; the expression of him, valour and devout intelligence—energy and delicacy on a basis of simplicity. Fifty-four years old gone April last; brown hair and moustache, now getting gray. A figure of sufficient impressiveness—not lovely to the man-milliner species, or pretending to be so. Massive structure; big massive head, of somewhat leonine aspect; wart above the right eye-brow; nose of considerable blunt aquiline proportions; strict yet copious lips, full of all tremulous sensibilities, and of all fierceness and rigours; deep loving eyes—call them grave—call them stern, looking from under those craggy lashes as if in life-long sorrow, yet not thinking it sorrow."

Well may Cromwell look sorrowful. Troubles thicken round him. No parliament suits him; and he is surrounded with plots—some royalist, some the reverse—on all sides. He has no peace, no rest; he becomes haggard and weary-worn. On the 6th of August, 1658, Lady Claypole, Cromwell's favourite daughter, died. A few days after, George Fox, the Quaker, meets Oliver in Hampton Court at the head of his guards. "I saw and felt," writes honest George, "a waft of death go forth against him, and when I came to him, he looked like a dead man." Quaker Fox saw but too truly: the conqueror of all England had bowed, in his turn, to a mightier power. A hand, heavier than his own, was on him. On the 3rd of September, Oliver Cromwell died.

THE FUNGUS TRIBE.

CHAPTER III.

WE have before stated that the greater number of esculent fungi belong to the tribe *Pileati*, under which head are classed the divisions *Agaricus*, *Boletus*, *Hydnum*, *Polyporus*, *Fistulina*, *Cantharellus*, and several other genera, all of which furnish more or fewer edible species. Of these, however, we find the most under the head *Agaricus*, a division which takes its name from *Agaria*, a kingdom of *Sarmatia*. Our English word mushroom (by which all kinds of edible fungi are commonly designated) has a French origin, and comes from the word *mousseron*, "originally," says Badham, "spelled *mousseron*; and belongs of right to that most dainty of funguses, the *Agaricus prunulus*, which grows amidst tender herbage and moss, whence its name." *Champignon* is also of French derivation; but whilst that name in France is generic, the English make it specific, and restrict it to a single species, the *A. oreades*, or "fairy-ring mushroom," of which more hereafter. *Agaricus prunulus* has also a right to the cognomen "fairy-ring mushroom," for it, as well as *A. oreades*, *A. orcella*, *A. Georgii*, *A. personatus*, and our common mushroom, *A. campestris*, has a share in making those mystic rings which in former days scared many a rural hind and maiden, and caused them to deviate from their direct course in passing through the fields where they were to be seen, lest, if they once entered that magic boundary, they should come under the power of the fairies, or (as they were called in Devonshire) *pixies*, and should be by them *pixy-led*; that is, led off into by-ways, and so into some pathless waste. As Puck says:—

"I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round.
Sometimes a horse I'll be; sometimes a hound,
A hog, a headless bear; sometimes a fire;
And neigh, and grunt, and bark, and roar and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn."

So did these poor country-people fancy the fairies would hobgoblinise them, if once they dared to trespass on their domain.

We will not here enter into the speculations of botanists on the mode by which these rings are formed; it will be enough to say, that it is now generally acknowledged that they are produced by the growth of fungi. The *A. prunulus* is reproduced in these rings every year about the same time, the circle continuing to enlarge until it breaks up into irregular lines, which is a sure indication that the species is about to disappear from that place; an unbroken ring being a certain promise of a good crop the next year. It is a large fungus, and very abundant; Dr. Badham says he has collected in one field from twenty to twenty-five pounds weight. Professor Balbi writes to Persoon: "This rare and most delicious *Agaric*, the *mousseron* of Bulliard, and the *A. prunulus* of other authors, abounds on the hills above the valley of Stafora, near Bobbio, where it is called *Spinaroli*, and is in great request. The country-people eat it fresh in a variety of ways, or they dry and sell it for from twelve to sixteen francs a pound." It is a thick, convex, fleshy mushroom, irregular in shape, of a cream-coloured, or buffish, or gray, or reddish tint, with very numerous white gills, and has the advantage of appearing in spring, when few other edible species are to be procured. In Rome "it is sent in little baskets as presents to patrons, fees to medical men, and bribes to Roman lawyers." How surprised would our learned functionaries in law or physic be to receive a little basket of what they would probably call "toadstools," in return for their efforts on behalf of their clients or patients!

A. Georgii, another of these gregarious ring-forming species, is one of no small interest; its cap is at first conico-campulate, and covered with white shreds; but when fully expanded these have all disappeared, and it becomes beautifully white and shining. It grows in pastures, and under trees, and some of the individuals attain a most enormous size. Dr. Withering says: "Mr. Stackhouse had repeatedly mentioned to me a large esculent fungus found on the seacoast in Cornwall, which is, I believe, a monstrous variety of this species. Its whole habit is very large, the button as big

as a potato, the expanded pileus eighteen inches over; the stem as thick as a man's wrist," etc. He also mentions a specimen found on an old hot-bed, which weighed fourteen pounds. But huge as this fungus must have been, it by no means equals one mentioned by Clusius in his "History of Plants," which was found in Pannonia. This immense specimen (supposed to have been *Polyporus frondosus*), "after satisfying the cravings of a large Mycophilous household, enough of it remained to fill a chariot!"

The Hungarians suppose the *Agaric*, *A. Georgii*, or as some authors call it, *A. exquisitus*, to be a special gift from St. George. It has several trivial names—"the Horse-mushroom," from its immense size; and "White caps," under which name it is sold for making ketchup. There are so many other interesting species of *Agarics* which invite our attention, that it is difficult to know which of them to select for especial notice. We have named *A. oreades*, and *A. personatus*, as being species which grow in rings. The former is a small buff mushroom, its common names being "Champignon," and "Scotch-bonnets." It is very common, according to Badham; Hyde-park produces them abundantly in some seasons. He says, that in the French *a-la-mode* beef-shops, this species of fungus is in great request, and that it imparts a delicious flavour to rich soups and gravies. When dried (as it is the custom of the French and Italians to use them), these champignons may be kept for many years, and their flavour becomes improved by the process. *A. personatus* is sold in Covent-garden Market, under the name of "Blewits." It is of a pale bistre, or purple lilac, occasionally violet, the cap from two to six inches broad, and the stem from one to three inches high. It grows in rings or in clusters amongst grass, usually appearing in October.

Our cut No. 1 represents *Agaricus comatus*, according to Puccinelli, as quoted by Badham, "in great repute about Via Reggio and Lucca." It may be found in meadows and waste places in early spring, and the young specimens are used for making ketchup. It is called "the maned *agaric*," from its shaggy edge. The cap is fleshy, white, and scaly, the lamellae or gills changing to red-purple and to black, and showing their dark hue through the skin of the cap as it advances in age.

No. 2 is of a species which grows on wood—*Agaricus ostreatus*. It may be found on dead trees in spring and autumn. This fungus varies much in size and colour; but where it has once been found, there it is pretty sure to grow for many successive years. It is a pretty fungus, varying in hue; but though occasionally found quite white, it is in general of a cinereous brown with white gills, and has either no stem, or one sub-lateral.

A. rubescens (fig. 3), is another very delicate *Agaric* which grows in woods, particularly of oak or chestnut, and is found both in summer and autumn; and *A. caudicinus* (fig. 4), a beautiful little cinnamon-coloured fungus, which grows on trees, and is very much prized in Southern Italy, is also worthy of our notice; the elegant little white field *Agaric*, *A. Virgineus*, which abounds in our pastures in autumn, is also a very attractive species. But space does not allow of our naming any others of this tribe, and we can barely hint at the rich store of food which is offered to us by the other genera of the tribe *Pileati*.

The genus *Boletus* differs from the *Agarics* in having, instead of gills, a series of vertical tubes, aggregated under the cap and encircling the stem, which look, when seen altogether, like a slice of fine sponge. *B. edulis* and *B. scaber* are the species most in vogue, though several others are innocuous and agreeable. *B. edulis* is a huge fungus from six to seven inches across; it varies in colour from light brown to bronze, bay, deep brown, etc. The tubes are at first white, then yellow, lastly, of an olive or yellow-green. The stem is always thick and solid; at first white, but changing to fawn

colour; and it is beautifully mapped or meshed with reticulations peculiar to itself. This species seems to have been well known to the ancient Romans, and appears to have been that called *Suillus*. "As to the best manner of cooking *B. edulis*, his must be left to the taste of the gourmand; in every way it is good. Its tender and juicy flesh, its delicate and sapid flavour, render it equally acceptable to the plain and to the accomplished cook. It imparts a relish alike to the homely hash and the dainty ragout; and may be truly said to improve every dish of which it is a constituent." So says Dr. Badham, and he is backed by other authorities, who agree in stating *B. edulis* to be (as its name implies) very excellent eating.

The *Hydnum* is another genus of this tribe, which affords good food. Our figure 5 represents *H. repandum*, a tawny red species, which occurs in woods of oak and pine, growing frequently with others. This is the only esculent species in the genus *Hydnum*, and is said to have a flavour of oysters. In this genus the under surface of the cap presents a series of conical teeth or bristles. For this reason *Hydnum repandum* is called in Italy *Steccherino*, or "the hedgehog."

The genus *Fistulina* presents us with but one edible species, *F. hepatica*. This is that strange-looking fungus which resembles in its early stages a huge red tongue, lapped out at us from the trunk of some oak or chestnut, far above our heads; whence its vulgar name in Italy is *Lingua quercina*, or *Lingua di castagna*. In its later growth, it looks more like a lump of dark liver than any other substance, whence its specific name. One individual of this species is said to have weighed nearly thirty pounds, and another is mentioned as nearly five feet in girth, and weighing above thirty pounds. "No fungus yields a richer gravy," says Badham, "and though rather tough, when grilled it is scarcely to be distinguished from broiled meat."

We must now turn to the second tribe into which our order is divided, the *Clavati*. This, which furnishes a vast variety of our most interesting fungi, supplies, nevertheless, but one genus which contains any edible species. This genus is *Clavaria*, and all its species are esculent. They are called *Clavaria* from their simple clavate form. The whole genus is exceedingly pretty; some of them growing on trees, others clustering amongst grass. *C. rugosa* is of ivory smoothness and of the purest white. It grows from two to two and a half inches high, is simply branched, but each branch is curved. It grows in clusters, and gives you an instant reminder of a handful of the convoluted kernels of walnuts after they have been delicately peeled for eating. Another yellow species grows widely amongst grass, so as to quite yellow the surface of the place on which it has taken up its abode. We have seen on a hill at Tor, near Torquay, acres of ground on which you could not walk many yards without treading on clustered masses of this pretty pale yellow *Clavaria*, which smells (as does its white congener, *C. rugosa*) so purely mushroom-like, that you cannot doubt of its good qualities. *C. coralloides* (fig. 6), pronounced by Vittadini, *esculenta delissima*, is erect, white, with unequal branches tipped with red or violet; and *C. amethystina* (fig. 7) of a most delicate lemon colour. The mode of dressing fungi of this genus is to cleanse them well from earth, which is apt to adhere to them, then sweat them with a little butter over a clear fire and strain them, throwing away the liquor. After this you must stew them for an hour with salt, pepper, chopped chives, and parsley, moistening with a little plain broth, and dredging occasionally with flour; when cooked, to be thickened with cream, and yolks of eggs.

The third tribe, *Mitrati*, ranks under its banners two genera which produce excellent food. The first of these, *Helvella*, gives us two edible species—*H. crispa* and *H. lacunosa*. They grow on earth or on very wet wood, and emit an agreeable odour. Though of a permanent character, they are rather fragile, and much like the morel in flavour, being in Sweden and Germany often confounded with it. In Sweden it is called *Stemmuchla*; in Germany, *Gemeine Morchel*, *Stumpf Morchel*, or "Stock Morchel."

The other esculent species of this genus is *Morchella*, which

also affords two most delicious edible species—*M. esculenta* and *M. semilibera*. These, especially the former, are the most eagerly sought for, and the most highly-prized of any amongst the esculent fungi. Badham speaks of the *Morchella esculenta* as "that expensive luxury which the rich are content to procure at a great cost from our Italian warehouses, and the poor are fain to do without." *M. semilibera* is the other of these excellent species; but though very fine, it is inferior to *M. esculenta*.

The morel is found in greatest abundance where trees have been cut down, "which," says Loudon, "led to the practice in Germany of burning down masses of forests for the sake of the future morels. This practice proved so injurious, that it became necessary to suppress it by law." The appearance of the *Morchella* is very singular. Its cap varies considerably in shape and hue, and the surface is pitted into little cells, or pockets, formed by folds or plaits of the hymenium, which are called ribs. These ribs are very irregular. The cap is hollow, and opens into an irregular hollow stem. Gerard seems not to have been in the least degree aware of the real character of the morel, which would lead to the supposition that its use as an article of food, and its value as a culinary delicacy, were unknown at the period when he wrote. He gives a very correct drawing of *M. esculenta*, under the name of *Fungus fanaginosus*, or "the Honey-combe Mushroom," and says: "There is likewise a kind of mushroom called *Fungus fanaginosus*, growing up in moist and shadowy woods, which is also venomous; having a friable and tuberosus stalk, an hand-full high, of a dusky colour, the top whereof is compact of many small divisions like unto the honey-combe."

The *Lycoperdons* next demand our attention. "All those more or less spherical white funguses, furnished with a membranous white covering, and filled, when young, with a white, compact, homogeneous pulp, which we call puff-balls, are good to eat," so writes Dr. Badham; and he adds, that those in most request abroad, and the best, are those which have no stem—that is, no sterile base.

Two species, *Lycoperdon plumbeum* (fig. 8) and *L. bovista*, are quoted as the best eating. The former of these may be found, either solitary or in groups, in dry places, and may be gathered in spring, summer, or autumn. Vittadini says: "After the warm rains of summer and autumn, myriads of these little plants suddenly springing up will often completely cover a piece of ground as if they had been sown like grain for a crop. If we dig them up we shall find that they are connected with long fragile threads, extending horizontally under ground, and giving attachment to numerous smaller puff-balls, in different stages of development, which, by continuing to grow, afford fresh supplies as the old ones die off." *L. plumbeum* is, when full grown, about the size of a walnut. Loudon figures it under the name of *L. pyriforme*—"the pear-shaped puff-ball." The other species named as among the best is *L. bovista*. This is the kind which is used for the purpose of throwing bees into a trance whilst the spoilers ride their home of all its hoarded treasure. It used also, in former days, to be employed instead of lucifer matches, as it will, when dry, hold fire for a long time, and was often carried by rustics in a state of ignition for the purpose of lighting their cottage fires. *L. bovista* sometimes grows to an enormous size. The flesh is at first of snowy whiteness, but it should be eaten as soon as gathered, a few hours sufficing to turn it to dirty yellow, and destroying its firmness. When fresh, its thick, white fleshy substance renders it fit for all culinary purposes. The best method of dressing it is said to be, to cut it in slices, and fry it in egg and bread-crumbs. According to Vittadini, you may cut slices daily fresh from the living plant (provided that you do not break its connexions with the earth), and so have "a fine frittura every day for a week," which "frittura" Badham reports to "have the flavour of a rich light omelette."

One more noted species, the *Tuber cibarium*, or truffle, must close our imperfect catalogue of edible fungi. This curious species is found growing in clusters in clayey or sandy soil, some inches under the ground, as also in chalk; and is common on the Wiltshire downs, as well as in woods both in England

and Scotland. The form of truffles is nearly spherical, and their colour approaching black; they are studded over with pyramidal tubercles, and their spawn is phosphorescent and emits light. In England they seldom exceed a few ounces in weight, but on the Continent they are said to attain to many pounds weight. As there is no appearance above ground to indicate where the truffles lie, there is, of course, difficulty in discovering them; but so keen have men been in their appetite for this delicacy, that they have hit on the expedient of train-

which, amongst the various members of this extensive tribe, may be considered as a part of God's great gift of wholesome food for man, and which of them are possessed of deleterious or poisonous properties. Such an attempt on the part of those unused to such studies might be fraught with danger; because, although by no means of the mind of Tertullian, who wittily says of this order—

"Quot colores, tot dolores: quot species, tot perniciæ;" yet we are well aware that there are but too many of the



FIG. 1.—*AGARICUS COMATUS* (THE MANED AGARIC).



FIG. 2.—*AGARICUS OSTREATUS* (THE OYSTER).



FIG. 3.—*AGARICUS RUBESCENS*.

ing dogs to scent them out. When the animals nose the prey, they stand, and whine, and scratch on the spot until their masters dig and take possession of the tubers. It is said that a man was once known capable of exercising this extraordinary function, and discovering truffles in the earth by their scent.

In the preceding pages we have not sought to give such a description of any species of the esculent fungi as might lead our general readers to endeavour to discriminate for themselves

species which are of an unsafe character, that might, on a mere cursory survey, be gathered and eaten in mistake for those which, bearing a near resemblance, were yet of wholly different properties, and perfectly safe and good for food. Our wish has been, and is, to draw the attention of the intelligent to the subject, and to endeavour to excite those who have time and opportunity to make some attempt to rescue this vast supply of food from the desuetude to which it is at

resent sentenced. Surely, what God in his goodness bountifully provides, man should not wilfully neglect to use; and

sent withheld from using, it would not be time thrown away if he were to devote to the subject that portion of time and

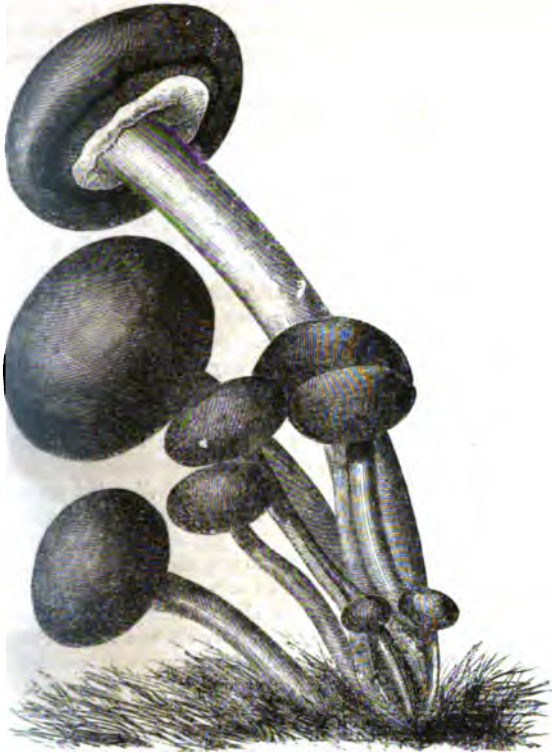


FIG. 4.—*AGARICUS CAUDICINUS*.

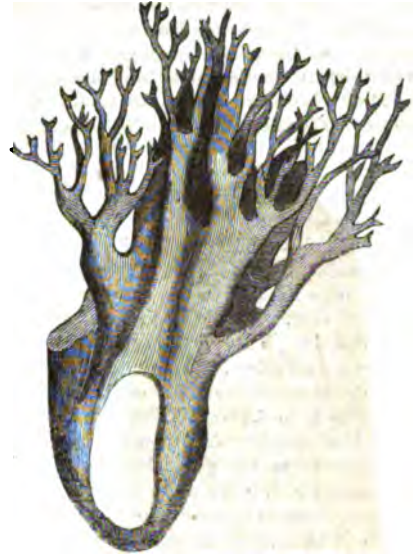


FIG. 6.—*CLAVARIA CORALLOIDES*.

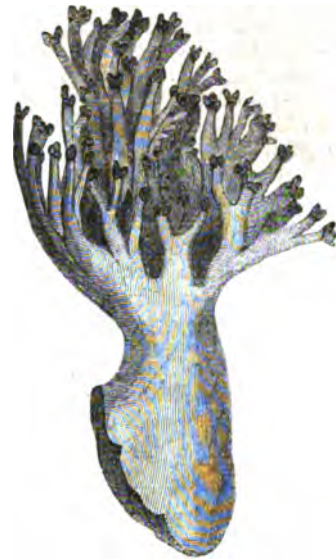


FIG. 7.—*CLAVARIA AMETHYSTINA*.



FIG. 5.—*HYDNIUM REPANDUM*.

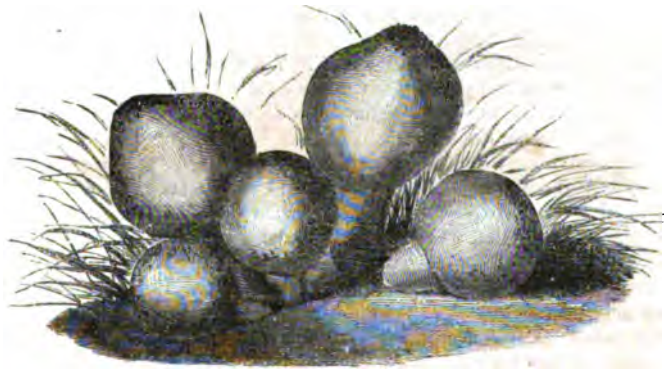


FIG. 8.—*LYCOPERDON PLUMBEUM* (PEAR-SHAPED PUFF-BALL).

when a few weeks of study would enable a man of intelligence to place within the reach of his poorer neighbour a supply of food which, from his ignorance of its properties, he is at pre-

thought which is necessary to make him a safe judge of the properties of the different species of fungus which grow in the fields and woods around his dwelling.

THE ARTIST'S RETURN.

It was on a fine day in the month of October, 1498, that the attention of the curious and idle in the town of Nuremberg was attracted by a large placard on one of the pillars before the town-hall. This placard bore the following inscription:—

"Joseph Durer, goldsmith, in this town, begs to inform his fellow-citizens, that this evening he will hold a general sale in his warehouse, Place de l'Horloge, of his various articles of art and jewellery. It would be impossible to give in this place a detailed catalogue of these articles. The sale will commence at four o'clock."

"What!" exclaimed one of the readers of this notice, who, by his rich attire, seemed to be some wealthy foreign nobleman; "what! the rich goldsmith, Durer, going to sell by auction the wonderful productions of his art! By what extraordinary freak of fortune is he reduced to this last extremity?"

"You are not aware, probably, my lord," said one of the bystanders, "that Joseph Durer has been for some time past making the greatest sacrifices, and using the most strenuous exertions, to support the house of his son-in-law, formerly one of the first merchants in Lubeck. This son-in-law has fled, leaving behind him considerable debts, and it is to repair this disgrace, to preserve to his grandchildren an untarnished name, that this good man is about to sell his precious works, and to part from those masterpieces of his art which, by his long possession of them, have become, as it were, part of his very existence. This noble behaviour is well worthy a loyal citizen of Nuremberg, and has deservedly called forth the highest praise from every class and quarter. Ah! why does a sad remembrance come to cast a gloom over this general applause, and to trouble the universal sympathy!"

"May I presume," asked the stranger, "to inquire the meaning of those last words?"

"Certainly, my lord," returned the other; "I will explain them with the greatest pleasure. Joseph Durer had three sons and one daughter. This daughter he gave in marriage, with a large dowry, to the merchant about whom I have just been speaking. His two eldest sons were, at the cost of many sacrifices on the part of Joseph Durer, placed, the one at the court of the Elector of Bavaria, the other at that of the Grand Duke of Weimar, where, having risen rapidly to fortune and distinction, they have quickly forgotten their old father, discarded the humble name they received from him, and assumed the pompous titles of Count and Baron."

"And the youngest son—what became of him?"

"Poor Albert!" replied the other; "alas! Albert wished to be a painter, but his father would not hear of it. 'You shall be a goldsmith, like me,' said he to his child, who begged of him canvas and brushes, 'or else you shall quit my house, for I am determined you shall follow no trade but mine.'"

"And what happened after this?" asked the stranger.

"It happened, one fine day (it is now many years ago), that Albert left his father's house. Since that day he has never been heard of. You know now all that I know concerning him."

At this moment four o'clock struck. The warerooms of the goldsmith were thrown open. Crowds of idlers and amateurs hastened thither, and the public criers soon announced that the sale had commenced.

The inferior articles of the goldsmith's trade were the first disposed of; plates, dishes, flagons, and ornaments in gold and silver. Then followed the more valuable productions; splendid tabernacles, worked with exquisite taste; basins of silver, adorned in relief with subjects taken from the Old and New Testament; grotesque figures, copied from the antique with admirable skill; and various other masterpieces, too numerous to mention here. So long as only the minor objects of his art were offered to the public, Joseph Durer remained seated in the back part of his shop, his whole bearing presenting an appearance of the most complete resignation; but as soon as the auctioneer began to proclaim the beauty and merit of those works which had rendered his reputation so great, so universal, he could no longer preserve his com-

posure. Rising quickly, as if under the impulse of some sudden emotion, the old man began to wander among the different goods which were about to be sold, seeming to wish to take a last farewell of the workmanship he so much prized.

The auctioneer cried,

"Six statuettes in gold and silver, after the antique."

"One thousand gold ducats," cried a voice in the crowd.

"One thousand and fifty gold ducats," cried another voice.

"Eleven hundred gold ducats," cried the first voice.

No one outbid this last offer, and the statuettes were accordingly declared sold.

The old goldsmith scarcely breathed. His pale cheeks were almost as white as his snowy locks, and a convulsive trembling seized on all his limbs. He persisted, notwithstanding, in remaining near the clerk, who wrote down the goods according as they were purchased. When all had been sold, Durer cast around him a look of indescribable dread. The most trying moment was approaching—the moment when the buyers were about to carry away from him those riches which he had so long regarded as his household gods, and which had become almost a part of his very life.

"Let the purchasers of the twenty-three last sold articles present themselves," said the auctioneer.

"There is but one purchaser of the whole," cried the same citizen, who had held with the stranger the conversation which we have narrated.

"Let him come forward, then, to pay and give his name."

On this there approached a man of handsome and agreeable appearance, who appeared to be about twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age. He was splendidly clothed in the French fashion, and a Spanish cloak, embroidered in gold, was thrown gracefully over his shoulders. Round his neck he wore a handsome gold chain, from which was suspended a medallion of the Emperor Maximilian. His hat was slouched over his face, and his glossy and perfumed locks fell in thick clusters over a rich collar of Mechlin lace.

"Here is the full price of my purchases," said this young man in a tremulous voice; "pray see if it is right."

The public officer having counted the money, and found it all correct, said to the young stranger,

"Your name, my lord, that I may write it down."

"Write," said the young man, in a voice trembling with emotion, "write—Albert Durer."

At these words, the old man sprang from his seat as lightly as a youth of fifteen, and in less than a moment the father was clasped to the bosom of his long-lost son:

"Albert," he cried, "my poor Albert, is it you that I see again—you that I press to my heart? Is it possible that you have not forgotten your old father? Is it possible you can forgive my harshness?"

"Forgive, oh, my dear father!" cried the young man with emotion, flinging himself on his knees; "it is for me to ask pardon of you for my disobedience."

"And can I," said the old man, raising his son, "can I refuse forgiveness for a fault which has been the means of procuring new life for me? Albert, from my heart I forgive you."

"Father, young persons often deceive themselves in the choice of the career they are called on to pursue, and their vocation most frequently requires to be tried, in order to be worthy of respect. Your rigour was founded on that wise maxim which says—'Better be a good workman than an indifferent artist.' You were right, my dear father, and I, on my part, was not perhaps very wrong in acting as I did."

"Yes, Albert, you have acted wisely," cried a voice from the midst of the assembly. This voice was that of the celebrated Hupse Martin, who had instructed the youth in the rudiments of painting, and who had strongly urged him to follow this art. "Thank Heaven for the disobedience of your son," said Hupse Martin, turning towards Joseph Durer, "for at this moment he is master of every art, and surpasses already the most illustrious artists in Germany. He is not only a painter of the first rank, he is likewise a most skilful engraver, an architect, and an engineer."

RIO JANEIRO.

THE city of Rio Janeiro extends some three miles along the south-west side of the bay, and being much intersected by hills, it is difficult to get a good view of the whole range, unless from the top of one of the mountains near the city, such as the celebrated "Corcovado," which stands out like a pulpit on the plain below, and is some 2,600 feet perpendicular. The view from this pulpit on a clear day is superb, and almost unequalled in the world: the city, with its numerous divisions and suburbs below you—the bay, extending as far as the eye can reach until lost in the plain below the Organ Mountain—the sea, studded with numerous picturesque islands, with vessels looking like white specks upon it, and seen to a great distance—all together form a most enchanting picture, and amply repay the toil of an ascent. The mountain is of granite rock, like all others in this country, but thickly wooded almost to the summit, and you come out quite suddenly on the bare point before alluded to, so much resembling a pulpit. The following description, in a publication* containing some of the best word-painting of Brazilian city life any where to be met with, will be readily recognised as most just by all who have been long in the capital:—"The town of Rio Janeiro (its proper name is St. Sebastiano) is the largest and best in South America, and the population about equals that of Liverpool. It is laid out in regular squares: the streets are narrow, which, at first sight, seems objectionable to an Englishman, but he soon finds that it affords protection from the scorching sun; and the thoroughfares are tolerably well paved and lighted, and have *trottoirs* at the sides. To obviate the inconvenience arising from the narrowness of the streets, carriages are only allowed to go one way, up one street and down the next, and a hand is painted up on the corners to show which way the traffic is to flow. The best street, Rua d'Ouvidor, is nearly all French, so that one can almost fancy one's self in the Palais Royal; and nearly everything that is to be found in London or Paris may be bought in Rio. Many English merchants have houses in the city, but most of the shopkeepers are French; and this proves a perfect blessing to visitors, for a Brazilian shopman is so careless and indolent, that he will hardly look for anything in his stores, and will often say he has not got the article asked for, to save himself the trouble of looking for it. The best native shops are those of the silversmiths, who work pretty well, and get a good deal of custom, for Brazilians and blacks revel in ornament, often wearing silver spurs and a silver-hafted knife, though perhaps they may not have any shoes to their feet. The Brazilians are very fond of dress; and though it seems so unsuitable for the climate, wear black trousers and an evening suit to walk about the streets in. Strangers will find no curiosities in Rio Janeiro except the feather flowers, which are better here than in Madeira, and fetch a higher price. A Frenchwoman, who employs a number of girls of all complexions in her business, is the principal manufacturer. They are made (or ought to be) entirely of undyed feathers, the best being those of a purple, copper, or crimson colour, from the breasts and heads of humming-birds. One of these wreaths has a beautiful effect, and reflects different-coloured light. The wing cases of beetles are also used, and glitter like precious stones. Madame has her patterns from Paris, so the wreaths are generally in good style and newest fashion. The worst shops are kept by English, and this will be found a general rule in these foreign towns. The merchants are good and honest; but if one wishes to be well taken in, go to a shop kept by an Englishman."

In consequence of the tortuous formation of the streets, constructed round the base of the hills, it is difficult to get more than a bird's-eye view of the city, on ground made by encroachment on the sea; consequently, the streets

are low, without drainage, and in several of the back ones the water collects and stagnates, to the great detriment of health and comfort. Rio itself is a bad copy of Lisbon—streets at right angles, a large square facing the sea, and the suburbs extending up the hills, which everywhere meet your eye. In Lisbon the streets are tolerably made, but here they have built them so miserably narrow, that scarcely even one carriage can pass through, much less pass each other; and it is evident that such vehicles were never contemplated in the original formation of these streets. The only way of getting over the difficulty is, for carriages coming into the city to take one line of streets, and those leaving it another, which they do, excluding omnibuses altogether from the principal thoroughfares. Improvements in this way are most backward, and there seems a great want of municipal government. In many places the pavement is execrable, and generally very bad, the difficulty having probably been increased by laying down mains for water and gas, the latter now in process of execution, and also by heavy rains, which have washed away many parts of the road, and otherwise caused much damage. When once this troublesome job is got through, it is to be hoped some effective measures will be taken to put the streets and branch-roads in order; otherwise they will soon be rendered impassable. Coach and coach-spring making must be thriving trades here, especially with the immense increase that has taken place in the number of carriages and omnibuses; and it is really wonderful how they stand the continual shocks they have to endure. Mr. Robert Elwes, from whose work we have already quoted, thus writes:—"The inhabitants of Rio Janeiro are fond of carriages, but the specimens generally seen would hardly do for Hyde-park, being chiefly old-fashioned coaches, drawn by four scraggy mules, with a black coachman on the box, and a postillion in jack-boots on the leaders, sitting well back, and with his feet stuck out beyond the mule's shoulders. The liveries are generally gorgeous enough, and there is no lack of gold lace on the cocked hats and coats; but a black slave does not enter into the spirit of the thing, and one footman will have his hat cocked athwartships, the other fore and aft; one will have shoes and stockings, with his toes peeping through, the other will dispense with them altogether. But the old peer rolls on unconscious, and I dare say the whole thing is pronounced a neat turn-out. The Brazilians are great snuff-takers, and always offer their box if the visitor is a welcome guest. It is etiquette to take the offered pinch with the left hand. Rape is the Portuguese for snuff, hence our word 'fappee.' They do not smoke much. The opera was good, the house very large, tolerably lighted, but not so thickly attended as it might be. The ladies look better by candle-light, their great failing being in their complexions, the tint of which may be exactly described by the midshipman's simile of snuff and butter. The orchestra was good, many of the performers being blacks or mulattoes, who are excellent musicians. The African race seem to like music, and generally have a pretty good ear. Both men and women often whistle well, and I have heard the washerwomen at their work whistling polkas with great correctness. I was amused one evening on going out of the opera when it was half over: offering my ticket to a decent-looking man standing near the door, he bowed, but refused it, saying that men with jackets were not allowed in the house."

Government seems at last alive to the absolute necessity of doing something to improve the sanitary condition of the city, and also its internal organisation, as they have lately got out some good practical English engineers, who, we have no doubt, will suggest an effective mode of dealing with present difficulties. If they do not adopt decisive measures, the rate of mortality may be expected to augment fearfully in a dense population of 300,000 to 400,000 inhabitants, huddled together in some 15,000 houses, surrounded by impurities of every kind, not the least being the stagnant water in the streets. No exact

* "A Sketcher's Tour round the World," by Robert Elwes.

census has ever been taken of the population of Rio Janeiro, which, however, is believed to be between the two figures above given. There is a migratory population, but the accumulation of humanity of every race and colour, contained in some of the large dwelling-houses, is something extraordinary. As before observed, nature has done much for this country, and if the natural facilities of Rio Janeiro were properly turned to account, and local improvements carried out with energy and spirit, it might be rendered one of the finest and most

with the gnomon of a gigantic sun-dial: and, in fact, its shadow in particular localities supplies the place of a parish clock. Its sides are still in great part covered with forest and "matta," or jungle, notwithstanding numerous fires by which it has been devastated, and the immediate result of which is a deficiency in the supply of water to parts of the capital; for the destruction of trees here, as elsewhere, causes a scarcity of the aqueous element, and the springs which arise on and around this mountain feed the conduits and aqueducts that convey that



AQUEDUCT AT RIO JANEIRO.

luxurious places within the tropics. The opportunity is now open to them; the government possess ample means, and it is just a question whether measures of progress are to be effectively achieved, or the city to be abandoned to its fate. The great evil attending all improvement in Brazil is an undue appreciation of native capability, and a disparagement or distrust of those whose practical experience would enable them to grapple with the difficulties that surround them—a kind of little jealousy and mistrust that prevents them from availing themselves of opportunities thrown in their way to carry out undertakings necessary to the well-being of the country; nor can they understand the principle on which such things are regulated in England, still less the magnitude of operations carried on there and in many other parts of Europe. Yet the time seems to be coming when these principles will be better understood here, and when the application of English capital towards the improvement of the country may be safely and legitimately brought to bear.

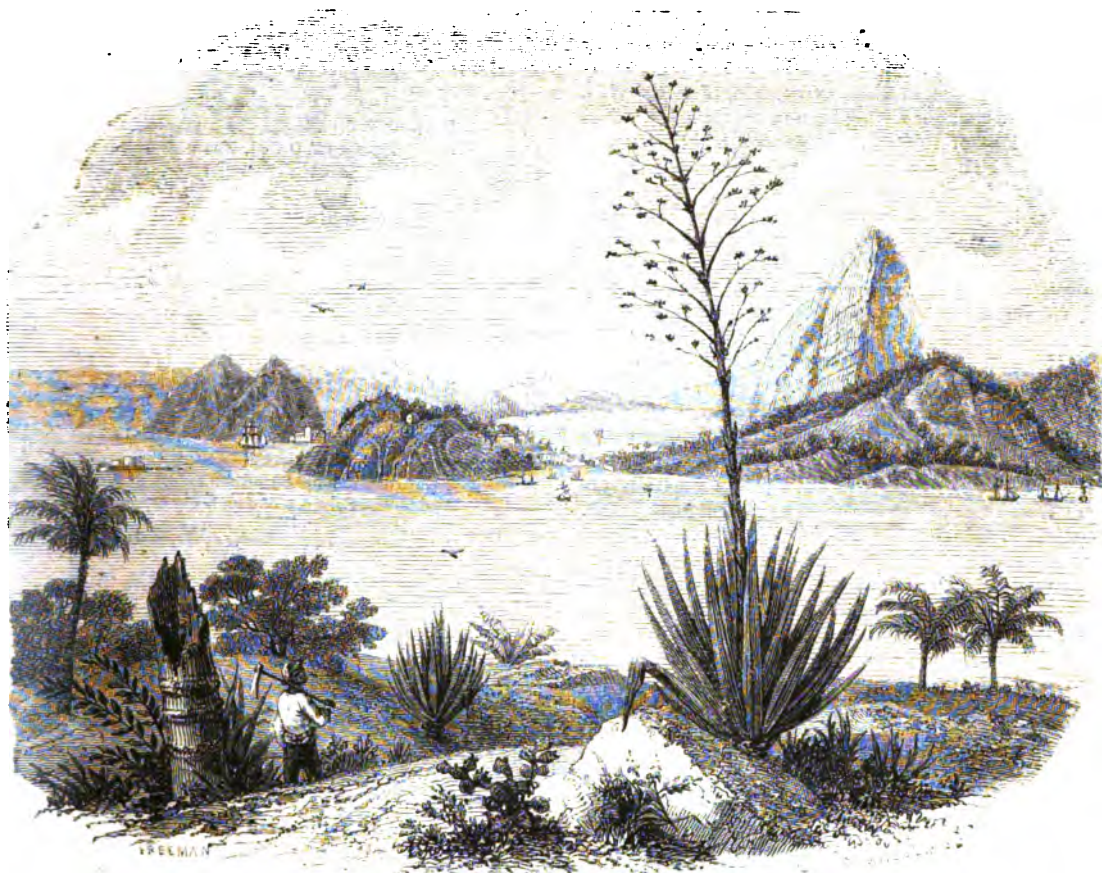
Few spots in the New World are more indebted to nature than the environs of Rio Janeiro, all possible combinations of scenery being included in one magnificent perspective. One of the best views is from the Corcovado Mountain, which, although upwards of 3,000 feet in height, can be ascended on horseback. Like most mountains around, it is rather a rock, or titanic monolith, than a mountain, and it may be compared

fluid into Rio. From the summit may be seen the whole extent of the harbour and city; the Organ Mountains in the distance, several lakes along the coast, a wide expanse of ocean, and innumerable ravines and spurs of the mountain covered with richest foliage. The most remarkable, however, of all the mountains near the capital, is the Gavin, with a flattened summit, sometimes called by the English the Table Mountain, in Portuguese, the "square topsail," to which it bears a resemblance. It is reputed to be inaccessible, at least it has not yet, as far as can be ascertained, been ascended. Opening into the outward harbour is Botafogo Bay (p. 369), a short distance from the capital, where many foreign merchants reside to enjoy the cool sea-breezes, and where the buildings are of a superior description, with beautiful gardens attached, many being luxuriantly planted with oranges and lemons, bananas, pomegranates, palm-trees, and a vast variety of shrubs and vegetables peculiar to Brazil, including the universal cabbage-plant, in great profusion. The aqueduct, which is passed in several places in the ascent of the Corcovado, and which we have engraved above, is a well-built and striking object, crossing several streets of Rio, and conveying excellent water from the heights of that mountain to the different fountains in the town.

The population of Rio, on the arrival of the royal family, did not amount to 50,000, but afterwards rapidly augmented;

so that in 1815, when declared independent, the number had nearly doubled, and now is estimated at about 400,000, with the suburbs and the provincial capital of Nitherohy, on the opposite shore of the Bay. This increase is partly to be ascribed to the influx of Portuguese, who have at different times left their country in consequence of the civil commotions which have disturbed its peace, as well as of English, French, Dutch, Germans, and Italians, who, after the opening of the port, settled here, some as merchants, others as me-

chanics, and have contributed largely to its wealth and importance. These accessions of Europeans have effected a great change in the character of the population; for at the commencement of the century, and for many years afterwards, the blacks and coloured persons far exceeded the whites, whereas now they are reduced to less than half the number of inhabitants. In the aggregate population of the empire, however, the coloured portion is still supposed to be treble the white.



BOTAFOGO BAY, RIO JANEIRO.

COPENHAGEN.

Nor long since a painful interest attached to the capital whose name heads this sketch. In common with many other northern European towns, it was severely visited with cholera, and death and desolation were rampant in its streets. Nor is this much to be wondered at. Copenhagen was built before there was much talk of sanitary reform. It stands low. It has no drainage. If there be truth in the doctrines so loudly and repeatedly preached by sanitarians, Copenhagen should often be severely visited with epidemic disease.

And yet, on a fine summer day, we know no pleasanter place than Copenhagen.

The old song says—and no modern song can gainsay it—that

"A light heart and a thin pair of breeches,
Will go through the world, my brave boys."

And it was with these two requisites for going through the world and doing it besides in a pleasant comfortable way, that we found ourselves, one calm autumnal evening, bidding farewell to Kiel—noticeable first for its own intrinsic beauty, and next for the fact that at its university, the only Danish one in which German is spoken, Niebhur was a student—and steaming along the deep, clear blue of that almost tideless and transparent, yet treacherous sea, the Baltic—of course skim-

ming along the water like a thing of life—till we reached the harbour where Nelson had been before, when

"There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time."

It was a holiday when, after a run of nearly twenty-four hours, we reached Copenhagen. The ramparts were crowded with the gay butterflies whom the sun had warmed into life, and all Copenhagen seemed to have turned out to bid us welcome. Copenhagen is a pleasant-looking place. In fine weather, at any rate, the streets are clean, and were the shops not so very old-fashioned, they would be brilliant. The writer of "Letters from the Shores of the Baltic" rightly says: "Wide, straight, modern streets, with edifices of the same character, and canals lined with vessels, make a picturesque and pleasing whole. The houses, most of them, are handsome, well built, and Rotterdam-like, with the advantage over the latter of all being in true perpendicular. The town itself is divided into three districts; the old town or Aldstadt, the new town or Friderickstadt, and Christianshavn. In the old town is the royal palace of Christiansburg—being burnt down in 1794, but now restored—a place yet interesting on account of that unfortunate English princess, the sister of one king and the wife of another, who lived within its walls. The palace is but occasionally used. In one wing the royal colle-

tion of pictures is kept, and is open to the public, but is not particularly worth visiting. It is more than probable that many of the pictures bearing well-known names are forgeries. Their number altogether is about 1,000, and they occupy twelve rooms in the highest story of the palace. Another portion of the palace contains a collection of antiquities of the north, divided into four sections: the first consisting of those of the heathen age; the second, of those connected with Catholic worship; the third, relicts of the middle ages; and the fourth contains armour of the age of chivalry and more modern times. This collection is very fine indeed, and is well worth going to see. The royal family live near, in no very superior style; and not far off is the house in which Thorwaldsen lived and died, and which every stranger should visit. The artist has the credit of having been in his old age attached to the good things of this life, and passionately addicted to the theatre, in which he was to be seen every night. Thorwaldsen was privileged to find what few men of genius do—that a prophet is honoured in his own country. In his own native town, all that could reward the toils of life, that could gratify and sustain him in his age, he possessed and enjoyed. The Copenhagen Theatre has the finest ballet in the north of Europe. Close to Christiansburg is the Exchange, an old brick building, with the air of the Elizabethan age. We walked into it; but the Copenhagen merchants are not very animated, and the place was silent as the grave. The commerce of Denmark is small and declining. Industry is cramped by monopoly; but even if it had fair play, Denmark could never be much of a commercial country—it has no coal. Beneath the Exchange is the Bazaar, almost as brilliant as such places generally are and where the things are sold almost as ridiculously cheap. In the new town, the traveller will do well to visit the Royal Palace of Rosenberg, built by Inigo Jones. There are deposited the crown jewels and a beautiful collection of antiquities and Runic remains. If the traveller be fond of acquiring useful and entertaining knowledge, there is a public library with 100,000 volumes, and a university with at least one professor well and widely known—we mean Raak. There are literary and scientific societies without end. And last, and not least, Copenhagen can boast the names of Oehlenschläger and Andersen as writers, whose works may be read in almost every European tongue.

In Copenhagen every one must keep good hours. He must go to bed betimes, and leave the street to the watchman, whose song, if he keep awake, he will hear at all hours. As this is the most ancient vestige of Danish customs, we give the song entire:—

EIGHT O'CLOCK.

"When day departs and darkness reigns on earth,
The scene reminds us of the gloomy grave;
Then let Thy light, O Lord! before us shine,
While to the silent tomb our steps we bend,
And grant a blessed immortality!"

NINE O'CLOCK.

The day glides by and sable night appears.
For Jesus' sake, O God! our sins forgive;
Preserve the Royal Family;
And guard the people which this land contains
From danger of the enemy!

TEN O'CLOCK.

Master and maid, would you the hour know—
It is the time that you to rest should go.
Trust in the Lord, and careful be
Of fire and light, for Ten o'clock has struck.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

Almighty God protects both great and small;
His holy angels guard us like a wall;
The Lord himself our city watches o'er,
And keeps our bodies and our souls from harm.

TWELVE O'CLOCK.

At th' hour of midnight was our Saviour born—
Great blessing to a world which else were lost:
Then, with unfeigned lips, in prayer and praise
Commend yourselves to God.—Past Twelve o'clock.

ONE O'CLOCK.

Oh, Jesus Christ, we pray Thee, send us help
To bear our cross with patience in the world;
For Thou art God alone.
And Thou, O Comforter, Thy hand stretch forth;
Then will the burden light and easy be.
The clock has stricken One.

TWO O'CLOCK.

Oh, gracious Lord, whose love for us was such,
That Thou shouldst deign in darkness to be born,
All glory's due to Thee.
Come, Holy Ghost, and pour into our hearts
Thy heavenly light, that we may see Thee now
And in eternity.

THREE O'CLOCK.

Black night departs and day begins to dawn.
Keep them far off, O God, who wish us harm.
The clock has stricken Three.
Father, Thine aid we seek, and of Thy grace
Give us abundantly.

FOUR O'CLOCK.

Eternal God, who wouldst the keeper be
Of us who dwell below,
To Thee, surrounded by the heavenly host,
Honour and praise are due.
For this good night give thanks unto the Lord.
Remember Four! we're summoned from our guard

FIVE O'CLOCK.

Jesu, Thou Morning Star! we now resign
To Thy protection cheerfully our king:
Be Thou his Sun and Shield.
And thou, bright orb of day, begin thy course,
And rising from the mercy-seat of God,
Thy radiant lustre yield."

This song, translated by Mr. Ellis, is said to be the composition of Thomas King, Bishop of Egen in the seventeenth century. He was the son of a poor damask-weaver, and was the author of a version of the Psalms still in great repute.

The chief claim, however, Copenhagen has to fame, and one to which we have but partially alluded, rests upon the fact that Thorwaldsen was its citizen—that there he was loved and honoured—that he came home there from the blue sky of Italy and the fascinations of art which Rome yet boasts, to die—and that in Copenhagen most of his works remain. Let the traveller first visit the Frauen Kirche, or Lady's Church, and admire the genius of this sculptor of the North. The matchless beauty of the colossal statues of the twelve apostles by which that church is adorned, would alone be an ample repayment for a long journey. Then let him visit the museum set apart for the collection of art Thorwaldsen bequeathed to his admiring country. One thing there, at any rate, will interest an Englishman—we allude to the cast of the far-famed Byron statue. It is simple and expressive. Byron is seated, writing the "Childe Harold," and at his feet lies a broken shaft. The museum contains a beautiful bust of the intellectual head of the artist.

Old, full of antiquities and antiquarians as Copenhagen is, there is change going on there. His late majesty allowed no Norwegian newspapers to come to Denmark, lest the people should be affected by liberalism. In the same manner, and for the same reason, only certain approved newspapers are permitted. This his majesty can do, as in the same manner he can, for a time, put a stop to the operations of the Baptists, to whom he seems to have an especial antipathy; but to prevent the introduction of liberalism—to exclude the light in which all nations shall ultimately rejoice—to stop man's onward march—is most certainly not within his power. Denmark is a barren country; Copenhagen would make but a third-rate city; but it has done something for civilisation—it has blessed this world of ours with master minds. Proud associations can cluster round her name—for she has worked for the general good; she has contributed her share to the illustrious catalogue of the gifted and the great. For after all, it will never be forgotten—that Tycho Brahe, Niebhur, Thorwaldsen, are her sons.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

THE world was once a world of mysteries. Ancient maps were extraordinary-looking things, and modern maps of what the ancients knew are odd-looking skeletons, with a hand, perhaps, and a foot just covered by flesh, and all the rest mere outline. Country after country has been added, town after town; and once, to the amazement of the whole thinking universe, a whole continent came forth, unexpectedly, from the night of ages. And now America is peopled, India is a British province, islands like Australia are paving the floor of new empires, China is yielding up its secrets, and Japan, almost alone of those countries we wish to know, remains to a certain extent a sealed book. Precisely because it is a sealed book—because everybody has not an opportunity of knowing all about it—is that amount of curiosity developed which usually marks the inquiring mind. It is the sure result of some little reflection on foreign countries, and some little insight into books of travels in our youth, to make us in after-life eager students of geographical discovery. For our own parts, we believe that there is no style of reading more advantageous to the young mind than good books of travels. It arouses a habit of comparison; the variety of manners, ideas, thoughts, feelings, the host of prejudices peculiar to each nation, which are thus arrayed one against the other, must operate in a beneficial way upon the mind. By a knowledge of other lands, we learn to know better how to value what we ourselves possess.

There is no country about which we can inquire with more likelihood of our curiosity being gratified than about Japan. It must not be supposed that it has always been so hermetically closed: its present habit of seclusion dates from 1640, when the Portuguese were expelled, and Christianity, which was taking rapid root, was put down. The Portuguese Jesuit missionaries were at first well received, and favoured by the Japanese government; nor were they driven away by force of arms until they had begun to interfere with political affairs. A general massacre then ensued, stimulated probably by the Dutch, who ever since have been the only European people allowed to trade with Japan. The tale has been handed down to us by the Dutch of a certain yearly cursing and trampling upon the emblem of Christianity—the cross—by the Japanese. The statement, however, appears to be utterly devoid of foundation; indeed, the Japanese are rather exempt than otherwise from religious fanaticism.

Since the above expulsion, only one Chinese and one Dutch factory have been allowed. The interior has, then, been to a certain extent a great mystery, and yet, despite every care and precaution, truth will peep out. Medical men connected with the Dutch factory have written, and their books, with Japanese manuscripts, supply much information. We ourselves have the pleasure of constant correspondence with a relative in Batavia, who, from ex-members of the Dutch factory, has gleaned many useful facts. It is through Batavia, or Java, that all intercourse with Japan is carried on.

Some persons imagine that a stray junk of these strange people helped to people America, which, as there is no proof to the contrary, is quite possible. They, however, did not take, as far as we can see, any of their customs with them, unless, indeed, they be buried in the ruined cities of Yucatan, or in the graves of the Aztecs.

The aspect of the shores is gloomy, as if nature vied with man in her efforts to make the land inaccessible. Rocks, reefs, storms, fogs, are even more pestilential than the extreme *extro* principle which the Japanese adopt, and which is so offensive even in the city of Paris. But as you approach nearer, you find before your eyes fresh green hills, richly cultivated in terraces, with cedars, and temple roofs, and huts rising in all directions. The inhabitants first seen are generally fishermen, all but naked; but the ship which enters Nagasaki Bay has soon other visitors. The guards come alongside, questions are asked, delays incurred, Bibles and

Prayer-books sealed up as dangerous, and hostages taken,—the whole crew and passengers examined to see that they really are Dutch; and then the ship is towed into the inner anchorage. From this place the view is delicious; hills, groves, oaks, cedars, laurels, corn-fields, gardens—all combine to attract and please the eye.

Immense precautions are now taken to prevent smuggling, which, nevertheless, does take place, though all efforts, even on the part of the president of the factory, to have the society of a wife allowed, have hitherto failed. The first thing that strikes the eye of the traveller is the appearance of the people he visits. A learned writer thus dilates upon them:—

“The Japanese have all the organic characteristics of Mongol conformation, the oblique position of the eye included; but they seem to be the least uncomely of that ugly race. Klaproth considers the Chinese portion of their nature to be happily modified by greater energy, muscular and intellectual. They are generally described as well made, strong, alert, and fresh-coloured; the young of both sexes as smooth-faced, rosy, and graced with abundance of fine black hair. The Dutch writers, indeed, dilate complacently upon the beauty of the young women, of which a specimen is given in a portrait in Siebold's work.”

Our engraving (p. 373) represents a specimen of a Japanese lady in all her finery. To continue:—“The gait of both sexes is allowed to be awkward; and the women the worst, in consequence of their bandaging their hips so tightly as to turn their feet inwards. The ordinary dress of both sexes, and all ranks, is in form very similar, differing chiefly in the colours, delicacy, and value of the materials. It consists of a number of loose wide gowns, worn over each other; those of the lower orders made of linen or calico—those of the higher, generally of silk, with the family arms woven or worked into the back and breast of the outer robe; and all fastened at the waist by a girdle. The sleeves are enormous in width and length, and the portion that hangs below the arm is closed at the end to answer the purpose of a pocket, subsidiary, however, to the capacious bosoms of the gowns, and to the girdles, where more valuable articles are deposited; amongst these are clean, neat squares of white paper, the Japanese substitutes for pocket-handkerchiefs, which, when used, are dropped into the sleeve, until an opportunity offers of throwing them away without soiling the house. This description applies to both sexes, but the ladies usually wear brighter colours than the men, and border their robes with gay embroidery or gold. Gentlemen wear a scarf over the shoulders; its great length is regulated by the rank of the wearer, and serves in turn to regulate the bow with which they greet each other, inasmuch as it is indispensable to bow to a superior until the ends of the scarf touch the ground.”

Their holiday garb is thus described:—“To the above, upon occasions of full dress, is superadded what is called the garb of ceremony. It consists of a cloak of a specific form thrown over the other clothes. With the cloak is worn, by the higher classes, a very peculiar sort of trousers, called *hakama*, which appears, both from the description given, and from the appearance of the article, so far as can be distinguished in the glass cases of the Hague Museum, to be formed of an immensely full-plaited petticoat, sewed up between the legs, and left sufficiently open on the outside to admit of free locomotion.”

Swords are the insignia of rank. Men in the higher ranks wear two, those a rank lower appear with one; the people are not allowed any. The figure we have engraved (p. 372) is that of a nobleman, and accordingly, as the reader will observe, two swords are represented. This may give some idea of the character of political society. Socks are worn in-doors, their shoes being exceedingly awkward. They are soles of straw-matting or wood, kept on by an upright pin between the toes, sometimes by a horn ring. The impossibility of lifting a foot

thus shod in walking may amply account for the awkward gait of the Japanese.

Their head-dress is distinctive. The men shave the front and crown of the head; the hair growing from the temples and back of the head is gathered together, drawn back, and forms a tuft. These peculiarities are faithfully depicted in the accompanying illustration. Priests and physicians shave clean, while surgeons retain theirs.

The women, exhibiting in this even more sense than the

feet long by 240 across—is an artificial island in the shape of a fan, separated from the town by a stone bridge. The eleven solid Dutchmen who dwell here, are watched with all the patience of the strange race they do business with. They are waited on by Japanese servants in the day, but the severe laws which force these men to leave at sunset have encouraged the introduction into the factory of a class of women of the lowest order, who alone are allowed to live on Desima island. The children of these temporary wives are



JAPANESE NOBLEMAN.

men of civilised countries, keep all their hair, and make a kind of turban of it, stuck full of bits of tortoise-shell, a foot long, as thick as a man's finger, highly worked and polished. The more a lady's hair projects, the more she is dressed. No jewellery adorns their persons, the complexion is destroyed by red and white paint, the lips are daubed with purple, while the married women dye their teeth black and extract the eyebrows.

Except in rainy weather, the head is uncovered, a fan only shading off the sun. Everybody wears a fan,—man, woman, and child, soldiers, civilians, schoolmasters—every body.

The island inhabited by the Dutch—which is about 600

all taken as Japanese citizens, and are allowed little intercourse with their parents. None may die on this Dutch island, and this law occasions some painful scenes in case of sudden illness. Few visitors ever go to Desima, a permission being so difficult to obtain as to amount almost to prohibition. No money transactions are allowed, and the severe laws of the monarchy are kept in force by a system of spies, quite equal to that of any European despotism.

President Meylan thus describes a visit paid to him by the chief police-officer, a burgomaster of Nagasaki: "Upon such occasions the president is bound, in expectation of their arrival, to spread a carpet, to provide liqueurs and sweetmeats to be offered at the proper time, to await the high

lignitary at his own door, and when the said high dignitary has seated himself in Japanese fashion, on his heels on the carpet, he squat himself down in like manner, bowing his head two or three times to the ground, and thus making his compliment, as it is termed here. In all this I should see nothing, it being the usual mode in which Japanese grandees receive and salute each other; but here, in my mind, lies the offence, that between Japanese this compliment is reciprocated, whilst at an interview between a Netherlander and a Japanese

grandee of the rank of a *gobanyosi*, the compliment of the former is not returned by the latter, he being esteemed an exceedingly friendly burgomaster, or *gobanyosi*, who even nods his head to the Netherlander in token of approval. All this is the more striking to the Netherlander newly landed at Dezima and not yet used to the custom, because he observes the Japanese to be amongst themselves full of ceremony and demonstration of politeness, in which the nation yields to no other, not even to the French."



JAPANESE LADY.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER XIX.

LET us go back to two of the personages of our tale in whom we trust our readers are interested.

Giulio Polani had returned with the troops to Venice, and resumed his intercourse with Bianca without any restraint. In truth, there seemed to be no reason why the young people should feel any restraint. It was natural for them to suppose that the Count Polani would not be averse to their union, and he certainly did not seem to trouble himself about the matter. Alas! his thoughts were occupied too much about his pecuniary difficulties to permit him to be very keen-eyed as to how two young members of his family passed their time; and if he thought of Bianca, it was with the determination that, come

what might, he would resist, if possible, the fulfilment of his foolish contract in relation to her.

Upon the day when the count paid the visit to Pietro Molo, Giulio and Bianca sat alone in a *salon* of the Palazzo Polani. The young man looked fondly upon the girl, but his look was full of joy—there was nothing to trouble its happiness, or dim the confiding hope that shone out from his eyes. The girl, with glowing cheek and down-turned eyes, was apparently contemplating, with very profound attention, a fresh rose-bud which she held in her hand, but from which she nevertheless from time to time plucked the young leaves. The case of the young couple was manifest. Even old Giudetta, dim-eyed as

she was, would at once have pronounced them to be lovers, who had told their love, and had nothing now to do but to tell it over again.

"Dearest Bianca," said Giulio, "when you have quite demolished that pretty rose—which hath done you no wrong that I know of, save that it too is fair—will you do me the favour to let me know whereon your thoughts are so busy for the last minute and a half?"

The girl looked up and smiled, but her smile had somewhat of sadness in it.

"I thought, dear Giulio, how very happy I am; and then came a something over my spirit that made me sad and fearful, lest such happiness was too great to be long-lived: one is sure to find a cloud crossing the heart when it is glad, as the shadow is always the darkest when the sun shines most brightly."

"Nay, nay, dear one, not so shall it be with us: ours shall be the sunshine of the long, long summer day; no cloud save those that will deck heaven in gold and purple—no shadows save those that bring freshness and repose."

"Ah! that it may be so, Giulio; and yet I have some reason to fear—"

"How?—where?—from whom? Tell me at once, Bianca. My father surely will not disapprove—"

"I have no cause to think he will; but— Come, I will tell thee what has disturbed me. It was but yesterday that, as I sat in the balcony overlooking the canal, watching the gondolas pass by, one with a band of minstrels in it stopped beneath my window, when a girl began to sing to the music of a rebeck. After her song was ended, I gave her a guerdon, and she cried to me in a merry voice, 'Thanks, dear lady; mayst thou have a happy bridal and a speedy.' At this moment the man who played upon the rebeck looked up, and fixed his glittering black eyes upon me, and then he spoke in a deep, sad voice: 'Sorrow, and trial, and darkness! The bridegroom shall come, but Death shall enter at the door with him. He who comes to wed shall go forth without a bride. Sorrow, and trial, and darkness!' I sank backwards with a scream, and when I recovered my composure sufficiently to look down again, the gondola had disappeared. But the words of that man still ring in my ears, and his black, glittering eyes, and his high forehead with the deep scar across it, haunt me incessantly."

"A deep scar across the forehead, didst thou say, Bianca?" asked Giulio, and his heart sank within him as he recognised in the description the ciarlatano, Bartolomeo.

"Yes, dear Giulio, dost thou know such a one?"

"Nay, nay, I did but seek to know some mark whereby I might find the knave that affrighted thee. But dismiss this silly adventure from thy mind. Come, thou shalt sing for me ere I leave thee."

The girl looked up into his face with a smile of trusting love, and while a sigh fluttered upon her lips she took up her mandolin and said—

"Thou shalt hear the newest canzone in Venice, Giulio—They call it

LA BELLEZZA.

O'er a swift, bright streamlet blowing,
A rose stooped down, one day,
To catch, in the limpid waters flowing,
Her blushing image gay;
But the breeze of morn came freshly by,
And brushed the vain rose impetuously,
Rending each tender leaf away.
The leaves fell down the waves among,
And they bore them, rushing for ever along,
Far, far, to the hungry sea—
Thus rapidly, O Heaven, still flies,
Adown time's checkless river,
The loveliness that most we prize,
From our fond eyes for ever."

"Thanks, dear Bianca, a pretty song in sooth, and hath a good moral withal. Well, as Time's river speeds with us all, shall we not do well to float down the stream as smoothly as we can? And now, must I leave thee for a time. Addio, arissima, we shall meet soon again."

And, kissing the hand of his mistress, he departed.

Thus day succeeded day, and March was now drawing to its close; the Count Polani sought in vain to extricate himself from the difficulties that surrounded him. He applied in various quarters for a loan on his estates, but he found, what many a man has found since and before, that in proportion to one's necessities for money is the difficulty of obtaining it. A few years since he would have met a hundred goldsmiths ready to lend; now there seemed suddenly to be a dearth in the coffers of every one of those sagacious citizens. Somehow they had all discovered that the count was going down in the world, and they assisted him accordingly to—go down still further. At length, it was within one day of that upon which the bond to Molo would be payable, and the count with all his exertions was able to raise little more than half the amount: to apply again to the banker was, he well knew, useless, and would but subject him to the humiliation of a refusal. One thing, therefore, seemed certain, that upon the morrow, when old Molo should demand his money, that demand could not be complied with; and then what were to be the consequences? Would the old usurer really seek the fulfilment of the other condition of the obligation?—or would he not rather proceed against the property and person of his debtor and get what he could? The laws against debtors were very stringent, and Molo might hope in the long run to extract the last farthing; but, on the other hand, had he not refused all compromise and arrangement, and doggedly announced his determination to abide by the contract, and to enforce it too? and, above all, he had procured the license from the council for the marriage of his nephew. All these things the unhappy count revolved in his mind as he sat by himself that morning in one of the apartments of his palace; at length, he started up with the air of a man who has formed some desperate determination.

"I will go to Bianca," he muttered, "I will tell her all; she shall know that it is in her power to save me; that I have sold her, as needy men sell their jewels," he added bitterly; "and then let her decide. After all she may, perhaps, think the hand of a wealthy citizen should not be spurned by a poor noble's daughter. Come, we shall see."

A few moments brought him to the boudoir of the girl.

"A fair morning to you, dear child," said the count, with an unwonted tenderness as he sat down beside her. "I have come to intrude upon your solitude. In truth I begin to think you pass but a lonely life of it here."

"Nay," replied the girl, "it is not so. I am not lonely with so many friends. Have I not yourself at times, and the signora Lucretzia and her daughter Caterina, and my dear old Gufetto? and more, is not there my brother Giulio?" One who was versed in the ways of women might have detected a slight embarrassment in the last words of the young lady: but the Count Polani was not much skilled in such matters: besides his thoughts were otherwise occupied, and so he did not perceive it.

"Ah, yes, no doubt, Bianca; that's all very well in its way. But thou art now of years to think of other companionship. Dost know that I have had a suitor for thy hand? Aye, and a wealthy one, too."

The maiden's heart beat fast, but she did not speak; could Giulio, thought she, have disclosed all to his father? After a moment's pause the count continued—

"Give me now, my dear child, for a little space, thy attention, while I state all to thee. Thou knowest how that in thy early years thou wast committed to my care by thy father, my dear friend—how I have nurtured thee even as I have my own child, and though my habits and sex precluded my attending personally to thee, yet I hope thou hast never stood in need of aught that kindness could supply."

"You have indeed ever been very good, dear signore," replied Bianca, "and I have had much happiness."

"I rejoice to hear thee say so. Well, the time is now come when it imports thee to know that thy father, when consigning thee to my guardianship, enjoined upon thee not only in his testament, but also in a writing addressed to thyself, that thou shouldst be solely guided by me in the matter of thy

marriage; that thou shouldst accept no suitor save at my hands, and that thou shouldst yield an entire obedience to my wishes therein, even as thou wouldst to him, if living. Here is the letter, Bianca; thou shalt read it by and by; meantime, let me proceed. Hast thou ever read, my pretty one," continued the count, with an affectation of gaiety that he did not feel, "that, by an ancient law of our republic, he that offered the most money was entitled to the hand of the fairest damsel, and a part of his wealth was assigned by the state as a portion for the maidens who had neither personal charms nor wealth to attract suitors. Well, that old law is abolished, but somewhat of its spirit survives, for the fathers of Venice are wont to think that they best consult the honour and dignity of their houses when they bestow their most beautiful daughters on the wealthiest suitors; and the daughters of Venice are ever obedient to the command of their parents, and recognise the wisdom of the state in making his will of the parent all but paramount."

The count paused a moment. He had, in his own opinion, made a capital opening, and he sought to discover the effect which his words had upon his auditor. In this, however, he was unsuccessful. Bianca listened unmoving, with her eyes turned downwards, and, save from the paleness of her cheek, he could not perceive any symptom of emotion.

"Well, as I said, my dear child, a wealthy suitor seeks thy hand—one whose riches can retrieve the splendour of your ancient, though now impoverished house, and place thee where by thy birth thou shouldst be; for thou knowest how wealth is worshipped in this our state of Venice, and how it can achieve all things. He is young, too, and report speaks well of him as fairly endowed in mind and person. To-morrow this youth—Girolamo Molo, the son of the great banker of Milano, and a citizen of Venice—will seek your hand with my full permission."

"To-morrow!" exclaimed the maiden, looking at the count with an expression of surprise and terror—"surely, dear signore, you cannot mean this! Besides, I am indeed contented to live amongst those whom I now know and love, and desire to form no new ties. Ah! in the name of heaven, let not this be. I beseech you, in the name of my dear parent who placed me in your hands, suffer me to remain as I am at present—were he alive, I should not sue to him in vain."

"What folly is this, Bianca? Here art thou a maiden, of years to become a matron; a hand and a fortune are offered thee which few would reject; and yet wouldst thou decline so fair a proposal, and that without having even seen him who makes it. This cannot be."

The poor girl arose, and casting herself at the feet of the count, burst into a passion of tears. Polani was amazed, and not a little moved by so unexpected an exhibition. Heretofore he had ever found the young girl gentle and submissive to all his requests, and scarce gave her credit for great depth or strength of feeling. He raised her gently, and seating her again beside him, sought to soothe her as best he was able.

"How is this, dear child? It may be that I have disclosed the matter to you somewhat too suddenly. Be comforted, Bianca. Thou hast nothing to fear from me. In the name of that father to whose memory thou hast appealed, I, in my turn, beseech you to hear me. Thou shalt know how deeply my own honour and welfare, as well as Giulio's, whom thou dost love as a brother, are involved in this matter. I have solemnly pledged myself to the uncle of this youth, which as thy guardian I might lawfully do, that he should have thy hand in marriage; should I fail in my engagement, I am under the obligation to pay upon the instant a large sum of money as an equivalent. That sum I have not, nor can I by any human means procure it. The consequence of my default, I need not tell thee, will be to me imprisonment, confiscation, ruin—to Giulio, beggary, a blasted name, and expatriation."

"Oh! terrible, terrible!" cried the girl, shuddering. "Is there no other means of saving those I love than by sacrificing myself. Ah, dear signore, I will cheerfully give my own poor inheritance towards discharging this obligation. Take it, take it—only spare me the misery of—"

"My dear Bianca, I might not, even if I were willing, avail myself of thy generosity. Thou art not yet of an age to dispose of thy property, and the state would not suffer any one to plunder thee. And now that thou seest the whole matter, this much do I require of thee at least. Receive the visit of this youth to-morrow. Judge for thyself; remember the duty thou owest to me, as filling the place of thy father; forget not that in Venice the child resists not the will of the parent in such things; forget not how much is at stake; and then—yes, dear Bianca—then, I know well, thou wilt act as I would have thee. And now, dear child, I leave thee for the present; thou wilt receive the youth at the appointed time, and I confidently reckon on thy obedience."

It was long before the bewildered girl could compose her mind sufficiently to think with calmness upon this sudden trial. And, in truth, thought brought her but little comfort. The entire subjection to parental authority, in which women were educated in Venice, the mode in which marriages were arranged, as a matter of contract and convenience between the fathers without paying the slightest regard to the feelings of the children, made the conduct of the count appear less tyrannical in the eyes of Bianca than it would in those of a daughter of our own happy land; and the habitual deference which she had ever rendered to every command of the count, would, in all probability, have induced her to have yielded an unresisting obedience in this case, had not her affections been already engaged. But now she clung to her love with all the truth and fidelity of woman's nature—she could not resign it. She felt as though it would be easier to resign life itself. And Giulio, how would he endure the trial?—would he relinquish her without an effort? It was plain, as yet, he was in ignorance of this fatal contract—ah, could he have the means of preventing it?—and then the ruin which her refusal would involve him in: him whom she loved well enough to sacrifice everything for. The conflict between love and duty raged in the mind of the unhappy girl with a fierceness and violence all the greater, that it was unwonted, and her heart was well nigh rent in the struggle. Hours thus passed and found her still sitting in the chair where the count had left her, when the door was gently opened and Giulio Polani entered.

"Why, dearest Bianca, I thought thou must have been at thy orisons. Here have I been knocking, I know not how long, at thy chamber door, and having received no answer, I have been forced to act as my own usher. But, Santissima Madre! what is the matter with thee? Thou art ill, surely."

Ill, indeed, she was; ill in mind and ill in body also. Her eyes were swollen and red with weeping; she was pale and languid, and her head throbbed with a dull, heavy aching. The young man sprang to her side and seized her hand.

"Cielo! dearest, how is this?—thy pulse is weak and fluttering, thy hand is cold—speak, in God's name, and tell me, hath aught happened?"

"Much! much!" cried the girl, and bending her head forward, she sobbed hysterically upon the bosom of her lover.

We shall not pursue the scene further. Let such of our readers draw upon his or her experience, if such he or she have; if that happily be wanting, fancy must supply its place. At length, however, Giulio became acquainted with the full extent of the calamity that impended over both. To relinquish the object of his affection was not to be thought of—what young man like him ever did so in the face of difficulty and danger? When he had offered the best comfort in his power, and the girl was somewhat calm, he said:

"Dearest Bianca, I know that thou art true to our love. Wilt thou be faithful to the end, come what may?"

"To the death, dear Giulio," said the girl, with a solemn energy that seemed strange in one of her gentle nature.

"Then are we not without hope, even were thou at the altar's foot. Meantime, something may yet be done to discharge my father's debt, even at the last moment. See this note, dearest; I came to make thee acquainted with its import, and now it seems as if heaven has sent this opportunity to me. Thou dost remember the young French seigneur, Jacques de

la Mole, whom I brought to see thee near twelve months since? Well, not half an hour ago, this paper was put into my hands by Tommaso, who had it from a gondolier at the door of the palazzo."

The young man then read the note:—

"Fate brings me once again to Venice, and I am reminded of thee, dear Giulio. Come to me this evening after sunset, I entreat thee by our old friendship. Thou wilt find me at the sign of the 'Croce d'Oro' at Mestre. I do not forget that I am thy debtor, and will repay thee with interest."

JACQUES."

"Now, dearest Bianca," continued Giulio, "I will go to my friend and disclose all to him. I know the amount of my father's debt to old Molo, and I doubt not that Jacques will readily place the sum at my service, as I am well aware that he is wealthy enough to do so without inconvenience. If I succeed—and I know his friendship and generosity too well to entertain a doubt—then shall the old usurer's debt be repaid in good time, and we shall be saved; but, if the worst happen, be well assured that thou shalt not, save with thy own consent, be the bride of another, while I have life and a free arm to save thee. Have a brave heart, then, dearest, while I go to meet my friend. I shall see thee again to-night, upon my return: for the present, addio! May the Virgin have thee in her keeping."

The sun had scarce sunk below the horizon, when the gondola of Giulio Polani, having traversed the lagune, reached Mestre, then, as now, one of the principal approaches to Venice from the north. Despite of the confident assurances with which he sought to support Bianca, his heart was full of trouble and doubt; and as he entered the *osteria* of the "Croce d'Oro," he felt somewhat as a gambler may be supposed to feel who has staked his all upon the turn of the dice, which he is just about to cast. Passing through the grooms and servitors that crowded the court-yard, he was shown into a private apartment, and in a moment found himself in the arms of his friend.

"Pardieu, mon cher Jules," said Jacques, after they were seated; "I owe you some apology for my discourteous departure last year; but it was expedient for me to act as I did. Had I not left Venice, I might have been involved in serious difficulties—but of that no more at present. I hope at some future period to be more explicit. And now, cher enfant, tell me all about thyself and thine; and first of all, how is my fair enemy, for so I must call her, seeing that she caused me to lose my wager—thy sister; is it not so you call her?" And Jacques smiled significantly; "the signora Bianca I mean."

"Ah! caro mio," replied Giulio with a forced gaiety, "a truce with thy bantering. If thou hast lost thy wager, thou didst find out my secret."

"Aye, Giulio," replied the other, gravely, "and I hold the knowledge cheaply purchased. Ma foi! my own heart would have been lost to the fair one did I not quickly discover that I could not do homage to beauty without being false to friendship. And now, Giulio, having sacrificed so much to my friend, I am entitled to know how fares his love-suit."

"Dear Jacques, my best friend, I acknowledge thy claim. I have come to tell thee all; to consult thee; to tax thy friendship to the utmost."

Giulio then recounted the mutual love of himself and Bianca, how they had bound themselves irrevocably to be faithful to that love, how their happiness was now imperilled by the embarrassments of the count's affairs, and the singular compact which he had entered into with old Pietro Molo. To all this his auditor listened with profound attention, nor did he suffer an expression of any sentiment to escape his lips till Giulio came to an end. Even then he continued silent for some time, and then asked—

"What did you say was the name of the banker? Molo, was it not Molo?"

"Yes, Pietro Molo; every one in Venice knows him. I marvel that you have not heard his name."

"Strange!" pursued the other half musingly. "Is he

connected in any way with Jacopo Molo, the great banker of Milan?"

"They are brothers."

"Ah, I see. And the young man is the son of Jacopo. I presume. Do you know his name?"

"Girolamo."

"Girolamo! Girolamo Molo! I had some knowledge of a youth of that name in Damascus. He was connected with the Milanese family, too, if I remember aright. Why it must be the same, Giulio."

"Very possible, my dear Jacques. Pray what sort of a person may he be? Is he a formidable rival, think you?"

"Well, that's not an easy question to answer. And yet there be those who would think he might find favour in the eyes of a fair lady, even of Venice. But corragio, dear Giulio: you have been beforehand with him, and secured the lady's affections. But that unlucky contract that your father has entered into gives him a terrible advantage, supposing that the money shall not be forthcoming."

"Ah, diavolo! Yes, Jacques, there is the difficulty, and in that you must help me."

"As how, Giulio?"

"You have often told me you are wealthy beyond your utmost wants. I know you are generous, and I believe you are my friend. Lend me then, dear Jacques, this sum, and my father and myself shall ensure thee the repayment of it by the pledge of all we possess in the world. I know well how far he would go to avert the degradation of giving the child of a Morosini to a wealthy plebeian."

"Of course he would. I can fully sympathise with his feelings in that respect. Well then, to save him and thee, and above all the fair Bianca, from such a calamity, I shall do my utmost. How much do you want?"

"Five thousand ducats."

"A large sum, by my faith; and upon such short notice. Well, suppose I am unable to arrange the matter for thee by to-morrow, what then?"

"What then?" repeated Giulio fiercely; "why that I will tear her from his arms, even though he and I perish!"

"Ah, Dieu!" cried Jacques, with a shudder, "ça serait grand dommage. Well, sooner than endanger thy life or that of Girolamo, whose plebeian puddle is not worth one drop of thy aristocratic blood, I will give thee the sum thou requirist. Fortunately I have letters of exchange upon this very Molo, nearly to that amount. Thy father can supply what I fall short, so far as a thousand ducats or so. Is it not so?"

"Oh, yes!" said Giulio eagerly.

"Ah, then the matter is settled; thou shalt have the bills just now. Meantime, thou shalt pledge me in the health of the fair Bianca, and success to thy undertaking. Nay, nay, dear friend, no more thanks, pray; and he restrained the protestations of gratitude which Giulio was pouring forth in a delirium of joy.

The young man continued to converse for some time, but Jacques soon perceived that his companion was too much engrossed by his own affairs to be able to sustain the part of a boon companion. Accordingly, he arose, and taking from his portmanteau, which lay on a chair in the room, a small casket bound with straps of gold, he unlocked it, and drew forth several papers. From these he selected several bills, or letters of exchange, and placing them in the hands of Giulio, said,—

"Here, caro mio, are bills to the amount of four thousand ducats. Your old friend Molo will scarce refuse to honour them. We shall meet again soon in Venice, when thou canst give me the security thou proposest. And now thou art anxious to depart, so I will not detain thee. Buona notte."

The friends embraced cordially, and in a few moments more, Giulio was crossing the lagunes in his gondola to Venice; the twilight had faded into darkness before he left Mestre, and long ere he reached the city the gloom of night had settled down upon it.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

THE history of the House of Brandenburg has been one of the most spirit-stirring in modern history. In a short space of time we find a little province figuring as one of the principal powers of Europe. This result was brought about by its princes. They were all energetic and determined men; one of them especially was conspicuous for the possession of these qualities—the one whose portrait we have given, and who, in

statesman as well as a soldier—a man of the pen as well as a man of the sword. He made his country great. Prussia had scarcely an existence till his time. It made great advances in civilisation under him. Though he was a despot and a soldier, Frederick felt that it was the duty of a monarch to make his people as happy as possible; and thus, in spite of arbitrary laws and army flagellations, a certain degree of



the language of his time, was called the GREAT. Now men's judgments are better than they were. War we have learnt to think a fearful ill, and the men who create it we deem guilty of enormous crime. But the world did homage to the warrior generally called Frederick the Great. And in truth the title was not undeserved. He was something more than a soldier. He had sound economical views. He did much to improve his country. He had liberal and tolerant aims. He was a

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liberalism made its way into the national heart. His father, notwithstanding his savage temper, had bequeathed to him well-regulated finances and an example of severe attention to business; but he had left the people half-barbarous still, as they had been in ruder ages, oppressed by ignorant government officials—in fact, but little better off than Russian serfs at the present time. The reform Hardenberg introduced in 1818, by which the peasantry of the country became proprietors of the

soil—a change which has been productive of unmixed good—was attempted to be introduced by Frederick. The age, however, was not ripe for it; but the fact shows that he was something better than a fighting monarch,—that he sought to win more permanent laurels—to achieve a more enduring fame.

Frederick was born on the 24th of January, 1712, in the palace at Berlin. His mother was a daughter of our first George. Though his father was German to the backbone, he received a French education. His first governess was a Frenchwoman. He was initiated from earliest infancy into the French language as his mother-tongue. His food and dress were of the simplest kind. He was kept long in petticoats: and as he himself said, in the last years of his life, he "was brought up on beer-gruel." His constitution was extremely delicate; he was frequently ailing, and his parents, having already lost two infant sons, felt the greater anxiety on his account. The state of his health, no doubt, affected his disposition and manner. In his childhood he was remarkably quiet and dull. On entering his seventh year, Frederick was removed from the tuition of females. His tutors were commanded to make him a Christian, and to pay the strictest attention to his morals. They were commanded not to teach him Latin, but, on the other hand, were to make him master of French, German, and modern history, and, above all, were to excite in him a genuine love for the military profession, and to impress upon him that, as "nothing in the world but the sword can confer honour and glory on a prince, he would be despised by the whole world if he did not love it and seek in it his only glory." Everything that could be done to make him a soldier was done. The king formed a company of cadets, of which the young prince was commander, who was not exempted from any of the duties of his corps, he having frequently to stand sentry before the palace, with his musket and cartouch-box, like any other private soldier. The king strove in other ways to inspire his son with an interest for the military profession. Thus he had a large room in the palace of Berlin fitted up as an armoury, with all the instruments of war. At fourteen, the prince was a captain; at fifteen, major; at sixteen, lieutenant-colonel; and in these ranks he had to do the same duty as any other officer. Never had poor prince a more wretched time of it. His father's harshness and cruelty almost drove him mad. At one time he started for England, but was recovered and brought back. When he became marriageable, his situation was a little improved; but of course the match was a mere state affair:—he married the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of one of the petty German dukes, so numerous till the French Revolution; and when he became king, he never seems to have gone near her Majesty at all. But more attractions awaited Frederick elsewhere.

In 1734 he served in his first campaign, in connexion with the Austrians against the French, who had seized Lorraine and Bar. The prince gave excellent promise, but he seems not unreluctantly to have returned home to write poetry, and to study Bayle and Voltaire till 1740, when the death of his father summoned the prince to take his place. Frederick began his career well. The courts of justice needed a sweeping reform, and he introduced it. The judges were no longer elevated to their places by purchase—the torture was abolished as inhuman. But in the mean while, war, which he had learnt as a profession, was not forgotten—in a few months he was in Silesia, with an army of 28,000. The first great battle he won was at Mollwitz, where 7,000 Austrians were killed and wounded. At Chotersitz, fought thirteen months after, he was again victorious. When peace was restored, the king found that the war had resulted in adding to his dominion a province comprehending nearly 13,800 square miles, with a million and a half of inhabitants, and yielding a revenue of 3,500,000 dollars. Before entering on his second Silesian war, Frederick found himself still further enriched by the peaceful annexation of East Friedland, in consequence of the extinction of the princes of that line. In 1744, we again find Frederick at war with Austria. The campaign was disastrous; but Frederick was not disheartened. He raised more money, and commenced afresh, and with better success—Silesia was

re-conquered. But Austria burnt with revenge, and was determined to strike off his name from the roll of kings. In the hour of danger, however, Frederick was undismayed, and after sixteen months, the second Silesian war terminated as favourably for him as the first. The years of peace were not wasted by Frederick in idle and useless pleasures. His attention was steadily directed to the encouragement of the pursuits which render a state strong and flourishing—to the improvement of agriculture, manufactures, arts and commerce—and to the creation of a military adequate to any contingency. But the time thus devoted did not last long.

In 1756, Frederick again commenced his Austrian war. The battle of Prague was fought in the following year, as was also that terrible one of Rossbach. But, as years rolled away, Frederick found himself growing weaker. England refused further subsidies, and his forces had dwindled away. Greatly depressed by the ruin of his country, he spoke very little and took his meals alone. The reader need only turn to the poems which he wrote at this period to see how deeply he was impressed with the idea that it was impossible for him to escape the fate which Cæsar's victory at Thapsus brought upon Cato. Frederick, however, persevered and triumphed: but the poison which he carried about with him at the time was found still unpacked after his death. It consisted of five or six pills in a narrow glass tube. But in 1762 peace was made, a peace that left all the parties precisely as they were; yet this second war had cost Frederick 180,000 soldiers, and the allied powers 850,000. This bare statement gives but a faint idea of what war does. Achenholtz, the historian of the war, and an eye-witness of the miseries it inflicted, says "The sufferings of a great part of Germany were immense. Whole provinces had been laid waste, and even in those that were not, internal commerce and industry were almost annihilated, and this, too, in spite of the large sums which France, England, Russia, and Sweden, had scattered over them through their armies or by means of subsidies. Great part of Pomerania and Brandenburg was converted into a desert. There were provinces in which scarcely any men were to be found, and where the women were therefore obliged to guide the plough. In others women were as scarce as men. At every step appeared extensive tracts of uncultivated land; and the most fertile plains in Germany, on the banks of the Oder and the Wesel, looked like the wilds of the Ohio and Oronoko. An officer affirmed that he passed through seven villages in the Hessian dominions, and met with only a single individual—the pastor of one of them." Such are the results of war. It is time now that the world should refuse to call the man who brings about such results, great. On the 30th of March, 1763, Frederick returned to his capital, which he had not seen for above six years. Still Frederick was not unwilling again to have recourse to arms. In 1772 Maria Theresa was compelled to consent to the partition of Poland. The share of Prussia, though inferior in extent and population to that of the other two parties, was of immense importance, as it connected the province of East Prussia with the king's German dominions, and, by giving him possession of the mouth of the Vistula, rendered the trade of Poland tributary to him.

In 1779 Frederick again set his army in motion to prevent Bavaria from being swallowed up by Austria. The campaign was short, but it was not in vain.

Frederick died in 1781. With regard to his personal appearance, Dr. Moore, who saw him in his old age, says: "He was below the middle size, well made, and remarkably active. There was spirit and determination in his look. He had fine blue eyes and an agreeable countenance. He had a slight stoop, and his head was a little on one side—as was the case with Alexander the Great, as all children know well. He was fond of snuff, of lively repartees, of music, and of the company of philosophers, though he might have had a better companion than Voltaire. Frederick made Prussia great. He made himself a name. For years all England admired him. Still he would have done better had he been less fond of war, and more of a philosopher. It shows little of wisdom

either in king or people when they go to war. Offensive war is forbidden by all history, experience, and common sense—by the teachings of reason and revelation alike."

Frederick has the reputation of having been an atheist. It is clear he was not that; it is equally clear that he was not a believer in revealed religion, though he was the hero of the Protestant cause, and took up arms in its defence. His companions were men of wit, and the wits of that age were such men as Voltaire. He was fond of literature and music, and was a skilful performer on the flute himself. Dr. Burney, who visited Prussia in 1772, and whose judgment cannot be questioned, says: "His Majesty's embouchure was clear and even, his finger brilliant, and his taste clear and simple. I was much pleased, and even surprised, with the neatness of his execution in the allegros, as well as by his expression and feeling in the adagio: in short, his performance surpassed, in many particulars, anything I had ever heard among *dilettanti*, and even professors. His Majesty played three long and difficult concertos successively, and all with equal perfection." His supper-parties were pleasant enough, though the conversation was often more than humorous and witty; for, bashful as Frederick was in regard to his person, he was very free in his language. In the town of Berlin he was popular enough; the inhabitants ran to the doors and took off their hats. Many walked alongside of him that they might have a better view of the great king. A great number of boys always ran before and behind him. It is related, that one day, when the young troop were too annoying, he lifted his crutch-stick, and, shaking it at them, bade them begone,

which drew forth a peal of laughter, one of the young urchins calling out, "A pretty king, indeed! Why, does he not know that Wednesday is a half-holiday?" Frederick was very economical. A country clergyman once solicited from the king an order that his congregation should supply him with forage for a horse, because he was unable to walk to do duty at a chapel in a distant part of the country. Underneath his petition Frederick wrote: "The Bible does not say, *ride* into all the world, but *go* into all the world, and preach to all nations." His dress bore ample testimony to Frederick's penurious character. One of the writers of his life states, that "all the king's shirts were found, at his death, to be so torn and out of repair, that there was not one fit to be put upon the corpse. As there was not time to get a new one made, his valet brought one of his own which he had never worn, and which had been presented to him by his bride; and in this the deceased monarch was buried." The whole of the royal wardrobe, when sold to a Jew, reached only 400 dollars—no very large sum, we confess; but Frederick was no ordinary monarch, and placed little dependence on his tailor. We may as well add here, that it was not till the hundredth anniversary of Frederick's accession to the throne of Prussia, that the foundation-stone was laid in his own capital for the monument to his memory—an equestrian statue by Rauch. Whatever the world may think of Frederick, Prussia owes him much. When he came to it, it was little better than a province; when he left it, it held the chief rank amongst the European monarchies. In his own time no king wore a kinglier crown, or wielded a more royal power.

RUSSIAN LIFE.

It is a happy day in Russia when, for the first time in the year, the sun looks down on the waters of the Neva, and the floating masses of ice are swept away. Flowers begin to spread their petals in the light, and tender leaves to tremble in the gentle breath of spring, and birds to preen themselves on bud-covered branches, and to tune their voices for a summer song. And more than this, the official life of St. Petersburg breaks up like the ice on the river, and the etiquette of the court is thawed, and grave nobles and officers, and pretty Russian damsels, nobly born, who all the winter long have been hard-frozen into the routine of a state life, begin to disappear from lofty mansions and wide streets, and to relieve their long wintry campaign by the luxury and the freedom of country life. Away they go to look on the fields and the prairies, to feel the delights of unconstraint amid the sweet perfume of the flowers.

They do not go to old baronial mansions, stiff and formal as a baron of the days of Lionheart, nor to elegantly fitted villas, filled with every luxury which art can invent or effeminacy desire. The country-houses of Russia are neither built of brick nor stone—simply of wood, painted with all the colours of the rainbow, but without any other attempt at decoration. They are thoroughly comfortable within, notwithstanding, and afford a very agreeable change to the solemn magnificence of St. Petersburg. A man feels at home in a log-house, and even a Russian noble seems for a time to forget that he is not his own, and that he has nothing that he can call his own, and to be as free and happy as a bee sucking honey from a flower. By the way, these wooden houses are surrounded by some of the pleasantest gardens our readers ever saw. It is remarkable that all people, east, west, north, and south, love flowers. The Russian cultivates his patch of garden-ground most carefully, and noble lords seem there as much at home as Cincinnatus on his farm.

There is one thing very peculiar about these Russian country-houses: they are built in every variety of architecture. Here rises up a wooden dwelling modelled after the Greek; here another, with capitals and porticoes, and cornices and columns, never brought together before by any possible chance; here a dwelling that looks like an old Athenian house, and

here another the very counterpart of a brother in Stamboul. All the spring and summer there is plenty of gaiety going on in these strange dwellings. Now a grand *fête*, now a general holiday, now a village festival, now a saint's-day, now a reception of serfs, now a birthday, now a marriage. The opportunities for rejoicing are not few nor far between, and the Russian lords "at home" are not unmindful of them. Sometimes the nobles flock together to the dwelling of a greater noble than they, who gives some splendid feast in honour of them all. Thus, a little while ago, the Grand Duke Michael, brother of the present emperor, gave a magnificent entertainment to the nobility. Everything which could contribute to the festivity of the occasion was prepared; the forests and gardens and parks presented new wonders and attractions at every turn. All day long the guests were entertained; but the night surpassed the day in the extent and gorgeous character of its amusement. There was an orchestra of immense extent, crowded with performers of first-rate ability; a ball, perhaps the largest and most magnificent on record; and fireworks that were not to be outdone. Wonder after wonder, marvel upon marvel—verily a turning of night into day; showers of fire, fountains of fire, cascades of fire, pyramids of fire; fiery dragons, elves, and goblins; fiery serpents, eagles, and Greek crosses followed in quick succession; fiery bouquets of flowers that split into ten thousand fragments and formed an imperial crown, which crown's appearance was hailed with shouts and the national strain of "God save King Muscovite!"

All the spring, all the summer, feasts and rejoicings such as these delight the Russian nobles; and when from his cold retreat Winter comes forth again, and scatters autumn leaves, and chains up the babbling stream, and silences the birds, and kills the flowers, he puts an end to the festivities, and, along with streams and rivers, freezes the Russian nobility into cold proprieties and the icy etiquette of the imperial court.

The place at which the grand festival occurred, of which we spoke above, was called Paulowsky. A little way to the west of Paulowsky, on the shores of the Gulf of Finland, is the château and imperial park of Peterhoff. No one can forget the beauty of the road which leads to this residence: once

seen, it is indelibly stamped on the memory. What a beautiful panorama it presents! Every turning in the road is marked by a granite obelisk or a graceful château, or a beautiful villa, almost hidden in the surrounding trees; and viewed from a height, the dotted, variegated landscape looks as beautiful as the spotted wings of a butterfly. It is one of the most picturesque roads in all Russia, and one fails to recollect, surrounded by its exquisite scenery, the misery, cruelty, and crime which are hidden beneath so fair an exterior. If the road is delightful, the château itself is still more so, and the views which it commands are alone sufficient to attract the traveller to its locality.

On the road to Peterhoff, you pass by the castle of luxurious

"Nothing, a mere nothing!"

"Exactly so, your majesty."

"Well, but how much?"

"Thirty rubles, more or less."

"How is this possible?"

"It is quite true, sire; 'tis the mere silver necessary for buying the stamped paper."

In fact, the opulence of Narischkine simply consisted of bills and mortgages, which served his turn well enough, and left the burden to his successors. It did not last, however, so long as he expected; and sadly he felt the want of silver for some other purpose than simply buying stamped paper. In his distress, the emperor sent him a book, in the leaves of



THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER AND NARISCHKINE.

memory, the true castle of indolence and dissipation—where the famous Narischkine so often entertained the emperor Alexander. It is now in ruins—silent are the halls of Balclutha—the grass grows on the threshold. But the very ruin is suggestive. One thinks of the money squandered so prodigally, but so cruelly exacted. As the shades of evening gather around it, the gray mist peoples the ghostly hall, and the be-ruffled and perfumed guests seem once more to throng its lofty chambers. One day, so goes the story, the favourite had given to the emperor one of the most splendid feasts with which he had ever testified his loyalty; when Alexander suddenly turned upon him, and asked,

"What does all this cost, now?"

"A mere nothing, your majesty."

which was placed a note for a hundred thousand rubles. Narischkine took the book, and sent no answer. When the emperor met him, he asked:

"Ah, by the way, what do you think of the book I sent you?"

"I must read," replied the favourite, "the second volume before I can form a judgment of the work."

Alexander sent him another volume, enclosing a like sum; but on the cover of the book was written: "*Volume II, and last.*"

Peterhoff is the Versailles of Russia. It is the place where every year the feast of the empress is celebrated, with splendid illuminations and artificial fireworks, more gigantic and wonderful than the "Thousand and One Nights." It presents

one of the most animated scenes it is possible to imagine. The roads which lead to it from St. Petersburg are covered with equipages of all sorts, the Neva and the Gulf of Finland are crowded with steamboats, and an almost endless variety of vessels bearing holiday-folks to Peterhoff. And amid the gay activities of that place the emperor himself freely mingles with his people. Czar Nicholas is quite at home with his subjects, and in private life the autocrat is one of the simplest of men. One or two curious anecdotes are related of him, which, whatever may be our opinion of his conduct, or the position which he has now assumed with respect to Turkey and the states of Europe, are interesting.

When the emperor formed the project of altering the head-

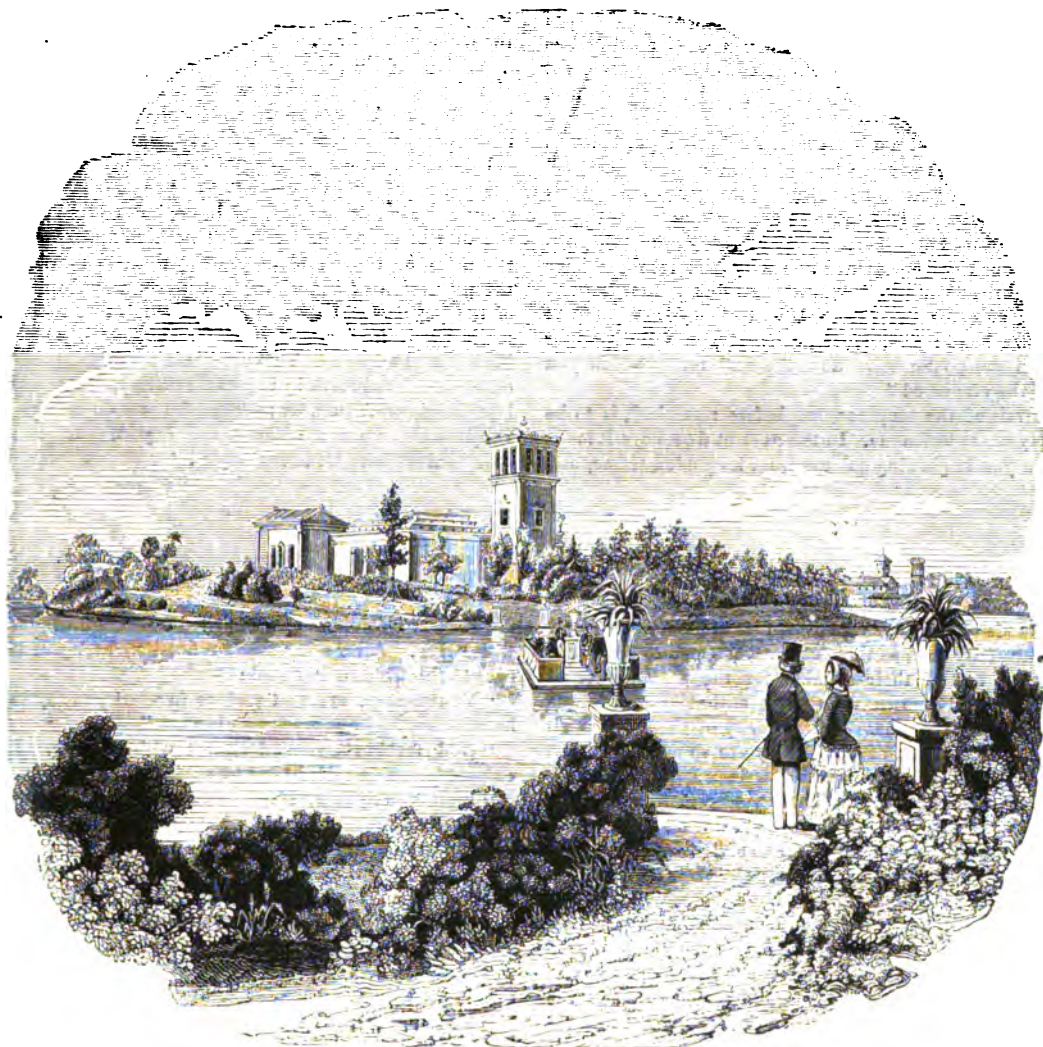
"Ah, that is very dear, very expensive; how would you like to pay a similar sum?"

"Sire," said the painter, "I believe your majesty has a fortune!"

The retort gratified the emperor, who repeated it many times after, and took the painter into his special favour.

Fond of adventure, the emperor goes much about St. Petersburg *incog*. One day he entered a tavern in one of the most fashionable and most frequented quarters of the city; he there noticed a young man elegantly dressed and smoking a cigar, with the same free and easy fashion as he might in New York, Paris, or London.

The emperor accosted him and gave him the military salute.



THE ISLE OF THE CZARINA, PETERHOFF.

dress of his guards, he appealed to Ladinnere, his military painter.

"What do you think," he asked, "of my project?"

"I approve of it entirely, your majesty; will you allow me to design a model?"

It was designed and executed.

Some days afterwards Ladinnere waited on the Czar with a most magnificent helmet.

"Will your majesty favour me by trying it?" he asked.

"Willingly."

So the emperor placed the helmet on his head.

"Marvellously good—thank you; by the way, what is the cost?"

The painter mentioned a very large sum.

"I suppose, sir," he said, "you have but recently arrived in St. Petersburg?"

"Even so, good sir; you have described my case exactly."

"Then, of course," continued the emperor, "you are unacquainted with the fact that you are breaking the police regulations at the present moment."

"How so?"

"You smoke."

"And does the law forbid smoking here?"

"Undoubtedly."

"In that case a thousand thanks; the law for ever!"

The stranger took his cigar from his mouth and was about to cast it away.

"Nay!" said the emperor, "while you are with me you have nothing to fear, and may smoke if you please."

"Are you then some great boyard, that I am safe under your protection?" returned the young man, smiling.

"I have some slight influence," said the emperor, "and what influence I do possess I will exert on your behalf."

"Thanks! thanks!"

The young man puffed away once more, and putting his arm familiarly within the proffered arm of the emperor, they marched on, talking cheerfully enough. The stranger expressed his opinion freely on all topics connected with Russian trade and commerce. He did not appear to notice the striking resemblance that the imperial portraits—and in St. Petersburg the imperial portraits are everywhere—bore to his good-tempered friend; but when he at last arrived at one of the military districts, and here and there a soldier saluted as they went, the truth came into his mind, the cigar was cast away, a deep flush suffused his cheeks, and taking his arm from the emperor, he said—

"Pardon me, sire—I am but a poor foreigner; yet is it not the mighty Czar with whom I have the honour of speaking?"

"The same; but reassure yourself of my good-will. It is not always an emperor is strolling the streets to come to the relief of uninformed strangers who may infringe the police regulations. Your cigar has gained you a friend; it might have gained you three days' imprisonment, or a fine of fifty kopeks. To make all sure for the future, I will give you a passport with my own hand; and, depend upon it, you will get on far better when the postmasters and the rest recognise in you a friend of the emperor!"

The portrait of the emperor, we before remarked, is to be found everywhere in Russia. In the noblest dwellings it looks down upon you in glowing colours from its golden frame, and

in humble homes it confronts the visitor in the shape of common print on a bare wall. Everything connected with the emperor is held in the highest esteem—his will, absolute, respected by all throughout the vast extent of his empire. A traveller relates that he was journeying on a very bad road from one Russian town to another, and that as time was important, seeing that he had despatches for the French government, he urged his postillion or driver to do his utmost in the way of speed. But the driver, a stolid, uncompromising man, still proceeded at a leisurely pace, and, despite ever remonstrance, would not urge his horses—"little doves," as he called them—into a good round pace. On arriving at one of the post-houses, our traveller urged his complaint; it was listened to with the utmost carelessness, till the passport was produced, and in the handwriting of the emperor appeared the name of the Czar.

At sight of this, the postmaster fell on his knees and implored pardon; the coachman swore that he would drive like lightning for the emperor, and, instead of indifference and inattention, there was the utmost promptitude and despatch.

It is said that the utmost enthusiasm prevails on behalf of the policy of the Czar—that the people not only fear his name and regard sacred his behests, but really enter into his schemes of aggrandisement. This seems scarcely likely of the mass of the people. As for those who may long for the possession of luxurious Byzantium and the sunlit shores of the Bosphorus, they know well enough that it is something far different from zeal for the Greek Church which induces Nicholas to engage in Turkish warfare—that it is but a noisy echo, thundered forth by imperial artillery, of the words of the late Emperor Alexander:—"Whilst we do not possess the Dardanelles, we are without the key of our own house: Russia must have Constantinople!"

THE SACRED DEBT.

FIRST PART.

AFTER the toils of the day were over, four students of a small German university met, as they were accustomed to do, at the apartments of one of their number for the performance of music. It is well known with what enthusiasm music is cultivated by the Germans. The majority of them possess a natural taste for this art, of which they are so fond; and the poor as well as the rich find in vocal or instrumental music a constant source of enjoyment. These young men, after their more serious studies, diverted themselves during the evening with playing quartettes composed for two violins, a viola, and a violoncello. During an interval of repose, their light, joyous conversation was interrupted by an old beggar, who, halting under the window, began to sing in a broken voice. He accompanied himself on a harp, which was too much injured by exposure to retain its more sonorous vibrations; nevertheless the accompaniment was soft and melodious, and the voice sweetly tremulous. The burden of his song ran thus:—

"Oh, give to poor Peter
A cottage, I cry,
An orchard around it,
His wants to supply.
Content with such riches,
Oh, think it not strange,
Estates with his highness
He would not exchange."

When he had concluded, he raised his eyes towards the window where stood the young men. One of them, throwing him a piece of money, said laughingly:

"Here, poor Peter, this is all we can do for you now; return some other time."

"Yes, in a year," said another.

"And we will give you sufficient to purchase a cottage," said a third.

"In a little orchard," added the fourth.

The old man was struck motionless. The lamp over the

doorway of a neighbouring inn shed a pale light upon his long white hair. After a moment's reflection, he again raised his eyes to the window and said:

"Young men, are you serious in what you say to me? I hope you would not mock an old man."

"God forbid!" replied Ernest with emotion. His three companions also called God to witness.

"Well, young men, I trust you; at this same hour, a year hence, I will return to this window. Adieu! May the Almighty, whose name you have invoked, bless your undertakings!"

Having given utterance to this benediction, the old man departed. The students closed the window, and again took up their instruments. In a few moments, three had forgotten this little scene, and trifled as before; but at the close of the evening Ernest said to them,—

"You appear quite at ease; I must say I am not so, when I reflect on the promise I have made."

"What promise?" said the most heedless one.

"Why, the cottage and the orchard."

Their only reply was a shout of laughter, and thereupon the students separated.

The concerts were continued, and each time the friends met, Ernest reminded them of the promise made to the old man, but found that his zeal was most unwelcome.

"I am surprised," said he, "that you oblige me to insist upon a thing so self-evident. Either we have spoken seriously, and should act accordingly; or we have been guilty of impious mockery, and should endeavour to atone for our fault. My friends, I shall not sleep peacefully until I have found means to discharge our sacred debt."

"How can we discharge it?" said Christopher; "our parents deprive themselves of necessities to furnish us with a pitiful maintenance; and even could we live upon air for six months, and unite our little incomes, it would not be sufficient

to purchase the most miserable hut and the smallest orchard for the old fool. If we have been to blame in promising, he has been equally so in accepting our promise. So, quits! Adieu, comrades! I wish your sleep may be as undisturbed as my own."

This fine reasoning could not convince Ernest, nor restore his peace of mind. His mother, noticing his thoughtfulness, became anxious. The good woman, who was a widow, had but this son, and, that they might not be separated, had accompanied him to the University town. The daughter of a peasant, and the wife of a village schoolmaster, poor Catherine had learnt to practise the most rigid economy, and hoped, by that means, to eke out the little sum which remained of her paternal inheritance, until her son could maintain himself and his mother.

She wished to know the cause of his sadness; and Ernest made the painful acknowledgment. He saw by his mother's serious look that she thought with him, that such a promise ought to be religiously kept. Indeed, his own judgment was the result of his mother's early instructions in the principles of honour and piety. And should she be untrue, when her son had thus shown himself faithful to her lessons? Catherine could not be guilty of the too common sin, of contradicting her words by her conduct.

"Alas! my child," said she with a sigh, "you have commenced life by incurring debts. Nevertheless, whatever your companions may do, you at least shall fulfil your part of the engagement into which you have entered; if you do not, you are not my son."

After this conversation, Ernest devoted all the time he could spare from study to devising some means of redeeming his promise. He was one day walking on the borders of a forest, absorbed in the contemplation of this subject, when he came upon a little cottage delightfully situated in a charming valley. The cottage was surrounded by a small orchard, now clad in the verdure of spring. Passing the rustic entrance, he perceived that it was for sale.

"This would suit our purpose," said he, gazing around.

Impelled by curiosity, he entered, and approached a man of middle age, who was seated on a bench formed from the trunk of a tree.

"Your farm is for sale, sir?" said he, colouring.

"Yes, my friend; do you wish to purchase it?"

"I am deputed," replied Ernest, hesitating, "to procure an estate for a friend. What may be the price you demand?"

"Two thousand florins (about £160)," was the reply.

"Two thousand florins!" exclaimed the poor young man in affright.

"It appears to you a high price, my friend; but do you expect a house and grounds are to be had for a morsel of bread? Look at these trees; their flourishing condition proves the goodness of the soil. Look at this house; it is not a castle certainly, but there is room enough for happiness within; and I would not leave the *Pré Fleuri*, were it not that I wish to be nearer my children, who have married far from hence."

"Yes, indeed," said the student to himself; "there is room enough for happiness. I should be well contented with it myself."

While he thus reflected, the man rose to conduct him to the house. After they had gone over it, they took a turn round the grounds. Ernest admired all he saw, and acknowledged that two thousand florins was only a reasonable demand for so eligible an estate.

He left the house, thinking it was something to have found the cottage and the orchard, and flattering himself that he should conclude by discovering the means to purchase them.

He was absorbed in these thoughts until he entered the town, when, meeting in the public gardens a troop of wandering musicians, he suddenly recollected that his friends expected him that evening to join their little concert. It was their first meeting after a fortnight's vacation, which they had passed at their respective homes.

They met at the usual hour, and after the first salutations,

Christopher said that he had something to tell them before they commenced.

"And I also," replied Augustus, "have something to say to you."

"Well, indeed," added Frederic, "and so have I."

"And when you have all finished," said Ernest, "I must beg you to listen to my tale."

Christopher began:

"I was crossing," said he, "the forests of the Hartz mountains, on my return home. I was alone, and on foot. As the night closed in, the weather became stormy. When I was in the middle of the wood, the tempest commenced. If I attempt to describe it to you, it must be chiefly from imagination, for I soon lost my presence of mind. The howling of the wind—the crash of falling trees—the torrents of rain and hail—were heard even above the incessant roaring of the thunder. The continual flashing of the lightning, bursting upon the profound darkness, so dazzled me, that I durst not open my eyes, nor proceed a step. Ah! friends, you know not what it is to be overtaken by a tempest in the midst of a forest. Hitherto I had fancied myself a brave man; now, I frankly confess, I know what terror is. I leant against a tree for support to my trembling limbs. Suddenly a thunderbolt fell a few steps from me, and struck an oak, which was instantly in flames. Here was new danger—the forest may soon be on fire. I gathered courage to move a little further on; but it was my last effort; I fell first upon my knees, and then my whole length upon the wet moss. There I passed the most dreadful night of my life. I thought of you, my friends, of our concerts, and of the old beggar. I said to myself: 'This is a warning from Heaven. Unhappy being that I am! If I escape this danger I will amend my life, and I will keep the promise that I made.' At length the storm abated, and I left the frightful wood; but, though the peril is over, the promise remains. This, my friends, is what I had to tell you; and I now join with the wise Ernest in entreating you to fulfil our engagement."

"You will have little difficulty in persuading me," said Augustus. "During my stay with my parents, I visited the Castle of Weissberg. The owner of that fine residence has adorned it with more curiosity than taste; and, perhaps, it would not repay the trouble of a visit, had he not also filled it with singular inventions. Among other things he has erected a magnificent triumphal arch in one of the principal walks, with this inscription over it in letters of gold:—'This is the gate of good faith; pass it not unless thou art true to thy word.' I was in a large company, one of whom read the inscription, and called our attention to it, upon which they all passed gaily on. Had I refused to pass, I should have stood an acknowledged liar. I therefore advanced boldly, and passed under the arch. Since that day I have had no peace of mind, for I feel that having pledged my honour before so many witnesses, I cannot withdraw."

"Then," said Frederic, "we are all agreed to comply with our comrade's request; for a circumstance no less singular than those you have related, has determined me to keep my word."

"Oh, my friends," he added, "when my grandmother used to relate to us her dreams and their predictions, we would laugh and shrug our shoulders behind her; but I am now as credulous as she was, and you will not be surprised at it when I tell you the dream that I had twice successively. I do not believe that Christopher felt more terror in the forest than I on my bed, when I saw, for the second time, the old musician stop in the street below, grinning and twanging the strings of his old harp. He suddenly grew to the height of the window, and putting in a dishevelled head, and stretching out a skeleton arm, he seized my violoncello, which became an enormous double-bass, opened it, I know not how, thrust me furiously into it, and carried me away with him upon his shoulders, notwithstanding your cries and my own. You may laugh as much as you please, but I am convinced that this beggar is some great personage, with power to punish us if we offend him. I will not expose myself to it, if I can but

find the means of satisfying him ; but unhappily my dream revealed nothing on the point."

Ernest congratulated his comrades more upon the resolution they had formed than on the motives which had influenced them ; and added, " Let me now tell you, that I have found what we want."

" Ah, really !" cried they all in astonishment.

" Yes, I have found it. In a charming valley near the town, I discovered a little house standing in an orchard, which will suit us exactly, and our old man will no doubt be satisfied. The estate is to be sold for two thousand florins."

" Two thousand florins !" exclaimed they all together.

was time enough to pay when he was obliged ; and the third said, that his uncle, upon whom he depended, was violently enraged, and declared, if he should meet the beggar, he would denounce him to the police, and have him taken to prison."

" Then," said Ernest, " we are thrown upon our own resources ; and now for what I was about to propose to you. As I came through the public gardens, I met a troop of strolling musicians. They made noise enough, but their music was miserable ; however, the good people scattered money liberally among them. I flatter myself that we have a little more skill than they, and we have good instruments ; let us take advantage of the approaching vacation ; disguise



THE SACRED DEBT.

" I think," said Christopher, " we shall be a little nearer the conclusion of this affair when you have told us where we are to find the money : instead of this you speak of purchasing, while we have no means of paying for it beyond a slip of paper."

" Wait," replied Ernest ; " I shall, perhaps, have a proposition to make to you ; but, first, I wish to know whether you have consulted your friends, and if they are not disposed to make a little sacrifice to assist you in this matter."

One of the students replied, that he durst not say a word to his father, for fear of being turned out of doors ; another, that he had spoken of it to his tutor, who ridiculed him, and said it

ourselves, and travel over Germany with our violins ; we may, perhaps, succeed. Such is my advice ; if it does not please you, and you can propose a better plan, I will willingly agree to your proposition."

It was received with applause. Such an idea would be likely to please Germans. The manners of the country are such that it would be considered no degradation. Far from seeking another expedient, they assured him they could imagine nothing to be compared to it. They would see the country, they would lead a life of romance, they would earn applause, and florins also to enable them to keep their word. The project was admirable !

OUR STREET.

the rapidity of modern progress in all the arts of social life nowhere more strikingly visible than in England. Our modes and institutions being of comparatively modern origin, we have less opportunity of marking the strides of improvement, though the rate at which we advance is unquestionably more speedy. To see the contrast between old times and the present to advantage, we must have recourse to the old country. In nothing is this contrast more perceptible than in the aspect of the streets and general habits of business in old market-towns, such as that which forms the subject of the following sketch.

of linen and woollen drapery, stationery, and drugs. Occasionally they acted as physicians or apothecaries, and prepared the only cattle medicines that could be procured in the neighbourhood. They kept the post-office, and distributed stamps, were agents for a life and fire insurance company, and transacted business on behalf of the country bank. Yet their premises were not large, nor their stock-in-trade extensive. The windows of the shop, which projected considerably over the narrow pavement, were supported on wooden posts, and elevated to a level with the vision of a full-grown person. The pane of glass, of modest dimensions, were surrounded by



THE OLD SHOP IN OUR STREET.

Onslow and Son's was the only shop in our street. It was a very ancient-looking shop, and the oldest person in the parish could not remember that any other establishment had ever existed in the same locality. For three generations, at least, the firm of Onslow and Son had flourished, without the slightest opposition. As an older Onslow died, he was succeeded by Son, and, in like manner, a younger member of the family was advanced to take his position as second in the firm. In this manner they went on, without supposing that any change could ever possibly affect their condition.

It would be difficult to describe the exact calling or profession of the members of this firm. They dealt in all kinds

strong, solid-looking frames, an inch and half in thickness. In those days it was not deemed necessary daily to exhibit a fresh assortment of goods, as the means of attracting stray customers. Onslow and Son supplied all that was wanted in the neighbourhood, so that any such labour on their part would have been expended to no purpose. Once or twice a-year the business of their establishment was almost entirely suspended, in order that a thorough cleansing and "putting to rights" might be accomplished. This being done, the same faded ensigns of the trade were restored to their former place, in the same order as they had maintained during the greater part of a century. The door was several steps above

the level of the street, and was usually closed, which gave to the whole establishment an exclusive and uninviting aspect.

On the entrance of any one into the shop, Mr. Onslow or Son generally looked through a small window, which communicated with the little back parlour; and having finished his tea, or satisfied himself concerning the correctness of a bill, or discharged any other duty in which he might happen to be engaged, he would at length come forward, and desire the waiting customer to say what was wanted. Now it sometimes happened, that amidst the multiplicity of their wares the principals themselves were uncertain whether the article on demand was amongst the number.

"I believe," the shopkeeper would sometimes say, "that I have somewhere that which you desire. I've a faint recollection that there's something of the sort on one of those upper shelves."

Accordingly, a parcel was brought down from its hiding-place, but its contents were not the goods in request; so the package was deliberately re-corded, and safely lodged in its former position, before another search could be made. After several unsuccessful attempts, the right parcel was at last found, and the customer having taken a portion, at a price which awarded Onslow and Son a profit of 50 per cent., the remainder was again deposited on the upper shelf, to rest undisturbed for one, three, or seven years, as future circumstances might determine. Onslow and Son never asked their customers if they wanted anything more. They never used any power of persuasion to induce a fair visitor to increase the number of her purchases, by exhibiting to her some recently imported goods of the latest fashion, or by informing her that some new article was found to be exceedingly useful in domestic arrangements. They regarded a commercial transaction in the light of a mutual accommodation. They believed that the wares they had to sell were good, but were by no means prepared to pledge themselves that the world could produce no better; as they purchased, their customers were welcome to buy again, with the understanding that the sellers were not losers by the bargain.

Onslow and Son seemed to pride themselves that they could perform the least amount of labour in the longest given time. Their shop was open from six in the morning till ten at night. Everything was managed in a quiet, methodical manner, as though the chief aim of a tradesman was not the amount of work he could accomplish, but the number of hours he could manage to keep himself occupied. Had any one hinted to Mr. Onslow that he might have discharged double the amount of business, and have had full five hours a-day for exercise and instruction, he would have been plainly told that the best exercise for a man of business is his work, that a knowledge of reading, writing, and accounts is all that he requires; and as for Cassell's "Popular Educator," it would have been Mr. Onslow's decided opinion that it was only calculated to bring young men to poverty and ruin. The good man would have chuckled at the idea of a grocer learning Latin and French, or of a draper's assistant becoming master of the problems of Euclid. He would have deemed a voyage to the moon quite as probable as a monster trip to the Great Exhibition.

Things went on in such an established and regular manner in our street, that no one ever thought of any change. In the course of time, however, a circumstance occurred, the result of which was an entire topo-revolution. This was no other than the death of Miss Dorothy Bragge, an elderly lady, who lived opposite to the establishment of Onslow and Son. As soon as the funeral was over, the quiet, unobtrusive-looking dwelling, lately occupied by that lady, was "to let." Everybody wondered for a while whether the executors would be likely to find a tenant who would consent to be imprisoned in the same manner as Miss Bragge and her single domestic. Time, however, rolled on, and the empty house was almost forgotten, till one morning a number of joiners and bricklayers were seen to enter the premises, who, by their proceedings, were intent on making some considerable alterations. They delibe-

ately proceeded to remove the window which had formerly afforded light to Miss Bragge's parlour; they then tore away the wall from the whole front, as high as the second floor, removed the partitions which had separated the parlour from the passage and the kitchen at the back, so that the entire suite of apartments on the ground floor was thrown open to the gaze of the public. The floor was scrupulously made level with the street, a commodious window of plate-glass was soon fixed, a long line of counters was arranged through the entire length of the shop—for a shop it was now about to become. Two dozen highly varnished canisters, the first numbered 12 and the last 36, were soon placed in regular order. Vast heaps of tea and sugar appeared to have been thrown into the window as samples, as if the shopman had just emptied a chest of the one and a barrel of the other, and thought nothing of them in a concern so extensive and magnificent. In the evening, a strong glare of gas-light forcibly arrested the attention of the passers-by; whilst invitations, printed in large characters, were adroitly placed in the window, strongly advising the reader to purchase a certain full-flavoured black tea, at four shillings per lb., or informing him that the finest fresh-roasted coffee was to be purchased at two. Spices were profusely scattered about, large bunches of grapes were temptingly suspended, Portuguese onions peeped slyly from their bursting boxes, whilst oranges and lemons were so plentiful, one might have imagined that they grew in the neighbourhood. Within the shop every one was busy, even if there happened to be no customers waiting: one weighed and folded the articles which were likely to be soon required; another was unpacking or clearing away the goods which had just arrived; a third was seated at the desk, making entries in a book which appeared large enough to have kept the accounts of the nation. The whole scene was one of activity and despatch.

This change, so entirely new in our street, was brought about by Tom Widdaker, late apprentice in the firm of Onslow and Son, who, on the fulfilment of his indentures, had repaired to London, where he obtained a situation, and remained during five years as assistant in one of the largest metropolitan establishments. On the death of his father, Widdaker became possessed of £1,500; with this sum, and £150 which he had saved in London (N.B.—his evenings were usually spent in Southampton-buildings), he started business in the manner we have described, and ventured to oppose his late master, whose capital was known to be at least £12,000.

The walls of our town, and every available space in the surrounding villages, were covered with large placards, setting forth that "T. Widdaker, having direct communication with the merchants of Hong Kong and the West Indies, and by means of an immense capital invested in trade, was enabled to supply the public with Tea and Coffee, much superior to those of any other house, and at exceedingly reduced prices."

When the first feelings of surprise and astonishment had passed from the mind of every individual connected with the firm of Onslow and Son, the senior partner affected pity for what he considered the rash behaviour of his late apprentice; for that Widdaker would soon be ruined, Mr. Onslow did not entertain the shadow of a doubt.

"Who will believe his puffing advertisements?" said Onslow to Son; "and as for his capital, we shall soon see how far that can support such an extravagant outlay."

Now, although few persons believed that Widdaker had direct communication with the Hong Kong merchants, or that his capital was much beyond its actual value, the great bulk of the customers in our street soon began to resort to the "new shop." Many persons were of opinion that the tea and coffee purchased there were superior in flavour and quality to those of Mr. Onslow, and every one knew that the younger trader was content with more moderate profits. The *élite* of the parish were pleased by the promptitude and attention with which they were served, and the poor were influenced by the civility and politeness with which their custom was acknowledged. Thus the new shop continued to prosper.

Onslow and Son were obliged to acknowledge that Widd-

laker's term of existence as a shopkeeper in our street was likely to prove longer than they had at first anticipated; but they still persisted in the belief that his ruin was only put off or a season, and that the longer the event was postponed, the more fatal would be the catastrophe. In the mean time, as their drapery and drug business was not affected, it was sufficient to support them till the former state of things should be restored. But, alas! when changes have begun, who can say where matters will end? In a few months Browne opened a draper's shop in our street, on a similar scale to that of Widdaker; and Robinson started regular as a druggist. Onslow and Son, however, still continued to believe that theirs would again become the only shop in the neighbourhood, and that these upstarts would soon vanish.

In process of time the young tradesmen married, and were surrounded by families, and still, to the astonishment of the Onslows, continued to manifest all the outer signs of men in easy circumstances. Widdaker was chosen to serve the office of mayor; Browne was elected churchwarden; and Robinson's ruin seemed to be as distant as ever.

At length, as the early-closing system was adopted in our street by all except the firm of Onslow and Son, a meeting of the inhabitants was called, to consider the propriety of establishing a literary institution, to which all parties, principals, assistants, and apprentices, might repair after business hours, for rational amusement and instruction. The object was approved of, and it was resolved that a site should immediately be sought out, on which to erect a hall for the purpose.

On the evening of that day, Onslow and Son settled their last transaction as members of a commercial firm.

"Sam," said Onslow to Son, "the world is gone mad. The sooner we are out of business the better. In a quiet cottage in the country we may, at least, live in peace."

A few weeks later, Onslow and Son deserted the home of their fathers, on which the "Athenæum" is now erected. But although seven years have passed away since that event, it is still the unalterable opinion of George Onslow, Esq., of Broom Cottage, that we are on the eve of a revolution, a national bankruptcy, or a foreign invasion, and that these calamities are mainly owing to such changes as have been wrought by the hand of Time in the condition of our street.

ORNAMENTATION OF METALS.

A PAPER was read a short time ago before the London Society of Art; on the above interesting subject, by Mr. W. C. Aitken, of Birmingham. After an elaborate examination of the æsthetic principles of the Greeks, Mr. Aitken glanced at the European works of the middle ages, and rapidly contrasted the advantages afforded by machinery with the laborious and sometimes cumbrous processes of the hand-labour then unavoidably employed. He next traced the history of the various processes employed by metal-workers, such as casting, stamping, beating, *repoussé*, engraving, chasing, and electro-deposition; and, after explaining the cognate arts of die-sinking and machine-cutting, proceeded to notice in detail a new method of ornamentation now being very successfully worked. He observed—"Permit me now to direct your attention to a process which has recently been introduced, with what success the specimens displayed before you will enable you to judge. The merit and chief recommendation of the invention is its very great simplicity,—the ease, speed, and facility with which the effect of a reticulated surface, an elaborated, chased, or an elegant scroll or floriated design, apparently engraved, may be introduced on any object. The fact of a soft material imprinting upon a harder one an impress of its form has long been understood; its practical application to the production of ornamental designs upon metal is, however, of but recent origin. The practical application of the process is due to Mr. R. F. Sturges, of Birmingham, who, in connexion with Mr. B. W. Winfield, of the same town, is

proprietor of the patent. The origin of the invention may be traced to the competitive spirit of trade which operates with so much effect upon the manufacturing industry of our country, calling into action the inventive faculty to devise new and more economic methods of effecting certain results. The idea once originated, it is singular to trace its gradual development. In its early stage it was imagined that the harder the material out of which the pattern or design was made, the better for the purpose. Keeping this then imagined requisite in view, the first ornament imprinted was made out of steel wire formed into shape, and thereafter tempered; designs of a more complicated and minute character it was expected could be produced by using metallic lace or wire web."—This did not succeed, and thread lace was then employed, and successfully, a perfect impression being obtained, under a pressure of ten tons, on copper, brass, German silver, iron, and, more wonderful still, even on steel. The patentees then used perforated paper, which produced an equal or even better effect.—"But by far the most useful practical application of the inventor was yet in store; and, in economy of its reproductive powers, it bears a near relation to the multiplication of the duplicate steel plates from which the Bank of England notes are printed, and which are produced by pressure, in the first instance, from one original engraved plate; or to the production of the plates from which our ordinary penny postage-stamps are printed, the original of which, up to 1842, had been only once engraved. The reproduction in the two instances last mentioned is effected by means of steel rollers, the periphery of which, by pressure on the original plate, has received an impression of the engraving in relief, and which when hardened impresses upon the surface of a soft steel plate a fac-simile of the original. The plan adopted in the present instance, and applied to the ornamentation of metal, is somewhat similar. A steel plate very equal in thickness is selected, on which the design requisite for the ornamentation of the salver, tray, or other object, is engraved in the ordinary manner, but somewhat deeper, the point of the graver employed to cut the lines being ground more acute. The engraving must be carefully executed; erasures or scrapings out, or beatings up of the plate from behind, must be avoided, as where they occur they are detrimental to the appearance and uniformity of the work. The least departure from perfect flatness of surface or equality of thickness is fatal to the perfection of the impression. From this plate a matrix or impression is taken in German silver, steel, or other metal, by passing the plate to be used as the matrix, and the engraved plate or design to be copied from, through a pair of rolls, observing, however, that the pressure of the rolls is uniform all over the surface, or, in technical language, that the 'pinch' is equal. If this has been the case, and if the pressure applied has been sufficient, the result will be, that upon the previously blank sheet of metal an impression, with elevated or projecting portions corresponding to the sunk lines in the engraved or chased original-plate, will follow. This impression is then used as the medium from which to obtain the ornamental blank thereafter to be made up. This is done, as in the former instance, by placing the sheet of metal to be ornamented with its face to the plate with the raised or projecting portions, and passing them through the rolls as before; the consequence is, that every line of the original design will be found impressed or indented into the previously plain sheet or blank of metal. The original steel plate is thus used only for the preparation of reverses, one of which, however, may be used many times in succession, or in proportion to the hardness of the metal to be ornamented. The blanks, after being ornamented, may be stamped, or spun up into shape; if of a globular or regular form of outline, if irregular, hexagon, octagon, or with bosses, the metal out of which the vessel or article is formed is ornamented in separate portions, which are thereafter bent, stamped, or raised into shape, fitted and soldered together. After trimming and dressing, the plating or silvering is effected by the electro-deposit process; burnishing follows, the tools employed being burnishers made of blood-stone."

SKETCHES OF DOGS BY LANDSEER.

To no English artist attaches a wider popularity than Sir Edwin Landseer. All know his works, and all admire them. No collection of modern painters is complete without them, and the memories of them abide with us when our eyes have long ceased to gaze upon the originals. As a painter of animal life he is unrivalled. He gives more than the colour and the form. He endows them with life, and thought, and feeling, and soul. When we look at them, we almost go as far as certain philosophers, and believe in the immortality of brutes. At any rate, they seem to love and hate, and hope, and fight, very much like men and women. When we view his pictures, we feel there is no need to ask

"With Jacques Rousseau
If beasts confabulate or no."

friend. Landseer soon distinguished himself; he was elected R.A. in 1831, he received the honour of knighthood from Royalty in 1850. The list of his pictures is too long for us to chronicle here. His *chefs-d'œuvre* are the well-known ones called "Peace" and "War." The late Mr. Vernon gave 1,500 guineas for each, and since then Sir Edwin has received the enormous sum of 3,000 guineas for permission to engrave them. This fact shows the extent of his popularity. There is no test like the plain pounds, shillings, and pence one. A thing is only worth what it will fetch; nor is this popularity difficult to understand. Who does not love dogs? They are our playmates in childhood—our companions in manhood—our guardians in old age—and if in populous cities pent, we cannot keep them, still we like to have their pictures



LITERARY DOGS.

It is a fact they do. We can almost hear them talking. We see what the funny fellows are at. What happy brutes they are. How lightly and stoically they take the ills of life that dog flesh is heir to. Sir Edwin has been deservedly a successful man, and he certainly has been an industrious one. Every Exhibition of the Royal Academy bears testimony to that fact, and in the ordinary course of events he may look forward to pictorial triumphs for many a year. He was born in 1803, and may be supposed to have had a bias to art from his very birth, for his father was an engraver. An artist, and the friend of artists, Landseer, if we remember aright, was with Haydon for a time, though he wisely forsook high art, as the world did not care for it, and has thus had an easier life than that of his early patron and

with which to adorn our rooms. High art is all very well, if you have space for it; but the English have not. High house-rents forbid their patronising high art. Smith can hardly get his wife and olive-branches into the fantastic abode he calls Minerva Lodge, and as to pictures like poor Haydon's, they are quite out of the question. They are nearly as big as Minerva Lodge itself. So, instead, they have recourse to Landseer, and with engravings of his pictures ornament their homes.

It may not be generally known that the family of Sir Edwin Landseer includes another artist skilful in depicting animal life, two of whose pictures are here engraved. As literary men ourselves, of course we give the preference to

LITERARY DOGS.

We take them in order. That dog with the great head, to whom the Italian greyhound is making some remarks of a light and trifling character, is evidently no common one. Burns' Cæsar, in his "Twa Dogs," was precisely such another:—

"His hair, his size, his mark, his lugs,
Showed he was none o' Scotland's dogs;
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for cod."

Now sensibly that dog could talk, every reader of Burns knows well. His companion was completely convinced by him. He made it as plain as a pikestaff, that your rich, dissipated, fashionable men have but a sorry time of it; and do so he broached Waldo Emerson's favourite doctrine of compensation—a doctrine not so strange or novel as Mr. Emerson imagines, and our friend there is of the same opinion. He is a philosopher, a mature, sedate, steady-going dog, an affectionate husband, a dutiful father; in short, a very moral,

But he has a rival in that Charles' spaniel on his right, and that pug with a blue ribbon just before him. Well, after all he has more in him than either of them.

"His locked lettered brow brass collar,
Shows him the gentleman and scholar."

And if he would not be quite so fast, but read *Punch* less, and study useful knowledge more, as dogs are, he would do very well indeed. The dog with the *Times* is like the *Times*, you can't tell what it is. You can't calculate how it will turn on a question; what side it will support; all that you can safely calculate on is the display of a certain amount of intelligence. It is just so with the dog.

The next engraving has reference to

CONTRARY DOGS.

and contrary they are undoubtedly; as contrary as any imaginary husband and wife, referred to in Milton on "Divorce;" or, perhaps, what is more to the point, as any



CONTRARY DOGS.

model dog—a dog of years and discretion—a dog in whom you can confide, with whom you may do business, whose advice you may ask and take—such a dog as would write a good article on the wrongs of animals in the "Quarterly"—such a dog as would have great influence anywhere for his sagacity, strength of brain, extent of information, and moral worth. It is not surprising that he takes no notice of what that flippant greyhound is saying; and yet he puts up with it. At any rate, he exhibits no sign of impatience; your intellectual dogs never do that; they know as well as we mortals that

"The gods approve
The depth but not the tumult of the soul."

As to that conceited poodle on the left, with *Punch*, all he is fit for is to write a farce. He is clever, and thinks himself so; but he has no stamina, sir—no principles—your fast clever man never has. He is popular with the fair; women are easily imposed upon; they cannot resist a showy exterior. Byron was right—

"Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare."

Mr. and Mrs. Caudle in life. That very little terrier looming in the distance shows fight, and this scrappy mongrel cur would only be too happy to accommodate him, if his fat friend was not of a peaceable character, and evidently an admirer of arbitration in preference to physical force. When one is thus tied what can one do, but show one's teeth and growl a bit, and then run away? and this is what our lean and angry cur will have to do. The more he chafes the worse it will be for him! Neither man nor dog can war with circumstance. There he is tied, chained to a fat peace-loving dog—a dog whose bark is more to be feared than his bite—a dog you may insult, spit upon, call fool; kick even where, according to *Hudibras*, honour is lodged, and take any liberty with him, and yet who will not be avenged. Don't trust him; such a dog would leave you in the lurch; and were you attacked by a highwayman or a footpad, would run off like the poltroon that he is. Nor is the cur much better. He would be quite as likely to bite you as the man that knocks you down. He is sly, treacherous, ill-bred, and has no good points about him. They are a bad lot. The two are not worth one good dog. They are a pair of ill-conditioned, ill-bred rascals, and

will never be any use to themselves or their owners, or the public at large; they are not worth the tax, and probably live by a mean and unprincipled evasion of it. And that little plucky terrier—the evident hero of a hundred fights—knows it, and would give the two a thorough drubbing if they would only give him a chance; and serve them right.

THE TRIAL OF THE EARL OF SOMERSET, FOR THE POISONING OF SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

LIKE human life, history has its mysteries. Who wrote the Eikon Basilike? Who was the man in the Iron Mask? Who was Casper Hauser? are some few of the questions to which Time, the great solver, brings no appropriate reply. The oracles are dumb. No revelation comes to the strained and listening ear. All is dark and obscure. One of these dark passages in English history is the trial of the Earl of Somerset. The actors in the tragedy have long vanished from the scene. The records of English state trials and the archives of the State-Paper Office have been consulted and explored with but little success. The student is still left in a state of bewilderment and suspense.

Ben Jonson's "Masque of Hymen" was represented before King James I., on the occasion of the marriage of the Earl of Essex with Lady Frances Howard. The noble bridegroom had attained the mature age of fourteen; Lady Frances owned to having witnessed thirteen summer suns. In seven years that ill-fated marriage was dissolved. Those seven years had not left this lady's name without reproach. Whilst matrons and midwives were left to decide whether the Countess of Essex appeared to them to be a pure virgin, grave bishops and doctors of law had to decide whether the lady had shown any cause for a divorce. According to a contemporary writer, Miss Mounson, daughter of Sir Thomas Mounson, with her face thickly veiled, underwent the examination from which the guilt of the countess led her to shrink. The judicial inquiry was directed by James, and terminated as the British Solomon desired. The vows, which as a girl she had made before the perilous gift of beauty had won for the countess a doubtful name, she was permitted to laugh to scorn. From the home and husband of her spotless youth, conscious of her charms, conscious of their success, in her power and pride she went forth free.

On the festival of St. Stephen, in the year 1613, in the royal palace of Whitehall, in the midst of England's nobles and princes, on the very spot where, on the same day eight years before, she had plighted a virgin heart, the divorced countess became the bride of the king's favourite, Somerset. Of this, as of the previous wedding, the king paid the expenses. To this, as to the other, the same dignitary gave the solemn sanction of the church. In her long hair, the appropriate etiquette of that day for virgin brides, the countess appeared at the altar with the man whose love she had long sought to gain. Wilson, the historian, tells us that those who saw her face might charge nature with too much hypocrisy, for harbouring so wicked a heart under so sweet and bewitching a countenance. He adds that she had grown to be the beauty of the court, and that every tongue was an orator at her shrine. Donne, who took orders, as he himself says, after the age of forty by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and at the suggestion of king James, wrote on the day of the marriage those lines which Dr. Johnson has published as one of the most striking examples of the conceits of the metaphysical school, of which Donne and Cowley were the head. On the evening of the wedding-day, in the fashion of those times, there was a "gallant masque of lords." The masque, however, this time was not written by "rare old Ben," but by his successful rival, Campion. In honour of the newly-married couple, Bacon prepared "the masque of flowers," which was performed in Gray's Inn, at an expense of £2,000; and the lord mayor and aldermen of London gave a grand banquet at

the Merchant Taylors' Hall. The rich metropolitan companies, whose merchants were even then princes, vied with each other in offering precious gifts to the illustrious pair. The queen gave them silver dishes curiously enamelled. Sir T. Coke, the chief justice, presented a basin and cover silver gilt; his lady, a pot of gold. Another sycophant gave gold warming-pan; another, hangings, worth £1,500; and another a sword worth £500, besides its workmanship of enamelled gold, which was worth 100 marks. Another—but we extend the list when what we know of human nature leads us to expect that no gifts would be considered too costly for the favourites of a king? Nor was the church behind in its offerings. The wife of a bishop presented the bride-cake.

Three years passed—three years of gorgeousness and wantonness—of fulness of head and pride of place—of favour to the part of the pedantic king, and of flattery on that of the cringing court—and again the Count and Countess of Somerset were the observed of all observers. Many of the most exciting scenes in English story have occurred in that hall of Whitehall, in which they then held up their hands. That shortly after, Bacon heard his humiliating doom; that Strafford stood unconquered to the last; that an English king, by his heroic bearing, more than half redeemed the errors of his foolish life; there, in still more eventful times, Burke and Sheridan, in immortal speech, pleaded the ancient rights and dynasties of Hindostan. But no trial that took place there ever collected a greater crowd within its walls than did that in which the favourite of a king stood in peril of his life. During its progress all places of amusement were deserted, and no business was carried on. The people, said Sir Francis Bacon, were "more willing to be lookers-on at this business than to follow their own." From contemporary letter-writers we learn that "four or five pieces was an ordinary price for a seat in the hall." One lawyer gave a seat for himself and family for two days. Fifty pounds were given for a corner that would hardly contain a dozen. Lord Chancellor Ellesmere sat under a cloth of state at the upper end of the hall as high steward. On either side, but a little below, were seated the twenty-one peers who formed the court. With the judges sat the immortal Coke. At the lower end of the hall were the king's council, headed by the attorney-general Bacon, who throughout the trial was all that he is represented in the admirable antithesis of Pope.

In the trial precedence was given to the countess. On the first day she was called upon to answer for her crime. Her fortune arrayed her in a sadder grace. When they saw her men's hearts melted, as they ever do when beauty and youth appear before them in distress and tears. Hence it is the bosom still heaves with pity for Mary Queen of Scots, and that other royal daughter of France, whose hair became grey in a single night. With "a low voice but wonderful fearful," the countess confessed her guilt. Pale, but calm and collected as woman can be when she is face to face with sorrow, she exchanged the halls in which she had reigned and shone like a bright particular star, and which she had lit up with her loveliness, for the gloomy precincts of the Tower. It is said she passionately entreated that she might not be imprisoned in the room in which Sir Thomas Overbury died. In that room her only child was born—that child became the mother of Charles Russell who was found guilty at a later day of mistaken attachment to English freedom, and who sealed that attachment with his blood. Who after this will ask, Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?

But the real object had yet to be effected. On the day succeeding the trial of his wife, the Earl of Somerset appeared at the bar. It was observed that his face was pale and his eyes were sunk. We are inclined to think that Somerset was not guilty of the crime of murder; indeed, it is questionable whether Overbury was murdered at all. Attempts were made to poison him, but without success: there is no evidence whatever to show that Somerset was cognisant of these. His affection for Somerset continued unchanged—and George Villiers never appeared at court—in all probability the trial would never have taken place. As it was, the

ing was tired of slobbering the old favourite in his beastly way. Somerset's trial lasted from nine in the morning till late at night. At that late hour, by the feeble torchlight it glimmered through the hall, before men who a few days previously would have kissed the ground on which he trod, he had to answer the charge which had been conducted on the part of the crown by the keenest wit that ever appeared at an English bar. Had Bacon been the reverse, the result would have been the same. Of course, the prisoner was found guilty. The earlier volumes of English state trials are stamped with indelible disgrace. With judges biased, with no witnesses, with lawyers ready to compass sea and land to do the king's will, it was in vain for the hapless victim to seek to extricate himself from the snare.

Sir Thomas Overbury, whose supposed murder was the subject of the trial, was a man well known in the literature of that day. Notwithstanding the galaxy of illustrious names at that time in the full vigour of their fame, "The Wife" and "The Characters" of Overbury were read and admired. It is said the former was written to dissuade Somerset from marrying the countess. What Overbury's precise relations with James and his favourite were, it is now impossible to say; Somerset was raised from comparatively humble life. Overbury appears to have been essential to him—to have assisted him with his counsel and knowledge—indeed, to have done anything that his patron desired. While the earl had been carrying on a correspondence with the countess, Overbury had written the letters; but fearful that his own power would be weakened—or really desirous to save the earl from a connexion he might deem fraught with shame—he did all he could to prevent the marriage his patron had so much at heart. Thus he made enemies, and one of them a woman, whose passion and want of all principle have acquired for her eternal shame. Northampton, the great-uncle of the countess, and Somerset, appear merely to have contrived, as was frequently done in those days, to get Overbury into the power with the intention of keeping him there till the marriage was concluded. The mysterious part of the business is, the connexion of king James with the affair. According to Roger Coke, "it was commonly said that Sir T. Overbury had uttered some stinging sarcasms upon the court, which came to the king's hearing." The Earl of Southampton, in a letter extant, speaks of the "rooted hatred" of the king to Overbury. If James was the murderer of Overbury, his extraordinary conduct to Somerset while in prison, and his equally extraordinary fears with respect to Somerset's uttering unseemly revelations at his trial, become intelligible. If James had any such purpose, Somerset would have been aware of the fact. Mr. Hallam observes: "It is evident Overbury was master of a secret which it would highly have prejudiced the king's honour to have divulged." What that secret was—whether it had any connexion with the death of Prince Henry—whether it related to the secret vices which he faintly intimated to have been committed in the inmost recesses of the palace, will most probably be now for ever a mystery. The wild hate and wilder revenge of the countess cannot for a moment be doubted. Had her agents done her work, of her other crimes, of the reckless indulgence of a life, murder would have been the climax and inevitable result. It is more than questionable, however, whether Overbury died of poison at all. In an examination, evidence was given to show that Overbury died of consumption. This evidence was suppressed at the trial, because it was favourable to Somerset. At the time, however, there were a few who believed Somerset innocent of the crime of which he was found guilty. Of this opinion were the French ambassador and Sir A. Weldon. According to an old memorandum in one of the Lessly papers, it appears to have been the opinion of the son-in-law of Sir George Moore, the lieutenant of the Tower, "that Somerset was innocent of Overbury's murder, but that he was prosecuted." King James was weary of him, and Buckingham had supplied his place. This opinion we believe to be correct.

On the day of the trial Sir Edward Coke said: "I desire

God, that the precedent of Overbury may be a lesson and an example against this horrible crime, and therefore may be called the great ogre, of poisoning." It is to be regretted, however, that the trial was not carried on in a manner more befitting such an end. No great moral result was answered by witnessing the very men who fawned at the feet of Somerset when in power and the favourite of a king, distorting evidence—suppressing it when favourable to the accused—crediting the hear-say evidence, in some cases, double and treble, of the most infamous characters, merely because it was known that the favourite's power had passed away, and that at court Villiers was the rising star. On Somerset's marriage Coke and his lady were ready with their offerings. On the trial, taking their guilt for granted, Coke endeavoured to prejudice the court by exclaiming, "Adultery and poison go together." Bacon's conduct is yet more disgraceful. In a subsequent reign, Coke redeemed his reputation, and is now revered as the principal author of the Petition of Rights. Bacon's utter unscrupulousness—his want of all moral principle—his eagerness to pander to the most unrighteous wishes of the king, become more apparent the more closely his conduct is watched. In spite of the power of his intellect—in spite of a genius yet unrivalled amongst men—in spite of a knowledge of all human and sacred science, colossal for his day, at one word from a king, or a king's minion, he sinks into a fawning parasite and a despicable tool. Not more infamous was Jeffreys under the second James, than was Bacon under James the First. Bacon had offered to Elizabeth at any time to change his religion to please her; and he was not less servile to her successor on the throne. These are a few of his expressions of obedience and attachment:—"I am afraid of nothing but that the Master of the Horse and I shall fall out who shall hold your stirrup best." "My heart is set on fire to sacrifice myself a burnt-offering or holocaust to your Majesty's service." "I shall be ready, as a chessman, to be placed wherever your Majesty's hand shall set me." "I rest as clay in your Majesty's hands." "I have ever been your man, and counted myself but an usufructuary of myself, the property being yours." "Things dedicated and vowed cannot lose their character or become common: I ever vowed myself to your service." "I cannot skill of scruples in your Majesty's service," he writes, after tampering with the judges in Peacham's case. "Your care of me," writes Bacon to the king, "is as Scripture says: 'God knoweth them that are his.'" "Your Majesty imitateth Christ, by vouchsafing me to touch the hem of your garment." To Prince Charles, after some service done him, after his fall, he writes: "The work of the Father is creation—of the Son, redemption." Somerset's trial admirably illustrated Bacon's sycophancy; during the whole course of it, his correspondence with the king evinces the most scandalous disregard to equity and truth. Bacon had also a personal interest in the matter. If he gratified Villiers by the conviction of Somerset, Villiers would gratify him by the gift of the chancellorship, which was then expected shortly to be vacant. One good turn deserves another. In a postscript to a letter written about this time to Sir G. Villiers, which, like a lady's postscript, contained the most important part, he says: "My Lord Chancellor is prettily amended. I was with him yesterday for half an hour. *We both wept.*" Bacon's tears are perfectly intelligible; nor were they in vain.

Somerset and his countess went forth from the Tower—fallen from their high estate—shorn of their glory—known only to be shunned. His favour and her beauty had alike lost their charms. Men shuddered as they talked of her guilt and shame. With two yet more abandoned women—with the Marchioness of Brinvilliers and Tophana of Naples—did a later generation mingle her name. In the next reign, when the summons had gone forth, and England's patriots—her Huntingdon brewers and Buckinghamshire gentry—were arming for the field, Somerset made them offers; but they needed not a tainted name. For years the miserable pair lived on—to mourn the past—to cherish for each other a growing hate.

EVENING.

THE painting from which our engraving is taken is by a contemporary German artist. Herr Meyerheim has presented us with a thoroughly home picture; and although, as is sure to be the case, German peculiarity may be detected in the trailing foliage and the outline of the figures, there is something so homely, plain, and simple in the composition, that it deserves the attention of all. It is evening, and the rays of the setting sun are falling on the casement; the labour of the day is over; the birds are roosting in the trees; the cattle are at pasture; and the peasant has returned to his home, and in calm enjoyment looks on his smiling wife and happy group of children.

It is a home picture, and there is a charm about home which we all understand. "We bear," says one, "our penates with us abroad and at home; their atrium is the

Bulwer says: "I was touched once in visiting an Irish cabin, which in the spirit of condescending kindness the Lady Bountiful of the place had transformed into the graceful neatness of an English cottage, training roses up the wall, glazing the windows, and boarding the mud floor;—I was touched, I say, with the homely truth which the poor peasant uttered as he gazed half-gratefully, half-indignantly, at the change. 'It is all very kind,' said he, in his dialect, which I am obliged to translate; 'but the good lady does not know how dear to a poor man is everything that reminds him of the time when he played instead of working—these great folks do not understand us!'"

"Do not run much from home," says that charming writer Miss Bremer; "one's own hearth is of more worth than gold."



EVENING.

heart. Our household gods are the memories of our childhood—the recollections of the hearth round which we gathered—of the fostering hands which caressed us—of the scenes of all the cares and joys, the anxieties and the hopes, the ineffable yearnings of love, which made us first acquainted with the mystery and the sanctity of home."

No matter where that home is; whether it be in some crowded city street, or pleasant country town; a small fishing cottage, peeping from a thick and gloomy copse of firs and larch and oak; or whether it be some stately baronial mansion, whose corridors have echoed to the footsteps of royalty, whose walls have laughed a siege to scorn, and whose name figures in history; if it be our home, it is very dear to us—dearer than all the world besides.

Everything about the picture of Herr Meyerheim is perfectly in keeping. The air of quietness and repose that is seen in the lounging figure of the man, as he leans over the opened hatch and watches his children at play, is found also in the mother sitting in the sunshine, and in the little one who nestles on her bosom, while the creeping plant on the trellis is not stirred by a breath of wind. The only active part of the group is formed by the boy and the kittens; he has a plaything and is amusing himself and his playmates with it, watching with the keen glance of a hunter the movements of the young cats. Doubtless, that anxious look, that eager look, indicates a curiosity which, if properly developed, may stimulate the boy to work and study; but, badly directed, may make him a treacherous and cruel man.

JOHN MARSHALL.

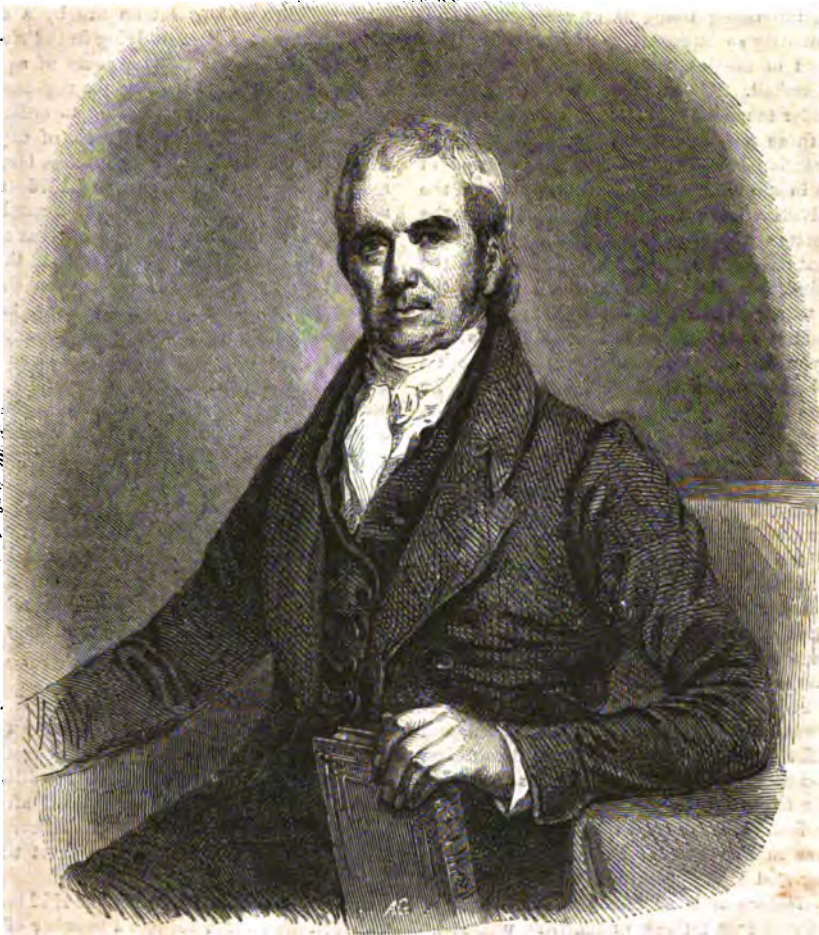
THE conception of John Marshall's life, or even a sketch of it, should be formed at his tomb, and under the influence of the simple republican grandeur of its last two days. There is a light in the "last of earth" that gives true relief to the past. The manner in which great men leave their earthly stage, and lose the drama of life, opens up anew its plot and defines its character. True to this conviction, we recall the last resting-place and the last days of the great Marshall.

There is, in the beautiful cemetery on Shoccoe Hill, at Richmond, Virginia, a plain white marble stone, with the following inscription:—"John Marshall, son of Thomas and Mary Marshall, was born on the 24th of September, 1755; intermarried with Mary Willis Ambler on the 3rd of January, 1783; and departed this life the 6th day of July, 1835." This inscription, so simple and characteristic of the man, was

glimmers in its own decay, and finally goes out in death, no night follows, but it leaves the world all light, all on fire, from the potent contact of its own spirit."

That contact we are proud to feel, and, under its influence, look back upon the noble course of his life, and trace it to its source, with wonder and joy as deep, if not deeper, than nature awakens in us by the course of the Potomac. The course of his life and the course of that river lead us to North Western Virginia.

John Marshall, the soldier, the lawyer, the senator, the Secretary of War and also of State, and the Chief Justice, was born in Germantown, Farquier County, Virginia, on the 24th of September, 1755, twenty years before the revolution, the eldest of a family of fifteen children, all of whom possessed fine intellects. Colonel Thomas Marshall, his father, was a



JOHN MARSHALL, FORMERLY CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

written by himself, with the exception of the last dates, not more than two days before his death, at which time he directed that his body should be laid with his wife's, who had died a short time before, and that a plain stone should mark the place of their rest. They were lovely and united in their lives, and in death they were not divided.

By that tomb we feel that we are in company with the dust of one of the greatest men of the revolution. His deeds underlie the superstructure of the nation's greatness. His spirit still lives in the defenders of the constitution. "A superior and commanding intellect," it has been eloquently said, "is not a temporary flame, burning brightly for a while and then giving place to returning darkness. It is rather a spark of fervent heat, as well as radiant light, with power to enkindle the common mass of human mind; so that when it

planter of moderate fortune and education, but rich in the gifts of nature. He was a self-made man, and one of no second-rate ability. As a parent, he bears to his son a relation somewhat similar to that which Martha Washington sustains to "the father of his country." The characters of both were mainly the results of their domestic education.

From his home we turn to his early walks. The scenes in which he learnt to think and build up his own character, under the guidance of an observing father, were of a rural and pleasing nature. Farquier County was, at the time of his birth, a comparatively new settlement of the whites. The Ocoquan and the head waters of the Rappahanock were not then household streams. Their names were somewhat strange in the talk of the fireside. The agreeably diversified surface was but partly subdued. In such scenes young Marshall felt

the power of nature, and in converse with the land-and-water features of his native country, nursed his dawning poetic imagination; and that conceptive power that gave him such ascendancy as an expounder and teacher of the principles of constitutional law.

The early education of the children, in those circumstances, necessarily devolved upon the father. He assumed it as a trust, and devoted himself to the noblest of parental duties—the informing and training of the mind of his children. He superintended the studies of his eldest son, and early formed in him a taste for English literature. Young Marshall had transcribed Pope's "Essay on Man" at the age of twelve.

This early introduction to poetry we regard as a happy event in the chain of influences that developed his character. Poetry harmonises the diversity of early life, and becomes a main agent in educating the conceptive faculty—a faculty so necessary to every noble character. The sentiments of Pope's poetry, and especially his "Essay on Man," so interwoven with a material pantheism, are not always healthy nor well adapted to nourish the rising thoughts of the young mind. The poison is fortunately so latent as not to be called into action by the contact of the juvenile reader. This was the case with young Marshall. His mind was too young, fresh, and healthy, and under too good teaching to extract the evil, and took to itself those passages that impress us with the folly of petty conventional distinctions and the dignity of human nature, and in after-life contribute not a little to the elevation of the individual in his views of civilisation and the character of a true state. The acquaintance with poetry, thus early formed, was not only productive in its influence over the formation of his mind, but also in creating a love for the muse. He learnt to appreciate poetic thought; he learnt also its art, and used it in creating for himself some of the purest pleasure of youth. The love and the art were both a part of his natural growth, for it is well known that he cherished both during his life.

The schoolboy days of Marshall were few, and mainly of a domestic character. At the age of fourteen he was sent about one hundred miles from home, and placed under the care of a respectable clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Campbell. At the end of one year he returned home, and continued his studies under the care of the pastor of the parish, a Scotch gentleman, who resided in his father's family. During the year which he remained under his care, he was so far advanced as to have commenced reading Horace and Livy.

This, as far as we are able to learn, was the amount of his education. He knew nothing of the advantages of a college education; nothing of the evil or good resulting from competition. In self-reliance he quietly sought an education, and by his own potent efforts obtained a mastery over the classics, and built up a mind as American and analytical as any that has ever done honour to our country.

Reverting to the facts and influences that enter into his early training, we see in him another instance of the superiority of a well-directed home education over every other form of training. Nature and the family are our primary schools, and where intelligent fathers, or mothers, undertake the duty of superintending the studies of their children, in them we have an order of mind which the formal school and college seldom, if ever, produce. Nature and the intelligent family almost necessarily combine tuition and instruction with that kind of influence which educes thought and trains it for practical life. We are almost induced by this train of thought to believe that, although we have gained much in the machinery and art system of education, we have lost more in its truthfulness, and spirit, and power. Men and women, as we now find them, are rarely educated. Individual thought forms but little of the warp and woof of social conversation or public discourse.

While young Marshall was thus forming his character, and giving fixity to those habits of thought and feeling that were afterwards to impart solidity and prosperity to the institutions of his country, the future United States were shaking off their dependence on the sovereign will of England,

and agitating the question of taxation and representation. When he commenced his eighteenth year, the controversy between England and her North American colonies had assumed a serious, and even stormy character. He entered into the dispute with zeal, espousing the side of his country, and vindicating her rights with a warm and well-directed enthusiasm. His feelings were practical. He studied the rudiments of military exercise, and engaged in training a militia company in his own neighbourhood. The political essays of the day were read—the heralds of the rights and wrongs of his country. Thus, in connexion with a voluntary independent company, he began his career as a soldier, and we may also add, as a patriot.

In 1775, he was appointed, at the age of twenty, the first lieutenant in a company of minute men. A few months after his appointment he marched, according to orders, to the relief of Norfolk, and was engaged in the battle of Great Bridge with the English under Lord Dunmore, who was signally repulsed. Marching with the provincials to Norfolk, he was present when it was set on fire by a detachment from the English ships which were lying in the river.

In 1776, when twenty-one years of age, he was appointed lieutenant in the 11th Virginia regiment in the continental service, and marched, according to orders, to the north. In 1777, he was raised to the rank of captain, and, as such, served in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth. He passed the winter of 1778—so memorable for the sufferings and misery of the continental soldiers—at Valley Forge. He was one of the parties that covered the assault of Stony Point in 1779. The term of the enlistment of the Virginia troops expired in 1780, when Captain Marshall was ordered home with the other officers, to take charge of such men as the state legislature could raise for them. The course of military events, over which he had no control, terminated, with his recall, his service as a soldier, if we except a short period at the close of 1780 and the beginning of 1781, but not before he had endeared himself to Washington. He had seen and done enough in this capacity to prepare him for the nobler spheres of civil and judicial life.

During the season of inaction that followed his return home, he paid attention to the study of law. He took up the commentaries of Sir William Blackstone, which he had laid down for the more exciting pursuits of military life. He attended a course of law lectures, given by Mr. Wythe, afterwards Chancellor of Virginia; and also a course on Natural Philosophy, delivered by Mr. Madison, the president at that time of William and Mary College.

In the summer of 1780, he obtained a licence to practise law. The practice was, however, for awhile suspended, first by his return to the army for a few months, and then by the invasion of Virginia by Lord Cornwallis. The courts were closed, and were not re-opened till after the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. After that event, Marshall resumed the practice of the law, and in a short time reached no ordinary elevation at the bar.

He was elected in the spring of 1782 to the state legislature, and soon afterwards became a member of the executive council. The next year opened with an event that shed a sweet radiance over nearly the whole of his future life, of almost fifty years. In January, 1783, he married Miss Mary Willis Ambler, daughter of the state treasurer, with whom he became acquainted while in the army—a lady worthy of his affections. He resigned, the succeeding year, his seat at the council board, and returned to the bar. His services, however, were too much needed in legislation to admit of his following his own inclination, which disposed him for legal practice rather than political debate or executive council, and he was again elected a member of the legislature for his native county, and afterwards for the county of Henrico. His sphere, which, up to this period, had been somewhat limited and unstable, was about to be enlarged and fixed; and in the course of the providential events which had shaped his character, and in which he had been neither an unfaithful nor a disobedient servant, he was about to be pressed forward to the full

measure of his life. Up to this period he had done little more than develop his mind fully, and become conscious of his own energies. He was prepared, by the experience and discipline of the past, to render to his country a service that he and our posterity are likely to undervalue, but can never forget. Marshall is not appreciated. He is too great to be a popular favourite.

The country, at this time, was in a dangerous and difficult situation. The genius of Jefferson and his associates had protected the Declaration of Independence; the heart and hand of mind of Washington had achieved it. The revolutionary war had closed, and peace, like a long-wished-for dawn, came at last, but came to reveal the wretchedness of a people whose only greatness seemed to be the glory of enfranchised liberty. The storms of the open sea had been endured and passed by the national ship; but now she lay among breakers, beating avily upon a rocky coast, waiting for a pilot to guide her to a peaceful port.

It is almost impossible for us, elated with the unexampled prosperity and growth of the country, to estimate its condition at the close of the revolution; and, without such an estimate, is equally impossible to appreciate the mind and services of Marshall. Political questions of a searching and somewhat straining nature agitated the whole confederacy. It was most spasmodic. The country was impoverished; the national finances were in an exceedingly low state; agriculture and commerce were paralysed; credit was almost destroyed; legal relations were embarrassing; and leaders of doubtful principles—always too numerous in a popular government—and men of ruined fortunes, inflamed the public mind by various devices. The powers of Congress, so often crippled by the inaction of the states during the war, were, at its close, so much relaxed as to be inadequate for the work of efficient government. Out of this state of things, how was order to spring? To add to the wretchedness of the country, two parties arose—the one set on ending all public evils by the establishment of an adequate government, with their views, constituted to act immediately on the people; and the other firmly set upon the confirmation of state authority, and the jealous supervision of federal influence. In this state of things, so full of the elements of discord and dissolution, Marshall at once arrayed himself on the side of the Union, and, with a kindred nature, warmly affiliated with Washington and Madison. The topics of paper-money, taxation, public credit, civil justice, and the continuance or separation of the states, were the engrossing questions of the day, and afforded ample scope for the contentions of the two great political parties.

The federal constitution, under the auspices of Washington and other noble-minded patriots of the revolution, was received at first most favourably in Virginia, but soon encountered a severe but honourable opposition. Men of the highest intellectual powers opposed it. The crisis approached. The perpetuity of the Union depended in no small degree on the adoption of that instrument, as sanctioned by Washington. Marshall was appointed a delegate to the Convention of Virginia, which met in June, 1788, to consider the new constitution. Here begins that course of public service which endears him to the nation and every lover of political freedom and philosophy. In conjunction with Mr. Madison, he secured its adoption, and thus gave to it the weight of Virginian authority, although earnestly opposed by Henry, Mason, and Grayson.

During the protracted debate, Marshall gave undoubted evidence of the true character of his mind; and on the question of the power of taxation, power over the militia, and the power of the judiciary, displayed the fine analytical features of his mind, and that clear insight into the great principles of political philosophy, on which, in their application to constitutional law, he afterwards reared the noble superstructure of his fame. The discussion lasted, or rather raged, for twenty-five days, during which time nine states adopted the constitution. The debates of the Convention are in print, but not the fiery energy with which the constitution was repeatedly assailed, and the keen force of thought by which

every assault was repelled and the constitution vindicated. It was adopted by a majority of ten votes.

After the adoption of the constitution, Mr. Marshall was desirous to abandon the arena of politics and devote himself entirely to the law—the choice of his heart. He was, however, elected to the legislature for the city of Richmond, in 1788, and continued to represent that city till the close of the session of 1791, when he again retired to his profession, from which he was soon called by the interest which the French revolution awakened throughout the country. Mr. Marshall was a decided friend of France, and espoused the new movement in that country with a zeal that roused against him the wrath of the press. His defence was sincere and noble. There was no decline in his popularity. He was again elected to the legislature for Richmond, although he was not a candidate.

The time was now at hand when he was to assume something of his true position before the country. The treaty, which Mr. Jay had negotiated with Great Britain in 1794, became the subject of extended discussion, and we may add, of deep popular opposition. The senate had advised its ratification, and Washington had actually ratified it. Still the opposition continued. It was boldly assumed that the negotiation of a commercial treaty by the executive was unconstitutional. Mr. Marshall saw the gathering storm, and looked anxiously upon the deep and extended opposition of Virginia. He vindicated the treaty in public meetings. He vindicated it in the legislature, and in a speech, weighty and effective, maintained that the ratification of a commercial treaty was within the limits of executive power. His argument was final, and by it he became generally known throughout the nation.

Marshall was now looked upon with profound respect and confidence. Washington offered him the office of Attorney-General. He declined it. After the recall of Mr. Monroe from France, he was solicited to accept the appointment as his successor; but he declined. In 1797, less than a year from the time of the first offer, Mr. Adams, then president, appointed him with Mr. Gerry and General Pinckney, on a special mission to the French republic.

Mr. Marshall now comes before us as a diplomatist. The duty of preparing the official papers devolved mainly on him. The mission was honourably fulfilled. He maintained the integrity of the American character against the corrupt Directory. His letters to Talleyrand, the Minister of Foreign Relations, are justly regarded as among the most able and effective diplomatic papers that have honoured the nation.

Shortly after his return to Virginia, he became, at the special request of Washington, a candidate for the House of Representatives, and was elected in 1799. During his stay in Congress, an opportunity occurred for the display of his rare analytical powers of mind. It was the case of Thomas Nash, who had committed a murder on board the British ship "Hermione," and then sought an asylum within the United States. His delivery had been demanded by the British minister. Mr. Marshall, in a speech of great forensic power, established the point that the crime was, on principles of public law, within the jurisdiction of Great Britain, and that, under the constitution, the case was not subject to the judiciary, but to the executive. The distinctions between these two departments were drawn and maintained with such a force of reason, that Mr. Gallatin, who was to reply to him, declined, saying to one of his friends: "You may answer that if you choose; I cannot." The argument exhibits the highest powers of intellect.

At the close of the session, Mr. Marshall was appointed Secretary of War. A rupture between the President and Colonel Pickering, then Secretary of State, occurred soon afterwards, and Mr. Marshall was appointed his successor. His papers as Secretary of State are of the highest order. "His despatch of the 20th of September, 1800," says Mr. Binney, "is a noble specimen of the first order of state papers, and shows the most finished adaptation of parts for the station of an American Secretary of State." His state papers are

pervaded by a peculiar reach of comprehension and clearness of discrimination—two qualities rarely found in the same mind.

A new sphere was about to open before him, one for which he had given, again and again, the strongest indication of fitness. He was appointed Chief Justice of the United States, January the 31st, 1801—the epoch of his greatness.

The career of Mr. Marshall, as Chief Justice, extends over a period of thirty-four years, and is not only the longest on record, but also, in our estimation, the noblest. Judicial history, in our judgment, presents no form so great and symmetrical as that of Marshall. It remains for his own profession to do him justice. The reach and dignity of his mind placed him above the admiration of the multitude. The processes of his mind, in investigating, expounding, and applying the most intricate and lofty legal principles, are simple and grand. His decisions were not formed solely by

unknown to history. It had no antecedent in Europe. The Supreme Court of the United States has power to determine, without appeal, not only its own jurisdiction, but also those of the legislature and executive, and, by the exercise of this power to fix and define the constitution; and from its decisions there is no appeal.

The exercise of this power, when thus viewed, must ever present an object of sublime contemplation. What must it have been in the hands of Marshall? There were few, if any, precedents. The principles that were to regulate it were yet to be evolved; and the nation waited for their evolution. The federal instrument, it is true, was adopted; but the principles on which it was to be interpreted were yet to be discovered, and on them depended what the constitution was to be, and, indeed, the grandeur and unity of the nation itself.

Judge Marshall approached his duties, impressed with the



RESIDENCE OF JOHN MARSHALL.

the authority of statutes and the features of special cases. Principles were to be settled, and to this work he brought the keenest analysis, deep political philosophy, and a superior dignity of nature. With such qualifications, he looked down upon his subject, and commanded the whole field of relations as from a lofty watch-tower.

He was a consummate judge. He was more. He was also a profound political philosopher. The narrow sphere of equity, so nobly filled by Lord Eldon, could not contain him. He passed it in inquiry, and demanded for its basis, the existence and recognition of the eternal principles of rectitude. His forensic powers are radiant with the light of a true statesman and legislator. The special, in his view, is to be approached and adjudicated as a particular instance of a general principle.

These vast and new qualifications in a chief justice were demanded by the nature of the Supreme Court—the Supreme Court of the era of individual civilisation. Its powers were

greatness of the difficulties that beset them, but conscious of his own integrity and resources. A nation was to be established; the pillars of truth, on which it rested, were to be laid. With a clear, comprehensive survey, he saw at once that the principles on which the powers of the Supreme Court should be exercised could not be found in the ordinary maxims of law and cases of simple equity, and turned to legislative and political philosophy.

He was aided, in no ordinary degree, in his inquiries and the discharge of his high duties by a directive sagacity, possessed only by those whose education has encouraged self-reliance. He fell back upon experience, and interrogated the instincts of the people. Nature, with whom he had long kept faithful company, and the light of virtue, which he loved, did not fail him. He abandoned theory and speculation and technicalities, and, intent on developing and consolidating a nation, sought the laws and principles of its development in life, the force of things, and the lessons of obedience to the common law—

he system of civil morality. He did so with a singular combination of political and legal wisdom, simple obedience and reverence to law, and the most searching inquiry into its principles, which, when discovered, he expounded and applied even to the regulation of law itself, as the rational deduction of moral truth, which every conscience was bound to obey. He was successful; the grandeur and unity of the federal organisation were secured. We now look back, at the distance of eighteen years from his decease, to pay him the highest reverence allowable to mortals, as one of the great, if not the greatest founder of the American nation.

The services which he rendered to his country as Chief Justice, none but the loftiest minds in the legal profession are capable of estimating. As a judge, where in the history of judicial polity is to be found one of such dimensions?—a mind so comprehensive, systematic, and profound? Learning in him was practical sense; and professional science, the classification of the details of general reason.

The services which he rendered, if beyond the reach of ordinary appreciation, are, from their effectiveness, within the range of ordinary contemplation. The merchant, the farmer, and the mechanic may not be able to examine his labours and trace the processes of his mind to their grand result; but they can feel his movements, and know that they are only the extension of the principles of human life. They feel that his energies are well directed, and in the steady course of the ship of state, know that he has successfully grappled with truth and faithfully applied it. He is always comprehensive, always demonstrative, and in his whole course, seems to unite the purest integrity with the most reverent devotion to truth and justice. We know but one that can be compared to him in the greatness of his services, the character of his mind, and the simplicity of his virtue. His life and that of Washington should be familiar to the humblest American, and by their attentive study, the people should learn to cherish, and if possible perpetuate, the more than Roman greatness that was native to them and the other founders of the nation.

These views of Marshall, the soldier, the lawyer, the statesman, the diplomatist, and the chief justice, exhibit him as a vast but beautiful form of passionless intellect, investigating the most complex questions of common and constitutional law, with a mind at once analytical and comprehensive, and uttering his decrees with the most dignified but unaffected wisdom. They exhibit only his public character, and that, mainly with reference to his public services. His private character is equally commanding. He lived in a style of strict simplicity. At Washington, and at Richmond, he avoided all ostentatious display; and in his home, preserved his characteristics. He was eminently social, and when freed from the pressure of duty, was pleased to pass a convivial hour with his friends. His love of Nature remained fresh to the last. While at Richmond, he often visited his farm in the county of Henrico, and once a year passed some time at another farm of his, near his birth-place. His affections were pure and enduring. Fifty years he passed in the most happy intercourse with his wife, and at his own request, reposes with her in death.

Before we close this sketch, we must notice the contribution of the Chief Justice to the literature of his country. The eventful scenes of his life, the weight of his responsibilities, and the time necessarily devoted to legal studies, forbade that delicacy of culture which shows itself in a beautiful style, but did not forbid the weightier matters of thought and the excellence of manner of treatment. His "Biography of Washington" and "History of the Revolution" will ever remain remarkable works as long as candour, accuracy, discrimination, and comprehension are excellencies in an author. These works are confessedly the most authentic account of the greatest man and greatest event of modern times—Washington and the American Revolution.

Such is an outline of Marshall's life and services; a man whose memory the great and good of posterity, at least, will delight to cherish as the memory of a man who had no superior among the founders of the nation, and has had no equal since its foundation.

AMERICAN SCENERY—SAVAGE AND CLASSIC.

SOME time since, we were both amused and instructed by the incidental remark of a friend, who had just returned from an excursion to the West—a summer ramble in the prairies that stretch out from the banks of the Mississippi and its noble tributaries to the far-off horizon.

"I suppose," said one of his parishioners, "that the West will soon be filled up? The tide of immigration has been somewhat rapid and broad during the last ten years."

"Filled up!" repeated our friend, with a singular expression of astonishment; "filled up! That time is far distant. Nations are yet to be born. My dear sir," he continued, "you have no idea of the vastness of the West—the reach of its prairies. I cannot liken that tide of immigration, of which you have spoken, when referred to it, to anything else than the outward-bound vessels that crowd the Narrows. They pass it, and in an hour, not a sail is to be seen on the Atlantic."

This apparently trifling incident has often recurred to our mind, and now opens up anew to it the grandeur of our country, and leads us to speculate upon the destiny of our people and the influence of the national home upon the national character.

In this article we propose to follow out this train of thought. We propose to do so in some general observations on the influence of scenery; its power to form character; American scenery in particular; its savage, Indian, and classic features; and the probable character of the people that are to reflect it in the moral world. The observations will be designedly general and introductory.

The influence of physical scenery on the formation of individual and national character is yet to be duly estimated. It is a hidden, and in most cases a mysterious power, that is

ever at the heart. Long before we were sensible of the objects that formed the scene in which we were born, or conscious of the formative influences that floated like a beautiful atmosphere about our early walks, the form and features of clouds and fields and woods, and the seasonable landscape, mingled with our thoughts and blood.

"So the foundations of the mind were laid."

We are scarcely prepared, as a people, for the reception of these truths. Our life and social discipline oppose them. The lapse of care-worn years has borne us on to manhood, and the time has not yet come, in which the educator, the statesman, or even the artist, has found leisure to sit down in the shadow of his old homestead, and happily discover and acknowledge his indebtedness to God for the influences poured upon his soul through the landscape of home and his native land.

The point of interest, to which, more than any other, the mind ought to turn in the contemplation of the scenery of a country is its fitness to form a peculiar type of character. This is its moral significance. The fitness of place, which we readily observe in the walks and dwellings of animals, is not incidental. It is part of the harmony of Nature, and surely we are not prepared to see it disturbed in the case of man.

We are strongly inclined to believe that the scenes that have been witness to the encampments and journeyings of the human race thus far upon the earth, have, in a wonderful degree, shaped their characters and directed the line of their march. The meaning of their history and the spirit of life's drama, have their antecedents in the paternal earth and heavens. This significance is a moral one, and may be studied in the character of nations and individuals.

There is, if we do not dream, something more than poetry in the prophecy of the hills and rivers. There is an educational power in the substantial forms of a country, far surpassing that of the finest sculpture. It is only the Peter Bells that see hills and woods and rivers in our earthly patrimony, and no more. Of only such a one can we say—

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

We are free to confess that the scenery of a country is nothing less in our estimation than the furniture of man's temple home. Instead of being the circumstances, or conditions, or even the complements of the national character, it forms at once its elements and model. No people has ever been so creative and independent as to rise above its suggestions and studies. Scenery has an intellectual import and mission. It is a grand and harmonious assemblage of substantial symbols, through which the Almighty instructs men, and the imagery of which forms all that is grand, beautiful,

vates him with emotion, enchants him with form; she never intended man should walk among her flowers, and her fields, and her streams, unmoved; nor did she rear the strength of the hills in vain, or mean that we should look with a stupid heart on the wild glory of the torrent, bursting from the darkness of the forest and dashing over the crumbling rock. I would as soon deny hardness, or softness, or figure, to be qualities of matter, as I would deny beauty or sublimity to belong to its qualities." This is a truthful utterance of a great man—one that is to have a meaning beyond the graphic indications of the words by which it is known, in the experience of the American people.

The influences and instructions of nature, the lessons of her scenery, as thus viewed, are far superior to art. Her schools are more charming and effective than those of the state. Her galleries of the picturesque far transcend, in all the elements and combinations of beauty and power, those of the nations. Like the approach of spring, so happily sung by Schiller, she forbids all familiarity, preserving a sacredness and dignity



ITASCA LAKE, THE SOURCE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

and permanent, in the languages, traditions, and literature of the world. The mountains have been the nurseries of religious myths and liberty: the sources of rivers have fostered the gratitude of natural piety in all ages.

The free influences of nature have not waited for the tardy awakenings and recognition of the soul. They antedated consciousness and all human education. They came to the cradle, they floated about our homes, and bathed the awaking heart in mystery and sweetness; and when we were able to walk alone against the winds, and drink in the wonder and the joy that live in the face of inanimate things, they aided us in giving birth to the beauty and grandeur of human conception. They became part of our being. Nature, we feel, has a varied language, which is admirably indicated by Sydney Smith.

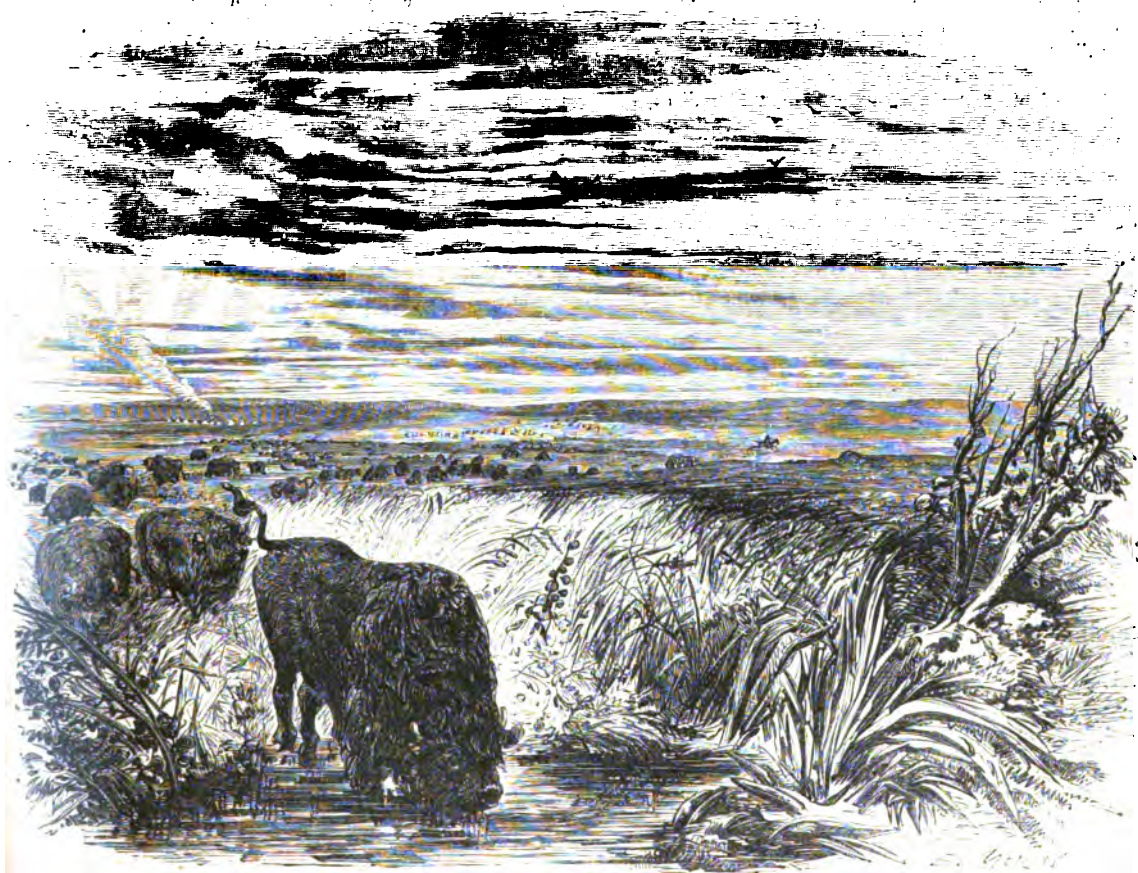
"I, for one," says he, "strongly believe in the affirmative of the question, that nature speaks to the mind of man immediately in beautiful and sublime language; that she astonishes him with magnitude, appals him with darkness, cheers him with splendour, soothes him with harmony, capti-

while she teaches, crosses, and bestows gifts upon all classes of men—the sullen and gloomy Indian as well as the delighted white man. The secret of all this is strangely overlooked. We speak of mind as being the most powerful agent to influence mind, and wonder how it is that we feel on a spur of the Catskill such lofty emotions. We forget or strangely overlook the fact, that the Infinite is influencing us in natural scenery, and, in the presence of mountains and lakes and rivers, lending, through the sense of the Infinite, something of His own grandeur to the soul.

Instances that illustrate and confirm what we have said cannot be wanting to any well-informed mind. The character and literature of the Goths, their history and religion, are imbued with the spirit of northern regions—storms, mists, and the dread ocean mingle in all. The Greeks found the elements of their civilisation in their native valleys and on their native hills. The climate that hung upon Olympus and Pelion, and shaded the groves of Academus, yielded to their minds the clear medium through which they pictured oracles on the distant hills and created gods out of remembered



DELAWARE WATER-GAP. A RIVER SCENE.



PRAIRIE NEAR THE ARKANSAS RIVER.

heroes. Their philosophy and poetry alike partook of the sharpness and distinctness of their scenery, its variety and lovely magnificence. As seen from the Parthenon, it is the physical counterpart of all that Greece has been. "There is no mixture of light and shade, no half-concealing, half-revealing, as in the symbolical cathedrals of the christian faith. There are no rays of divine darkness, running along the side of the rays of light, and sinking into the ground beneath, the altar of the East. All is open to the unbounded blue ether above, and the vertical rays of a noon-day sun, and the trembling visitations of the unimpeded moon-beams—a very house of light, unstained by painted glass, undarkened by vaulted roofs, unintercepted by columns and arcades, and with the instantaneous perception, unmarred by the cruciform shape." Here is the source of the Hellenic religion and song as known to us. If any additional evidence were wanted to illustrate or confirm the influence of national scenery upon national character, it is furnished in the language, traditions, and character of the Indians, in which our aged forests have left their impressions as manifestly as in the colour and temper of the red-man. Evidences may be gathered up in our daily walks. The Atlantic slope, the snowy cotton-fields of the South, and the grand West, have given their distinctive features to our people; each division has its own type of character.

A few instances of the influence of scenery in the formation of individual character will bring the subject more immediately within the reach of all. Artists, poets, and philosophers, have freely acknowledged it; and, indeed, if they should be so ungrateful to the Creator as to deny it, all that we should have to do, to brand them as the ungrateful guests of the Almighty, would be to reclaim the imagery and the thoughts they borrowed from the earth. "There is," says Beerus, "scarcely any earthly object gives me more—I do not know how I should call it *pleasure*—but something which exalts me, something which enraptures me—than to walk in the sheltered side of the wood, or high plantation, in a cloudy winter day, and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees and roaring over the plain. It is my best season for devotion." Solger, long accustomed to inland scenes, gives us a fine illustration of the influence of scenery on the mind, in speaking of his first sight of the sea. "Here," says he, "for the first time, I felt the impression of the illimitable, as produced by an object of sense, in its full majesty." The works and characters of Humboldt and Audubon are rich in such illustrations. Goethe, whose whole character and writings wear an inland impress, and seldom, if ever, afford an instance of a well-defined sense of the infinite, was conscious of the formative power of scenery and its distinctive influence. "Perhaps," says he, "it is the sight of the sea from youth upwards, that gives English and Spanish poets an ascendancy over those of inland countries."

Musing on the influence of physical scenery in the formation of national and individual character, we find ourselves looking out over the New World. The savage and classic scenery of America, and especially that of the United States, awaken mingled emotions in our minds. We have a goodly heritage; but few, if we except artists and poets and moralists, are prepared to acknowledge it in its scenic aspect, and lend themselves to its cultivation. The division of labour, the multiplication of inventive skill, and the isolation of men in the absorbing pursuit of one idea or one aim, abandon it to neglect, or, worse still, subject it to the despotism of their utility. Business is engrossing, and daily commits wholesale robberies on the hearts and homes of men. Railroads are marrying the picturesque, and mills are drying up our cascades and cataracts. The falls of Paterson are nearly effaced. Even Niagara has been threatened in our daring progress. The terror of his power alone guards his majestic reign.

But what is American scenery? The fact that it is destined to play an important part in the history of our people, and, by the constitution of things, must lend its forms and meaning to their thoughts, invests it with an enduring interest. The historian who forgets this, and stops at the landing of the

Pilgrims, the Saybrook Platform, or even the landing of Columbus, as our first historic antecedents, stops short of one of the grandest in our history and character, the physical scenery of America. The character of New England is greatly indebted to New England soil. This is pre-eminently true of the West. Its recognition by statesmen and educators would be a new compromise, and form one of the finest conservative elements in the unity of the country; its improvement by government would be a national benefaction, far surpassing the favours conferred on certain localities by special grants. We need some measures by which the savage and classic scenes of our country shall appear in a national gallery, and be preserved as the true archives of the nation—divine archives.

We return to the question—*What is American scenery?* It is around us in distinctive features, of which we are conscious. We look out upon it in all its variety and vicissitudes. Its diurnal and seasonal dress wins attention. The howl of wind in the clear winter-sky, the magic verdure of spring, the glowing heats of unclouded summer weather, and the play of dissolving autumn tints in its dreamy haze, as they succeed each other and crown the varied year, give to the broad and bold land-and-water features of our country an unusual richness in picturesque effect.

In such a contemplation, we feel that there is little in the name American. It has not for us, as Anglo-Saxons, even a historic antecedent. The name is little; the significance of the thing is all. We seek the meaning of our national inheritance. American scenery is a bold and varied language of substantial forms; and in order to understand it and translate it into the speech of man, it is necessary to examine its structure, distinctive objects, and their disposition in the local landscape and national territory.

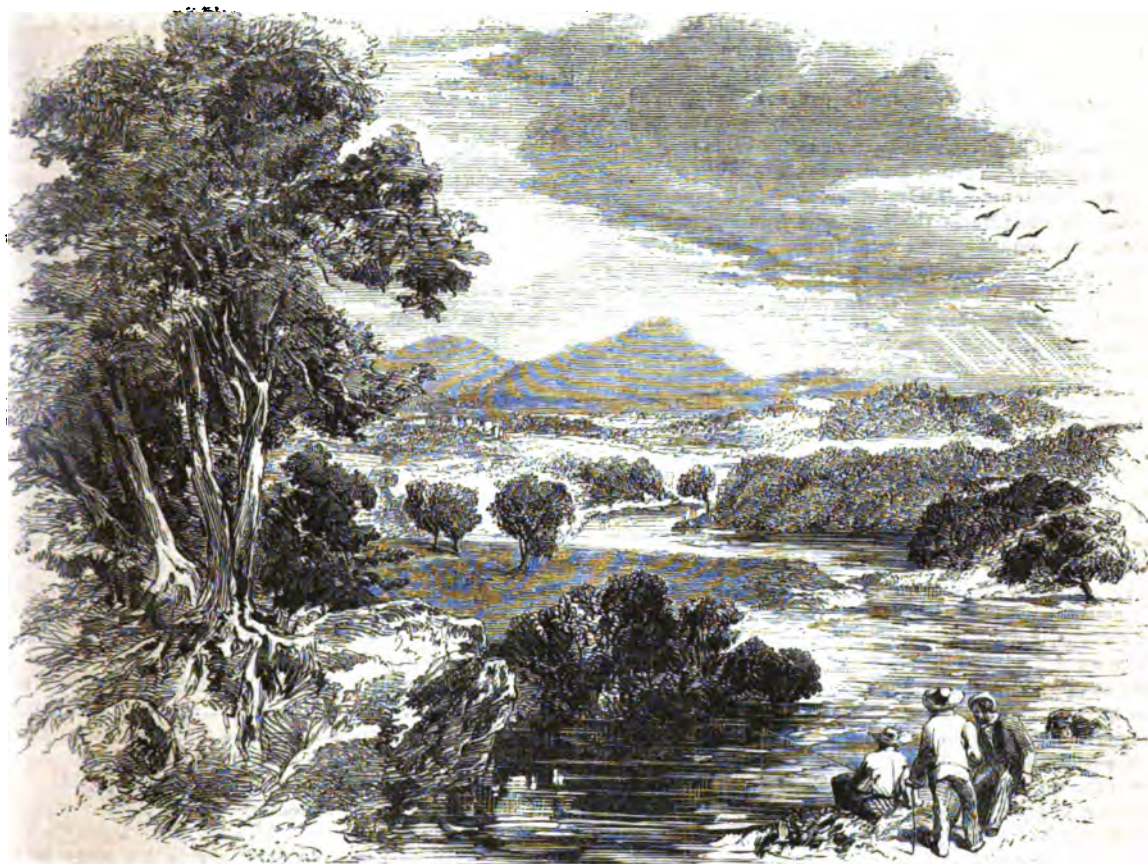
American scenery is not the complement of Asia and Europe, but the excellence of both. Its composition is a simple but grand arrangement of the distinctive features of the Old World. The scenery of Asia, like the vast outline of that almost unbroken mass of the earth, presents a massive but little varied unity. Europe, on the other hand, exhibits an endless variety. Europe, by this characteristic, as seen in its contour and relief, performed a noble part in the diverse development of the human race. American scenery repeats the distinctive features of both, and in happy accordance. The structure of the continent is eminently simple, but imposing; its contours and reliefs are favourable to the most extended enterprise, and the disposition of its parts such as secures the union of beauty and utility in an unusual degree. Fertility allies itself to natural loveliness: the farmer plants and reaps in companionship of a friendly grandeur.

The distinctive features of American scenery, as a whole, are, in our opinion, the unity of its variety, and the variety of its unity. None of those elements, so necessary to the idea of excellence, is permitted to reach an extreme. This feature, so peculiarly North American, forces upon us the somewhat ambitious thought, that our country is admirably adapted to become the home of a people whose civilisation is to be distinguished by its care of the individual, and the restoration of liberty and union to the human family. Here it is necessary to take into consideration the vastness of the scale on which this feature is exhibited—a scale extending from the Atlantic slope to the sea-board of the Pacific; and in all its range—whether we consider the northern chain of lakes, the mountain ranges, the wonderful scenery of the Potomac, the head-waters of the Mississippi, the peninsula of California, the far-reaching region extending between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific, or the wonders that line the banks of the far-off Columbia and the Willamette, wandering for hundreds of miles through an unsubdued but fertile wilderness—it presents a singular unity and variety of all that is necessary to constitute the territory of the greatest of nations.

But it is not the contemplation of the whole that benefits the soul by awakening a well-defined admiration, so much as the nearer study of its distinctive parts. The lakes, rivers, mountains, forests, and prairies of North America are the theme of an ever-renewing wonder.

The American lakes are generally regarded as one of the distinctive features of our country. Their magnitude is such excites the astonishment of Europeans. They lie along our northern frontier like a chain of inland seas. They spread at their waters on the bosom of our middle states, deep and broad enough for contending armaments. Their magnitude, however imposing, is by no means their most effective feature. Their haunts are more impressive to our mind—the mountain and forest scenery in which they echo to the voice of stormy winds, or, burnished by the unmitigated summer-noon, gleam like silver plains through the umbrageous forests that encircle them. Schroon lake, dear to the fine arts, lies embosomed in wild and picturesque haunts. The bases of the Adirondacks are beautified by lakes, quiet and lovely in their leafy solitude. Lake George is a household word of picturesque beauty. Its old and jutting shores, rampart hills, pure waters, garniture

extended her right arm to welcome into her bosom." Buneau, a tributary of Bear river, runs through a fearful chasm for the distance of some hundred and fifty miles—a chasm more than 2,000 feet deep, and only a part of a country that is little less than an indescribable chaos. The scenery of the main river, in the language of Irving, is truly grand. "At times," says he, "the river was overhung by dark and stupendous rocks, rising like gigantic walls and battlements; these were rent by wide and yawning chasms that seemed to speak of past convulsions of nature. Sometimes the river flowed glossy and smooth, then roaring amid impetuous rapids and foaming cascades. Here rocks were piled up in most fantastic crags and precipices; and in another place they were succeeded by delightful valleys." We add only another instance of river scenery. We only indicate it, and in the language of Jefferson. "The passage of the Potomac through the Blue



ESOPUS CREEK.

of islands rising like emeralds on its breast, and its bold relief in an atmosphere singularly subject to change and the agitations of violent storms, furnish us with a true picture of loveliness and its antithesis.

American rivers exist in harmony with her lakes. Some of them are vast; others are beautiful; all, with few exceptions, picturesque. They flow for the most part through the fulness of forest scenes, and, in many cases, enliven the almost oppressive terror of mountain gorges by the dash of their waters. Their banks are crowned, in some places, with bluffs, rising occasionally to the magnitude of mountains; in other places they are lined by the waving grass of the far-reaching prairie; and in most places ennobled by wild dispositions of rocks, or the solemn forest. The head-waters of the Mississippi are rich in studies for the artist. The Hudson has already been made glorious in tradition and song and on the canvas. Cooper has spoken of one river as "the mighty Susquehannah, a river to which the Atlantic herself has

Ridge is, perhaps, one of the most stupendous scenes in nature."

The river scenery, which we have indicated, although noble and richly diversified, yields, in many points, to the scenery of the creeks. In saying this, it is necessary to add, not for our own benefit, but that of foreigners, that our creeks are not European creeks, but rivers in almost any other country than America.

The scenery through which they flow, and of which they form the life-like current, are exceedingly varied and pleasing. Now we stop to gaze upon rocky bluffs rising up in front of receding woods, and then ascend an eminence to behold the stream winding through rich valleys and approaching hills. This hour, we are admiring the outline of islands and the pleasing contour of the banks; and the next, looking up the rocks and wood-girt avenue of water to the cascades that sparkle and foam in the distance. As an instance of rich and beautiful creek scenery, we may mention Esopus creek. The

accompanying engraving is a view on that creek, and was taken from a study by E. W. Durand, a young artist of great promise, as one who is to give a truthful and vigorous rendering of the lessons of nature.

The mountains of America are, in many respects, the most varied and striking objects in its scenery. They are not, as a whole, so grand in their outline and effect as the mountains of Southern Europe, but they are richer in studies and the details of the picturesque. Their sides are thick in choice recesses, where the artist may find rocks and trees and cascades in imposing dispositions.

The chasms are often terrible, the defiles vast, and the wooded sides always impressive, especially under the influence of an autumn atmosphere. The Catskill raises its blue height some three thousand feet, full of wild and wonderful scenes. The White Mountains furnish many noble rocky views. The Alleghanies are never monotonous. The Rocky Mountains abound in all the elements of savage scenery. The Adirondacks, with their cone-like peaks, jagged ridges, wooded sides, echoing along which is heard the sound of numerous cascades; and the lakes that repose in wooded solitudes at their bases, form a noble feature in our northern mountain scenery. The Adirondack Pass—a gorge between two mountains, filled with huge rocks surmounted with green trees, and the precipice rising on one of its sides to the height of a thousand feet—is a wild and dreadful scene.

Rocks form a feature in the scenery of America, which the lover of nature and the artist cannot very well overlook. They appear solitary or associated, wild or beautiful in the mantling mass of centuries. We do not speak now so much of the solid pyramidal pile, or the crags that range the upper summits of the mountains, as those that guard the gorges and passes of

mountain chains, or lie deep within the woods that clothe their sides. There are almost endless recesses in American mountains, and in these, unseen and untold studies for the artist. The gnarled and knotted roots of the maple, big with age, spread out their folds among huge fragments of the rear peaks, now clothed with lichens or moss in their fall, or washed by the playful cascade fringed with inimitable green. Among our fallen rocks, thus beautified and rendered picturesque, there are innumerable haunts and walks of wisdom. There is another class of rocks which the genius of our people, and especially the Puritan descendants in New England, have ennobled by associations.

The prairies are, perhaps, the most distinctive feature of our scenery. They are altogether unlike the steppes of Russia, dreary and cold; the gloomy brown heaths of Great Britain; and the sianos of South America, ever subject to the dreadful dominion of floods or torrid heat. The grassy, the timbered, and the undulating prairies of the West, are vast desert gardens, where the wild flowers flaunt in gaudiness, and unnumbered animals find a playground. Vast and fertile, they await the advancing steps of our people to subdue them.

"These are the gardens of the desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name—
The prairies. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch
In airy undulations, far away,
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed
And motionless for ever. Motionless!
No, they are all unchained again."—*Bryant.*

THE INUNDATION.

THE road from Alessandria to Plaisance passes through some of the most delightful scenery it is possible to imagine. Trees, gardens, corn-fields, vineyards rich with purple grapes, green valleys covered with luxuriant foliage, snow-white cottages peeping out from the clustering trees, moss-grown paling, and silver streams, on the margin of which the reeds spring up and the water-fowl find homes. All these things together present at every turn the most charming prospect to the eye of the traveller; and whether seen at early dawn, at broad noon-day, or set of sun, are delightfully picturesque and full of romantic beauty.

It was the spring-time of the year. The fields, the gardens, the forests, and the vineyards were full of promise. Every leaf and bud and opening flower indicated the approach of summer, and there was a serenity and beauty over everything that made the humble village, with its quaint old cottages, its winding street, its simple church, and brotherhood of aged trees that girdled it about, a most delightful place. It was a pleasant thing to stand beneath the trellised avenue that led to the door of Francesco's dwelling, as it commanded a view of the whole village, being built on the rising ground of the hill. It was a beautiful prospect. There the road that led to the mountains; there the wide-stretching fields; here the stream that, flowing down the hills, looked like a silver ribbon from afar, but deepened and widened as it came along, babbling as it came. Standing beneath the porch, looking about him as the day declined, was Francesco himself, a handsome, well-made fellow; the rays of the setting sun were gilding the coming night with their departing glory. As Francesco regarded the prospect before him, it seemed to him as if the mountain stream was wider than of yore—as if it tossed and tumbled as it came with more than wonted vigour—as if the murmur of the water increased in loudness; but he thought nothing of it. Amid the varied-tinted clouds, that like some fairy-land stretched out in red and gold and purple, the sun sank down and twilight deepened into night.

That night a storm came on. Rain fell in torrents; the thunder awakened the simple villagers with its awful music; and by the broad glare of the lightning they saw the mountain stream no longer like a silver ribbon, but a sheet of water, pouring down upon them, sweeping over fields, vineyards, and gardens, and threatening in its impetuous course to destroy everything before it. This might have been expected. Heavy rains had fallen during the winter, the snows had blocked up the mountain passes, and danger had been apprehended. That apprehension was now realised. The greatest alarm prevailed; people fled in every direction. The waters were rapidly rising. Francesco, with his mother, his wife, and children, attempted to escape. Their peril was great. The mother of Francesco was old and infirm, utterly unable to help herself; he had to bear her in his arms as he fled. His wife led her eldest son by the hand, and bore her infant in its cradle on her head. In such a terrible scene as that which presented itself to them they sought help in vain. Every tie of friendship seemed to be broken; every one sought their own safety, and waited not to render help to others; and the tempest still raged, and higher and higher the water rose, plunging and roaring and casting its showers of spray over every obstacle it encountered, bearing away on its ruffled surface many a household treasure. Francesco and his family pushed bravely on towards the little bridge which stemmed the stream. Judge of their despair, when they found it a mere wreck—when, as well as the light would let them, they noticed its old timbers tossed to and fro on the troubled water, and only a remnant of the structure still remaining. Torches flitting here and there added to the wildness of the prospect; the darkness which covered everything was at intervals broken by the broad glare of the lightning, the deafening roar of the waters, and the pealing thunder, making stout hearts quake.

"Help! help!"

The rising waters threaten the speedy destruction of the

le group who have found a refuge on the bridge. There was no help, and they look despairingly in one another's eyes. They must perish; the strong peasant might swim, but his wife, his children, his paralysed mother make the sturdy man stand by them in life or in death. Suddenly they are the plash of an oar.

"Courage! courage!" cries a voice; "help is at hand!"

"Alas! no," murmur the little group; "we are surely it; there is no way of escape."

"Courage! courage!" cries the voice again; "God is merciful; keep still—hold fast by the bridge!"

A broad flash of lightning shed its strange fitful lustre over a scene of desolation. The group on the broken fragment of the bridge saw it all; the wide waste of water; the roofs of villages; the upper branches of the trees; the high mountains with their caps of snow;—more than this—they beheld a boat pressed to and fro by the struggling waters, but guided by a strong man, who seemed a stranger to all fear. The rest is soon told. Their deliverer having placed the party in his boat, guided his little craft with consummate skill, brought them to a place of safety; and then, without a word, or sign, a token of recognition, without declaring his name or asking theirs, he left them.

Many years after this poor family had been so miraculously saved and restored to their cottage, a stranger was announced, who, journeying on that road, begged their hospitality. It was evening when the stranger entered, and, without taking off his Spanish cloak, which half-concealed his features, he took his seat by the fire in silence. A table was soon spread with rustic dainties, but the guest accepted only a glass of water, and seemed absorbed in melancholy reflection. There were two or three friends at the peasant's house that night, and they regarded with astonishment the new comer, so solemn, so mysterious, and yet withal so kind and gentle in his way. They whispered among themselves, and suggested half-a-dozen romantic solutions to this most knotty problem; but unmoved and in silence the stranger still sat, shrouded in his Spanish cloak and gazing into the fire. Presently he turned and asked the name of the village.

"Marengo, eccellenzo," replied the peasant with profound obeisance.

"Marengo! Marengo! cruel chance!" The stranger said this more to himself than to his host, and then demanded whether it was not the locality of the famous battle of the 14th of June, 1800.

"The same, eccellenzo."

"It was a gloriously well-fought fight! valiantly maintained on both sides—a glorious fight!"

"You may say that—twice gained, twice lost; the Austrians, who were the conquerors for three hours, were in six hours more in full flight."

"Brave French!" said the stranger; "it was a noble triumph."

"A magnificent day, eccellenzo, but one of frightful carnage."

"You were there?"

"I served under the tri-colour flag."

"And you have not forgotten the battle?"

"Eccellenzo," said the man, "there are two things I shall never forget but in death; my life has twice been saved; once from fire and a soldier's right arm, once from water; I have forgotten neither the one nor the other."

"I should like to talk to you, if you are willing," said the stranger, "about this battle of Marengo; I have half an hour to stop in the village."

"Eccellenzo shall know all that I know. When the soldiers of the little corporal had climbed with the chamois amid the snows of Mont St. Bernard, they descended into the plains of the Apennines, the Po, the Tessin, and the Adda. The French head-quarters were removed to Voghera, and took up a position round Tortona to blockade it by divisions.

Eccellenzo knows well enough that if the Austrian commander was doubtful as to what line of conduct he ought to pursue, this was his time to determine. As long as he held Genoa, he had a means of escape. For Genoa the French fought from a full knowledge of its value. The little corporal hastened to derive all the advantage he could from the urgency of the Austrians, which was wise enough in him, as your eccellenzo knows; so he ordered the banks of the Po to be guarded, and the passes between Piedmont and Genoa to be gained."

"Your memory serves you well."

"A soldier's memory serves him well, eccellenzo; the lessons of the battle-field are not easily forgotten. But to proceed. On the 14th of June the great battle took place. General Bonaparte had been over the ground, his grey coat and cocked hat had been seen at all parts of the field, and his voice had instructed the engineers and given courage to the soldiers. Early in the morning the cannon poured forth their rough salute, and at it we went. It was a terrible struggle; the Austrians were in great force, and after a long and well-contested engagement we had to fly. But we fled with honour, Bonaparte cheered us, and a word from him was better than a jewel. The brave grenadiers fought nobly; three times they returned to the charge, and three times were they routed by the enemy's cavalry; balls ploughed up the ground and fell as thick as snow-flakes on a wintry day; but those brave grenadiers were undaunted—they were not soldiers, eccellenzo, they were lions! Before their bayonets and the swords of the cavalry the best troops of Austria were compelled to give way—they fought as if honour was everything and life was nothing, struggled like true heroes as they were, and heeded not the gory bed in which so many slept that night."

"Brave men!" quoth the stranger, "they were worthy of their brave leader, and learnt from him true courage!"

"Everything," said the peasant, "was discouraging to the French army, but their fortitude and courage changed their situation in the course of two hours afterwards. When Mourrier and Desaix arrived, the heaps of dead and dying might have cooled their ardour; but, nothing daunted, they rushed on to victory and glory. For fourteen hours the armies were within musket-shot of one another; victory wavered on each side four times during the day; sixty pieces of cannon were alternately lost and won."

"Would that the Sardinians," said the stranger, "had somewhat of this old French courage; but alas! those days are gone." As he did so, he hastily moved his cloak, and in doing so, the peasant noticed his richly embroidered cuff.

With the sharpness of an old soldier the peasant recognised this mark of distinction, and with a military salute, said:—

"Pardon me, general, but are you not connected with the Sardinians? Did you not yourself fight with the rest against Austrian power?"

"What if I did?" he answered; "the courage of Sardinia has long departed; there is nothing left for her but shame and captivity."

"I have good reason to remember these gallant men, though," returned the peasant; "in the heat of the battle they came up and did good service; they had good hearts, good arms, good swords, and a man among them whose every word and gesture inspired courage and incited to victory!"

"Of whom do you speak?"

"Charles Albert: a young colonel, seventeen or thereabouts, with all the energy of a young soldier, and all the wisdom of an old one."

"You speak in flattering terms," the stranger said.

"Not one word too much," the peasant answered. "I admired him then, and I honour him still—more than this, I have to thank him for my own life."

"How so?"

"Your eccellenzo must know, that in one of their charges, as the grenadiers were repulsed, and the Austrian cavalry chased us sorely, I fell. Two or three Austrians were about me in a moment, and when I regained my feet I had to struggle hard

J. B. OUDRY.



THOSE painters who, like the eminent Landseer, have devoted themselves to the study and picturing of animal life, have been almost always successful men. The reason is clear. This kind of art comes home to the feelings and ideas of large bodies of the community; everybody understands a picture of a horse, an ass, dogs, deer, fox-hunts; and everybody is able to appreciate whether they are correctly or incorrectly rendered. It requires some previous education, some knowledge of



history, some travel through the world, to comprehend and enjoy historical scenes, foreign landscapes—even scenes of life which do not belong to our own sphere. But who has not studied the canine race, or watched a cat in its gambols, or noticed the prancing horse, or seen the deer skimming over the fields? And when we see a picture reflecting these familiar forms, we rarely are mistaken in our judgment of it. We comprehend that which is familiar. Certainly it is not

the highest department of human art, but it is an agreeable and pleasing species of painting, that is in every way worthy of encouragement.

The aim and object of high art is to elevate and ennoble the mind. We recognise a mission in the great painter, and we expect that mission to be fulfilled conscientiously and well; we expect him to warm our hearts, to expand the mind, and elevate the soul above the mere chaos of daily occupations. When examining a great historical or sacred picture, representing, let it be supposed, the Crucifixion, we seek not so much exact fidelity as a grand and solemn whole, that breathes of the eternal and mighty sacrifice, that chastens and softens, that carries us far away to realms of space beyond mere actuality. It is the grandeur, the sublimity, the elevation, the genius, developed in their paintings, that have carried the names of Raffaele and Michael Angelo to the uttermost ends of the earth, far more than their rich colouring or fidelity of rendering the human face and form. A daguerreotype is a better portrait than any of Vandyck; but if we could have paintings rendered the same way, we should still prefer those efforts of the hands of man which have around them the immortal halo, the poetry and life of genius.

But if what is called high art were alone encouraged, it would certainly be much to be regretted. There is another mission of painting; and that is, to please, to gratify the senses, to be agreeable. The love of pictures, whether painted or engraved, is one which should be encouraged, especially in the young. Often from the most elaborate descriptions we gain but a very faint idea of the thing itself, while in a painting or woodcut it stands evidently before us, and we comprehend. The mere description conveys often the same idea to us that it does to the blind, who, from feeling even, can gain no conception of the reality. Few men ever carried the art of faithful and elaborate description further than Fenimore Cooper, our emine it fictionist. His landscape portraits were

faithful and true; yet when we visited the places he had thus truthfully portrayed, we had some difficulty in recognising them. But when we were familiar with a place from a drawing, the description then sank deep in our minds.

The cultivation of taste is a very essential element in education, and taste can scarcely be acquired without some conception and study of art. It is well, then, that art has not always been on stilts, that sometimes it has come down and walked on level ground, and condescended to things which appear, at first sight, not its province. Very few in this world would endure subjects not adapted to their capacity and intellect. Even, however, the profoundest students find relief in the song and the tale; so the lover of painting, in its more elevated branches, cannot but occasionally welcome those painters who please, soften, and amuse him, when he is wearied of being taught and schooled.

In this and the old country many persons have been found to paint, and thousands have been found to admire, the canine race. The man who understands only one branch, and that the highest, of art, will sneer at the dog-painter; but in so doing he commits a great error. Do we not all know of what great value the dog has been to man, how useful he is in every way? and what more natural than that we should gaze with pleasure on the representation of our favourite animal? The history of the dog has yet to be written; authors have not yet done him justice, but art has.

The part of the dog in history began with the very existence of property. He was the first policeman; and it is a fact that races without dogs have always been savages. Let none of us complain, then, of their being made a prominent feature in animal-painting.

In the edition of "The Fables of La Fontaine," illustrated by Oudry, there is a magnificent portrait of this master-engraver by Tardieu, after Largillière. The very first glance we cast upon this admirable engraving charms us. We are struck by the benevolent, lively, and calm air of this man, who represents in his person the very best specimen of the French style. This face, rather fat, in which imagination and wit are mingled with a soft good humour, shows a mind without storms, a fertility without roughness, an easy facile genius without much depth. Such is the conclusion ordinarily drawn from surveying the portrait of this artist; and yet how little can we really judge from the outward semblance of the man.

The great judges of physiognomy in modern times inform us that the peaceful history of Oudry is written in his portrait, and that we may swear to the likeness without ever having seen the original. In truth, we may in vain seek, during his life of more than sixty years, for any of those agitations and those struggles which are the price so many men pay for their renown. There are few artists whose biography is recorded in history, who have not had to overcome either the terrible anguish of physical misery, or the silly prejudices of a family, or even the yielding and trembling of their own genius. Oudry did not know any of these sorrows or griefs. The son of a picture-dealer, he lived during his youth among pictures, always changing, always renewed; and masters who made the fortune of the father, began the education of the son.

However this may be, he experienced in early years a very precocious love of drawing. Oudry, the father, who was a member of the Academy of Drawing, had been a painter before he became a dealer. It is believed that he gave the first lessons to his son; but he soon placed him with Serre, painter of the galleries of the king, at Marseilles, who wished to take him away with him.

Oudry was not destined to have vast and great conceptions, or to devote himself to heroic pictures. He was a keen observer of nature, saw it with a sharp *coup-d'œil*, and drew correctly and justly. He had all the requisites for a portrait painter: we do not speak of those portraits in a lofty style, which, by grandeur of character and the nobility of the sentiments they inspire, rise to the perfection of an historical picture, like those of Velasquez, Vandyck, and Lawrence;

we speak of the familiar portrait—of that which is for the original a kind of mirror, for his friends a happy resemblance, and for amateurs a fine study. The pupil of Serre came back instinctively to Paris, with the intention of placing himself under a master of his own choice, Nicolas of Largillière. This man was a real painter, and it was in reality a piece of good fortune to be brought up in his school, especially for any one who wished to sketch a model, to learn to hang "learned draperies," to paint broadly with a light pencil, by fresh touches that please and do not weary in colour. The pupil soon rose to such a pitch of reputation that Peter the Great, who came to Paris in 1717, wished to have his portrait from the hand of Oudry; and it was so successfully executed that he wanted to take the artist and carry him off to St. Petersburg, as he had done in Holland with the carpenter of Saardam. To escape from the iron will of the great Czar, the painter, who was determined not to leave his country, was obliged to seek for a retreat where he was able to conceal himself from the search of his well-meaning friends.

Largillière, who was something better than a mere portrait painter, took great pleasure in teaching his pupil the principles he had himself drawn from nature, and the study of the painters of the Flemish school. He had also taught him the principles of perspective and *chiaroscuro*, and had laid a very strong foundation relative to mixing and using colours. Oudry never ceased to remember these things, and it was always pleasant in after life to hear him talking of what he had learnt from his long and learned conversations with Largillière. There is much in the way in which a thing is taught, and the young artist will often learn more from the pleasant and agreeable gossip of an able master, than from his most learned disquisitions in one of his most learned moods.

One day the master told his pupil that he must learn to paint flowers, and as Oudry went to fetch some bouquets of flowers of varied hue and colour, Largillière sent the pupil back to the garden to pick out a bunch of flowers all white. He then himself placed them on a clear background, which, on the side of the shadow, threw them up in bold relief, and on the side of the light gave them delicate demi-tints. The master having then compared the white of the pallet with the light side of the flowers, which was less dazzling, showed that in this tuft of white flowers, the lights which were to be touched with pure white were in very little quantity, in comparison with the demi-tints; this is exactly what gave roundness and vigour to the bouquet, and the learned painter thence drew the conclusion, that to give relief to the model, to round it, as it were, large demi-tints were needed, much economy in lights, and some very strong dark touches, in the centre of the shadow and in the places which are not brought up by the refraction.

The worthy Largillière thus communicated little by little the secrets of art to his pupil. Colouring was, above all, the object of his interviews and studies; and it was by bold examples that he taught now how to find local tints, now how to modify them, according to the relative value which the surrounding colour assigned to them. "Look at that silver vase," said he one day: "it is certainly true that its whole mass is white; but how will you determine the true tone which is proper to it? It is by comparing it, not to contraries, but to things like itself; because what is wanted is a shade. If you bring near this vase of silver either linen, or paper, or satin, or porcelain, you will readily perceive that the white of the vase is not at all like the white of the porcelain, nor of the satin, nor of the paper, nor of the linen; and by carefully examining the tone which it has not got, you will end by finding the tone which it has." On another occasion, speaking of those exaggerated repellants which are authorised by no rule, especially when the scene is laid in an open country—where shaded masses are only produced by the movement of clouds—he ridiculed good-humouredly that ultra-black tone in which drapery, in which lights, flesh, terraces, are lost; while the figures of the second foreground, suddenly lit up, resemble a troop of Europeans beside a company of Moors.

After five years of arduous study in the *atelier* of Largillière,

Judry was remarked for his portraits and some few historical pictures. He was as yet unaware of his own particular talent, and moved in the dark towards his branch of art and his peculiar fame. His first productions caused him to be elected a member and a professor of the Academy of St. Luke. But his effort to follow in the track of the great artists of history was not destined to last very long. One day he sketched off with much success a hunter and his dog, and Largillière said to him laughing, "Get along, Oudry; you will never be anything but a dog-painter." Oudry thought that in these words he saw his horoscope. He began at once to devote his whole energies to the study and portraiture of animals, and he did so with surprising good fortune. He had hit upon that particular branch of art which was suited to his genius, and thence his immediate success.

But he did not at once renounce the attempt to shine in historical paintings, and he was received into the Academy in 1717, upon the faith of a picture of "The Adoration of the Magi," painted for the chapter of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. His special painting for his reception was an allegorical design of Plenty.

It would be difficult to find these works of Oudry, and it is allowable to suppose that they were not productions of a very high order, since the reputation which their author has gained in another style has completely eclipsed them. It is as an animal painter that Oudry is a master of his art. He had a name already when he was named professor and pensioner of the king, with a lodging in the Tuileries. The talent of Oudry could not but please Louis XV., who considered hunting one of the first duties of government—one of the noblest occupations of man. It was this king's mad yielding to his impulses, that paved the way for so much that was terrible in the subsequent revolution. He took such delight in the works of this artist, that he passed whole hours in his workshop. It is said that he was wont to take the utmost pleasure in watching him paint several hunting pictures, which were afterwards to be executed in Gobelins tapestries, and which the king destined for his bed-chamber in the palace of Compiègne, and the council-chamber. The frivolous and capricious king wished the idea of pleasure to follow him to the very chamber where he was forced to undergo the *ennui* of governing. A very lively and amusing description of these pictures is to be found in the "Mercure de France" of 1738. The king is there represented accompanied by his courtiers, his officers, and his huntmen—now pulling on his boots to mount on horseback—now present at a *hallali* near the ponds of St. Jean-aux-Bois—now running down the deer in view of Royal-Lieu. This last composition is very animated. In front the pack is seen bounding forward through fields filled by blue-bells and poppies; further off, a troop of huntmen pass the river Oise in a ferry-boat. The boat of Beaumont, filled with passengers, ascends the river; while other boats seem to be brought in to vary the monotony of the water-lines. The king's carriage, drawn by four horses, and a view of Compiègne, complete the features of this composition.

The king, Louis XV., was so delighted with the personal figure he was made to assume in these pictures, and consequently so delighted with the artist, that he invited him down to the great hunts of Fontainebleau. On this occasion, the rapid conception of nature, caught in her happy moods, lent even a more striking character of truth to his animals, caught as it were in the fact; and seeing them reproduced so faithfully from nature, the king was delighted to be able to recognise them one after another, and to call them by their names.

From the court of France the renown of Oudry spread over all Europe. He began to find foreigners disputing for the honour and pleasure of possessing his pictures. The king of Denmark wrote to him to ask him to come to Copenhagen; the prince of Mecklenburg caused a gallery to be expressly constructed to receive the pictures of Oudry.

And it was not only by hunting scenes and pictures of animals that this painter made himself a name. In his days landscape painting—that charming and pleasing branch of

art—was very popular, and many amateurs ordered pictures of him. Lafont de Saint-Yenne speaks highly of them in his little work on the Exhibition of 1746, and he adds to the opinion of the public the expression of his own personal feelings. "There is nothing more happy," said he, "than the choice of sites in the paintings of Oudry. Nature shows herself adorned in her native and rarest beauties a thousand times more enchanting than that of the palace of kings. One sees and almost feels a genuine freshness under the deep verdure of his groups of trees, whose leaves are admirable, and of which he knows how to vary the forms, the touches, and the tones with an infinite art. This freshness is seen by the light of his water so well distributed, some tranquil, some in movement; his able pencil makes beauty out of everything; here a ruined bridge, there a mill, further on, huts and old houses, add to these familiar scenes an enchanting air."

If so many successes contribute to the glory and the future of the painter, we have reason to regret, and the French still more, when they think of the numerous and valuable pictures which have been removed from France to foreign countries. This man, whose fertility is confessed in all biographies, has only seven or eight pictures, of moderate size, in the Louvre. The largest represents a "Wolf Hunt." The beast, attacked on all sides, and still menaced by a fourth enemy which forms the rear-guard, turns round his head with an air of fear and powerless rage. The head of the wolf is a remarkably fine piece. The movements of the dogs are admirable for truth and reality. They are painted moreover with rare perfection, and by brilliant touches which show off with extreme vigour even the variety of their skins. It is to be regretted that he has not thrown a little more fire into this terribly bloody struggle. The landscape is, however, one of agreeable country beauty, and, retreating as it does, it adds to the beauty of the picture. A forest warmed by some rays of the sun, and which dies away in the summer vapour, recalls some of the aims, less *naïve* it is true, of the greatest contemporary landscape painters. Its brown mass serves as a background to the skin of the animals, which are precisely those dogs of the Pyrenees with rough skin which Oudry had studied in the kennel of the king.

Oudry often reproduced these terrific combats of wolves surprised by dogs. Diderot tells us that in the Exhibition of 1753, he hung up a picture representing bull-dogs combatting three wolves and a jackal. "This picture," adds the celebrated writer, "has been described as too uniform; the landscapes sad and hard."

Though it is perhaps a truthful observation to make, that the pictures of Oudry are a little too cold, and that his skies want the charm and the dazzling brightness of those of Desportes, it is quite easy to see, from some of his paintings, that he could easily escape from those faults. He painted in one picture, in most admirable colours, two hounds; one is fawn-coloured, the other black. The one is brought out in bold relief upon a brown background of trunks of trees and dark green plants, while the black is brought up by the clear and pellucid light of a luminous sky. These frank and beautiful contrasts always please the eye, and this pretty picture is a worthy parallel of another canvas which represents the delicate she-hounds, white and spotted with yellow, with long narrow snouts, with speaking and intelligent eyes—delicate personages, whose names have been preserved by Oudry at the bottom of his picture—Sylva and Mignonne.

Oudry was above all an indefatigable and laborious workman. He belongs to that family of conscientious artists who were born in the first half of the eighteenth century, and whose whole life, whose existence, whose very moral and physical being, was devoted to the cultivation, the worship of art. Not satisfied with painting enough to be able to produce and show in a single Exhibition more than fifteen pictures at a time, as often happened to him, particularly in 1753, Oudry took a journey into the country almost every day, to draw nature on the spot, and spent nearly all his evenings in producing those numerous drawings of which we shall presently have occasion to speak.

oned to me the great regret he felt at seeing and feeling, on many hands, the want of attention to things which were of such essential importance to the artist. Perhaps he was little too partial to his nurse, that nurse he always loved so well; but even if we look upon some of his opinions as prejudices, I hope that you will not consider them unworthy of our attention, and that even these errors, if you regard them as such, may appear to you as the errors of a great artist.

"Where he was so truly great, as you all know, and have repeatedly allowed, is in colour, in *chiaroscuro*, in effect, and in harmony. The ideas he had on these subjects were beautiful and clear, when he explained them, as he did, with so much sweetness, gentleness, and placidity.

"I shall, I warn you, often mix up my own ideas with those of my master; I could with difficulty separate them; they have been united too long; they have become incorporated in one, and to divide them now is an impossible task.

nothing else but what is natural to each object, and that the *chiaroscuro* is the art of distributing the lights and shadows with that intelligence which causes a picture to produce effect. But it is not sufficient to have a general idea of this. The great point is, to know how to apply the local colour properly and efficiently, and to acquire that knowledge which gives its value by contrasting it with another.

"This is in my opinion the infinite in art, and a point on which we have much fewer principles than any other. I mean principles founded on the true and the natural; for in principles founded on the works of the old masters we certainly are not deficient. We have, indeed, writers enough and to spare who have spoken thereupon. But it is a serious question whether what they have said on the point is very solid; or, if it be solid, do we do all in our power to profit by the good fruit we ought to derive from these principles? This is my first difficulty.



THE STAG HUNT.—FROM A PAINTING BY OUDRY.

Moreover, forty years of assiduous labour certainly have given me some new ideas, relative to which I do not wish to show myself miserly, any more than I wish to keep back those of others. Loving my branch of art as I do, I cannot but wish that what I know, others too may have the pleasure of knowing. I know nothing more mean, in an elevated art like ours, than to have little secrets, and not to do for those who are to succeed us that which has been done for us. As I have already said, I intend to speak, on the present occasion, only to the youth present; and to remove every suspicion, I hope you will allow me to speak out to that youth.

"Colour is one of the most important branches of our art. It is that which characterises it, which distinguishes it so clearly from sculpture. It is in the colouring that consists the charm and the brilliance of our works. You are sufficiently advanced to be perfectly aware of this. You are also aware, that in colouring there are two distinct branches:—the local colour, and the *chiaroscuro*; that the local colour is

"What do you do? Full of that just and lofty admiration with which you have been inspired for the masters whom we look upon as colourists, you begin to copy them. But how do you copy them? Plainly and simply, and almost without any reflection, putting white where you see white, red where you see red, and so on. So that, instead of forming a just idea of the colouring of the master, you simply get hold of a sample. How must we act in order to do better? We must, when we copy a fine picture, ask our master the reason why the author of this picture coloured such and such a part in such and such a way. In this way you will learn, on the principle of induction, that which you seek by routine, and which it cannot give you. Whenever you copy a new author, you must obtain from your master that instruction, based on new reasoning and new principles, which will sink into your mind, and which will guarantee you against an acquired prejudice, which sometimes lasts a whole life, in favour of one artist and against all others, often the cause of the complete ruin

say which is most successful, the monkey or the cat. They are startling from the life-like vigour with which they are painted. This is an illustration of a favourite fable of La Fontaine's.

Whatever may have been the talent of Oudry for drawing and painting animals, it must be allowed that he was not equally well acquainted with every species, and is not always successful in seizing the true character and manner. If he was perfect in dogs, foxes, wolves, even monkeys; and in general in animals which figure as principal characters in hunting scenes, and which he was so fond of dedicating to

more perfect in the art of grouping in trophies, pikes, eels, tench, carp, and shell-fish; or in combining on one canvas, to please the eye, some snipe hanging by a claw, partridges, and quails, ducks of changing colour, with their beautiful emerald spots. How common it is to see artists of the present day imitating these signs over doors, by Oudry, where in chance medley we find violins, guitars, flutes, tamborines, and a hundred other different attributes of the arts. These happy and successfully "arranged disorders," to use a hyperbolical French phrase, invented with so much care, executed with so much talent, have since become mere



THE ROEBUCK RUN DOWN.—FROM A PAINTING BY OUDRY.

"Messire Louis Bontemps, capitaine des chasses de la venerie du Louvre," he was far less fortunate when he attempted to portray lions, panthers, and leopards. It seems as if it was reserved for the modern artist to comprehend, elucidate, and create the savage and poetic side of creation. Oudry humanised his tigers, softened down and civilised his panthers, and made his lions quite tame and gentlemanly beings; but he was at home and true when he had to reproduce the bounding deer or the delicate doe, and he knew so admirably how to co-ordinate and arrange the wooded scene, so full of delicate perfume and country balminess. He was also exceedingly successful in the representation of still nature. No one was

fillings up—agreeable enough, but so evidently copies as to lose all zest and power.

Oudry used his talents also sometimes in providing models, sometimes in executing table ornaments. France has always been a peculiar country, and one of its greatest peculiarities has been minute attention to the philosophy of the table. In early days, before art had discovered the means of decorating tables, it employed those offered by nature. Flowers, which grow so abundantly and richly on the surface of the earth, were naturally enough the principal objects selected; they were eagerly chosen by man to adorn his table. The walls of houses in early days in France were much in want of

nement. A rare book, that of Fortunat, tells us that the walls, instead of showing the naked stone, were adorned with ivy. The floor of the festive hall was carpeted with flowers: silver lilies and purple poppies covered the ground. The table was loaded with roses, which took the place of table-cloth. Flowers, too, were used to adorn chapels. The poets of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries often allude to this custom; while guests wore chaplets of flowers, which were hung from the bottles.

In the fourteenth century artistic contrivances were added,

Objects adorned with scenes of the chase were those chiefly selected by Oudry when he designed these ephemeral sketches, sketches which had for their sole object the amusement and gratification of a prince whom he wished to please, because he patronised him largely. Stage, dogs, wolves, as in his pictures, were the subjects selected; and though only designed for the pleasure of the hour, they were, it is said, sometimes singularly beautiful. Of course, they are not in any way preserved, and the memory only of these trifles now remains.

Oudry has condescended even to make charades and



THE RAT AND THE ELEPHANT.—FROM A PAINTING BY OUDRY.

and we hear of white cloths, on which flowers were tacked by way of ornament. Louis XIV. in his banquets had his tables also thus adorned. In 1680, at the marriage of Mademoiselle of Blois with the Prince of Conti, no other decoration appeared. Later, a kind of cake was invented of clay, by Polish artists, who stuck flowers all over it; and later still, various ornaments of the highest taste, more artificial, but more permanent, were introduced. Oudry conceived many of these for such men as Louis XV. and the Regent of Orleans, who, whatever their depravity, always encouraged a spirit of beauty in all that surrounded them.

rebus; but they want that startling effect of absurdity, that salt which now is generally found in these productions. The talent of Oudry was so naive and so decent, that he was never able successfully to illustrate the "Comic Romance" of Scarron. To enter with spirit into the very reality of this grotesque conception required a liveliness, a gaiety, a humour, which Oudry did not possess. In the seventeenth century, amidst the magnificence and splendours of the reign of Louis XIV., the poem of Scarron was one hundred years after date, and quite out of place. It may be readily imagined, that when reading the

Louis XIV. must have been quite as much offended as at the "magots" of Teniers the younger; and he must have been profoundly humiliated to have married the widow of such a poet, to have succeeded—after having loved Athenais de Mortemart—the historian of the Cavern and of Ragotin. Oudry, who, by the dignity and decency of his manner, was a man of the seventeenth century, could not understand the spirit of a novel which reminded the reader of the jokes of Don Quixote and the indecencies of Brantome. He was, therefore, rather cold and heavy when he tried to paint the scenes of this celebrated book. It needed the pen, the wit, the ease of Pater, to paint that wandering caravan of comedians, making a triumphal entry into Mans upon a car drawn by oxen, and carrying all the baggage and materials of the dramatic company: ladder, cages, decorations, old carpets; this one with a guitar on his back, the other with a plaster on his eye; the mob, and particularly the women, scattering their jokes mercilessly after them.* A certain dose of buffoonery was required to paint the burlesque adventures of Ragotin—the rows, the riots, the adventures in the gaming-house, the showers of fisticuffs, at which are present the washerwoman and Angelica, while on the ground roll the hats of the vanquished. At all events, Oudry showed his great power over light and shade, which plays so marked a part in his compositions, whether it lights up in a picturesque way the scene on the stairs, or the chastising of the servants, or sheds its beams upon the very spot where fall the blows. But it wanted Hogarth to do justice to the subjects which were not either very decent or very refined.

Oudry, always laborious and always inexhaustible, was suddenly checked in his studies by an attack of apoplexy, which struck him in 1755. Afflicted by painful presentiments, he used to say, "If I do not work, I shall die." He had become director and manager of the factory of Beauvais, after being over the Gobelins. He wished to start for Beauvais, in the hope of recruiting his health by the balmy breath of the country air. He died on his arrival, on the 30th of April, 1755, at the age of sixty-nine.

He was widely regretted, for he was a very able artist, a clever master, a sincere friend, a good man; and this is much indeed to say in a time like that in which he lived—the age of good old-gentlemanly vices, when Louis XIV. was king; of orgies and monstrous depravity, when Louis XV. was monarch.

Oudry introduced into some of his scenes, morning breaking and craggy hills and forests with considerable effect; and once, in a scene supposed to be in Switzerland, he is exceedingly successful. The subject was good, but difficult, and the picture is now in one of the private galleries of Paris. M. Bouchard, a very well-known amateur, says that it is exceedingly fine. The following will give some idea of the difficulty of the subject. "All the world over," says one who has described in a few dashes the best of Swiss scenery, "the dawn of morning is beautiful, when the earth looks like a bride arrayed in orient pearls, and the sun spreads far and wide his canopy of crimson clouds, which his glory converts gradually into gold. But amid the Valais Alps, the loveliness of morning sets language at defiance. Imagine endless wreaths of snow, crowning piny mountains, and enveloped with a rosy flush by the magic of the young light. This glowing investiture, like the breast of the dove, every moment changes its colour, glancing off in fugitive colorations which dazzle and intoxicate the senses. A luminous border hangs over the cliff and crag, and a whisper, soft as the breath of love, is blown down upon you from the pine forests as you move. A feeling, half religion, half sense, fills your breast, and your eyes become humid with gratitude as you look upwards and around you. The reading of your childhood comes over you—you remember the earliest page in the history of man—'And God saw all that he had made, and behold it was very good'—and good, you murmur to yourself, it is. If there be poetry in the soul, it comes out at such

moments; and by the process which I faintly and imperfectly describe, travelling sometimes mellows the character and improves our relish of life."

Jean Baptiste Oudry engraved seventy-five pieces with his own hand.

Of these we have engraved "The Roebuck run down" and "The Wolf at Bay." The "Roebuck run down" is a very able and effective engraving in the original.

Out of thirty-eight pieces which Oudry sketched for the comic romance of Scarron, twenty-one are engraved by himself. He also sketched several designs for Don Quixote.

His best, however, are those illustrating "La Fontaine." For the chapter of St. Martin-des-Champs, he painted "The Adoration of the Magi;" for the apartments of the king at Choisy, a monstrous wolf held by four dogs, a jackal attacked by two bull-dogs, some specimens of still nature, boars, deers, herons, pheasants, horses, hung up; for the apartments of the dauphiness at Versailles, subjects taken from the fables of La Fontaine—"The Two She-Goats," "The Fox and the Stork."

The pictures of Oudry are principally found in Paris and the departments.

In the Louvre there is "A Wolf Hunt," "A Boar Hunt," "A Dog guarding some Game."

The Museums of Dijon, Toulouse, Montpellier, Nantes, Caen, and Rouen, have some excellent specimens of this master.

In 1770, at the sale of the Cabinet of M. de la Live de Jully, two pictures of Oudry, representing "Seven Ducks lying," and "A Dog barking at a Fox," were sold for £20. "Two Hounds lying near a Hare and a Partridge," £15.

At the Prince de Conti's, there were six paintings by Oudry.

At the sale of the collection of that amateur, in 1777, two specimens of still nature, painted at Dieppe in 1724, representing "Parrots and Fish," rose to the high price of £36.

THE TOMB OF JULIUS II.

MANY persons have heard of the sufferings of artists and authors, of the struggles and difficulties which almost every man of genius has had to endure, especially in the beginning of his career. Often, too, this has lasted far beyond the time when men have acquired celebrity and fame. It is too true, that those who delight us by their pens and by their pencils are often thoughtless, to use no stronger term; though it would be unfair and unjust to accuse all of the errors of some, and to fancy that every man who suffers does so from improvidence and want of ordinary foresight. In many instances, among the men of the greatest genius, difficulties have arisen from a very different source. Jealousies, suspicions, and heartburnings, have been indulged by rivals, who have contrived, by petty and weak annoyances, to make the existence of some of the best of men a misery.

Michael Angelo, that great painter, whose name is familiar to the merest tyro in the history of art, was not exempt from the heartburnings and annoyances which so many men suffered in common with himself. At a very early age he entered with Ghirlandajo as a pupil; but instead of being taught, he began to teach. In truth, though he was but thirteen, his copies were better than the original. But the master smiled, and encouraged his bold apprentice. Not so the pupils: they were jealous of the juvenile artist. Benvenuto Cellini, himself a great man, often speaks of the blind hatred of his fellow-students. He could feel for him and sympathise with him. A quotation from the wondrous memoir of the Florentine silversmith will be well worthy of a place here.

"About this time (it was in 1518, thirty years after the event—Cellini was only eighteen), there came to Florence a sculptor named Peter Torregiani:—he came from England, where he had stayed several years. This man, seeing my designs and my labours, said to me: 'I have come to Florence

* See page 52.

take away as many young men as I can. I have a great work to execute for the King of England; and I will have assistants but my own countrymen; and as your mode of working and drawing is more that of a sculptor than a painter, I will take you away with me, and I will make you the same time rich and able."

"He was a bold proud man, was Peter Torregiani, of manly appearance and great beauty. His air, his manners, his morose voice, were more like those of a soldier than an artist; he had a mode of frowning enough to startle the most resolute; and every day he told me of his strange stories about those islands of English! One day we were speaking of Michael Angelo Buonarrotti; Torregiani was holding in his hand a drawing which I had copied after the great master, and he said:

"Buonarrotti and I used to go to work when young in the church of the Carmine, in the chapel of Masaccio; and as he was accustomed to make fun of all those who drew long with him, one day, being more angry than usual, I raised my fist, and gave him so violent a blow on the face that I felt the bone and the cartilage of his nose break under my hand; so that he will bear the mark of it all his life." "These words," adds the indignant young man, "shocked me so much, as I had the works of the divine Michael Angelo constantly under my eyes, that I conceived for Torregiani an implacable hatred; and not only did I lose all desire to follow him to England, but I could no longer bear even to see him."

This noble and generous anger was worthy at the same time of him who excited and of him who felt it. It is quite true, however, that Michael Angelo, perhaps without knowing it, was every day committing some new crime, which drew upon him the vengeance of his comrades and the jealousies of his masters. The unhappy youth could not succeed in quelling his genius. One day a portrait was given him to copy, and when he had finished his work, he gave it to the man who had lent him the portrait, instead of the original. The painter, who was one of his friends, though professing to be a great connoisseur, did not perceive the change; and it may easily be imagined that he was overwhelmed with confusion when the anecdote got abroad. The lad had somewhat smoked his picture, in order to give it that antique appearance which adds so much to the price of works of art in the eyes of those who judge by date, and not by merit.

Michael Angelo had now time to commence a few works in sculpture. Already his productions were considered of so much value that they are preserved to this day as precious relics. Among these was a bas-relief, representing, according to Vasari, "The Battle of the Centaurs," with a virgin, in the style of Donatello, and a statue of Hercules, which nobody has seen except his biographers. But suddenly Lorenzo the Magnificent, seized by a mysterious and incurable disease, died at Carreggi in the midst of his rhetoricians. He finished his career as he had lived, rather as a poet than as a Christian. Arts and letters lost in him a Mæcenas. Michael Angelo lost more than a protector—he lost a friend.

Overwhelmed with grief, he now returned to his father's house. At the age of eighteen years his prospects, which were becoming so splendid, were suddenly overcast. Pietro de Medici, the heir and successor of Lorenzo, began his reign by throwing his father's physician into a well; this promised favourably for those who continued in his service. However, Michael Angelo was one morning called to the court. It was snowing hard, and the brother of Leo the Tenth had awoke with great projects. A man is not a Medici for nothing.

"Master," said he to the young sculptor, "I want you to make me a colossal figure—a giant, who will arise as if by enchantment in the court-yard, and be higher by a head than the battlements of my palace. As my father chose you for his sculptor in ordinary, your genius must be equal to such a task. Go, and set to work."

"But of what materia must this statue be?" inquired Michael Angelo, with rather a surprised look.

"The material," replied Pietro, laughing, "you will find

in the court-yard. There is plenty of it. There must be at least three feet of snow."

"True," said Michael Angelo, bitterly, "I am in your employ as I was in the employ of your father. Only, when he ordered statues, he preferred marble to snow. Every one has his taste, sire."

Then he added to himself, "As is the prince so will be the monument. Go, poor soul and weak heart; your greatness will scarcely last longer than your statue."

However, he complied with the orders of Pietro with scrupulous exactness, and leaving his colossus before a single beam of sun came to melt it, he retired to one of the cells of San Spirito, where he passed days and nights, sombre, sad, isolated, weeping for his benefactor, and meditating on the darkness of his unhappy country.

It was in this austere retreat, surrounded by dead bodies, which he obtained from a hospital attached to the convent, that, by the light of a lamp, Michael Angelo gave himself up to the long and persevering study of anatomy, which was to be his governing passion.

Armed with his scalpel, he investigated the muscles, he studied the fibres, he laid bare the scaffolding of the human heart. The fruit of his vigils was a wooden crucifix, a little larger than nature, which he presented to the prior of the monastery which had afforded him an asylum, and where he had been able, at least, to rest in peace and to retire from the shame of these melancholy days.

Michael Angelo produced from a common block of marble, which had been massacred by Simon of Fiesole, a colossal statue of David. He was then twenty-four years of age, and his absolute and haughty temper would not suffer a single observation to be made. Woe to those who took the liberty to make any remark. He overwhelmed them with his anger, or pitilessly satirised them.

The too celebrated Soderini, although he was gonfalonniere, learnt this to his cost. The worthy man, who was as able a connoisseur as he was an excellent politician, ventured to express an opinion upon David. He said that the nose was too large.

"Do you think so, illustrious signor?" answered the artist, with his most hypocritical look. Then he took a little powdered marble in the hollow of his hand, and gave two or three raps with his hammer, without touching the statue.

"There now," cried the gonfalonniere with delight, "that's how a David ought to be. You have given life to him."

"'Tis to you that he owes life, signor."

After this it is not astonishing that Machiavelli, in speaking of the same Soderini, wrote four verses, in which he relates that the worthy gonfalonniere, having presented himself by mistake at the gates of the infernal regions, Pluto shut the door in his face, and said: "What do you want here, you fool? Go to the limbo of children."

However, if the poor gonfalonniere was stupid, as appears to be historically demonstrated, he was not avaricious. He gave four hundred Florence crowns to Michael Angelo, and got him to paint in fresco a part of the hall of council. Leonardi di Vinci undertook the other half.

Leonardi chose for the subject of his fresco the victory gained over Piccinino, general of the Duke of Milan. In the foreground is a battle of cavaliers and the capturing of a standard. Michael Angelo undertook an episode of the war of Pisa.

Generally a battle, above all at a time when soldiers are clothed in iron, offers few resources to an artist accustomed to the naked. The genius of Michael Angelo did not stop at a little.

An incident, which in the case of any other artist would have passed unperceived, suddenly illuminated the ideas of the great artist, and his cartoon was made.

Overcome by the stifling heat, the Florentine soldiers are bathing in the Arno, when the Pisans suddenly make a *sortie*. The enemy appears; the cry is to arms; a crowd spring up; some, half-naked, catch at their swords; others try, by superhuman efforts, to get their clothes upon their wet limbs. The drum beats; impatience and despair are depicted in the sea-

tures of the unhappy footmen who cannot join their flag. The appearance of this masterpiece cast the first artists of the day into a profound stupor. From every part of Italy people came to admire it, to copy it, to study it. San Gallo, Ghirlandajo, Granini, Andre del Sarto, San Jovino, le Rosso, Perrin del Vaga—all of these, young men and old, masters and pupils, bowed in silence before the sovereign artist, who, with a giant's step bounding over his whole career, touched the last limits of the sublime, beyond which it is not possible or man to go.

Benvenuto Cellini speaks much of the events of this time. It was about this time that the brutal Torregiani boasted of his anecdote.

"As long as the cartoon stood," says Cellini, "it was the school of the world; though the divine Michael Angelo after-

"I had made up my mind," says Benvenuto, "to dash him to the ground wherever I found him. Having reached the Plaza Santa Dominica, I perceived Bandinelli, who was entering the same square on the opposite side. More decided than ever upon carrying out my sanguinary project, I ran towards him; but I had no sooner cast my eyes on the wretch, and seen him without arms, mounted on a wretched mule that looked like a jackass, following a little boy about ten years old, than Bandinelli saw me, turned pale as death, and trembled from head to foot. I thought it base to kill such a wretch, and said: 'Do not fear, vile coward, you are not worthy of my blows!'"

Scarcely was Julius II. on the throne when he sent for Michael Angelo. Such an artist was worthy of such a pope.

Julius reflected several months upon the work which he



THE HERON.—FROM A PAINTING BY OUDRY.

wards executed the great chapel of Pope Julius, he never reached half the talent displayed in this masterpiece."

A Frenchman observes: "This was the time to have poignarded Michael Angelo."

But this was not enough. Hatred sometimes acts with atrocious calculation, and envy has diabolical inspirations. They forgave the artist, but the work suffered for him. In the year 1512, while there was an *émeute* in the streets, while the republic was expiring, when the Medici were coming back victorious, Baccio Bandinelli, of base and execrable memory, crept in with slow step, treacherously, a dagger in his hand, to the hall where the masterpiece was hung up, and while people were fighting in the streets, this wretch, assassin, and thief, thrust his knife into the canvas, tore it to pieces, trod it under foot, and carried away the remnants.

destined for the greatest sculptor of his age. The ambition of the pope knew no bounds. His thirst for glory was insatiable. He dreamt of immortality upon the earth, and was not long, therefore, in making his choice.

He accordingly sent for the great artist, and addressed him thus:

"If you were to erect a tomb for Julius II., what would be your design for that tomb?"

"I should wish," answered Michael Angelo, after having thought a moment, "that the grandeur of the tomb should answer to the grandeur of the pontiff who orders it. The general form of the monument should be that of a parallelogram thirty feet in length by fifteen in breadth. The height should be at least thirty feet. Forty statues, without counting the bas-reliefs, should enrich the mausoleum, crowned by a group of

representing the apotheosis of your Holiness. Four figures, two feminine and two masculine, should stand on each side of the monument, trampling under foot slaves or rebels. Ten statues should represent the conquered provinces, or captive virtues riveted with chains to the tomb of him whilst he lived, reduced the pride of the first and concealed the glory of the second. Eight colossal statues, of ten to twelve feet, should adorn the upper portion. In the centre there would be entrances to the interior by the two sides, leading to the rotunda, in the centre of which the sarcophagus would be placed."

The pope listened in silence, and looked fixedly at the drawings, who was inspired by the grandeur of his subject, and proceeded with the greatest coolness of this mortuary palace,

Nicolas V. caused the foundation to be laid. I will finish the new church according to the drawings of Horeslino, and the chapel shall be worthy of the tomb."

"And how much will this new building cost?"

"About a hundred thousand crowns."

"Two hundred thousand, if necessary," answered the pope.

"Then I may start at once for Carrara?"

"Immediately. And don't forget to come to me, without any intimation, whenever you want to speak to me. Or rather," said the pope, after a moment's thought, "I will cause a bridge to be constructed that shall lead from my rooms to your workshop, and I will come and see you, and scold you whenever the work lags. Adieu, Michael Angelo; you have understood me."



THE WOLF AT BAY.—FROM A PAINTING BY OUDRY.

without thinking of the sombre and lugubrious reflections which he was suggesting to the heart of the old man who was to occupy it.

Those who know the character of the inhabitants of Italy, and the instinctive aversion which is felt in that country for death and for all the ideas which relate to it, will easily understand the majestic and strange character of the conversation of these two men, one of whom was giving orders for his tomb, whilst the other was explaining in the most minute manner how it was to be constructed. When the sculptor had finished, Julius II. made only one objection.

"Where shall we place this immense monument?" said he.

"I have thought of it," replied Michael Angelo. "Your tomb, such as I have conceived it, could not be contained in the old church of St. Peter; but we have the tribune of which

The great place of St. Peter was soon encumbered with enormous blocks of marble, brought from Carrara. The last instalment had been disembarked at the quay of the Tiber, and Michael Angelo, who generally lived in the most complete isolation, did not know what had happened at court during his absence, and went up to the Vatican to ask for money to pay the sailors. He was told that his holiness was not visible. A few days afterwards he went again to the pope. As he was crossing the antechamber, a valet stopped the way, and said to him drily, that he could not enter.

"Unhappy man! Do you know to whom you are speaking?" cried a prelate who had recognised Michael Angelo.

"I know it very well," impudently answered the valet; "and I only obey my orders."

"Very well," answered the indignant artist; "when the pope sends for me, tell him that I am gone."

An hour afterwards he started for Florence. But Julius II. was not the man to allow the artist whom he considered to be in his pay to escape from his hands so easily. When he learnt the answer, and the flight of Michael Angelo, his anger was great. Five couriers, one after the other, set off at full gallop to bring back the fugitive. When they saw that entreaties were of no use, the messengers of Julius attempted to resort to force; but Michael Angelo seized his weapons, and cried with a terrible voice, "If you come on, you are dead men!"

The messengers, in alarm, allowed Michael Angelo to continue his journey. The anger of the pope knew no bounds. He threatened to reduce Florence to ashes if his sculptor was not restored to him. Soderini received three despatches within three days; the first promised amnesty and pardon to the artist; the second declared war against the republic; the third announced that if Michael Angelo did not return to Rome within twenty-four hours, all the Florentines would be excommunicated.

"Do you intend to destroy us all?" said the poor gonfalonniere, trembling with fear.

"Ha! ha!" answered Michael Angelo; "this will teach him to forbid me his door."

"But I cannot keep you here, unhappy man."

"Well, then, I will go to the Grand Turk."

"To the Grand Turk!"

"Yes; he will treat me better, I am sure. Besides, he intends to throw a bridge from Constantinople to Persa, and has made me the most magnificent proposals."

"Go where you please, but deliver us from the anger of the pope."

Meanwhile, Julius II., true to his word, was advancing at the head of an army. He had taken Bologna, and was extremely delighted with his victory, when Michael Angelo, changing his mind, presented himself before him. Julius II. was at table at the palace of the Sixteen, when the arrival of the sculptor was announced to him. He made a sign that he should be introduced, and not being able to restrain his rage at the sight of the rebel, he cried out—

"You should have come to us, and you expect us to come to you."

Michael Angelo bowed his knee; but in spite of this attitude of submission and respect, it was easy to see that his features expressed rather pride than repentance. Sombre, silent, with bent brow, he seemed to say to the pope, "*Non homini sed Petro*," not to the man but to Peter. All the witnesses of this scene trembled for the poor sculptor, but as the impetuosity of the pope was known, nobody dare to speak, except the cardinal Soderini, worthy brother of the gonfalonniere, who, with the best intentions, began to offer excuses for the artist.

"Holy father, pardon this man; for he did not know what he did. Artists, if you deprive them of their art, are always so. If he has sinned, it is from ignorance."

Julius II. could restrain himself no longer, and giving the *maladroit* cardinal a blow with his stick, he cried in a voice of thunder, "Unhappy wretch! do you dare to abuse my sculptor? Thou only art ignorant and sinful. Get out of my sight."

Every one trembled with fear; and as the poor prelate remained motionless with astonishment and terror, the exasperated pope added, "Throw that fellow out of the window."

The valets had some difficulty in removing his eminence through the door. As we have seen, the Soderini were always unfortunate.

The same evening beheld Michael Angelo and Julius II. the best friends in the world. These two men understood each other completely. For such a workman such a master was required. The pope sat for his portrait and started for Rome, begging the sculptor to follow him as soon as the statue was finished.

"Remember, Michael Angelo," said he, "that my tomb waiting for you."

Such were the last words of his holiness. Michael Angelo spent sixteen months upon the colossal statue, that is to say, fifteen months more than was necessary for his enemies to recommence their intrigues. This time, Bramanti was at their head, and among the rivals who were opposed to Michael Angelo, was Raffaello. Happily for our artist, Julius II. was as obstinate in his friendships as in his hatreds. He continued to favour Michael Angelo; and although the courtiers who were inimical to him, insidiously worked upon the pope by praising the efforts of the great artist in painting, at the expense of his reputation as a sculptor, they did not entirely succeed in their object. It is true, however, though Michael Angelo did not lose the good opinion of the pope, that the famous tomb was never completed.

The fact is, that the genius of Michael Angelo developed itself more and more every day, and the whole artist-world became aware of his might. Artists admired him; amateurs and connoisseurs loved him, but mere courtiers hated him. He was proud, haughty, brave, and, worse than all, he had the favour of the pope, who freely opened his purse to him. Money which the hangers-on about the court thought might be advantageously spent on them, was lavished by Julius II. on painting and statuary, which was certainly grand—but was useless?

The delight which Michael Angelo felt at the prospect of erecting such a tomb as that of Julius, can scarcely be described. Those who have the idea of beauty, of the sublime in art, those who have long been weighed down by the influence of fixed implacable ideas, the realisation of which does not depend upon themselves; those who have conceived, in the delirium of their imagination, a gigantic, immense, impossible project and who suddenly see obstacles removed, thought take a form and the impossible retreat—those alone can understand what then was passing in the mind of the artist, when Julius II. decided on his tomb.

While a whole crowd of workmen, under his orders, were working in the quarries digging out the marble, he, silent, pensive, overwhelmed by gigantic images, stood upon a great rock which overlooked the sea.

"Why should I not carve the rock?" he cried, while his imagination, roused and on fire, carried him away into realms of space. "Why should not my chisel cut into the flanks of this mountain? Under my hand the rock would become a colossus which would startle the passing navigator. My name would be engraved on it in ineffaceable characters—my work would be eternal as the work of God. But patience. I too will have my mountains of marble, and a whole creation of supernatural and mighty beings shall rise to life under my mighty hand. I shall only have to say, Live, and they shall live."

Meanwhile, by the influence of a courtier, a mere insect whose very name is not recorded in history, the pope had cast Michael Angelo from his heart for a short time, and the event which we have recorded had happened.

The same again took place while he was carving out his statue. A knot of mean and narrow-minded courtiers attacked the pope on all sides.

"He is a great painter," said one.

"It is a pity he should try to be both sculptor and artist."

"Some men will be everything; and yet he is not equal to Raffaello."

"Silence!" the pope roared at these sycophants, and they held their tongues, to begin again next day.

At one time there was a talk of prosecuting Michael Angelo for the sum he had received on account of the tomb of Julius. The sculptor, in a furious rage, came to Rome; but the cardinal de Medici, who soon after was Clement VII., begged him to have patience, and got him to build, in the mean time, the library and sacristy of San Lorenzo, the two first architectural works executed by Michael Angelo. He was now forty years of age.

The Duke of Urbino, nephew of Julius II., finding other modes of proceeding too slow for his fancy, tried another ex-

ment to make the sculptor hurry with the monument of uncle. He had him menaced, in that day of summary ice, with a poignard, if he did not yield to his desires. The proud artist made no reply, and left the Duke of Urbino in impotent rage.

Clement VII., having ascended the throne, called Michael Angelo to him.

"My dear Buonarrotti," said the pope, whispering familiarly in his ear, "instead of defending yourself, attack the heirs of Julius II. It is time that you received money on account; at the rate at which your statues are paid now-a-days, money that you have received does not cover the labour you have had. Bring them before the tribunals; from debtor you will become creditor."

"I would rather finish the monument," said the artist, firmly; and he returned immediately to Florence.

But the monument was one of those things which was not to be finished. There was always some reason or other for laying it off or putting it off.

Clement VII. kept the artist fully employed. He visited him every day. One morning a servant told him that Clement VII. would visit him no more—he was dead.

The first thing the new pope, Paul III., did, was to present himself at the *atelier* of Buonarrotti.

"Come! come!" said the pope, "now, master Michael Angelo, your time belongs to me."

"Your holiness will excuse me," said the artist. "I have just signed an undertaking to finish the tomb of Julius II."

And yet it never was finished.

THE PRÆ-RAPHAELITES.

When Pope Adrian I. delivered, in his infallibility, a bull, which declared that all painters should represent our Saviour as possessing every attribute of beauty which they were capable of exhibiting, he founded the Præ-Raphaelites. The reader may perhaps see no connexion with the eighth century and the nineteenth; but if he only consider that since then painters have had but one type for the heads of the Saviour and the Apostles, and have degenerated into continual smoothness and into unmeaning faces such as West or Cosway produced, he will see at once what we mean. The earlier Byzantine fathers had taken it as a fact that, since the Saviour "should not be desired of men," he was repulsive, and they continually represented him so; but a dispute happening as to the truth of this, the earlier fathers, St. Jerome, St. Augustin, St. Bernard, and others, joined in the controversy, and Pope Adrian settled it with his bull.

Art is by its nature imitative. The earliest head of the Saviour which exists has the same attributes—the oval, melancholy face, the parted hair and calm eyes—as the most recent, and to a certain extent Adrian's bull had a vast effect. Great geniuses did not alter the type, but threw their weight into the improvement of manner. Till about the time of West, which we take it was not the most artistic period of modern art, painters had gone on,

"Improving and improving off,
Till all was ripe and rotten."

Character, force, and originality were forgotten, everything was intended to be pretty and pleasing, and the grand was deserted for the profitable. The mind of the income-seeking artist became imbued with the spirit of the times. Richard Wilson, with his wondrous genius in landscape, could not make a living. Fuselli, who, with all his eccentricities, was of immense talent, declared with a wretched pun that his name should have been "Few-sell-I." Von Holst was neglected, and R. B. Haydon destroyed himself in despair. With the exception of the first, none of these artists were perfect, but they were great men who should have found appreciation where they met with neglect. They certainly should not have been driven to despair whilst Cosway, Opie, and West flourished. Their deaths, however, produced some result; yet with little improvement and much

mannerism, things went on in the same course. Here and there great painters appeared, but, in general, mannerism and platitudes were triumphant.

Some half-dozen years ago, a few young men, impressed with this, determined to alter it, and, like all enthusiasts, at the first overshot the mark. To prove their perfect distinctness from modern art, they called themselves Præ-Raphaelites, which, if we understand the term rightly, was about tantamount to a dramatist of the time of Colman and Reynolds calling himself, out of contempt to those playwrights, a Præ-Shaksperian.

Messrs. Millais, Collins, and Hunt, who were the Coryphæi of this school, seeing that all other painters took pretty models, employed plain if not downright ugly ones; finding that the ordinary painter neglected detail and finish, studied every point, speck, or nail in the accessories of their picture; observing that modern artists excel in air and distance in the atmosphere of the picture, they painted sharply and coldly, so that every fold of the dress and feature of the face came out as distinctly as if one was examining it with a diminishing glass. It is plain that amongst these resolves there were many of the faults of enthusiasm. When they exhibited their pictures, amongst many merits, one saw that they had as much to unlearn as to learn, and their eccentricities were so plainly the effect of determination, that they excited an antagonism which resulted in ridicule and odium.

To support their ideas, they employed the pen as well as the pencil. They published a work bearing the name of "The Germ," which was upon the whole the most verdant production we recollect. It bore all the impress of youth, florid of fluent poetry, crude prose, and undigested ideas; illustrated with an etching which might have been copied from a missal. It was unlike anything modern. It was an attempt to reach the golden age by walking backwards; it was a thousand-fold more than their pictures, an effort against nature, and it died.

With such determination and such vigour of thought, the young painters who formed the school were not likely to die too. He who thinks originally must think *against* a large portion of mankind, but he will soon have disciples of his own. So it was with the Præ-Raphaelites. There was so much truth with them that they soon gathered respect; yet their earliest endeavour had grave faults.

Let us take, for instance, a picture by Mr. Millais, which was exhibited some four seasons ago. We allude to the "Holy Family," a painting in which the young Saviour was pictured as an ill-looking red-headed boy; the Virgin as a woman stricken in years (which was untrue at the period) and excessively commonplace; and St. Joseph as a carpenter of low and mean appearance, the muscles of his arm raised and strained from overwork. In addition to this, the feet of the Saviour were unwashed, and the dirt of them carefully copied. Here Mr. Millais was ignorant, the Jews being particularly careful in their daily ablutions. To redeem all this practical degradation, the detail of the picture was wonderful; time and knowledge had been expended upon every accessory. The shavings and tools looked more like reflections of the things than copies.

But in our opinion the grossness of the representation was a sin, and served to degrade Divinity rather than to elevate it. No one supposes the Saviour to have been crowned and robed as the later Italians make him, or as gorgeously arrayed as the cheap lithographs sold in Roman Catholic countries represent him. But Mr. Millais, though in another way, sinned equally against the truth. If we paint "Holy Families" at all, to which we strongly object, there is no reason why we should make them repulsive. The obvious purpose of such pictures is to exalt the ideas of those who have little imagination. Their earlier use, and that to which a religious society now turns prints of sacred subjects, was and is to instruct those who could not read. With the majority in England, that use has ceased; but we have yet to learn why they should not still elevate the beholders, as certainly the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo do. The faults of this picture extended also to others. Mr. Collins, in one

ENGLISH RURAL SCENERY.

"A stranger," says Washington Irving, "who would form an incorrect opinion of the English character, must not confine his observations to the metropolis. He must go forth into the country; he must sojourn in villages and hamlets; he must visit castles, villas, farm-houses, cottages; he must wander through parks and gardens; along hedges and green lanes; he must loiter about country churches; attend wakes and fairs, and other rural festivals; and cope with the people on all their conditions and all their habits and humours." The English are, without doubt; strongly gifted with the rural feeling, and possess a keen relish for the pleasures and employments of the country. This is not mere romance or poetic illusion, but as true as facts and figures. Has not the merchant a pretty bit of garden-ground a little way out of town? and has not the man who is doomed to pass his life in

from rural objects; while Thomson in the "Seasons," and Bloomfield in the "Farmer's Boy," present us with complete pictures of rural labours and delights. White and Bewick, Evelyn and Howitt, have written books illustrative, especially, of nature in her simple country attire. Through them we see the thatched farm, and the tall trees spreading their gnarled arms over the rich greensward; notice the climbing plants that mantle and festoon every hedge—the wild hop, the clematis, and the large white convolvulus; the hare-bell of the poets, and the blue-bell of the botanists, arrest the attention; the landscape presents an aspect of warmth, dryness, and maturity; brown pastures and corn-fields white to the harvest, dark lines of intersecting hedge-rows, with here and there the glimpse of a noble river, or a little mill-stream, or fragrant ricks rising in the farm-yard, while the smooth-



AN ENGLISH LANDSCAPE.

the din and traffic of the city, something to remind him of the face of nature, though it be but a poor dusty shrub growing in a butter-tub—like that described by Hood—and located on the tiles of a warehouse? And does not a rural feeling—the breath of Arcadia—give a sweet perfume to English literature, continued from the "Flower and the Leaf" of Chaucer down to our own times? Milton is thoroughly English with his "sunshine holiday," and furrowed land, and russet lawns, and hedge-row elms, and upland hamlets, and meadows trim; and Shakspeare, "enamelling with pied flowers his thoughts of gold," presents beautiful pictures of rural scenery and the shifting seasons of the year; while Spenser, with a vigorous pencil, sketches the "Green Leaves" of the "Jolly Summer." Old Allan Ramsay, and the Ayrshire Bard, and Scott, Joanna Baillie, and poor Keats, all describe the pleasures of the country, and draw their happiest images

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shaven fields are left in solitary beauty;—all these, and a thousand other objects, are brought before us in the pages of these rural-loving books. Now we have the March winds sweeping over dry and leafless trees; now thick blossoms bursting in clusters on the fragrant hedges, and the trees dight in delicate and lively verdure; now summer comes, glowing summer with its months of heat and sunshine, clear fervid skies, dusty roads, and shrinking streams. And then the harvest, when nature has ripened her best fruits, and the reapers are ready with their shining sickles to gather her bounty to the garner; then comes a tint of ruddiness on the hedge-fruit, a white fog rolls over the valleys, and, as Ossian has it: "Autump is dark on the mountains; gray mists rest on the hills; dark rolls the river through the narrow plain; the leaves whirl round with the wind and strew the graves of the dead." The end of the autumn has

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been beautifully described by Tennyson; and another poet furnishes us with a greeting for old winter:—

"With his ice and snow and rime,
Let bleak winter sternly come;
There is not a sunnier clime,
Than the love-lit winter home."

The engraving which we present is thoroughly characteristic of English rural scenery.

LETTER FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

—, 1853.

At last I am within the walls of Stamboul. My first view of the place was not promising, because I came up in a fog; but this soon clearing away, I saw a truly magnificent sight from the deck of the steamer—Stamboul on one side, Galata, Tophana, and Pera on the other. The view here is truly striking. The palaces, the mosques, the minarets, the copper-coloured cupolas, the Frank quarter, the splendid mansions of the foreign ministers, the public buildings which stand up in bold relief on the hills in Europe, and in Asia, also at Scutari—form a great panorama of unrivalled beauty.

It is a pity that a bad system of police, a total disregard to all sanitary laws, and much of that old Turkish feeling of hesitation and procrastination which has been universally ascribed to the Turks, should leave Constantinople very much what it was many years ago. The events which are now taking place, and which will end, most likely, in involving the whole civilised world in a war, have certainly roused the Turks in a way which really was not expected. They are shaking off the dust of the last half century, and showing that they are not so incapable in military matters as some have fancied. The new-fangled show-troops of European Turkey are, however, less prominently effective than the bold and warlike hordes which have been pouring for some time out of Asia.

But if they are showing activity and progress in arms, they have yet to satisfy us with regard to civil reforms. In the first place, what strikes the traveller forcibly is, the dirty and disagreeable state of the streets, which are ill-paved, unwatered, and without scavengers, save the hungry dogs that prowl about the streets by day and howl in the cemeteries by night. These dogs were a much greater nuisance than they are now. It is not long since the true Mussulman thought it his duty to insult a Christian, and to set the dogs upon him as he passed. But policy is doing what gratitude will ultimately make permanent. A Frank walking through the streets is now not only not molested, but treated with respect and deference; and English ladies go as freely into the Turkish quarter now, unveiled, as they would in London or Paris. This is a concession to the power and influence of Western Europe which it is important to observe, as the whole future destiny of Turkey depends on her becoming friendly and tolerant to its own Christian population.

The motives of a Turk are difficult to understand; but it appears to be the general impression, that all thinking Osmanlis see clearly that the anomalous position of the *rayahs*, or Christians, in European Turkey, is the real cause of most of her difficulties, and a disposition is really shown to put an end to all those disabilities, civil and religious, which have hitherto kept up a war of races and a marked distinction between the rulers and their serfs.

The position of the *rayahs* in European Turkey has been fearfully bad, and yet I doubt if it has been so demoralising and degrading as that of the Russian serf. But the *rayah* sees before him the dawn of a brighter day; the myriad slaves of the Czar have before them a long, hopeless, Arctic night, with Siberia for a resting-place. The rulers of the Turkish empire have had their eyes clearly opened to the fact, that a large and industrious and wealthy portion of their subjects should no longer be treated as a conquered race.

Hitherto no Christian could serve in the army or navy, hold any but a subordinate place in the civil service, give evidence in a court of law, own property to any extent without a

foreign protection, or possess or exercise any of the meaner rights of freemen. All this, we are promised, is to be changed, and the formation of a Christian regiment is a very promising and good sign. Complete equality between the believers in any religion must be allowed. This must end in the speedy preponderance of the Christian population in European Turkey; but that is not a thing to be deprecated. The Turks are a little over three, the Christians a little over eleven millions, in Europe. The Turks are about sixteen millions in Asia—as fresh, vigorous, and untamed, as they were two centuries ago; firm believers in the prophet, utterly without that leaven of infidelity and gross materialism which pervades the young men of this city.

It was in Turkish courts of law that the position of the Christian was peculiarly painful. Until within a few weeks, there was a law prohibiting the reception of Christian evidence. Under the influence of our excellent ambassador this law has been repealed. This is a very great step in advance; it will do much good, especially if measures be taken to remedy the extreme venality of most of the judges, kadis, and others: they are nearly all to be bought, as are the inferior officials, and generally from the same cause, low salaries—salaries barely sufficient for their existence.

A few anecdotes in connexion with Turkish courts of law will be worth preserving, even as a contrast to the new system which we are assured is now about to be efficiently carried out. They are well authenticated. Indeed, I shall tell you nothing in these my jottings down but what I have on good authority.

Not very long ago a *rayah*, a Christian subject of the Porte, saved by dint of great industry and perseverance the moderate sum of 10,000 piastres, or about £90, which, however, to a small shopkeeper in Stamboul was a fortune. It is a melancholy fact, that under the old system, the *rayahs* were never safe from being plundered when they were known to have money. For this reason, merchants, dealers, and those who had by any means saved a little money, always contrived to take a short journey in search of a foreign passport, and came back, after three, six, or nine months, with an English, French, Greek, Swiss, or Russian passport; which made them inviolable, because it entitled them to the protection of the embassy of the country whose passport they carried. This thought occurred to the *rayah* Gregorio, who had saved 10,000 piastres. His next-door neighbour was a Turk of notoriously dissolute life and manners. By some means or other he learnt that Gregorio had the sum alluded to, and meant to go away, and return a Russian, probably—for the Greeks, to their eternal disgrace, lean far too much to this power—when he would be out of the power of any one to oppress him.

So Abdallah Mustafa went with a friend of his own kind, a worthless profligate, before a judge, who was notoriously an honest, upright, and honourable Turk—a Turkish gentleman, in fact, of the old school before 1821. Before this bearded judge, the two friends swore a falsehood. The friend said: "On the second hour of the third day before the Ramadan, I saw this Turk, Abdallah Mustafa, lend to Gregorio, a *ghiaour* (infidel), the sum of ten thousand piastres, and I am quite certain that the money has never been repaid. More than that, this *kelt*, this dog, this pork-eating infidel, is about to run away."

And the judge replied: "Be it so. Let the Christian pay. Two Turks have sworn by the Koran that it is—and it is."

And the two friends went away and unblushingly told Gregorio of the decision of the magistrate. Gregorio was well-nigh driven mad—he wept tears of rage and despair, and then ran out and told his story to a wealthy Greek merchant.

"It is very strange," said the merchant. "The Kadi is a good man. But perhaps he has been imposed upon. I will go and see him."

And the Greek merchant went and saw the Turkish judge.

The judge listened to him gravely, stroked his beard, and said: "I believe what you say to be true; but the Koran gives me no choice. Two Turks have sworn a thing against

Christian; they have eaten dirt, they have lied; but the Christian has no remedy—he must pay. A judge can only decide according to evidence. Mashallah! I am very sorry, it is so.”

The Greek merchant was very sad, and almost feared he must raise a subscription for Gregorio, which he thought unfair, seeing the poor man was really the owner of the good piastres.

“Wallah!” said the judge; “I see you are hurt at the *yah’s* misfortune. Bismillah! what I say I ought not to say—but God’s will be done—these two men are the fathers of lies. Go down to Galata, enter a large coffee-house, and there you will see an old man, who—Inshallah!—please God!—will get you over your difficulty. Allah Kerim!—God is great and merciful. Go.”

The merchant and Gregorio went down as told to the coffee-shop, on entering which they saw an old man taking his coffee and solemnly smoking his pipe. Though an old scoundrel, and driving an infamous trade, he was a grave and venerable personage, and the Greeks bowed to him politely.

“La Allah Wah Allah Mohammed resoul Allah,” said he, “what wants my lord with his servant?”

He could be polite to a *ghiaour* on occasion. They told their story without hesitation.

“What *backsheesh* will my lord give his servant?”

The Greek merchant gave a piece of gold.

“Allah Kerim! go. Inshallah! your affair is settled.”

“But——” began Gregorio.

“You would see how it is to be done. Go, call me two Turkish boatmen.”

Gregorio did as he was told; the Greek merchant smiled, and none the less when two boatmen of the Bosphorus entered.

“You see that *ghiaour*,” said the old man, pointing to the *rayah*.

The boatmen nodded their heads.

“And you see these piastres,” showing them twelve piastres.

The boatmen looked quite lively.

“Well, to-morrow go before the *kadi*; and recollect, or may you die in the Tedi Khouli, on the second hour of the third day before the Ramadan, this Christian was in a boat with you, out at sea, looking out for a ship.”

The boatmen intimated that they perfectly recollected the fact, and went away.

Next day all parties appeared in court. The two Turks on one side swore one thing, the two Turks on the other swore the direct contrary, proving an *alibi* most distinctly.

Then up spoke the judge and said: “As two Turks say one thing, and two Turks say another, we must leave all things to the judgment of God. Allah Kerim! I dismiss the case. As it is, let it remain.”

With many such unbiassed judges as these, and a new system, coupled with the destruction of the *bastinado*, Turkish courts of law would soon improve. But the judges must be

“There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet.”

better paid, and a better system of surveillance adopted. Not long since a man was tried for the murder of his wife. It was a brutal case, and had not occurred within the sacred precincts of the harem. The case was clear, public indignation was at a great height, the relations of the wife asked for the application of the *lex talionis*—though capital punishments are all but abolished, of which my space will not allow me to say more—and the judge was about to decide against the assassin. Suddenly a letter and a bag were passed up by a *kapoudge-bassi* to the bench. The letter was from a friend of the murderer, and the bag contained five hundred dollars.

The judge gave judgment after consulting the Koran, and said that the law and the prophet declared, that none could ask blood for blood but the nearest relative of the deceased. Now the nearest relative of the deceased was her own child, an infant of seven months, and he *therefore adjourned* the case until the son’s wishes could be known.

The influence of western civilisation has already, however, been felt; and I do really believe, when the world is rid of the present quarrel, a new impetus may be given to Turkey, by a reconciliation, and perhaps in the end an amalgamation, of the two races.

Fires are not quite so common as they used to be. The *hamals* and *sahiers*, porters and water-carriers, have been long suspected of being at the bottom of these frightful scenes of destruction to life and property, which have been of daily occurrence in Constantinople. They made immense sums of money by aiding in saving goods and lives at night. The houses being of wood, whole quarters are burnt down in a few hours. But since a threat of a very severe kind has been directed against the *hamals* and *sahiers*, the conflagrations are slightly less in number.

I have made one or two excursions round Constantinople, and visited some spots of extreme beauty. I shall give you some account of my peregrinations in another letter, seeking, however, rather to tell you of manners and customs than of things which, to a great extent, have been described until some of them have become as familiar as household words. A friend of mine recently visited the Sultan’s palace, and even entered the harem. It is a meanly-furnished place, with chintz curtains and ancient coverlets on divans, a few prints of English and French battle scenes, and nothing of any kind to please the eye or taste but some cool and refreshing fountains. The library of Korans is curious, while the armoury is full of Eastern arms—some very antique. The mosques look better outside than in. The strange building in Leicester-square, so oddly placed amid our houses and bricks, gives a very effective idea of one of these buildings. The principal is St. Sophia, once a Christian church. It is a striking building outside, but I have not yet seen the inside. The most striking building, however, in Constantinople is the Sulemanaya, which can be seen from a great distance. It is a perfect tier of cupolas, rising one above another, and crowned by a single dome of enormous span and elegant proportions.

TURKISH PIPES.

SMOKING is one of the greatest delights of a Mussulman. It seems with him a second nature, and that it would be as easy for him to exist without food as without tobacco. It has been said, that the custom of smoking in Turkey and Persia dates far earlier than the period at which tobacco was discovered in America, and hence the previous existence of the plant in those countries has been inferred. But, although the habit now prevails universally in the East, the tobacco-plant is never once hinted at in any of the authorities which treat of ancient Oriental productions; and that a custom so peculiar as smoking should have been totally omitted in the graphic descriptions which old writers give, seems scarcely possible, if it were then known. Yet the Koran itself, a book which

legislates on all points, small and great, is altogether silent on the subject. Long before the discovery of America, Europeans were acquainted with the peculiarities of the East. Thither went Lion-heart and his crusaders, even in the dark ages, and the manners and customs of the Turks became thoroughly known: later than this, the wealthy merchants of Venice and other cities on the Mediterranean carried on a traffic in the Levant, of which all sorts of Eastern commodities were the subjects. Yet no such thing as tobacco is ever alluded to in any way.

From this it appears that, although the custom of smoking prevails so extensively in the East now, before the discovery of America it was altogether unknown. When the Spaniards

landed in the New World, they found the people of Yucatan, in the Gulf of Mexico, holding the tobacco-plant in high esteem. The Indians regarded it not only as a luxury, but as a universal remedy for disease; they carried it with them on hunting excursions, and used it as food if their provisions failed, and venerated it so highly that they presented it in their religious services as the most acceptable offering to the gods. Cortez carefully inquired into all the uses of the newly-discovered plant, and tobacco was transmitted to Spain, with an accurate account of the virtues, real and imaginary, which it was said to possess; and soon after this it began to make its way throughout the East, a ready market being found in Arabia, Hindostan, and China.

The Persian or Turkish pipe is generally composed of a box or vase, about half-filled with water; a perpendicular tube, or pipe, which is introduced into the vase and immersed in the

silver; the flexible tube—called *narypich*, or winding serpent—is of cherry-coloured silk and gold, and terminated by an amber mouthpiece. The costly and ornamental character and the exquisite execution of this magnificent pipe render it peculiarly interesting even as a specimen of art. The reticular work, so light and elegant, is evidently Indian.

When the vase which receives the water is of an oval or egg-form, and terminates in a point, and the tubes are differently arranged as to their position from those which form the Houkka, the pipe is called Narguileh, from the word *narguil* or *nardjil*, which signifies cocoa-nut. At Constantinople the vase is a glass bottle; at Bagdad the cocoa-nut is in general use. In the Narguilehs of the opulent, the cocoa-nut or the bottle is replaced by an oval vase of silver; and as the pointed shape of the vase will not allow of its standing on a plane surface, it rests on an artistically-decorated tripod,



A WOMAN OF CAIRO SMOKING.—FROM A DRAWING BY KARL GIRARDET.

water; a small furnace, generally of metal, which surmounts the perpendicular pipe; a cover, which serves as a species of ventilator; and lastly, a second perpendicular pipe and flexible tubing, which communicates with the tobacco and serves the purpose of an ordinary pipe.

When the vase which receives the water is in the form of a bell, and the two tubes are adapted so as to be arranged side by side in the bell, the pipe is called Houkka or Hokka, an Arabian word which signifies box. This form and name are peculiar to India. The Houkka represented in our engraving (p. 425), is one which was recently purchased in Constantinople by a distinguished orientalist. The water vase is remarkable for the elegance of its form and the delicacy of its workmanship; the brilliant red of the interior of the vase, and the exquisite finish imparted to the silver network by which it is covered, add considerably to the beauty of the effect; the lid of the furnace and the two pipes are of chased

elegantly chased in silver, and which forms a necessary adjunct to the pipe. A simple stool, with a hole bored in the seat, answers the same purpose in Bagdad.

The Narguileh, of which we present an engraving (p. 402), is of chased silver, richly and tastefully ornamented; the medallions in enamel represent the busts of men and women, and surround the furnace and the water vase; the other parts are covered with Persian ornaments and gilt figures; the bottom is of a beautiful blue and red enamel, upon which are represented garlands and little bouquets of flowers in bright colours; the pipes are of ebony tastefully carved. The lid is ornamented with silver chains, which serve to attach it to the furnace. A small but elegant tripod accompanies the Narguileh.

The third variety of the water-bowl pipe is the *Kalioun*; or, as it is commonly pronounced by the Arabians, *Ghalian*, which signifies bubbling, and which is given to the pipe because of the bubbling which the admission of air through the tube



A NARGUILEH.



A HOUKKA.

causes in the water. The *Kalioun* is almost universally used in Persia. The tobacco which is used in the East is remarkable for the fragrance and delicacy of its perfume, and the scented water in the vase adds considerably to the soothing influence of the tobacco itself. The women are accustomed to the *Houkka*, the *Narguileh*, and the *Kalioun*, as well as their lords, and the apartments of the harems are fitted up with these magnificent and costly pipes.

MORAL ASPECT OF CHINA.

Of all the systems of religion professed in the world, there is none which numbers so great a proportion of mankind in its folds, and there is none so little understood in Europe, as Buddhism. This extraordinary faith, which is professed by the majority of the inhabitants of China, indeed by the great masses of the people in that country, is also the ruling religion in the Eastern Peninsula, comprising Burmah, Siam, Laos, and Cochin China. It is held by the vast hordes of Tartars that wander through the plains and valleys of central Asia from the Caspian Sea to the frontiers of China. Thibet may be regarded as its northern head-quarters, for in Lassa, its capital, resides the Grand Lama, who professes to be an incarnation of the great saint and founder, the prophet and man-god of Buddhism. In Ceylon, too, in the south of India, Buddhism counts its adherents by the million; so that all the south-east of Asia, the most thickly-peopled portion of the earth's surface, is Buddhist. So little is known, however, of the statistics of these countries, that the followers of Budha have been variously estimated at from one hundred and eighty to three hundred millions of mankind.

The philosophical faith inculcated by Confucius, pre-eminently the Chinese prophet, is at the present day maintained, and that only nominally, by the court and higher classes of Chinese society alone. Confucius lived in the latter end of the sixth century before Christ, and although he passed his life in struggle and obloquy, and ended it in obscurity, his descendants have ever since enjoyed the highest honours and privileges for nearly seventy generations. They are indeed the only hereditary nobility of China. They are found principally in the neighbourhood of the district where the sage lived; and it was computed, a century and a half ago, that they numbered no less than 11,000 males. Through every revolution in Chinese history, their honours and privileges have remained intact. Thrones have been upset, royal families destroyed, and new ones elevated in their place; but the descendants of the great teacher remained as before, their honours secure, their dignity uninvaded. In every city of the empire of the first, second, and third ranks, there is a temple dedicated to Confucius. The civil and political rulers, nay, the emperor himself, are all equally bound to do him reverence. It is mere ceremony, however; there is no heart whatever in either the admiration professed for the man, or the obedience pretended to be given to his precepts, for his morality was far too pure to suit the degenerate taste of modern China. Altars, it is true, are erected in high families to Confucius, in the hall of ancestors; sweet-smelling gums are burnt in the chamber, with frankincense and tapers of sandal-wood; fruit, wine, and flowers, are placed upon the altars, and appropriate verses chanted. But the whole service is merely one of form; and whilst outward adherence is thus given to the system inculcated by Confucius, Buddhism alone maintains any hold upon the masses of the people, and the hold which it maintains is far from being a beneficial one. Introduced from India, it has maintained its sacred language, the Pali, in China; Chinese symbols are tortured to express its sounds; Chinese tongues refuse to utter its words distinctly; so that the ceremonies of the Buddhist temples are unintelligible to the people not less than to the priests, and the whole system of religion has long degenerated into an unmeaning mummery, retaining little hold upon the minds of the people, whilst outwardly its temples are grand, its ceremonies imposing, its priests richly dressed, and its monasteries well appointed and full.

Gotama Budha, also called Sakya Mouny, was the founder of the faith. He lived either a thousand or six hundred years before our era, and first preached his doctrines in northern India. Being the son of a king, he easily obtained protection and converts in the first instance, setting himself up, not so much as the preacher of a new faith, as the reformer of the old and almost worn-out Brahmanism which still lingers in India. That such a man as Gotama actually did live, no one who has examined the faith has for a moment doubted; and, as the history of his life was not written till centuries after his death, we need not wonder at the marvels related of him, or the extraordinary miracles which he is said to have wrought.

He left behind him both priests and priestesses, whose office it was to preach his doctrines and to attend to the images and offerings in the temple. In most Buddhist countries, the order of priestesses has long been extinct; but it still lingers in Burmah and China, the nuns, if such they can be called, being, however, esteemed as little better than beggars. Nothing can exceed the ignorance of these Chinese pretenders to sanctity. The abstraction of the mind from earthly things, and the fixing of it on spiritual things, is regarded by Buddhism as one of the most beneficial mental exercises; and some of their priests seem to have so far succeeded in this matter, that it is impossible to tell if they have any mind at all. Their look savours of vacancy and want of thought; they stare wildly at all around them; earthly things have indeed ceased to interest them in many cases; but too often, it is to be feared, it is the look of idiotcy that thus roams unmeaningly from place to place, from countenance to countenance, from object to object. The mind, thoroughly unhinged, but too often detaches itself from earthly things altogether, and is no more to be lured back to its old haunts.

With such religious teachers, with a system prevalent of which they understand nothing but its corruptions, and love nothing but its absurdities, we cannot wonder that the moral condition of the Chinese, notwithstanding their advance in civilisation, notwithstanding their quick-witted skill and progress in many arts, is most deplorable. "Much reliance," says Dr. Gutzlaff, the eminent Chinese missionary, "was placed at the commencement of the war upon the idols. None, however, appearing to assist the Chinese army, and their shrines having been desecrated without the gods taking vengeance for their wounded dignity, the popular belief in Buddhism is fast giving way to scepticism." Indeed, it is notorious that in many households the images were thrown down and discarded; and even in Ningpo, the head-quarters of Chinese Buddhism, superstition is on the wane—has been long on the wane. Everywhere throughout the vast empire the people seem waiting for something better; they have almost entirely shaken off the trammels of their old faith, and as yet see no light in the mists ahead, or rather only the faintest dawn of light, still very far from their own abodes, or from their distinct comprehension."

The pernicious habit of opium-smoking, so prevalent amongst the Chinese, tends to destroy what little religious feeling is left amongst them. In Hong-Kong, for instance, an insignificant island, with a population hardly amounting to 20,000 in all, a man pays the British government 1,500 dollars a month for farming the duties on opium alone; and yet, of these 20,000 inhabiting the island, a considerable proportion, probably one-sixth, is European, and the Europeans are but beginning to adopt the odious practice now—they have not yet attained the perfection in self-ruin to which the unfortunate Chinese have advanced. Even into England itself the practice has been largely imported by those who have returned from the East, and more than would be supposed possible of the wasted frames, sunken cheeks, and wild staring eyes, that one meets in the Strand or Cheapside, may be attributed to this unwholesome enjoyment.

In Hong-Kong, the largest consumers of the drug are the shopkeepers, sailors, quarrymen, and dissolute adventurers, driven for their evil practices from the continent—the very plague-spots of the island. In most districts of China, however, mandarins and soldiers are the greatest consumers of

ium: mandarins, because it is an expensive amusement, and speaks courage and wealth to indulge in it—the soldiers, because it is regarded peculiarly as a military and chivalric vice. The sailors, too, inhale its fumes largely; with them it is one of the most piquant of their pleasures; their perilous life leads them to peculiar and selfish indulgences, and the glamour with which they enter upon their career soon gives way, under the baneful influence of opium, to languor, senility, and exhaustion. The agricultural labourers are by far the most numerous classes in China, and amongst them there is little opium-smoking, if any. It is, fortunately, too expensive a luxury for them to indulge in.

With respect to the use of opium generally, a recent writer in China asserts, that the larger the consumption of the drug, the more frequent is crime of every description—the more extensive the trade in it, the greater the moral misery which prevails over the country. As a general rule, those that give themselves over without restraint to this moral mania, become wasted and attenuated in person—they walk about, looking like gaunt skeletons—are often covered with running sores, and disfigured by all kinds of cutaneous eruptions. Not that all these result from the opium alone, but its excessive use is invariably accompanied by excessive gambling, intermingling with the worst people in the worst places, and hence the evils hinted at.

The difference between the coast and agricultural population of China is strikingly exemplified by the contrast between the inhabitants of Hong-Kong and those of Chusan. Hong-Kong was originally a very poor place, occupied by a small and depraved native community, engaged principally in quarrying, fishing, piracy, and bartering. The arrival of the English on the island, and their permanent settlement there, naturally attracted together crowds of adventurers, of gamblers, and of the bad of both sexes. "There is, perhaps, no place in the world," said a Hong-Kong magistrate, "that presents a more fearful criminal calendar." Nor would it be easy to name a vice which does not degrade some portion or other of the population of the island. Chusan, on the other hand, has entirely an agricultural population all attached to the soil. The families possess a sufficiency, and, having so much to do, are all peaceably disposed, quiet, and regular. The entire population, in fact, consists of quiet and orderly people, inasmuch, that adventurers of doubtful character, and vagabonds, have little chance of success in their schemes, because they are everywhere shunned and watched. An instance of this fact occurred during the British occupation of the island. Some pirates and desperadoes were hired by the Chinese government to kidnap a few natives who had been unremitting in their services to the British. This band of ruffians crossed over to Chusan, settled on the coasts, and pretended to be engaged in commerce. The population looked upon them with suspicion, and a popular meeting called upon the authorities to get rid of them. The authorities would have nothing to do with the matter. The populace stormed and threatened the intruders, and they, although they affected to laugh at the threats, at length decamped. A few months afterwards, however, they re-appeared, and seized one of their victims privately and secretly. The whisper was spread abroad that the pirates were again at work. On a sudden the populace rose like one man, the ruffians were all seized and thrust into a boat—eighteen or twenty of them—with stones round their necks, and when they had pushed out into the sea, were all thrown overboard. Not one of them, it is believed, escaped; and the police magistrate, who relates the occurrence, declares, that so secretly were the measures of the populace taken, that he knew nothing of it until it was all over, nor could he ever discover who were the perpetrators. He was fully aware, however, of the worthless character of the people executed. This summary lynching of eighteen or twenty people beats brother Jonathan's performances in that line hollow.

As a general rule it may be stated, that the inhabitants of the northern provinces of China—the provinces surrounding the capital—are better educated, and more energetic, than those residing further to the south. In the history of the

rebellion which still threatens to overthrow the Chinese monarchy, and to found a new, liberal, and reformed kingdom in the place of the old, illiberal, and prejudiced monarchy, this fact has been strangely exemplified. In the southern provinces, the progress of the rebels or of the patriots—which ever we may choose to call them—has been extremely rapid. They overran province after province, each province of the size of a moderate European kingdom, with little difficulty and with great rapidity. In the north, however, their progress has been much slower. They have advanced painfully and laboriously, step by step, town after town causing a stoppage for a week or a month, as the case might be; until now that they have got within two hundred miles of the capital, we hear of few new successes, of no rapid conquests. The Mantchoo dynasty, which still nominally rules the destinies of China, relies most upon the troops of the north, and upon its Tartar auxiliaries, who have been pouring into China Proper for months, but still without producing any marked result upon the contest.

For the present, however, we shall confine ourselves to the moral aspect of the country; and truly this moral aspect is as strange a spectacle as the eastern or the western world can afford. We have here two or three hundred millions of mankind shaking off old faiths that they have held for centuries, as one would put off the thin garments of summer on the approach of winter. Buddhism is a mass of unmeaning mummery to them, its scriptures unintelligible, its moral dogmas not understood, and, if understood, little regarded. Their forefathers have believed in Buddhism; but to them it is an unmeaning faith, a sound without an idea, a symbol without a name. It has already lost its hold upon their hearts, and they are but waiting, doubtless, to cast aside its nominal, as they have already lost its real, influence. The philosophy of Confucius has for centuries been a sound signifying nothing to the masses of the people; so that they may literally be said to be a people waiting for a religion. Confucianism and Buddhism have been tried, and have been found wanting. They have been proved to be quite inadequate to keep a living faith alive in the hearts of millions thirsting for some kind of intellectual and spiritual food. They have had their day, and that day has gone. It remains to be seen whether Christianity will not take their place, and extend its humanising influences over the most thickly populated region of the earth.

Nor is it in the matter of religion alone that the social state of the Chinese portends speedy disruption. Justice exists theoretically in China as elsewhere. The noblest of moral maxims are common to the jurisprudence of Confucius and of Gotama, but the practice and execution of justice is guided solely by self-interest, and corruption is so general that it scarcely excites an exclamation when brought to the light of day. The highest degree of skill in the magistrate and the judge is, how to circumvent—the sole object of the legal officer, how to realise the most money. The prisoner once arrested is at the sole mercy of the mandarin, who listens indeed to whatever may be brought forward in favour of the accused, but whose sentence is unhackled by any guide but his own will, and who clothes that decision in legal language as it may suit his purpose; nor is it difficult to cite such chapter and verse of the code as may appear to support his decision, however much at variance its spirit and the context. Appeals to a higher court are perfectly legal; and even the meanest individual may carry his case before the Supreme Court of Requests at Peking; but every step of the process involves enormous outlay—an outlay altogether beyond the resources of any but the very rich, and it will probably succeed at an earlier stage by means of bribery. It is against the decisions of the just but obscure magistrates that the rich man's wealth carries the day; the wronged poor man is without redress. Those once thrown into prison may be kept there for any length of time that suits the inclination or the interest of the magistrate; and many thus perish in gaol whose innocence is a matter of public notoriety, but whose incarceration is an object of desire to some rich opponent.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

THE TULIP WREATH FLOWER-VASE MAT.

MATERIALS.—12 shades of amber, 7 shades of lilac, 4 shades of green. 4 Skeins of each colour. 5 Steel Needles, No. 14. Cardboard foundation, covered with white or amber cambric, 8 inches in diameter.

1. k. 1, k. 2 +, k. 3; turn the work back, and pearl the stitches.

3rd. K. 2, k. 2 +, k. 1, k. 2 +, k. 2.

4th. Turn back and pearl.



FOR THE MAT.—Knit 4 rounds of each shade of amber, beginning with the lightest. Cast on 2 stitches on each of 4 needles; bring the wool forward, knit half the stitches on the first needle; t. f. and k.* the other half; repeat the same on each of the other 3 needles; k. the next round plain; repeat these two rounds until there are 48 stitches on each needle; then cast off, and sew this on the covered cardboard foundation.

FOR THE TULIPS.—5 tulips to be knitted in 7 shades of amber, and 5 in 7 shades of lilac; 4 rounds to be knitted of each shade; 4 needles. Cast on 2 stitches on each of 3 needles; t. f. at the commencement of each needle; k. 1 plain round; pearl a round, increasing at commencement of each needle. Repeat these two rounds till there are 22 stitches on each of the three needles; then first k. 3, k. 2 +,

5th. K. 2, k. 2 +, k. 1, k. 2 +, k. 2.

6th. Turn back and pearl.

7th. K. 1, k. 3 +, k. 1. 8th. Pearl.

9th. K. 3 +. 20 tulips will be required.

THE LEAVES (10 of which will be necessary).—4 shades of green, 12 rows of each; 2 needles. Cast on 3 stitches; k. plain, till before the centre stitch; t. f. and k. the centre stitch; t. f. k. the remainder plain; p. the next row; repeat these 2 rows, till there are 12 open stitches up the vein of the leaf; then k. 1, k. 2 +, k. plain, till 2 from the centre stitch; then k. 2 +, t. f. k. 1, t. f. k. 2 +, k. plain, till 3 from the end; then k. 2 +, k. 1; p. the next row; repeat till there are 8 more open stitches, that is, 20 from the beginning; then k. 2 + at the beginning and end of every other row, till the last ends in a point. Now sew the leaves round the mat by the part where the stem should be; then sew the tulips on as in engraving, sewing the leaf about 6 rows from the point on the stem of the tulip.

* K. means knit; k. 2 + knit two together; p. pearl; t. f. thread forward.

THE
ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE OF ART:

CONTAINING SELECTIONS FROM
THE VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS

OF
PAINTING, SCULPTURE, ARCHITECTURE, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY,
ART-INDUSTRY, MANUFACTURES, SCIENTIFIC INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES,
LOCAL AND DOMESTIC SCENES, ORNAMENTAL WORKS,
ETC. ETC.

VOLUME IV.

NEW YORK:
T. L. McELRATH AND CO., SPRUCE STREET.

1854.

THE close of another Volume of the ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART, imposes upon the Publishers the pleasing duty of once more gratefully acknowledging the success that has attended their enterprise. They have been particularly gratified to witness the increasing demand for the present Volume during its monthly publication, and they indulge the hope that in its complete form it will long prove an attractive Volume, to which readers of all classes may repair with a certainty of finding something to interest, to instruct, and to improve. Combining as it does the advantages of Literature—in all its varied forms of Biography, Fiction, History, Topographical Description, Sketches of National Character, Antiquities, etc.—with some of the choicest treasures of Art, in the shape of Specimens of the Works of Great Masters, and numerous Pictorial Illustrations of varied excellence, it is eminently calculated to inform the mind, cultivate the taste, and exercise a beneficial influence over the character. That it may suit readers of all classes, the strictest vigilance is exercised, with a view to prevent the insertion, not merely of anything of an objectionable tendency, but of whatever might at all wound the feelings or offend the taste of any impartial mind. This Volume contains, besides other articles of interest, the commencement of a new tale, entitled “FRENCH HAY,” which the Publishers hope will prove an attractive feature of the magazine, as it is written by a lady who occupies a distinguished position among English writers of the present day.

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SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

the 15th of August, 1771, Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh. The house stood at the head of the College Wynd, was pulled down to make room for the new college. At age of eighteen months, it was discovered that he had lost use of his right leg, and he was despatched to Sandy Knowe, grandfather's residence, to see if fresh country air would him any good. "It is here," wrote Sir Walter, in his *ry, or outline autobiography*, "that I had the first consciousness of existence." Here he had a narrow escape from a red maid-servant who was tempted by the evil one to kill him. Here, various remedies were used for his lameness, but rain—one was, that whenever a sheep was killed, the little low should be stripped naked and wrapped in the reeking le. Here he learnt the ballad of "Hardyknute," much the annoyance of old Doctor Duncan, the parish parson, so used pettishly to exclaim, when Walter interrupted his ber converse by shouting out his favourite lay, "One may well speak in the mouth of a cannon as where that child." Sandy Knowe failing to remove the lameness, Walter, under care of aunt Jenny, was despatched to Bath, where he mastered the rudiments of reading, and for the first time went to a theatre. The play was "As you like it." Walter was scandalised that Orlando should quarrel. "What, n't they brothers?" asked Walter, to the amusement of his neighbours. From Bath, Walter returns to George's-square, Edinburgh, where the family now resided. Glimpses of childish intelligence now become common. A Mrs. Cockburn hats with him one day. "Aunt Jenny," said he at night, "I like that lady." "What lady?" asked Aunt Jenny. "Why, Mrs. Cockburn; for I think she is a *virtuoso*, like myself." "Dear Walter," said Aunt Jenny, "what is a *virtuoso*?" "Oh, don't you know? Why, it is one that wishes and will know everything." Another lady remembers the child sitting before the house when an emaciated beggar came to the door. The servant told Walter how thankful he should be that he was placed in a situation which shielded him from such want; the boy looked up with a wistful incredulous expression and said, Homer was a beggar. "How do you know that?" asked the other. "Why, don't you remember?" answered Walter,

"Seven *Roman* cities strove for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

The reply was smart for a child of seven. From Edinburgh, Walter went to Preston-Pans for sea-bathing. But as he gets older, it is decided that in his ninth year he goes to school; and accordingly he returns home. Despite the rigours of the Sabbath, that Edinburgh home was a pleasant one. Here was brother Robert, afterwards a midshipman; John, who was a soldier, and died a major in 1816; and "unfortunate sister Anne," an invalid the whole of her twenty-seven years of life. Thomas, who died in Canada, was the favourite. Brother Daniel seems to have been a reprobate and worthless from his very birth.

The High School in Edinburgh, when Walter entered it, contained some remarkably clever fellows. He was three years in Mr. Fraser's class, and then, in the ordinary routine, was turned over to Dr. Adam, the rector, and well-known author of the "*Roman Antiquities*." Walter's school life was meteoric. His place in the class was everywhere—as often at the top as the bottom. His successes seem to have depended more upon his ingenuity than his scholarship. "What part of speech is *cum*?" once asked Dr. Adam of an incorrigible dolt. No answer was returned. "*Cum*," continued the doctor, "means *with*. Now, what part of speech is *with*?" "A substantive," quoth the dolt, and the

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whole class burst into laughter. "Is *with* ever a substantive?" said the rector. The whole class was silent, until the question came to Scott, who instantly replied, in the words of Scripture: "And Samson said unto Delilah, If they bind me with seven green *withs* that were never dried, then shall I become weak and as another man." Another triumph, not so creditable, Walter shall tell in his own words:—"There was a boy in my class at school who stood always at the top, nor could I with all my efforts supplant him. Day after day came, and he always kept his place, do what I could; till at length I observed, that when a question was answered he always fumbled with his fingers at a particular button on the lower part of his waistcoat. To remove it, therefore, became expedient in my eyes; and in an evil hour it was removed with a knife. When the boy was again questioned, he felt for the button, but it was not to be found. In his distress he looked down for it: it was no more to be seen than felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place; nor did he ever recover it, nor ever, I believe, suspect who was the author of this wrong." In the usual sports of boyhood, Walter Scott, despite his lameness, took his share. He could run, jump, and "climb the kettle nine stanes" with anybody. When he first made his appearance in the play-ground, he was engaged in a dispute with a boy, who scornfully replied, that it was "no use to hargle-bargle with a cripple." But Walter said that, if he might fight mounted, he would try his hand with any fellow of his inches. An elder boy proposed to lash the two little shavers face to face upon a board; which was done, to the delight of Walter, who ever afterwards, in sets-to, adopted this fashion. The boys of the upper classes in Edinburgh, in Scott's time, had regular pitched battles with the boys of the democracy of that fine old town. In these contests Scott did his part. Yet Scott made progress, and read and appreciated Cæsar and Livy and Sallust, Virgil, Horace, Terence. From Edinburgh, for change of air, Scott went to Kelso, where he read Spenser and Percy's "*Reliques*," the novels of England, and the romances of the South. Here he began the art which led on to fortune. He used to say to James Ballantyne: "Come, slink beside me, Jamie, and I'll tell ye a story."

At the age of thirteen Walter commenced his student life at the Edinburgh University. Here he seems to have made but little progress. The Latin professor had no influence, and the Greek class were far beyond Scott, who was too indolent to overtake them. At this time we find him dangerously ill, and miraculously recovering. In 1786 Scott was articled to his father, an advocate, for five years. These years seem to have been pleasant ones. He disliked, it is true, the drudgery of his office, and detested its confinement; but he felt a rational pride and pleasure in being useful to his parent. He became a great walker—a great antiquarian—became intimate with Jeffrey and other men worth knowing, and for the first time felt the sweetness and the power of love's young dream.

In 1792 Scott put on the advocate's robe, and a few hours after his admission some friendly solicitor retained him. His love of border legends, however, became a passion, to gratify which many an excursion was planned and many a week devoted. Nevertheless, our young advocate belonged to a club, of which, as usual, he was the master-spirit. On one occasion a certain Rev. Mr. M'Naught, being accused of habitual drunkenness, dancing at a penny wedding, and singing lewd or profane songs, entrusted his defence to Scott, who grew so free in the description of the penny wedding that he was called to order. This so damped his ardour, that when he came to quote a verse of the song spoken of, he was scarcely

audible. The club, which had crowded in the gallery to encourage him, shouted, "Hear! hear! Encore! encore!" and were immediately turned out of court. Our advocate got through very little to his own satisfaction, and his client lost his case. In 1796 Scott published his translation of Bürger's "Leonore," which, except in his circle of personal friends, proved a failure. At this time there were fears of French invasion, and Scott became an officer in a volunteer troop of horse. Next year a still more interesting incident occurred. Riding in the vicinity of the English lakes, Scott and his companion encountered a lady on horseback so wondrous fair that they followed her—met her at a ball in the evening; she turned out to be a Miss Carpenter, anglicised from Charpentier, and in December, 1797, became Mrs. Scott.

In 1797 Scott's father died, and his income was comfortably increased thereby. In December of the same year he was made sheriff of Selkirkshire—an office worth about £300 a-year, which at once set him at ease with regard to his family, and relieved him of the drudgery of his profession. Henceforth literature became the sole aim and business of his life. The result is, in 1799, a translation of Goethe's "Von Berlingen," which Matthew Lewis sold to a publisher for twenty-five guineas; in 1802 and 1803, "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," which brought in Scott £100 for the first edition, and the copyright of which he sold for £500. He was now fairly committed to his life-work. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" was nearly completed, and Scott became a contributor to the "Edinburgh Review," just established by Jeffrey and Sydney Smith.

Scott had no faith in literature alone—if he had, he might have been saved the sad catastrophe of his later years. Accordingly, he entered into partnership with the Ballantynes as booksellers and printers, and looked out for some easy birth which would increase his income with but little trouble. Such a situation he soon obtained, as one of the clerks of the Session, with £800 a-year. This rendered a journey to London necessary. Of course, he became a lion, but that did not spoil him. He amused himself as well as he could, and when he saw that he was expected to roar, would sit down and tell stories and recite ballads, to the delight of all. Already fifty thousand copies of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" had been sold, realising to the author between seven and eight hundred pounds. He returned to Scotland to work at "Marmion," and bring out his fine eighteen-volume edition of Dryden and other books. In 1810 appeared the "Lady of the Lake," the copyright of which brought him in 2,000 guineas. The next year made an agreeable change in his position. As one of the clerks of the Session his salary was made £1,300 a-year; and Scott became a Tweedside laird by the purchase of Abbotsford. Whilst building and planting, and buying and selling, he was still, however, busy with his pen. "Rokeby" appeared in 1813, and the "Bridal of Triermain" two months afterwards; but, as a poet, he had reached his zenith. Byron had appeared, and Scott was deposed. Tom Moore had also hurt the sale of "Rokeby," by writing in his "Twopenny Post-Bag," that Mr. Scott,

"Having quitted the borders to seek new renown,
Is coming by long quarto stages to town;
And beginning with 'Rokeby' (the job's sure to pay),
Means to do all the gentlemen's seats by the way."

But Scott had only to shift his ground. If he could be no longer monarch of song, the realms of romance might be his own. He wisely retired from a rivalry in which it was vain to engage, and wrote "Waverley," which appeared in 1814. Scott was now a prodigious lion; he went to London and dined with the Prince Regent. In a few months afterwards we find him at Paris with the Duke of Wellington, the Emperor Alexander, and other heroes of that fearful war which terminated in the downfall of Napoleon and the peace of the world. A little while after, Washington Irving visited Abbotsford. He thus describes him: "In a little while the lord of the castle himself made his appearance. I knew him at once, by the descriptions I had read and heard, and the likenesses that had been published of him. He was tall and of

a large and powerful frame. His dress was simple almost rustic. An old green shooting-coat with a whistle at the button-hole, brown linen pantaloons, shoes that tied at the ankles, and a white hat that evidently seen some service. He came limping up the gravel walk, aiding himself by a stout walking-staff, but moved rapidly and with vigour. By his side jogged along a iron-gray stag-hound of most grave demeanour, who took part in the clamour of the canine rabble, but seemed to sider himself bound, for the dignity of the house, to give a courteous reception. Before Scott had reached the gate called out in a hearty tone, welcoming me to Abbotsford, asking news of Campbell. Arrived at the door of the chateau he grasped me warmly by the hand. 'Come, drive down the house,' said he. 'Ye're just in time for breakfast, afterwards ye shall see the wonders of the abbey.' I was have excused myself on the plea of having already made breakfast. 'Hout, man,' cried he, 'a ride in the morning the keen air of the Scottish hills, is warrant enough for a second breakfast.' Such was the hearty, energetic welcome of a hearty and energetic man. As Scott was now in his prime we must again quote from Mr. Irving, who says, his conversation was frank, hearty, picturesque, and dramatic. During the time of my visit, he inclined to the comic rather than the grave in his stories, and such, I was told, was his general inclination. He relished a joke or a trait of humour in social intercourse, and laughed with right good will, talked, not for effect nor display, but from the flow of his spirits, the stores of his memory, and the vigour of his imagination. He had a natural turn for narrative, and his narratives and descriptions were without effort, yet wonderfully graphic. He placed the scene before you like a picture. His conversation reminded me continually of his novels. The best yet remains. "His nature would not allow him to be a satirist. I do not recollect a sneer throughout his conversation, any more than there is throughout his works." This was Scott's happiest time. His income was not much more than twelve or thirteen thousand pounds, his literary exertions alone producing him nearly ten thousand pounds. Frieres, riches, fame, had gathered around him. The honour of the baronetcy, which was conferred on him in 1820, added nothing to his lustre. The child of genius has a blazonry of his own. For such, the shows of the world are weak and vain and "of little worth." Had Scott cared less for them—he had been free of the conventional desire to found a race of lairds, which made him toil and pour out his heart's blood, and rendered dark and dreary his latter days—he would have been a wiser, and a better, and a stronger man. But he hastened to be rich, and fell into a snare. The publishing house with which Scott was connected fell, and in the fall Scott fell never to rise again. On January 21st, 1826, a crash came. Scott writes: "Naked we entered the world, and naked we leave it. Blessed be the name of the Lord." Again he writes: "I feel neither dishonoured nor broken down by the bad news. I have walked my last on the domains which I have planted,—sat the last time in the halls which have built. But death would have taken them from me; misfortune had spared them." In vain they told him it was the usual mercantile course to become a bankrupt—the Constable would pay but 2s. 9d. in the pound, and Hurst and Co. but 1s. 3d. He was not a merchant, and if God gave him health and strength he would pay all. Nor was this the only trouble. From his pleasant house he had to wander forth alone. From the wreck of his fortune he could not save even the wife of nine-and-twenty years. They bore her to rest in the vaults of ancient Dryburgh, and the gray-haired knight returned to fight the battle of life with decaying strength and a breaking heart.

The remainder of his story is soon told. Friend after friend departed, yet he worked gallantly. In two years he had gained and paid over to his creditors nearly £40,000. "Now I can sleep," he writes, "under the comfortable impression of receiving the thanks of my creditors, and the conscious feeling of discharging my duty as a man of honour and honesty."

before me a long, tedious, and dark path, but it leads to a clear reputation. If I die in the harness, as is very likely, I shall die with honour; if I achieve my task, I shall have thanks of all concerned and the approbation of my own science." And again: "I am now restored in constitution, though I am still on troubled waters, yet I am rowing with the tide, and less than the continuation of my exertions 1827 may, with God's blessing, carry me safe into port." The port was nearer than he dreamt. He complained of loss of memory, of being nervous and bilious, and, finally, of a violent irritation of the heart, that *tremor cordis*, that hysterical condition which forced unbidden sighs and tears. In 1830, on his return from the Parliament House, he found an old lady standing and waiting to show him some MSS. He sat down for half an hour, and seemed to be busy with her papers; then he rose as if to take leave of her, but sank down again in his arm-chair, and a spasm convulsed his face. In a minute or two, however, he got up and staggered to the drawing-room, where his daughter Anne and Mrs. Lockhart were sitting. They rose to meet him; but before they could cross the room he fell heavily forward at full length upon the floor, and remained speechless until the doctor arrived and bled him. Renewed depletions and strict regimen were used, and he slightly rallied; but as soon as he recovered a little strength, he again returned to his toil. That toil was soon to be over for ever. We have already reached the beginning of the end. His eye failed—his hand staggered. He was compelled to employ an amanuensis. But work he must and would. Mr. Lockhart begged him to take repose. Sir Walter replied, "I understand you, and I thank you from my heart, but I must tell you at once how it is with me. I am not sure that I am quite myself in all things; but I am sure that in one point there is no change. I mean, that I foresee distinctly that if I were to be idle, I should be mad. In comparison to this, death is no risk to shrink from." Yet he might have lived comfortably if he would. He resigned his clerkship, and had a pension of £800 a year, and his creditors had unanimously passed the following resolution: "That Sir Walter Scott be

requested to accept of his furniture, plate, linen, paintings, library, and curiosities of every description, as the best means the creditors have of expressing their very high sense of his honourable conduct, and in grateful acknowledgment for the unparalleled and most successful exertions he continues to make for them." In 1831, Sir Walter gave to the world his last novels, "Count Robert of Paris," and "Castle Dangerous."

But he grew feebler, in spite of a visit to Italy and the Mediterranean, till at last he was laid on the bed which he was never more to leave alive. His mind wandered. Sometimes he seemed administering justice as sheriff, sometimes he was planting; but generally his mutterings were holy words—words in conformity with his position—words from the Bible or the Prayer-book—the old Scotch psalms of his youth—or portions of the magnificent hymns of the Roman Catholic church. Often the watchers heard the solemn cadence of the "Dies iræ," and, last of all—

"Stabat mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem, lachrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius."

"Broken-hearted, lone and fearful,
By that cross of anguish fearful,
Stood the mother by her son."

September came, and the end drew nigh. Often he blessed his children and bade them farewell. His last words were: "Lockhart, I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." He paused, and his son-in-law asked if he would see his daughters. "No, don't disturb them," was the answer. "Poor souls, I know they were up all night." He never spoke again. His sons arrived, but too late to be recognised; and so they watched and watched him till he died. On the 21st of September, 1832, all that remained of the great Magician of the North was the memory of his kindly heart—of his stalwart presence—of his rare honour, and his genius, rarer still.

THE CONSCRIPT.

IVON MARKER belonged to that department of France where most of all repugnance is felt to entering the army—to Brittany; and Ivon Marker was coming back from the capital of his canton with a light heart, for Ivon had drawn a good number. Ivon Marker was not then to join a regiment. This had been spared him. The father of Ivon was weak and bent by age, his brother Ioan was not old enough to work, and his sister Bellah had Jannik to nurse. Providence, the pious young man believed, had willed it so that a mother should not be left alone to support a family and work on a farm. His two robust arms still remained to work for her.

These were the ideas of the *gars*—as all youths are called in Brittany—as he followed the path along the cultivated ground. And yet the good luck which had saved him from the military lottery did not wholly gratify him; the joy of the hour did not eradicate the cares of the morrow.

Passing nigh his father's cornfield, Ivon stopped and looked at the poor, sterile land, with here and there a blade of corn, and which, from want of sufficient labour, was invaded by the poppy, the weed, and the wild flower. A little further on, when he reached the little meadow which supplied them with hay, he was struck by the invasion of the reeds; further on still, he remarked the apple-trees in the orchard loaded with dead wood, with white moss and mistletoe. Everywhere poverty and sickness had brought on negligence, and negligence sterility. "And yet the expenses of the family increased. The miller was asking for his debt, the ploughshare was not paid for, and the harness of the old horse was falling to pieces. It was of no avail that the mother worked half the night, renewing it at dawn, that Ivon ploughed so resolutely, and sank exhausted late at night over the plough: misfortune had moved more rapidly than their courage,

His joy was, then, far from being unmixed; and away he went across the fields, following in the track of the cattle.

Suddenly, as he came round a cluster of hazel-trees, he heard some one weeping and sighing, and also the voices of those who offered consolation. Approaching nearer, he recognised his neighbour Maharitte, surrounded by her relatives, and a little further on, Perr Abgrall, the miller's son, leaning sadly on his stick. This young man had, to the great despair of his affianced wife, drawn an unfortunate number. Marker advanced slowly, and began to offer his condolences together with those of the wise men who surrounded the girl; but Perr interrupted him with all the sharpness of misfortune.

"It is easy for those who have escaped from sorrow and grief to recommend courage to others," said he. "The king does not take from Ivon Marker the seven best years of his life; and he will remain within hearing of the church bell, while we go away to the sound of the drum."

"You are right, my poor friend," said the young *gars*; "in this instance my fate will be better than yours, and do not think that I forget it. If I speak of patience, it is because it is the best stick on which to lean in a long road; I learn it every day of my life by sad experience."

"And here is a *gars* who has had terrible trials indeed," said Abgrall ironically, without being moved by the gentleness of his neighbour. "What can you want in life, to talk of being obliged to be patient?"

"I want what you have got—relatives free from sickness, and the means to keep my parents in their old age free from misery. Every man has his own misfortunes."

"Verily I would change with you readily," said Abgrall, in a more friendly tone, but with a despairing gesture,

"That might be done," said Maharitte's uncle, who had remained quite still.

The two young men looked much surprised.

"Let us suppose that fortune had changed your numbers in the hat; Perr would now be in the place of Ivon. Why cannot that be done now?"

"That is to say, that Marker will be a soldier in my place," said the young miller quietly.

"And who will do the work at our house?" replied Ivon.

"As for that," said the uncle, with all the slowness of a peasant about to make a bargain, "it might be done in a friendly way; we ask nothing of you that can harm you."

"That is to say, you want to buy me," said Ivon, rather offended at a proposition which placed him on a level with what are thought to be a very degraded class of the community in France—the military substitutes.

"When one offers to buy, he fixes a price: I have promised nothing," said the peasant. "But you are so good a lad that

family. He had not much difficulty in proving to him, that despite all his efforts, their poverty was advancing towards misery into which they would soon fall.

The thoughts of the young *gars* had brought him to the same conclusion, and the idea which the speaker had given him had opened to his mind a new career, into which he advanced with intense eagerness. His heart was generous and devoted. He accepted, then, the sacrifice, and did not want to bargain. He therefore endeavoured to bring the negotiation to an end, while the peasant was slowly debating.

"Come now, father Salaun, there is but one word needs speaking," cried he, stopping; "you have opened up to my view a means of safety for my family, quite new. Do not, however, lose so much time in telling me that my friends have not all they want, but tell me at once what you and Abgrail will give me for seven years of my life."

"What a hurry you are in!" cried the peasant, a little taken aback at this way of doing business; with these peasants



DEPARTURE OF THE CONSCRIPT.

you might do of your own accord what others would do from bad motives. After all, a man is not ruined because he becomes a soldier."

"That is true, father Salaun," replied Ivon, who was very pensive. "You have put a new idea in my head. When I saw those who love me in want of me, I could never have thought of leaving them; but if, on the other hand, my absence would be of any service to them, I would not refuse out of cowardice or timidity of character."

"Well, then, let us walk together, and we will talk; just wait a moment while I send away the women, and I will come with you."

He turned towards Maharitte, whom her mother and sisters were consoling, spoke to them in a low tone, and induced them to return towards their house; then coming back to Ivon with the young miller, they all three followed the road to the farm. The old peasant, as they went along, renewed his efforts with Marker, laying great weight on the wants of his

you must transact an affair as you would drink a pot of cider.

"I have not yet said that we want a substitute for Abgrail."

"Good morning, then; for nothing remains to be said," exclaimed Ivon, making a motion as if to go.

"But, young man, what a hurry you are in!" replied Salaun, holding him; "before we can make serious propositions, we must know what you want for your relatives?"

"In the first place," said Ivon, with decision—for he was determined his sacrifice should be useful to them—"I want a pair of oxen for the plough and other work."

"A pair of oxen," said the peasant; "how fast you go, my *gars*; do you know that is a good bit of money?"

"I want also a three-year-old cow," said Marker.

"Again."

"And one hundred crowns to pay wages to the two farm-boys, who will keep the farm going in my absence."

Salaun and the young miller protested that this was extravagant; they tried to prove to Ivon that he was asking double

at he ought to hope to receive. The *gars* let them speak, was satisfied with replying, that he would sell himself in town, where some shopkeeper's son would give him, not *de*, but money. After a long discussion, which lasted several hours, the family of the miller was obliged at length to yield to the conditions of Marker.

His last difficulty remained, and that was to gain the consent of his own family. If the agreement were known, he feared that some shame would attach to it among his companions, who all despised the ordinary substitute; while his family might refuse to accept comforts paid for by the liberty, and perhaps the blood of their son. Even if they did resign themselves to it, he poisoned their prosperity, and forced them to remorse for their very joy.

The notary who drew up the deed advised secrecy. The number which the young miller obtained by the will of Ivon, could be supposed to have drawn. As for the money

lagers; a last embrace was given, and Ivon rejoined his companions and went on his way.

All seemed right as long as the village steeple was in sight, as long as the same kind of familiar vegetation was seen, the same landscape; but soon vines took the place of apple-trees, vast plains of the little fields, surrounded by quickset hedges; white houses with red and slated roofs replaced the granite cabins covered with thatch. Then Marker knew that he had left his country and was an exile.

On reaching his regiment, he had to bow to new habits and divide his days between stupid exercises and idle hours. Mixed up with men who knew not his native idiom, Marker lived isolated; soon the sadness he had cast off fell upon him again like a cloud he could not escape from. All filled him with *ennui*. The fever of absence, which mines away the constitution, destroyed his energy; nostalgia, each day more intense, drove him to the hospital, where the very calmness



RETURN OF THE CONSCRIPT.

which paid for his liberty, the notary could feign to have received it as a legacy from a distant relative. All was settled; Abgrall and his friends promised to be discreet, and naught remained but to break the bad news to the Markers. It was a sad moment for them, particularly for the poor mother. There was, before the departure, many an outburst of grief, which Ivon repressed with difficulty. He himself was sad unto death to quit all those who loved him, and by whom he was beloved; and yet the thought of the good he was doing, sustained and supported him. It was a comfort to him, too, that he had never betrayed the love he felt for the sister of Abgrall.

The day of separation came; while the father, weak and ill, held his hand as if he could have never left it; his mother leaned her head upon his shoulder, half fainting with grief; the young sister and the little boy wept; even the dog seemed sad to lose his master. But the conscripts are called out by name in the village; the rolling of the drum summoned the

of the existence added again to it. Everything combined to increase its force. Several months elapsed before any news came from his country. None knew how to write at the farm, and this fatal ignorance separated the absent almost as much as death.

Ivon became worse; life was fading slowly away like the rippling of the waters of a lake agitated by a faint breeze. He dragged himself about like a ghost along the court of the infirmary, following with his eye the bird that crossed the sky, or watching the man on the summit of the old wall. Flowers, man, birds, all reminded him of his native land.

One evening he was sitting sad and exhausted on a bench in the yard, thinking, as was his wont, of the old farm-house. He thought he saw the old fallows, through which, whistling as he went, he drove his lean pair of oxen; the little field crossed by the stream that turned the wheels of Abgrall's mill; the dark hills covered by black sheep; and he seemed to hear the songs of the *patours*. Such was the intensity of his

thought that memory became a living image; he saw all that he recollected, and then he heard the bagpiper without. Ivon stood up. The performer was playing the old familiar airs, which he had so often heard on the green where the boys and girls met to dance of an evening. The poor conscript ran to the gate—it was closed; he went into the barracks, and looked out of a window. The street was deserted, and there was no bagpiper to be seen.

He thought it must be a dream, when up came a sister of charity, and gave him a letter. He thanked her, and asked her to read it. It was from the notary, and written in the name of the parents to announce to the young man the fortunate change brought about by the supposed legacy. Thanks to this, they had hired workmen, bought a pair of oxen, and were doing better than they had done for years.

Marker was happy. He was rewarded. His illness vanished; and having tasted of the delights of communication by letter, he determined to learn to write. He entered the regimental school, and by hard work—very hard work it is at his age—he did learn, and at the end of a year could write a letter. Having once acquired a taste for study, he continued, and his time being taken up by the school and the regiment, the hours passed with extreme rapidity, while his good conduct elevated him to the position of sapper.

At last the seven years were up, and away went Marker. How he walked, how he took double journeys! At last, there is the village steeple—how his heart beats! He begins to feel excited beyond all control—he runs—he upsets some old friends in the market-place; the children run away frightened at his beard; his young sister starts back alarmed; but the dog knows him, and then out comes his mother to welcome her son. She is happy now, for all her children are at home.

And the restored health of his father, the comfort of the farm, the happiness of all around, are rewards enough for Ivon; especially when Abgrail tells the truth, and brings down blessings on his head. But who shall tell the gentle delight of the young man when he found that she, who had guessed his unspoken love, had waited for him? Truly happy was the man now from the sacrifice of the youth.

LETTER FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.—II.

1854.

I HAVE had an opportunity of seeing the reigning sovereign of Turkey, Abdul Medjid, and I gazed with considerable interest at a man who is likely to have so great a position in history by the adventitious circumstances of the contest which is going on. He is very different in personal appearance from the reformer Mahmoud, who set his horse like a true Turk of the old school; burly, robust, and a hardy soldier, who doubtless would have lived to a good old age had he not have given way too much to inebriety. Brandy killed Mahmoud, and it has not been without its effect on the present sovereign, who has suffered much from inflammatory disease, consequent on too little caution in the use of *raki*.

Drunkenness, which is leaving the Old World, we would fain hope, appears to have taken refuge in the East, despite the edicts and tenets of the law and the prophet. The grave old Moslem smokes now with spirits instead of coffee. Some time ago, the government, convinced of the great evil of habitual intoxication in the people, enacted a stringent law, which punished with the bastinado all persons retailing or consuming ardent liquors. It was, however, evaded and fell into disuse. A certain company of police agents made something out of it, however. They dressed up one of their number as a Copt, and placed him in a shop in a certain street, where dwelt at that time a cunning Greek who saw the house opened for the sale of *raki*. Presently, a Greek came by, and was coaxed into the shop; *raki* was offered him; the man refused, alluded to the law, but finally was coaxed to disobey the edict. He then went away, and about ten yards off was accosted by two police agents, who declared he had been drinking, the smell, they said, betrayed him, and they gave him the option of paying a sum of money, or going to the police-office, where the bastinado would be the punishment.

The liquor-loving Greek paid the fine and went his way. In the course of a few hours dozens were entrapped; but the Greek noticed with some curiosity that no Jews were caught, none ever coming that way. He sallied forth, then, to fathom this mystery, and going to the corner of the street, saw an aged Hebrew, selling rhubarb, who, whenever a Jew came, and would have turned down the street, made some sign which caused the descendant of Moses to start and go his way. Incensed that the Jews were thus able to escape, he went and told the police, who thrashed the old man, and caught plenty of Jews in the net. In these instances the police poured the *raki* down the unfortunate men's throats.

Abdul Medjid is slight and sallow-looking, while the general outline of his physiognomy is effeminate, but pleasant. There is a sad gentleness about him, a look as if he were weary of the world, which is very touching. His eyes are habitually half closed. There can be no doubt that the Sultan is a naturally well-disposed. He came to the throne at seventeen, surrounded by all the fearful influences which always encircle a Turkish sovereign. A harem of ignorant women, some hundred wives, a herd of slaves, cringing and humiliated courtiers, are not good teachers for a royal scholar of seventeen. Abdul Medjid has unquestionably succumbed to the moral malaria, the pestilence of Turkish vice. And yet he is of a kindly and generous nature, which, in trying times, rises superior to custom and habit.

Thus he did not strangle his brother on his accession to the throne; but he confined him closely to the palace, for fear his becoming the nucleus of a party. Then he has not been able to put down the fearful infanticides which are daily committed to prevent dangerous princes near the throne, the children of his sisters. But he has decreased capital punishments, and made justice mild and gentle in Constantinople. Executions are now very rare in this city; some years ago they were almost of daily occurrence. Macfarlane has given a very correct account of the terrible excitement which was felt in Constantinople a few years back, when a renegade was about to be executed. This man had abandoned Christianity for Mohammedanism, and then repenting, had returned to his real religion. To abandon the creed of the prophet is death, and it may be easily understood, with such laws, how difficult it is to make converts.

The man was accordingly condemned to death, and the day of execution arrived. One would have thought that the religious prejudices of the Turks would have been aroused, and that they would have flocked to see the recreant *giao* die. Not so. They remained shut up in their houses; the soldiers refused to act as executioners; and at last it was found necessary to bribe a Nubian slave, who trembled violently when performing his office, that he had to strike three blows before the head of the unhappy wretch fell off.

The Sultan's marked courtesy in public and private to Western Europeans and Americans is imitated by all classes of Turks. This produces very pleasing results. It is a marked change from the state of things three years ago. But everything is changed. There are now decent hotels and decent lodging-houses, and the streets are becoming safe at night, and there are not so many exactions and insolences.

But everything has to be done before this country can be called reformed. The way is paved; the eyes of the Turk are beginning to be opened. They are beginning to see and appreciate the blessings of commerce and trade, and thoughtful men from western Europe have shown them the immense advantages they may derive from cultivating their land, and encouraging agriculture by every means in their power. Agriculture has been almost null hitherto in a country governed upon the most barbarous and illogical principles. For ages the Turk lived rather by rapine and plunder than by production. He did not understand the blessings of a happy and contented peasantry, occupied in peaceably creating wealth. The *rayahs* were accordingly pillaged, taxed, ill-used in the most outrageous manner. The way these things were done was fearful.

The government sold a province to a pasha; he sold parts

the province to *seraffi*, or Armenian bankers, at enormous sums; they again sold the villages and hamlets to police agents and tax-gatherers. These individuals went about buying people at what they liked, utterly regardless of the custom which gave to the heads of the village the right to fix a quota of taxation. As the more land a man cultivated, the more heavily in proportion was he taxed, men ceased to cultivate, except from pure necessity. Then, if a man could not raise the sum demanded, he was beaten and left for dead, his next-door neighbour paying the deficiency. The *haratz*, or tithe tax, paid by all Christians for permission to live, as collected in a barbarous way. It commenced at eighteen, and as in Turkey there are no registrars of births, deaths, and marriages, it was difficult to decide a man's age. The Greeks always denied being eighteen. The Turkish tax-gatherers in the distant provinces decided the question by measuring the man's head.

This system of rule naturally resulted in whole tracts being left desolate, in agriculture being neglected, in the country being in a most wretched and impoverished state. But in many provinces, especially the semi-independent ones, the Turks have yielded to the spirit of the age, and are showing a disposition, at all events, to relax the severity of their rule, and treat their Christian dependents like men. The vastly increased revenue, the wealth, riches, and prosperity of the country, will soon prove the importance of these relaxations and reforms.

The first attempts at agricultural reform and education were total failures, from the pecculation, inaptitude, and ignorance of the men who had charge of the affair. The efforts of the few earnest and practical Europeans and Americans failed utterly before such persons as Achmet Fethi Pacha. But renewed efforts have been made, and now the agricultural schools are beginning in earnest, and a certain number of the pupils seem apt, docile, and intelligent. This, with perfect liberty of action to the active and versatile Greek *rayah*, will soon work a great and mighty change.

Hitherto, the Christians—the Armenians excepted, who are the humble and abject servitors of the Turk—have been compelled to conceal whatever little wealth they possessed. A melancholy proof of the great oppression suffered by the *rayahs* in past years exists in the fact that every Christian in Turkey, who has the means to do so, has purchased the protection of some foreign government—has naturalised himself a Swede, a Russian, a Greek of the Otho monarchy, an Aus-

trian, or a Swiss. This once done, he appeals in every case of oppression to his consul, and he is sure of protection. It has been by cunningly encouraging this, making the naturalisation easy, and then giving him, right or wrong, protection of the most hearty character, that Russia has won her way with some of the Greeks.

The enlightened few among the Turks, who have influenced the government to enter warily on a career of reform, will soon reap the benefit. Already agriculture is progressing; commerce has grown rapidly; the Christian race are beginning to feel hope and confidence; and although the undying hatred of the slave will never be eradicated as long as the religion of Mahomet flourishes above Christianity, or until an amalgamation takes place, it is quite clear that Turkey has made an onward march. It is a question whether she will ultimately be saved as Turkey; but it is clear to my mind that England cannot allow Russia to clutch this fair portion of the earth, or to erect a throne here, which would depend in the least degree on her for support.

I am more than ever struck with the natural advantages possessed by this city. In the hands of an unscrupulous and ambitious power like Russia, Constantinople would command the Mediterranean. Under Russia, the races would be amalgamated in earnest—that is, cut down to the level of Finlanders and Siberian savages. She would introduce here, probably, the serf system, fortify the city so as to render it impregnable, and deprive all other nations of a share in the commerce of the Black Sea.

The bridge which connects the two sides of the fort is a very great improvement on the old system of taking a *caique*. It appears to be a remarkably good speculation. It is a bridge of boats, part of which is moveable, so that ships of the line can pass when necessary. A company of infantry seem to make little impression on it.

There is a mighty change indeed, within five years, in the appearance of the soldiery. In 1848-9, we could at any time point out a sentry, with his gun against a wall, knitting stockings for a living; himself ill-clothed, slipshod, dirty. But they have awaked, as it were, from a dream of ages, and the Turkish soldier is as prim, neat, and military in appearance as the Piedmontese or Swiss. I speak, of course, of the picked troops. But I fancy the best fighting men are the Kurds, Circassians, Albanians, Druses, and the wild Asiatic hordes generally, who are even now pouring in at intervals to fill the ranks of the army.

MOUZON.

THE French canton of which Mouzon is the principal town is watered by the Meuse and the little river of Chiers. The land is very good for agricultural purposes in the deep valleys and broad prairies with which the department abounds; but the lofty mountains and the craggy rocks are almost destitute of verdure. Yet even these old gray hills are clothed here and there with splendid vineyards, where, beneath the cheerful influence of the southern sun, the grapes ripen rapidly and fully, and are esteemed the best in the neighbourhood. The old French proverb speaks of these vineyards in terms of flattery. "Heaven preserve to us," it says, "the justice of Omont, the bread of Sapogtie, and the wine of Mouzon." Besides the vineyards on the mountains, the valleys, and wide-stretching prairies, the locality is famous for extensive forests—forests which some of our English poets have peopled with creatures of their imagination, and given by this new interest to the place.

One remarkable place is the old city of Beaumont, fortified in 1112 by William "of the white hands," archbishop of Rheims, who succeeded in securing for the people of the city certain privileges and immunities, which were afterwards known as the laws of Beaumont. Charles VII., king of France, obtained possession of Beaumont at the same time that Mouzon fell into his hands; and in 1379 Mouzon was considered the greatest of all the provinces of Champagne.

Douzy, on the banks of the Chiers, given to St. Remi by Clodoald, son of Clodimir, is the property of the bishops of Rheims. There they possess a palace and a park. In the thirteenth century the city was fortified, and surrounded by walls and a broad moat. At Douzy two church councils have been held; one in 871, and the other in 874.

Villiers, near Mouzon, formerly possessed a *château*, which, although strongly defended, was destroyed in 1536, for fear it should fall into the hands of the Leaguers during the civil disturbances which were then devastating France.

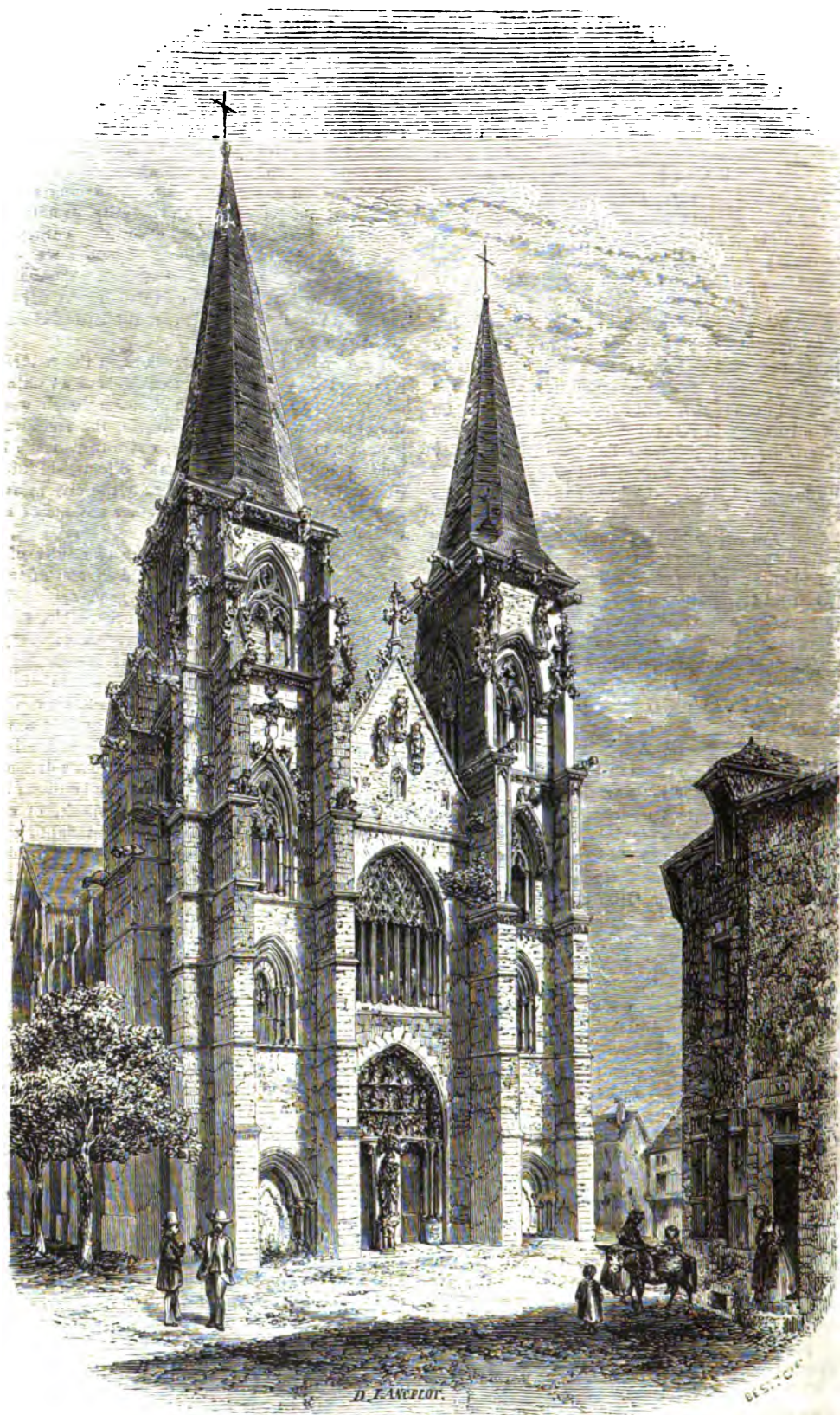
The lordship of Mouzon is of very ancient date. It was reckoned among the possessions of the famous abbey of St. Hubert, which was founded in the eighth century by the kings of France, and under their protection enjoyed a sort of independence till 1789. Every year, in the month of July, the abbot sent to the king a present of hawks and hounds. This presentation was invariably the occasion of a great festival. The king receiving them with great condescension, the men who brought them were most liberally rewarded, and alms were returned for distribution among the poor of St. Hubert.

Mouzon, described in the "Roman Itinerary" as Mosomagus, is the capital of the lordship, and formerly possessed a strong castle, which castle was burnt down by the Normans, and a monastery, or religious house, built on its site.

The church of Mouzon is one of the most important in the department of Ardennes. It was founded in the fourteenth

century, and is remarkable for the regularity of its construction, the richness of the ornamental work with which it is adorned, and for the sculptured figures on the portal.

Independently of this church there was another, in the thirteenth century, dedicated to St. Genevieve, and situated in the end



THE CHURCH OF MOUZON.

century, and is remarkable for the regularity of its construction, the richness of the ornamental work with which it is adorned, and for the sculptured figures on the portal.

of the city. The church afterwards became a convent of Capuchin friars, and the ground is now occupied by a municipal hall.

THE FALLS OF ITAMARITY, NEAR RIO JANEIRO.

A cataract represented in our engraving consists, says Sir G. Ouseley, from whose portfolio it is copied, of a succession of three waterfalls, subsiding into rapids, and then continuing its course as a turbulent rocky brook, working its

fall. The first fall has worked a basin in the rock, as in other similar sites, and, as usual, it is asserted by the natives to be of vast or fathomless depth. Below the isolated rock is a third fall of considerable size; but the rich and thick vegeta-



THE FALLS OF ITAMARITY.

way among the hills of the Serra de Estrella. The Falls of Itamarity are not near any high road, and have been seldom visited by Europeans. It is not possible to obtain a general view of all the falls. That which we present to the reader is taken from an insulated rock, standing opposite the second

fall. The first fall has worked a basin in the rock, as in other similar sites, and, as usual, it is asserted by the natives to be of vast or fathomless depth. Below the isolated rock is a third fall of considerable size; but the rich and thick vegeta-

trees, and the sort of parapet railing, were made of the lianes or parasitical plants from the surrounding trees. They hang from the highest branches like ropes of various sizes, some little larger than whipcord, others of the circumference of a large cable; indeed, they are often thicker than a man's body, and frequently form spiral and intricate knots, like the writhings of gigantic serpents, à la Laocoon. The profuse variety of growth and rapid vegetation in this part of Brazil is scarcely credible to Europeans. A very few weeks, or rather days, after this path had been opened, and the bridge constructed to enable the party to visit these Falls, strangers might have passed close to them, only made aware of their proximity by the loud roar of the falling waters, the hoarse sound of which, deadened and rendered deceptive by the close growth of the forest, would be but an indifferent guide, and hardly enable them to find any approach by which to obtain a view of the Falls. The negroes and country people have alarming stories or traditions respecting vast crocodiles, differing from the common sort in their nature and habits, and unlike the alligators of the rivers emptying themselves directly into the bay of Rio de Janeiro, at the foot of these mountains. They are said to be infinitely larger and more voracious than their relations near the salt water. These monsters, they affirm, inhabit the deep pools formed occasionally in the course of the mountain rivers. Poisonous snakes are asserted to be often found in these waters. The present existence of these crocodiles seems very apocryphal; nor are serpents so often met with, even by naturalists anxious to enrich their collections, as is generally supposed. The name of these Falls, "Itamariti," or "Itamarity," signifies in the Indian language (probably that of the Guarani tribe) "the shining stones," or "the rock that shines," doubtless so called from the glittering appearance of the large mass of rock, the face of which is worn smooth by the water. "Ita" means stone or rock.

The old road over the Serra de Estrella, constructed when Brazil was a colony of Portugal, was, although much too steep according to modern ideas of engineering, infinitely better than the track dignified with the name of road, formerly leading to the Serra dos Orgaos. Being paved, it was at least safe and practicable. But the road recently opened to these heights is on vastly improved principles, and on a scale thought even unnecessarily large. The foundation and progress, however, of the new city of Petropolis, situated at the height of about 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, on this route, has doubtless called for the construction of a road wider and more convenient than those hitherto made in this part of the country. The emperor has built a summer residence here, near the highest part of the road, and the court and many of the wealthier citizens of Rio Janeiro have followed the example, encouraged by his Imperial Majesty's liberal allotment of land for dwelling-houses, hotels, etc. The idea of founding this mountain city as a retreat during the great heats originated with the late emperor, Don Pedro I., who made grants of land, absolutely or conditionally, to different noblemen of his court. He was not enabled, however, to carry into effect either his plan for a city or the construction of a new road to and through the mountains. To the reigning emperor belongs the credit of practically calling into existence this thriving and healthy settlement, of which the success is now beyond a doubt. Petropolis may now be regarded as like the Royal Sitios in Spain—Aranjuez, La Granja, etc.; to which the court regularly removes at certain seasons. The temperature and climate are delightful, and the annual removal to this and to other Serras is sufficient to restore to health those who have suffered from the enervating heats of the summer in the low lands around the capital. European invalids especially derive great benefit during convalescence from a few weeks' stay in these picturesque mountains. Many foreigners, particularly Germans, have settled at or near this city. To the naturalist, and more particularly to the entomologist and botanist, a sojourn in these Serras affords endless interest and employment. A railroad is now opened from Rio Janeiro to the foot of the hills, which promises great advantages to the new settlement.

A TALE OF THE PRETENDER.

MOST of our readers, we take it, have read Thackeray's "Esmond," and will remember that a certain personage seems to have created an enthusiastic loyalty, of which he was little worthy—for he was a coward and a sensualist after all—landed in England, was for some time in the metropolis, and might possibly, if fate had not otherwise decreed, once more have been restored to the throne of his fathers. The novelist has laid a foundation for his story in fact. David Hume, in a letter to Lord Hardwick, gives an account of the Pretender's visit to London in 1753, and Mr. Burke has worked up the story in his interesting work called "Family Romance."

Charles Edward, after he had landed in Scotland and attempted in vain to gain the crown, justly forfeited by his fathers, again found an asylum in a foreign land. Time rolled on, and it seemed that all chance of success was further removed than ever; his old adherents had grown cold, and instead of hope and encouragement, he was weighed down by gloom and despair. In this state of abandonment he resolved to fight his own battles, and devised a scheme, which was by no means so impracticable as at first sight it appeared to be. This scheme was, to seize the person of king George II., as he returned from the play, by the help of a body of chairmen, who were to knock off his servants from behind his coach, extinguish the lights, and get up a mock quarrel among themselves, during which, another party was to hurry him to the water-side and carry him off to France. The enterprise was carefully planned. In addition to those employed in the attack upon the coach, there was a second party of more than fifteen hundred, who were to assemble opposite the Duke of Newcastle's house in Lincoln's-inn Fields the instant they heard any particular news relative to the Pretender—their object, of course, being to direct attention from the real purpose of the conspiracy by raising a disturbance in another quarter, or to support it in case of need. The principal agent in the business was Mr. Seagrave, an Irish officer; and so well had the matter been conducted, that the government had not the least suspicion of its existence. The day for carrying it into effect was fixed—it was close at hand; but a slight mischance acted like the single spark applied to gunpowder and blew up the whole scheme. The prince, with a temerity that argues strongly in favour of his want of common sense, must needs amuse himself by walking at noon-day in Hyde-park, when the place was thronged with its usual visitors. Here he was met and recognised by one of his ancient partisans, who, in the fulness of his heart at the sudden and unexpected meeting, attempted to kneel and kiss the royal hand. To escape the attention excited by so ill-timed an act, the prince hastily left the park; but on his return to Essex-street, Strand, where his lodgings were, the lady at whose house he had been staying—a friend of Lady Mary Touchett's, with whom the prince had fallen passionately in love at a ball in Paris—became so alarmed, that she declared he was not safe with her for a single instant. That very night, in consequence, a boat was procured, and he returned at once to France, minus king George and his crown, too happy to escape from the imminent danger he had so foolishly provoked. Hume says, he mentioned this fact to Lord Holderness, who was Secretary-of-State in 1753, and observed, "I suppose this piece of intelligence had at that time escaped his lordship?" "By no means," said he; "and who do you think it was who first told it me? It was the king himself, who added: 'And what do you think, my lord, I should do with him?'" Lord Holderness owned that he was puzzled how to reply, for if he declared his real sentiments they might savour of indifference to the royal family. The king perceived his embarrassment, and extricated him from it by saying, "My lord, I shall just do nothing at all; and when he is tired of England he will go abroad again." Lord Holderness added: "I think this story, for the honour of the late king, ought to be more generally known." George could not have known the Pretender's scheme, or he would possibly have treated him differently.

BUTTERFLIES AND THEIR TRANSFORMATIONS.

For long since, few things in the natural history of animals are regarded as more interesting and surprising than the series of changes which insects undergo in their progress from the egg to their perfect state. This metamorphosis, as it is called, was until very lately supposed peculiar to the class insects; and although the researches of modern naturalists have shown that changes perhaps still more remarkable occur in the lives of many of the lower forms of marine animals, a study of the metamorphoses of insects must always present much to excite the curiosity and engage the attention of the student of nature.

In few insects is this series of changes to be observed in greater perfection than in the beautiful tribe of creatures of which we propose to give some account in the present paper. There is none can there be a greater difference between the first and last states—the former, a soft, crawling caterpillar, devouring the coarsest vegetable food with an insatiable appetite—the latter, a delicate, airy being, fluttering in the sunshine from flower to flower, and drawing its sole nourishment from the honied juices laid up in those natural receptacles. Nor can we find an instance in which the intermediate or pupa state is more distinctly marked—in which the appearance of death is more completely simulated, than in these creatures—whence the butterfly has in all ages been regarded as a sort of emblem of the resurrection.

Of all our British butterflies, there is perhaps none more beautiful than the Swallow-tail butterfly (*Papilio Machaon*), represented in all its stages, in the accompanying woodcut (fig. 1.). This handsome insect, the only British representation of a group of which many magnificent species inhabit the sunny regions of the tropics, is met with not uncommonly in the fenny districts of this country. The caterpillar, which feeds principally upon the fennel and wild carrot, is of considerable size when fully grown; it is of a beautiful green colour, with numerous black rings looking like bands of black velvet, alternately plain and spotted with red. The body, as in all caterpillars, consists of twelve segments besides the head, and the creature crawls upon sixteen feet—three pairs of short, jointed legs, which are afterwards converted into the long slender legs of the butterfly, being attached to the three segments immediately following the head, and five pairs of soft membranous feet, which disappear in the perfect insect, supporting the hinder part of the body. This caterpillar presents a singular character, which serves to distinguish it at once from all other English species, although it is common to all the foreign insects immediately allied to the swallow-tail butterfly; it is furnished with a pair of little filaments, capable of being protruded and retracted at pleasure from a tubercle situated immediately behind the head; these form a Y- or V-shaped organ of a red colour, which secretes a fluid of a disagreeable odour, and it is supposed that the caterpillar employs them to frighten away any insect enemies, such as ichneumons, which may chance to disturb its equanimity by their unwelcome intrusion.

When the caterpillar is full-grown it prepares to change into its second, pupa or chrysalis, state. For this purpose it seeks some suitable spot, where, during the period of deathlike lethargy through which it is now to pass, it may be protected as much as possible from the weather and the assaults of its enemies. Its choice made, it spins a small web of silk, in which it entangles the hooks of its hindmost pair of feet, which are situated quite at the extremity of the body. Many caterpillars are content with attaching themselves by one end in this manner before undergoing this important change; but the chrysalis of the swallow-tail butterfly appears to entertain some objection to swinging freely at the mercy of the wind, and the caterpillar accordingly, directed by unerring instinct, proceeds to form a loop of silk round its middle, by which, when changed into a helpless pupa, it will be kept snugly moored to its resting-place. This effected, it bursts and throws off its skin by various movements of the body,

and appears in a form apparently as different from that which it is eventually to assume as from that which it has just quitted. Nevertheless, in the horny case which now encloses all the parts of the future butterfly, the positions of many of its organs are already to be recognised; we see the elevations of the surface of the chrysalis, which are afterwards to be occupied by the wings, the antennae, and the legs; and as the creature approaches maturity, something even of the colours may be discerned through the integuments. The chrysalis of this insect is of a greenish colour, with a black band on each side. At the end of the appointed time the butterfly emerges from its case; at first soft and weak, with folded and imperfect wings, which, however, soon expand; and at length the creature springs into the air, to sport for a while with its fellows in the bright sunbeams, to leave behind it the germs of a future generation; and having fulfilled all the ends for which it was called into being, to die, after a short but apparently happy existence, and leave its place to be occupied by others. In beauty of colour and elegance of marking, the swallow-tail yields to none of our British butterflies. Its principal colours are a beautiful sulphur yellow and a deep velvet black, the latter, however, being frequently powdered in the upper wings with single yellow scales, in the lower with similar scales of a pearly blue colour. The lower wings are also furnished with a black tail and marked with a beautiful red eye-like spot on the inner apical angle. Our figure of the English swallow-tail represents the butterfly soon after its emergence from the chrysalis and before the wings have attained their full development; but the form of the tail and the position of the eye-like spot in the hinder wings are well shown in the accompanying figure of a very nearly allied butterfly, the *Papilio Podalirius* (fig. 2.), a native of the southern countries of Europe, and long reputed a British insect.

Another very handsome insect, allied to the preceding, is the Apollo butterfly (*Parnassius Apollo*, fig. 3.), which may be found by some of our summer tourists in the Alpine districts of the continent. The ground colour of this charming insect is white; the fore-wings have each three or four black spots, whilst the hinder wings are adorned above with two, beneath with three, red eye-like spots, generally surrounded by a black ring, and furnished with a small white pupil. It is found in all the mountainous parts of Europe, and even in Siberia; but although it has been said to be an inhabitant of the highlands of Scotland, its occurrence in Britain is more than doubtful. The caterpillar of the Apollo butterfly also possesses the singular forked organ at the back of the neck, but this is wanting in all the following species.

A very pretty little butterfly, which is found in many parts of England, and is generally distributed on the continent, is the Marbled-white butterfly (*Arge Galathea*, fig. 4.). It is met with in meadows in the neighbourhood of woods, where the caterpillar feeds upon the common cat's-tail grass. Contrary to the usual practice of its relations, the chrysalis of this butterfly does not attach itself to any object, but lies upon the bare ground. The butterfly is yellowish white, spotted with black.

Several species of the genus *Hesperia* are found in this country, where they are known to collectors by the name of "Skippers," from the curious jerking motions of the animal during flight. They inhabit woods and gardens, and although their stout bodies and strong wings indicate considerable power of flight, they rarely fly to any distance, but take their rapid, jerking course from one resting-place to another. The species represented in fig. 5 is generally distributed on the continent, but is not met with in this country. Like most of its allies, its appearance is very plain; the general colour being brown; but the lower surface of the hinder wings is greyish, with about a dozen large white spots, each surrounded by a black border.

Of these butterflies the caterpillars are naked; but a great number are clothed with hairs or spines, which in some cases

serve as formidable weapons of defence. In the genus *Vanessa*, to which the well-known and beautiful Tortoise-shell and Peacock butterflies belong, the caterpillars are covered with spines, which are frequently curiously toothed. One species of this

localities. The cause of this singular phenomenon is still unexplained; but it is remarkable that several other species of the genus *Vanessa* are in the habit of appearing occasionally in vast numbers in particular localities, giving rise, from their dep-



FIG. 1.—THE SWALLOW-TAIL BUTTERFLY (*PAPILIO MACHAON*).



FIG. 2.—*PAPILIO PODALIRIUS*.



FIG. 3.—THE APOLLO BUTTERFLY (*PARNASSIUS APOLLO*).



FIG. 4.—THE MARBLED WHITE BUTTERFLY (*ARGE GALATHEA*).

genus, the *Vanessa Antiopa*, or Camberwell Beauty (fig. 6.), is remarkable from its appearing in certain seasons in profusion in almost all parts of the country, and afterwards occurring sometimes for many years only in individual specimens in different

siting a red liquid on various objects before rising into the air, to the numerous accounts of bloody rain which are to be met with in old writers. The Camberwell Beauty is a very handsome insect; the wings are of a deep rich chocolate brown

our, surrounded by a white or pale yellowish border; in this the wings are black, with a row of bluish spots. The caterpillar of the White Admiral butterfly (*Limenitis sylva*, fig. 7.) is also armed on the back with spines; but these, instead of being long and toothed, are short and forked, and the animal is also clothed with stout hairs. The butterfly is a blackish colour, with an irregular white band running through all the wings. It is one of the most graceful of British butterflies in its manner of flight, but is by no means common. The caterpillar feeds on the honeysuckle; it is of green colour, with the head, legs, and spines of a rusty red; the chrysalis is green spotted with gold. Nearly allied to this species is the Purple Emperor butterfly (*Apatura*

iris), one of the most beautiful of the British species. The wings are black, with bands and spots of white arranged somewhat as in the white admiral; but the black surface in certain lights reflects a most brilliant mazarine blue or purple colour, which adds greatly to the beauty of the insect. From the great height at which it usually flies it has obtained the name of the Purple High-flier, and its great power of wing renders its capture by no means an easy matter. With this charming insect we shall take leave of our readers, assuring them that they will find in the study of the transformations and habits, even of our commonest English butterflies, a source of interest and amusement which perhaps they would little suspect.



FIG. 5.—THE MINOR BUTTERFLY
(*HESPERIA ABRANTHUS*).



FIG. 6.—THE CAMBERWELL BEAUTY (*VANESSA ANTIOPA*).



FIG. 7.—THE WHITE ADMIRAL BUTTERFLY (*LIMENITIS SYLVA*).

RAMBLES IN IRELAND: PORTAFERRY, AND A TALE OF '98.

"Old Portaferry in sweet County Down."—*Old Song.*

It was a splendid morning on which I reached Belfast to start by rail for Portaferry. Often had I heard of that lovely place, but, somehow or other, never had I before wended my way thither. Honest, light-hearted, brave seamen had I met frequently in various places, and coming from all parts of the world, who spoke fondly of Portaferry as their home. I longed to see it, to view its romantic scenery, to wander along its shore, and sail over its waters, on which, as is well known,

some of our most intrepid and skilful mariners in childhood learnt to love the sea and were trained to brave its dangers.

Away we sped from amid the bustle and din and smoke of the busy town—the noble Athens of Ulster—as on the wings of the wind. I was alone in the carriage for a time, but just before starting two others entered—a mother and her child. She was a widow, young and in sad mourner's garb. How early had Death entered her home, and buried her affections in the grave of him she loved! Her little girl was about four years of age. She was a lovely child, fair as a lily, with bright blue eyes, and flaxen hair waving in golden curls about her face. Afterwards I heard their history. They were

highly respectable natives of the South. Several years ago the family had come from the South in straitened circumstances. During the fearful visitation of cholera in 1849, Mr. P—— fell its victim. The heart-broken widow, with her only child, continued to reside in the locality. Periodically the mother and her little daughter, I was told, visited her husband's grave. During the spring and summer months they strewed flowers on it; and while the widow sat by her dead one's tomb for hours, the child would be seen running among the graves, plucking the wild flowers and chasing the insects hovering about them, little aware of the heavy sorrow crushing her mother's heart, and of the terrible loss she had sustained in that hour—how faintly remembered by her!—when she was lifted up to gaze for the last time on the coffined dead, and was told she was fatherless.

We parted at Newtonards. God bless that widow and her fatherless child! From the railway carriage I was transferred to a seat on a one-horse car. Beside me there sat a young seaman. He was returning from a trip up the Mediterranean in a swift London clipper. He was a merry-hearted fellow. He had all the cut of a crack seaman. "His skipper," he said, "was a drunken old brazen nose, and he had quit his command right heartily." He had made, he informed me, twenty pounds by his voyage.

"You have a good deal of that sum home with you, no doubt?" I said.

"Just six pounds," was the reply. "London made a death on most of my shiners. No matter. I have what will do me for a week or two. There's no one now depending on me. The old people, for whom I used to save all, are away."

"Your parents are dead, then?" I said.

"Ay, ay, sir. The old man went off last. I would have liked to have seen him before they *hopped* up his white head under the sod. But I was on the sea. I came home, but the old home was no more open to me. I'm goin' now only to see my old neighbours and playmates. Hillo, my hearty!" addressing the driver, who sat on the opposite side, "give us a song, old boy. The road won't be so dreary, if we have a stave."

"Me sing!" exclaimed our whip. "You might just as well expect a song from a turnip. I never, all my life, could sing or whistle. Give us a stave yourself."

"Here goes then;" and in a manly, and not unmusical voice, the seaman sang "Pat's Farewell to Green Erin;" a song he had learnt, he said, in an emigrant ship. I just remember the first verse:—

"'Twas on a fine May morning
All in the month of June,
That we set sail for Ameriky
In the noble ship 'Neptune,'
Our captain was a sailor brave,
And fearless hearts the crew;
And with sails all spread our gallant ship
O'er the *roulkin'* billows flew."

The same song I have often heard. The tune is a fine national one, however otherwise may be the sentiment and versification of the ballad. It was, as many know, a peculiar favourite of the Irish emigrants.

As the song ended we took up another passenger, a curious-looking genius. He was a regular prig, on the wrong side of sixty, and dressed out most ostentatiously. One would have fancied him prepared for a wedding. And it turned out, in fact, that he was wearing his marriage garments. Certainly, he was no beauty; nor, one would have thought, likely to have taken any woman's fancy. He was an Englishman—a sockney. He had been in the navy—a marine, probably. But he spoke of "Commander" this, and "Admiral" that, as having been his "pertikler friends—sworn brothers." Sir Charles Napier especially he claimed as his other self. They were, according to his rapid representations, kindred spirits, fast and bosom friends. I thought to myself: Oh! if the veteran Charlie heard your gammon just now, old Puff, how he would tatter your frizzed, greasy wig (his cranium bore an odious one), and rattle his stout cane over your toggery.

"You're a stranger here, I presume?" I said, addressing the old coxcomb.

"Why, yes, sir; and yet here, Fate has it, I am to set down. I have been over the world, and over the ocean; but I must say—Hireland for me! I've been here only a few days, and I've found a wife. I must say—the Irish girls, me! Splendid creatures they are—oh, splendid! I was married yesterday. In fact, I'm just now out of the bride-chamber; and say what people will against matrimony, I must say, I don't rue."

"That's right, and I hope you never will," I could not but remark.

"I feel sure I shan't. No, I shall never rue. A fine charming creature she is; and so fond of me! I must say, I am really 'appy! I am going to Portaferry to look for a little snuggerly where we can live, and, as the Missus sings, 'enjoy love in a cottage with roses.' I shall turn hagriculturalist, think; and we shall rear all kinds of things. 'My dear,' said to the Missus this morning, 'we shall live as 'appy as kings and queens. I shall beat up about Portaferry for a small cottage and farm; and we shall grow everything, and rear up——'"

"Lots of youngsters, I hope you told her," interrupted a sailor friend, who had been vastly enjoying the colloquy.

"Why, I did n't just say so," said the bridegroom, attempting to look rather shy; "but I must say, when the dear little ones do come, they shall be welcome. But here's Portaferry."

I parted from both my companions, wishing the bridegroom all happiness, and receiving a squeeze (something like a crush in a vice) from the brawny hand of the warm-hearted sailor.

Portaferry is an old town. Its name is derived, some have supposed, from Porth, signifying terrible, and Ferry, that is the terrible Ferry. Others, however, say that the very early name of the place was, the Port of the Ferry, and that in course of time, that was abbreviated into one word—Portaferry. The situation of this ancient town is beautiful. It lies on the shore of Lough Strangford—not far from the entrance of the Lough. On the other side of the ferry, and directly opposite (a distance of a mile), is the pretty village of Strangford. Standing on the shore, to the right, stretches the far-famed Lough, in which it is said there are as many islands as there are days in a year. Looking in this direction, a great variety of interesting objects attract the eye. At the time when first I saw these objects, I had an enchanting view of them. The evening was still and beautiful; the sun, amid golden splendours, was setting in the west; the waters of the Lough were as a sheet of glass; several boats were moving slowly toward or were coming from among the islands, their snow-white sails flapping about the masts (there was hardly a breath of wind); while the richly cultivated fields and distant hills seemed covered with lustre. There is seen first the ancient ruins of Audley Castle (of which more anon); further on in the entrance to the Quoile, the river leading to Downpatrick (where St. Patrick's dust reposes); beyond, about five miles distant, appears the village of Killileagh, known as the residence of one of the most profound living scholars, Dr. Edward Hincks, and formerly the residence also of Dr. Henry Cooke now of Belfast, the most eminent of our brilliant Irish orators and divines. My attention was next turned to the picturesque scenery directly opposite Portaferry and surrounding Strangford. Beyond that village is Castleward, the favourite residence and estate of Lord Bangor. A capital story is told of one of the late Earls of Bangor, in connexion with his Downshire property. It was believed that his mind had become disordered, and the matter came before the Lord Chancellor, who had the earl summoned to meet him in Dublin. The chancellor, to test the earl's state of mind, spoke to him of his property:—

"Would you sell your estate in Down?" inquired the chancellor.

"Certainly, yes; certainly, my lord," was the reply, "if I get my price for it."

"What might that price be?" interrogated the chancellor, fancying he was satisfactorily drawing out his man.

Then, I'll sell it, my lord—I'll sell my ancestral estate
lingly at just one price—"

"And that is?" interrupted the chancellor.

"At the rate of fourpence a load for every part of the
ste—the purchaser binding himself to draw the whole away." The
chancellor was overmatched. All his questions were
t as ably. The earl returned home in triumph, free of all
meshes of Chancery.

Beyond Castleward there is a fine range of mountains,
ring different names. Close to Strangford, on the left
ad, is the summer residence of Mr. J. Blackwood Price, one
Ireland's best and most popular landlords. To the left is
d Court, the seat of Lord de Ros. The house is built
inly after the Elizabethan style. The grounds about it are
ry beautiful, but contracted. His lordship was in England
ring my visit. Some time ago he suffered the loss of one of
s daughters, a lovely and most accomplished young lady,
id universally beloved by all classes.

But the most interesting locality about Portaferry is the
ally romantic domain of Major Nugent, the highly esteemed
id popular proprietor of the town. It is open to the inhabit-
nts and to all strangers. It is one of the loveliest spots I
ave visited in any country. The grounds are extensive, and
ept at all seasons in admirable order. While there I felt as
a fairyland. From parts of the domain are to be obtained
lorious views for many miles distant. Here you have the
inest views of the lough, and of all the interesting objects on
oth sides of its shores. Seated, on the second evening of my
isit, on one of the green slopes from which we looked down on
he lough, I asked my companion if there were any traditions
about the old castle of Portaferry, which stands in the town,
almost close to the shore, and which is much dilapidated.

"I don't know of any," she replied. "There are five old
castles in this county, all in sight of each other, and which
have existed, it is said, since the days of King John. The
only tale I have heard is about Audley Castle during the
Rebellion of '98."

I begged her to relate to me the tale, which she did most
kindly, and I give the story in her own words, as well as I
can remember them. The tale may bear the title—

THE REBEL OF AUDLEY CASTLE.

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION OF '98.

Some days before the celebrated battle of Ballynahinch, a
numerous band of rebels, all Ardsmen, advanced on Porta-
ferry, resolved to take the town and sack it. They were to
have been under the command of Charles Maxwell, a young
man holding a small property in the Ards, and of respectable
connexions. He had heartily thrown himself into the revolu-
tionary movement; and his high character, his position in
society, his great popularity with the peasantry, his energy,
and his well-known brave and chivalric spirit caused him to
hold a high command under the general-in-chief of the rebel
forces, with whom he was intimately acquainted. Maxwell
was absent on urgent business connected with the rebellion,
when the Ardsmen were induced by unwise counsels to
assemble from all parts to advance on Portaferry. They were
too precipitate; in the absence of Maxwell they were not
under proper command; and, although they made a desperate
assault on the town and sacrificed many lives, they were
bravely repulsed by the yeomanry under Mr. Nugent, aided
by the king's cutter, stationed at Portaferry, commanded by
Captain Hopkins, who had anchored his vessel close to the
Quay, and swept the streets with his cannon, slaughtering
many of the rebels.

Maxwell arrived at the close of the conflict, collected as
many as he could of the flying rebels, spent several days
increasing their numbers, and finally marched his band to
Ballynahinch. In the fiercely-fought and disastrous battle
which ensued there between the rebel forces and the royal
army, he bore a distinguished part; and when, after a terrible
conflict, the former were put to utter rout, Maxwell, slightly
wounded, escaped on horseback, and sought security near to
Annalong, a small fishing village at the foot of the celebrated
Morne mountains. Although unaware of any watch having

been on him, yet had he been anxiously observed all the day
by one who took no part in the conflict, although in the ranks
of the rebels, and who bore towards him most bitter enmity.
When in the thick of the conflict, Maxwell, who fought like a
lion, and ever led the charges of his men, was beaten back and
several times apparently cut down, the spectator referred to
was unable to repress his exultation. With muttered execra-
tions he saw Maxwell escape in safety, and following him cau-
tiously in his flight for hours, he traced him to his hiding-place.

Two days afterwards this man might have been observed
holding a close conversation with Captain Hopkins, on board
the royal cutter, at Portaferry. Within an hour the cutter
lifted anchor and made out to the channel.

Once across the Bar, her course was directed towards
Annalong, and shortly after eleven o'clock at night she crept
in close to the shore, and was anchored near the village. The
object of her commander was to make a prisoner of Charles
Maxwell; but he was disappointed. A half-witted creature,
called Andy Moore, had been gathering shell-fish along the
shore until darkness set in. He observed the royal cutter
hovering about the offing, and aware of the fugitive rebel
being concealed in the neighbourhood, and having been
warned to be on the look-out, he at once suspected the cause
of the cutter's appearance. He fled to the house, gave the
alarm, and before the cutter had come to at Annalong, Charles
Maxwell was away up the mountains, having Andy Moore as
his guide. In this way he escaped; and, still accompanied by
Moore, on the second night after his flight from Annalong,
they reached Audley Castle. Maxwell was drawn to the
locality of Strangford by a love affair. He was engaged to a
beautiful young girl, the daughter of a most respectable
farmer in the neighbourhood; and he wished to see her before
leaving the country, perhaps for ever.

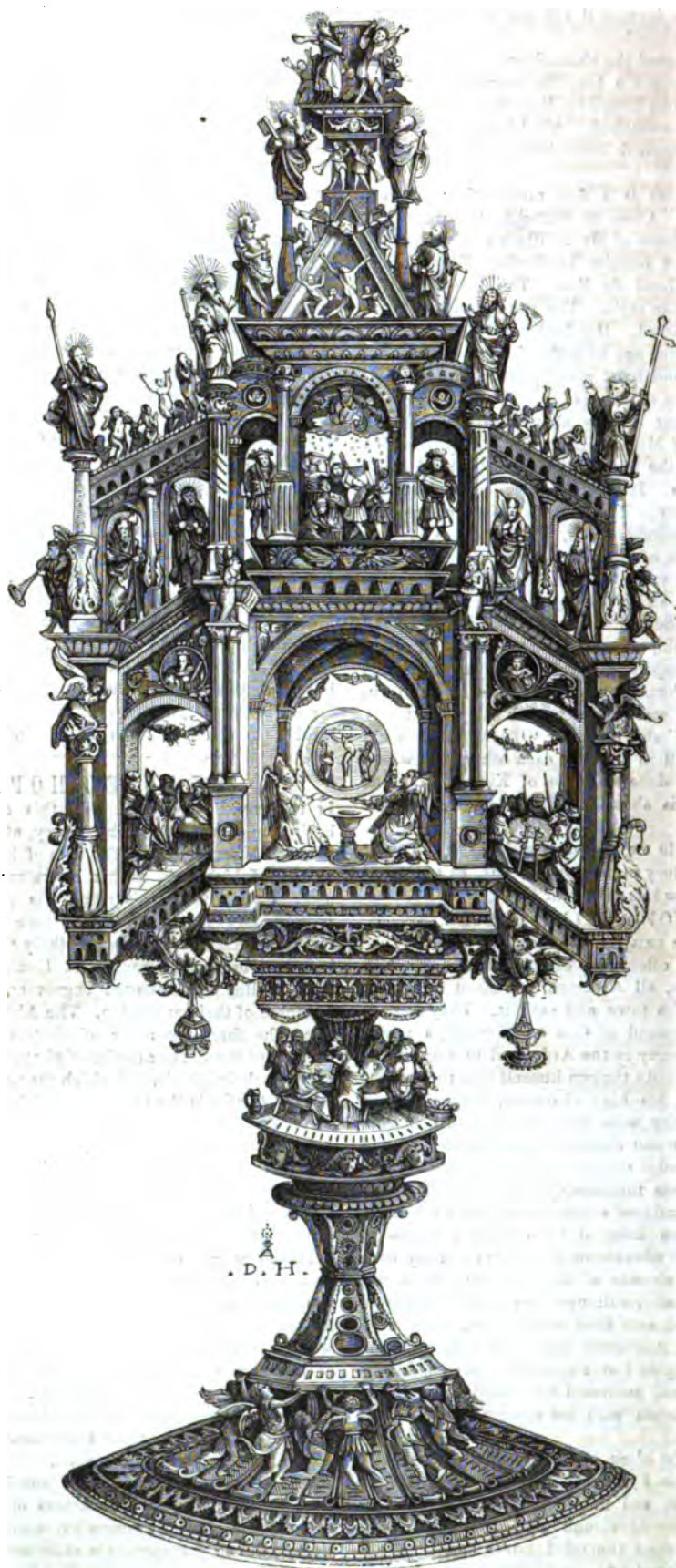
DANIEL HOPFER.

It is generally supposed that this artist was born at the
beginning of the sixteenth century, at Nuremberg, the birth-
place of Albert Durer. The date of his death is as uncertain
as that of his birth, and it has never yet been satisfactorily
ascertained whether his name was Daniel or David. Most
writers, however, give the preference to the former, and from
many circumstances it seems likely that they are right. He
had two brothers, Jerome and Lambert, who, like himself,
were skilful and talented engravers, and followed all the
branches of their profession. The Abbé de Marolles bestowed
upon the three the name of Masters of the Candlestick, on
account of the mark or device of a shop, which was always placed
between their initials, and which the abbé mistook for a candle-
stick. *Hopfen* is the German word for hop; and the Hopfers,
in conformity with the practice of the day, adopted as their
emblem this particular mark.

David Funck, a dealer in old engravings, who lived at
Nuremberg in the seventeenth century, and who possessed no
less than two hundred and thirty copperplates of these artists,
published them under the title of "Opera Hopferiana."

Daniel was the most successful of the three brothers; he
possessed the greatest genius and the greatest love for his
profession, and of him only the history of art takes cogni-
sance. He was known to Albert Durer, and for some time
worked under his direction, during the most flourishing period
of German art. At that time German engravers were
governed by two distinct principles. First, they attempted to
adhere as closely as possible to the teachings of their purely
German school, but at the same time to unite with this the
elevating influence of Italian art.

The merit of Daniel Hopfer consisted in uniting, in his
own performances, the excellences of these two schools. To
say that he perfectly succeeded would be erroneous; to say
that he did so partially, is a statement which his works bear
out. His taste was essentially Gothic; and many of his
figures are incorrect. In ornamental work he was chiefly
conspicuous. One of the most perfect and beautiful of his
productions is, an engraving which represents our Saviour
warning his apostles of false prophets, who are indicated by



SILVER VESSEL ENGRAVED BY DANIEL HOPFER.

Pharisees and the ecclesiastics of the Roman Catholic Church: this seems clearly enough to show that Hopfer was a Lu-

theran. To sacred subjects he nearly always adhered; and they are remarkable for vigour and elegance.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

the days when the woods and forests of Old England sang to the march of the Roman soldiers—when Britain, with the other nations of the earth, had to confess that she had no king but Cæsar, the conquerors built eastward of Londinium a strong tower. This is asserted by some, and stoutly denied by others. It has sometimes been called Cæsar's Tower, and this is thought to have been a most perfect confirmation of its Roman origin; but the weight of evidence seems to lie on the other side of the question, and so old a date cannot be safely ascribed to any part of the remaining building. More than this, it is to be doubted very strongly whether any such tower was ever built by the Romans at all.

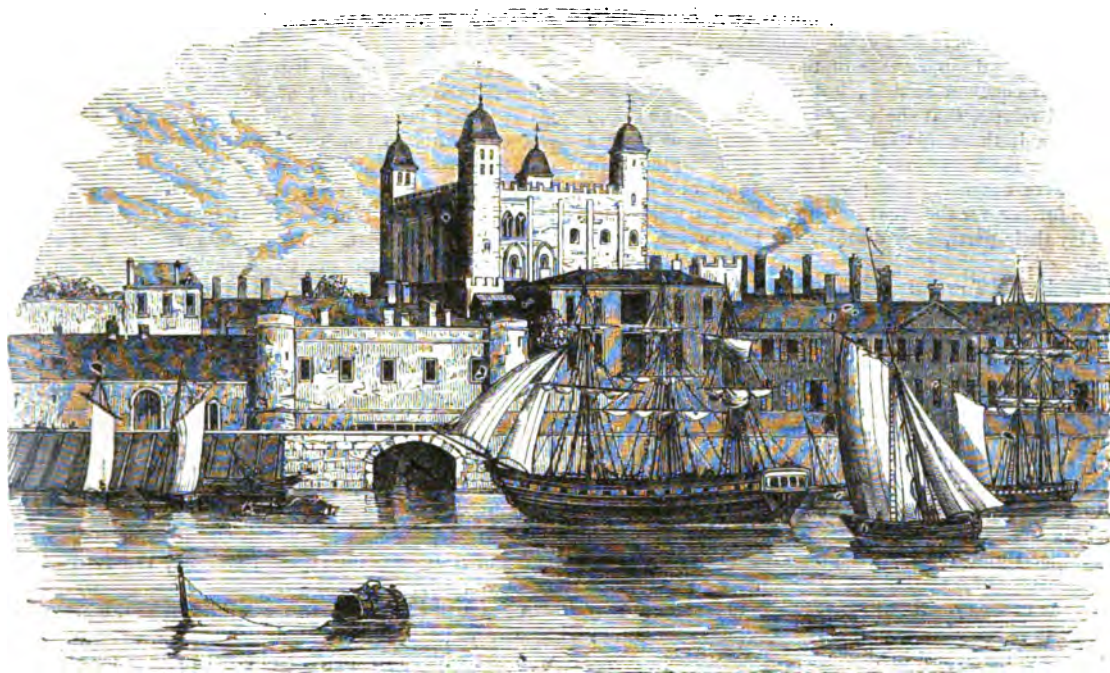
"The towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,

By many a foul and midnight murder fed,"

were never built by Julius, and are, therefore, wrongly christened with his name.

But though the conquering Romans did not build the tower, the invading Normans did. When William came and

the animals which had been presented to him by the Emperor Frederick. Henry III. and Long-shank Edward made very considerable additions to the fortress. They built new towers and strengthened the old ones, and did not forget to build under the earth as well as above it; so that there were prisons under palaces, dungeons under throne-rooms, light laughter, mazy dances, cheerful meetings, pomp and splendour, bitterness, misery, wretched hopeless imprisonment, under the same roof. Edward III. built a chapel, and kings and great men after him bestowed wealth upon it and its ministers; for this was the way iniquity got purged, in feudal times, and superstitious people fancied they could get to heaven. In the reign of Edward IV. the fortifications were greatly enlarged. The White Tower was afterwards entirely rebuilt. Charles II. thoroughly repaired the whole, and added several new buildings, and the various bulwarks were thus named:—White Tower, Lion's Tower, Bell Tower, Beauchamp Tower, Fleet Tower, Dwelling Tower, Bowyer Tower, Martin Tower



RIVER VIEW OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.

saw and conquered; when the neighbourhood of Hastings bore witness to his triumph; when the last cry of the "Holy Cross" of the Saxons had died out, and hill and dale re-echoed the "God help us" of the Normans; when mouldering embers were the footprints which the conqueror left as he advanced on London, and Southwark—pleasant ville—was laid in ashes, the new monarch determined to erect a strong tower—a place which should afford him a secure retreat, a noble palace, an impregnable fortress, a dismal prison, which should overawe the citizens, and remain for centuries to come a memorial of his conquest and his victory. So William built the Tower of London. At that time it consisted of nothing more than that which is at present known as the White Tower. This building was so called on account of the extreme whiteness of its walls. It was completed in the year 1076, its walls being fourteen feet thick, and the mortar, says Fitz-Stephen, tempered with the blood of beasts to make it the more durable. Red William, his son and successor, surrounded the Tower with walls and a broad and deep ditch, in some parts 120 feet wide. Henry Beaulerc built the Lion's Tower; and the record is still preserved which orders the erection of the cages, "fair and large," for the reception of

Wakefield Tower, Castle Tower, Broad Arrow Tower, Salt Tower, Well Tower, Cradle Tower, Lantern Tower, St. Thomas's Tower, Hall Tower, and the Bloody Tower.

Entering the Tower, the first fortress which attracts attention is the Bell Tower. It is the prison of Queen Elizabeth. There she lingered for a long season, with the recollection of the fact that her mother, the "gentle Anne," and the hapless Jane, the twelve days' queen, had perished by the headsman's axe. For her, Mary, the reigning queen, had conceived the most implacable hatred, probably on account of the quarrel between their mothers. In the Tower, ever since the Normans had pressed English soil, black deeds and huge wrong-doing had gone on. Before councils where might was law, the innocent had pleaded in vain and died unpitied. There prisoners had groaned in cold dark chambers, still to be seen, and known no human sympathy or care; and there the legal scribes recorded answers shrieked upon the rack. Doubtless Mary would have been well satisfied to have rid herself of her sister, as Richard rid himself of troublesome nephews, or Edward IV. of an unruly brother. But she durst not do it. No evidence could be obtained that could be at all relied upon. The princess defended herself with the utmost calmness, and

public sympathy was aroused. So there, in yonder Bell Tower, the Princess Elizabeth pined—

"Much suspected of me,
Nothing proved can be,
Quoth Elizabeth, prisoner."

Often she said, a milkmaid's life was merrier than hers; and with a piece of charcoal wrote upon a shutter the touching lines which have been preserved by Hentzner:—

"Oh, fortune, how this restless wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled wit!
Witness this present prison, whither fate
Could bear me, and the joys I quit.
Thou caus'dst the guilty to be loosed
From bands wherein are innocence inclosed;
Causing the guiltless to be straight reserved,
And freeing those that death had well deserved:
But by her envy can be nothing wrought,
So God send to my foes all they have wrought,
Quoth Elizabeth, prisoner."

Near at hand to this Bell Tower is a strange dark building of "lugubrious aspect," one says, and which is known as the Bloody Tower. There the children of Edward IV. met their untimely end; and there, beneath a worm-eaten, oaken staircase, their skeletons were afterwards discovered. The sudden and unaccountable disappearance of the princes might excite sympathy and common anxiety, but it never originated inquiry. Hall relates, that the people marvelled at the thing, but "they said, these matters are kings' games, as it were stage plays, for the most part, played upon scaffolds, in which poor men were but lookers-on; and they that are wise will meddle no further, for they that step up with them, when they cannot play their parts, they disorder the play and do themselves no good."

In the Wakefield Tower there is a large octagon room, where Henry VI. is said to have been assassinated. Shakespeare has immortalised this tragic history. That strange old room—dark, grim, mysterious—saw the "aspiring blood of Lancaster sink into the ground." "He who did the deed," an old writer says, "never had quiet in his mind; he never thought himself sure. When he went abroad, his eyes wandered about; his body was privily fenced; his hand was ever on his dagger; his countenance and manner like one always ready to strike again. He took ill rest at nights, and lay long waking and musing. Sore wearied with care and watching, he rather slumbered than slept. Troubled with fearful dreams, sometimes he started up, leaped out of his bed, and ran about the chamber. So was his restless heart continually tossed and tumbled with the tedious impression and stormy remembrance of his bypast life."

The Beauchamp Tower served as a prison for Anne Boleyn, besides many, many others. Not without reason had good old Sir Thomas More said to his daughter Margaret, when she told him that Queen Anne had nothing but dancing and sporting at court—"Alas, Meg! alas, it pitieth me to think into what misery her poor soul will shortly come. These dances of hers will prove such dances that she will spin our heads off like foot-balls; but it will not be long ere her own head will dance the like dance."

Once Mademoiselle de Boleyn was the glory of the court, and the French ambassador notes in his report, "I believe the king to be so infatuated with her, that God alone can stay his madness." There were brave doings when the Lady Anne became the Queen of England. In royal state she set out from the Tower. The broad bosom of the Thames saw her queenly triumph, and not long afterwards saw her disgrace. When the dream of glory was over, and the barge floated under the dark entrance to the old fortress, and Anne felt that the love of the king was clean gone for ever, she fell on the stone steps, and laughed, and wept, and cried in her agony, "Jesus, have mercy on me!" When the trial was over, she sat in a chamber of the old Beauchamp Tower, and sang her own death-dirge in words which are still preserved:—

"O death, rock me asleep,
Bring on my quiet rest;
Let pass my very guiltless ghost
Out of my careful breast;
Ring out the doleful knell,
Let its sound my death tell.
Death doth draw nigh;
There is no remedy,
For now I die."

Yonder, on the Tower-green, the queen expired. She refused to have her eyes bandaged, and their keen glance unnerved the executioner; at length the movement of one of his assistants induced her to turn her eye in that direction, and as she did so the headsman lifted his Calais sword, and struck off her head at a blow!

In the Brick Tower Lady Jane Grey was imprisoned between the period of her trial and her execution. The story is well known. Her hapless fate and that of her husband is one of the most melancholy episodes in English history. "Never was more innocent blood shed; never was purer virtue sacrificed; never was eternal justice more wounded or violated."

In a room of the Bowyer Tower the Duke of Clarence was drowned in a butt of malmsey.

The chapel of St. Peter's on the green is a place of pilgrimage for all lovers of English history. There sleep some of the wisest and the best who ever owned England as their fatherland; and there, too, side by side, rest some of the worst and most degraded. There sleep Anne Boleyn, Catherine Howard, John Fisher, Thomas More, the Countess of Salisbury, the Duke of Somerset, the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Essex, Dudley and Lady Jane Grey.

A room in the White Tower is known as the prison of Sir Walter Raleigh, the high-spirited, daring, adventurous man, who met with so shameless and cruel a return for all his noble services; and there is not a room, or a staircase, or a dungeon, but has its own old story; stories of virtue and purity, and vice and pollution, of glory and shame, of royal splendours, fierce war and faithful love, and deeds that have no name. But who thinks of all these things now? What is the Tower of London but an antiquated show place, where a beef-eater in an absurd and out-of-the-way costume, and carrying a halbert half as tall again as himself, exhibits, for a small gratuity, the arms and armour of other days and the glory of a modern regalia?

THE SACRED DEBT.

SECOND PART.

To effect the object already specified, our four amateurs occupied themselves in preparations for their tour. They selected the finest airs of the opera, and the sweetest melodies of Germany, which they practised with great care, in order to bring their performance to the highest possible perfection. Ernest, the first violin, played with the skill of an artist, and his companions were not much his inferiors.

Before they set out, Ernest wished them to see the little farm which he had discovered. They accompanied him to the Pré Fleuri, and found that their friend had evinced no less taste than good sense in the whole affair.

He who had conceived the project did not share the joyous anticipations of his three companions. Ernest had consulted his mother before making his decision, and acknowledged with her, that the intended scheme, without being offensive either to God or man, was, nevertheless, a miserable expedient—a lamentable necessity.

"Beware, my son," said Catherine, "the life that you are about to lead will expose you to many dangers. Watch over yourself, make your harvest as quickly as possible, and return before the demon has tempted you. A wandering life is a perilous path. What sorrow for your poor mother if she

could have sanctioned what may bring shame and disgrace on her son!"

She gave him much more advice, then with tears embraced Ernest, and gave him her blessing. He could not bear to leave his mother so sorrowfully, and therefore begged his companions to begin their concerts at once. They willingly assented, and at midnight, before their departure from the town, they serenaded the good woman. Catherine, who was asleep, immediately recognised her son's violin; she rose and opened her window, and when the musicians had concluded their first *allegro*, she ran to her little desk, and taking out a small coin, wrapped it in paper, held it to the lamp, and threw it burning to the young minstrels.

"Adieu! my children," said she, "here is the widow's penny—may it bring you a blessing!"

They commenced their campaign some leagues from thence. They went through Saxony, Bohemia, and part of Prussia; and everywhere met with a favourable reception. Their music was not sufficiently noisy to attract immediate attention, but its merit was soon recognised by good judges, and then very one crowded to hear them. In a little time they were noticed by the public journals, and they performed not only in the street, but also in drawing-rooms and casinos. Money was showered upon them, and they hoped soon to be in possession of the two thousand florins, which had been hitherto the height of their ambition.

Their hopes were more than realised, for at the close of a concert which they had given in the casino of a town of Prussia, they found that they had in their purse two thousand one hundred and forty-three florins.

Ernest then said to his companions: "The time for our return has arrived. Let us lay aside the two thousand florins, the surplus will supply our wants on the road."

The others were much displeased to hear him speak of returning. They had acquired a taste for this wandering life, and wished to enjoy it as long as possible. As they had been influenced only by frivolous motives in their desire to satisfy the old man, he was soon forgotten in the applause they received from town to town. It was not to be thought of, said they, until the end of the vacation. There were still fine cities to be seen, still some duets to be earned which they could spend in pleasure.

While they thus disputed, a message arrived from a nobleman, requesting them to perform at a *fête* which he was about to give. Ernest, who had only yielded to necessity in turning his musical talents to account, replied that he would go willingly, provided no remuneration was offered. His companions murmured at this, but finally yielded to what they called his caprice, persuaded that the nobleman would amply recompense them, notwithstanding what Ernest had said; besides, they promised themselves much pleasure at the *fête*, which it was said would be magnificent. Ernest took this opportunity of requesting that the two thousand florins should be committed to his care, that on no pretence whatever would they oblige him to spend a penny of it, and that they would allow him to seal the purse, that it might be delivered unbroken to old Peter.

Thereupon his three companions loudly clamoured, and thought it a most extraordinary thing that he should wish to take possession of the common treasure.

"It is not the common treasure," said he to them; "it belongs neither to you nor to me. I do not wish to take possession of it; I merely ask to have the care of it, until it can be given into the hands of its owner."

"Must I swear that I will not touch it?"

"Do you take me for a thief?"

"No," replied Christopher; "but if you believe us to be honest men, why do you request to be made the sole depository of what belongs to us all. Claim your own share, and no more. This is my advice, and if you all agree with me, we will divide it among us. Let each one speak for himself."

Augustus and Frederic warmly supported this proposal. Ernest was obliged to consent to it; he received a fourth of the whole sum, and could only tremble for the other portions.

The nobleman was surprised at the conditions attached by the young musicians to their promise of performance; his pride would perhaps have been a little offended, but he suspected something of the truth, and repeated his invitation. They appeared at the *fête*, and graced it with their performance. The master of the house, wishing to make them some acknowledgment, towards the close of the entertainment took them aside and presented them each with a ring set with brilliants.

"Are you not contented now?" said Ernest to his friends, when the nobleman had left them. "We could not carry home with us a more beautiful *souvenir* of our journey. I think you will now own that our work is accomplished. Let us return to our studies. Let us gladden our homes, and especially, let us quickly take to the old man what we have collected for him. Every moment of delay is criminal. It was I, dear friends, who persuaded you to the enterprise, and I am anxious to take you back again satisfied with yourselves. I trust I shall not be the occasion of disgrace to you."

They held this little conference in a small ante-chamber, whither they had withdrawn from the company. Ernest, leaning upon the balcony, waited the reply of his friends. Suddenly the sounds of a harp struck his ear; he looked over and saw some one pass under the windows of the mansion.

"It is he!" said Ernest; "see his white hair floating in the wind."

Some wandering tones were again heard, then the sounds were lost in the distance, and the figure disappeared in the shade.

"It is himself!" said Ernest again.

"Very possibly," replied Frederic, coldly; "there is nothing extraordinary in that. It is his profession. I am only surprised that we have not met him before in some of the towns we have visited."

"And should this meeting teach us nothing, my friends? God has sent the old musician to recall us to our duty. Allow me again to entreat you to fulfil it. Let us return home at once, my dear comrades. For myself I am determined. I go, even if I must go alone."

"There are the fireworks," said Augustus; "we do not want you, with your fine morals."

Saying this he drew Christopher and Frederic upon the terrace. Ernest was alone; he looked again into the street, and fancying that he could distinguish the figure of the old man, seized his hat and hurried out.

He ran after him, but either he had entered a house or had taken another road—Ernest could not overtake him; and after having gone over the town and having made inquiries at several inns without obtaining any intelligence of him, he returned to the lodging, where he expected to meet his friends after the *fête*. But he waited for them in vain—they did not return; and the next day he could hear nothing of them.

"Apparently," said Ernest, "they wish to separate from me; they fear my reproaches—my entreaties annoy them. It only remains for me to return and fulfil my promise as well as I can. Alas! I see the poor old man will never have the cottage."

Ernest turned his steps towards the town where his mother resided. Overcome with disappointment at the failure of his scheme when success seemed certain, and anxious for the fate of his companions, he was taken ill, and fell fainting at the door of a large hotel. Judging from his modest attire that he would not be regardless of expense, they carried him into a small upper room, where he remained some days confined to his bed. However, he soon began to recover; and one day feeling much better, and anticipating the happiness of soon again seeing his mother, he took his violin and played some of his sweetest airs, accompanying it with his voice. After a little time he was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, sent to him from a gentleman who was lodging below. At first Ernest imagined that his violin annoyed his neighbour, and was about to lay it aside; but the servant assured him that, on the contrary, had given his master much pleasure.

"He has sent me," he added, "to express his thanks, and to beg that, if not disagreeable to yourself, you would open your casement, that he may hear it more distinctly."

The young amateur could not refuse to comply with so flattering a request. He seated himself near the open window, and played for about half an hour, when the domestic re-appeared, and said that his master begged to be allowed to pay Ernest a visit, or to receive him in his own apartments.

"Is he older than I?" inquired Ernest.

"My master is an old man."

"I will come down," said the student.

The gentleman, who appeared to be a man of rank, received him with kind familiarity, paid him some simple compliments on his talents, inquired after his health, and concluded by inviting him to dinner.

"I know," said he, "that you have been ill, and it will give me pleasure to celebrate your convalescence."

The stranger wrote his name on a slip of paper, and handed it to his guest with a purse of gold.

"His highness—" exclaimed the young man, rising in astonishment.

"Silence, my friend; I am travelling *incognito*. Sit down again, and let us take our coffee."

Ernest tried in vain to recover himself; he was no longer at ease; he bowed low on leaving the room, while his heart bounded with joy. With what care he deposited the precious treasure at the bottom of his pocket, lest some disaster should happen to the sum so happily re-completed.

The next morning, after having taken leave of the generous stranger, he set out again on his journey, and travelled as quickly as possible. On the third day, as he entered a little town, about nine o'clock in the evening, he heard, for the third time, the sounds of the harp, and soon recognised the beggar. He had almost embraced the old man, so overjoyed



ERNEST ACCOSTING THE OWNER OF THE COTTAGE.—DRAWN BY TONY JOHANNOT.

The affability of the old gentleman so won the heart of Ernest, that during dinner he related his adventures to his noble host. He had hoped to amuse him, and he succeeded; but he little suspected the interest he had excited.

"My young friend," said the stranger to him, when he had concluded, "your narrative has delighted and affected me; there is something so extraordinary in the thoughtlessness of your promise, and the wise firmness of your after conduct. Allow me to unite with you in this good work. I fear, with you, that your companions will return lightened of their gold and loaded with regret. Accept from me, then, the sum which is wanting to complete the purchase of the little estate. I make this offer without expecting to be repaid; but should fortune favour you and the obligation become burdensome, here is my name and address. You will not forget them, I hope, for it is my wish that we should be friends."

was he at thus meeting him; but he restrained himself, and determined to gain his friendship before making himself known.

A few children were gathered around the old musician; but the night was fast closing in, and the crescent moon almost touched the horizon. Its rays fell on the youthful form of Ernest as he approached, and said in a kindly tone,

"My father, two instruments will, perhaps, be more successful than one. Will you accept my assistance? I and my violin are at your service."

He had tuned it before the astonished old man was able to reply.

"You were playing the airs from *Don Giovanni*," said Ernest, taking his place beside him. "I know them nearly all. Will you accompany me?"

He immediately commenced, and the old man, almost in

captures, accompanied him with the skill of an experienced musician.

Charmed with each other, they played marvellously, without noticing the crowd which soon collected around them. Windows were thrown open, and the little children kindly gathered up the money which was plentifully scattered about.

"This is what I am little accustomed to," said the poor old man, as he received the offerings, which he wished, yet dared not offer, to share with his young companion.

"You deserve a hundred times more than that, and will have it, I hope," said Ernest. "But where do you lodge, my master? for the night air is injurious to one of your age; and you also appear fatigued."

"I may well be fatigued, my dear sir; for to-day I am seventy years of age. Your violin has celebrated my birthday. I little expected to close it so happily; but God be thanked for it!"

together, Peter related to Ernest what he knew as well as the old man himself. The young man was touched with the confiding simplicity of his companion.

"My master," said he, "do you think these students will keep their word?"

"They will keep it, my friend, I do not doubt, or they would not have promised. Besides, they spoke to an old man, and called God to witness their promise."

"I love your confidence, my father; but if you have not been more on your guard against fine words during your life, I do not much wonder that in your old age you are compelled to beg for bread."

"I have indeed been many times deceived, but I must acknowledge that I have more frequently deceived myself. True, it was chiefly in assisting my unfortunate fellow-beings that I lavished away what Heaven bestowed upon me. But even generosity requires to be exercised with prudence, or we



THE PURCHASE OF THE COTTAGE COMPLETED.—DRAWN BY TONY JOHANNOT.

They supped together at a neighbouring inn. On the morrow, Ernest said, "Where are you going now, my father?" Peter named the town to which Ernest himself was returning.

"I must be there in three days," added the old musician; "for I have reason to believe I am expected there."

"It is my own road," said the young man; "shall we walk together? I may, perhaps, be able to render you a little assistance."

"I willingly accept your kind offer, my friend; but when arrived at the town, I hope to have no further need of assistance."

"How is that?" said Ernest.

"Let us commence our journey, and I will tell you on the road."

They settled with their host, and set out. As they walked

deprive ourselves of the means of more extensive usefulness, and conclude by becoming ourselves burdensome to others."

The old man then began to relate the history of his life. The son of a musician, Peter had been successively organist and chapel-master in several places; but the love of change prevented him from remaining long in any of them, and forgetting his first friends, he forgot himself. "Nevertheless," said the old man exultingly, "I owe to that love of change one of the pleasantest recollections of my life."

"I had left my situation, and was on my journey to a neighbouring prince, who had offered me employ. I passed through a village of Saxony, and night coming on, I sought shelter at a little cottage, where, although a kindly welcome was given, I soon saw that the family were in trouble. During supper, the father related to me the cause of it. He was the schoolmaster of the village, and, until now, his

services had given satisfaction. But a church had just been built, and in it they had placed an organ, which was the pride of the parish. From motives of economy, it was determined that the schoolmaster should undertake the duties of organist. Judge of the good man's consternation; he was not a musician, and therefore he and his family were perhaps about to be reduced to poverty. I pitied him, and said, 'You must let me see this organ.' 'Are you a musician?' said he. 'Music is my profession.' 'You are happy indeed.' 'I shall be, if I can render you any assistance. What if I give you lessons, my friend, as a return for the hospitality of this evening?' 'Ah, sir, this evening?—my whole life I shall be indebted to you.' I made him sing, and found that he had a good idea of music, and he was still young. 'In six months,' I said, 'you shall be able to discharge the duties of your situation; meanwhile the good people will, I trust, accept of my services.'

"This, my young friend, I faithfully accomplished. True, Peter lost thereby the situation offered him by the prince; but we cannot do everything at once."

"Peter!" cried Ernest, seizing his arm. "It cannot be that you are Peter Schlich?"

"I am, indeed, my son."

"And what you have related took place—?"

"At Schlossheim."

"Just so! In 1806 or 1807?"

"Wait, my friend. Yes, in 1806 and 1807."

"It was, then, my father to whom you rendered this service! It was his family that you saved from indigence!"

"Is it possible, my son? And are you little William Spach?"

"My brother is dead."

"And your sister, the pretty little Gretchen?"

"God has also taken her to himself. My mother is a widow, and I am now her only child."

The old man with tears said: "Then you are little Ernest, and my godson, although you do not bear my name. I feared lest it should bring upon you misfortunes like my own."

The old and young man tenderly embraced each other, and Ernest was just about to reveal his secret; but he promised himself so much pleasure in the surprise, that he would not enjoy it alone.

"My mother shall share my happiness," said he to himself.

As they continued their journey, the old man related to his godson, how from year to year he had seen his resources diminish and his hopes of fortune vanish. "And here I am," he concluded, "at seventy years of age singing in the streets—an artist can descend no lower. One consolation remains to me; that, having no family, I have wronged myself alone."

"And have done much good in the world; my father, wait awhile—all will not be ungrateful."

Delighted with the affectionate interest of the young man, the musician inquired of his affairs, and finding from Ernest's replies that he and his mother were in straitened circumstances, he said to himself: "Yes, wait awhile! if these students keep their promise, I will not enjoy my cottage alone." They now approached the town, and the road passing by the little farm, Ernest conceived the idea of taking Peter in under some pretence.

"I have," said the young man, "some business to conclude with the master of this house."

The old man accompanied him without asking any explanation. He was fatigued and glad of a rest, and it would suffice for his mysterious engagement if he arrived at the town that evening. He, therefore, only asked his godson, if he were likely to be engaged long enough to allow him meanwhile to take a nap on a heap of straw which was lying in a corner. Ernest, who was glad to be at liberty to make the arrangements he desired, assured the old man that there would be ample time for him to repose. Peter then lay down on the straw, a bed to which he was quite accustomed, though he could not always command a heap so fresh and clean.

Upon his entrance into the domain, Ernest had glanced anxiously round; and what was his joy to find that it was

still for sale! He found the owner sitting upon the bench before, looking as if he had not moved from it, while the young man had been compelled to make so many movements to attain his end.

"Your farm is still for sale," said he, after a familiar salutation.

"Yes, my friend; I have had inquirers, it is true, but none of them have concluded, and I am free to give you the preference."

"And the price?"

"The price has changed no more than the house and grounds. You see they have not been neglected."

"Will you leave the furniture and the implements?"

"It was not my intention to do so."

"Well, sir, if you will yield this point, I know a purchaser who will pay you down."

The farmer reflected a few moments.

"A purchaser?" said he.

"Yes, sir; and if you consent, it can all be settled in an hour."

"Agreed, then," said the farmer, taking his hand.

"I will go to the town," said Ernest, "and engage a notary. I wish also that my mother should witness the deed of transfer. If this man should awake during my absence, tell him nothing. Merely say that I shall return in an hour, and requested him to wait for me."

Ernest hurried to embrace his mother, and took her with him to the notary, relating to her his adventures by the way. The notary immediately followed them, and they found Schlich still sleeping when they arrived.

"Do not wake him yet," said Ernest; "we can proceed without him."

The notary had soon drawn up the contract; and when he was about to insert the name of the purchaser, the young man said, "Write Peter Schlich!"

Peter awoke just at the moment when his presence was needed for the acceptance. Rubbing his eyes, and perceiving that it was growing dark, he jumped up. "Ernest!" he cried, "it is getting late; I must go where I am expected.—Ernest, where are you?"

Ernest came out, and taking Schlich by the hand,

"Come in, my father," said he, "we want you here."

"And the meeting?"

"You will have time enough for that. Pray come in, and hear something read in which you are interested."

"Something read?"

"The thing will explain itself."

Ernest seated him in a corner, without introducing him to his mother. The old man did not recognise her. The notary read over the contract.

"What do you say?" exclaimed Peter, when he heard his own name; "Ernest, are you mocking me? How am I to pay for what you have purchased for me?"

"My father; have you not four debtors in the town? They are punctual; they have charged me to pay your account." Saying this, Ernest threw his purse upon the table.

"There," said he, "is the price of the cottage and the orchard. Is poor Peter contented?"

"I am indeed!" cried the old man; and it was thyself, my son; it was thyself who made me the promise!"

"And here stands one who commanded me to keep it. My mother!"

"Ah, sir!" said Catherine, "my son did not need to know that you were our benefactor, in order to induce him to keep a promise made to an old man in the name of God. I endeavoured to strengthen him in his good resolution. All the rest is his own work."

"I accept the temporary use of it," replied Schlich, pressing Catherine's hand, "provided you do not leave me here alone. This house is large enough for three, and it is near the town. Ernest can reside here without interruption to his studies. At my death you will become the owners of it. On these conditions the affair is settled."

Ernest would not raise objections nor think of the future;

the present was just now sufficient for his happiness. He had paid a debt doubly sacred. He had wholly redeemed his promise, and the honour of his companions was saved. Alas! they had great need of his generous extenuation. They returned a little time afterwards with empty hands. One had lost all his money by gaming, another in frivolous expenses, and the third had associated with a knavish musician, who had robbed him. Ernest wished to conceal their faults; but they could not consent to receive the thanks of the old man which they did not deserve.

"We have been guilty," said Christopher, "of as much frivolity in the affair as our comrade has shown of prudence and honour. We have no share in this, except that Heaven permitted our fault to be the means of your discovering your

godson some days earlier than you would otherwise have done. For his sake forgive us, and even allow us to ask for a small share of your regard."

Poor Peter Schlich pressed the hands of the three young men. They subsequently visited him occasionally, and spent the evening in the enjoyment of music, and partaking of the fruit that the orchard produced. The prince was delighted to hear that his young guest had found in the old musician a friend of his father, and would not allow them to speak of repayment. As for Peter Schlich, he would not have changed situations with his highness. After so many reverses, the old artist at length enjoyed repose; his last days were his best days. At his death, *Pré Fleuri* passed into the possession of Ernest and his mother.

AMERICAN SCENERY—SAVAGE AND CLASSIC.

In the contemplation of American scenery, we may, with advantage, turn aside from the consideration of its distinctive objects and features, to meditate upon the condition of its scenes, as affected or unaffected by the encroaching steps of man. We may regard them as savage, or classic, and examine their efforts separately in the formation of character. In doing this, we may pass the barrier of eternal frost and barrenness, or retrace the steps of civilisation till we cross its bounds. History and art, happily for us, have been faithful to their trust, and have done much to preserve the natural features of our country. It is to be hoped that art will do more, and receive and transmit fresh impressions of the West to posterity, before the hand of culture shall have changed the native face of things.

The savage scenes of our country are varied and vast. Neither in the valley, nor on the mountain sides, nor yet on the prairie, has the toil of busy and all-subduing man broken up the solitude of wild nature. Savage scenes abound. When we speak of such scenes, we use the word "savage" in its natural sense—the unshorn earth. In doing so, however, we do not wish to be understood as saying, that by savage scenes we mean wild and terrible ones—such as would please the dark pencil of Rembrandt. They may be beautiful—spots where "the culprit fay" might find a seducing loveliness. They are the uncultivated places of the land—the untamed wastes of the earth.

Savage scenes, as thus defined, are rich and varied within our national domain. There is scarcely a river-head that does not know them. They line the banks of our rivers, they cluster along the margin of our lakes, and as noble studies, allure our artists to the mountain-side. They have a noble mission, and like the solitary audience-chamber of prayer, are admirably fitted to cherish the sense of God in the heart, impress us with the mystery of being, and withdraw man from inordinate devotion to business and art. A gallery of them would do much to give grandeur to our character—it would be a noble benefaction to the people.

The transition of savage scenery to classic, is, in our country, a pleasing object of study. It is gradual, and is made through the walks and hunting-grounds of the Indians. We cannot look upon them as an element of the classic. They are not our antecedents. Neither do they belong to the savage. They are elevated above such scenes by human associations.

Indian scenes, as thus viewed, present some striking points of interest. They are peculiar, and belong to a transplanted Asiatic civilisation. The historic traditions that invest them, the wars that give them a bloody character, and the singular and strong sympathy that subsists between the Indian character and the primeval forests, furnish studies of no common interest for the statesman, artist, and educator. The Indian and the wilderness deserve a higher place in our literature. The primeval homes of the red-man, rich in the traditions of his simple and daring life, are instructive subjects for freer pencils and pens than those that have yet touched them.

Thus, we are introduced to the classic scenes of our country

—scenes in which we are by no means poor, although we are a young people. Links of startling associations connect the cradle-homes of the States with savage and Indian spots, hallowed by endurance, stern faith, and the indomitable Saxon will, and the national birth with a patriotism and heroism almost free from the stains of wrong and unnecessary outrage that have marked the convulsions of the Old World.

When we speak of classic scenes in this connexion, we mean something more than a cultivated valley, or a garden reared on the hill-side. Culture alone does not make a scene classic. The savage scenery on the Willamette would not be changed, so as to assume this new character, by the addition of a hut, or even a mansion, adorned with all the appendages of comfort. A classic scene is one that has been raised above rude nature, and the walks of ordinary men, by noble deeds or associations—the deeds or associations of representative men, or those dear to fame. Such scenes have an instructive significance, and do much to form the character of a people. Plymouth Rock is a tower of strength, and to it the descendants of our pilgrim fathers will turn, as the Jews turned to Moriah. The birthplace and family residence and grave of Washington have a classic interest for us, which Stratford-upon-Avon never can have for England, nor Abbotsford for Scotland.

The classic scenes of our country, like all its other features, are distinctive. They are fresh, and gather about them, not the memories of extinct or crumbling institutions, but the associations of the first noble deeds of a free and hopeful people. Few traditions overshadow them in a cold and gloomy atmosphere of wrong and outrage. Few deeds of cruelty people them with the dread spectres of blood and superstition. Wyoming, and the fancies of witchcraft, and the trails of Indian warfare, are little more than the incidents that waited on our national birth. They are ennobled by deeds of heroism and the lives of true and honest patriots; by free and promising institutions, and by the recorded and living elements of a civilisation, in which individual man has gained his long-sought position, and is the central interest of the state. Humanity takes to itself institutions as things made for it, and goes forth in "freedom, loosened from the world," to render classic the scenes of its encampments.

At this point the principle with which we opened our remarks, and which pervades their several parts and illustrations, returns upon us. There is a formative power in the physical scenery of a country that impresses itself upon the hearts of the people, and imparts its distinctive features to their character.

This, we feel, is the point of greatest importance to the statesman and educator, and, if we mistake not, the point which the artist, in self-forgetfulness, should render in all his lessons. For what are lakes and hills and forests, or their varied disposition in the wilds of nature, or on the canvas, unless they have a meaning for us—unless they represent to us the character of beauty and grandeur and power and happy relations impressed by God on our country and affected by our climate?

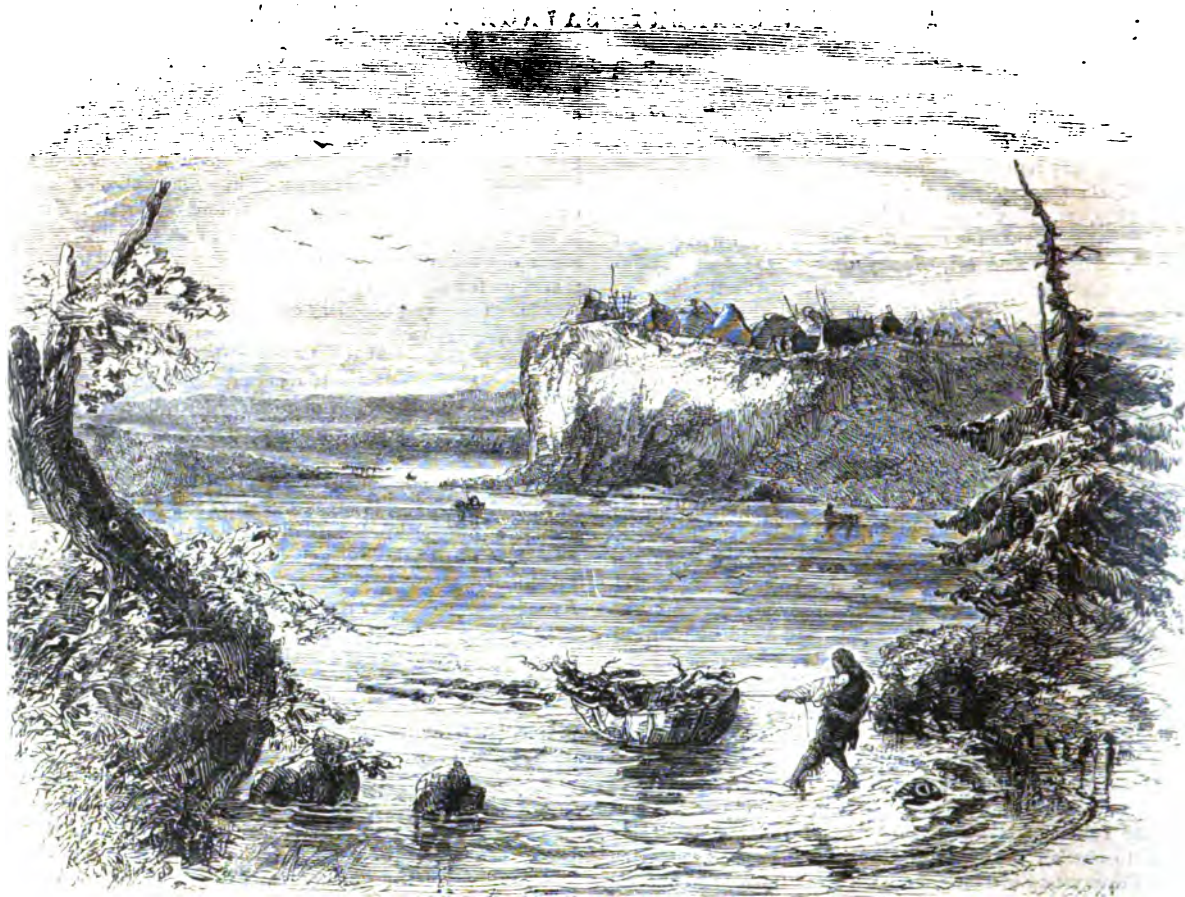
But how is the principle to be defined, and its application studied? We confess there are difficulties here. We have no historic antecedents to which we can look. The notions of the Old World grew up from barbarism, in the scenes which witnessed their subsequent civilisation. They grew up, too, in the gloom of spectral and crushing traditions, more hurtful to their minds than the malaria of untilled marshes to their bodies. They grew up in passive subjection to the forces of nature, and, in the early stages of their existence, peopled the woods and mountains with terrors that have ever haunted them like passions. We, on the other hand, entered upon our inheritance as a civilised people, armed from our cradle with scientific power to subject the forces of nature. We have grown up in free mastery over mountain and stream. The frame saw-mill is reared on the upland plateau, and beside the mountain torrent prepares timbers for the thunder-

national and individual character. Definite and discriminated scenes are to be brought to view.

We propose, as favourable opportunities may present themselves, to preserve, at least, the memories and associations of our scenery as it has been, and enable subsequent generations to see the written and pictured shadows of the scenes in which our national character was formed. The childhood of a nation, like the childhood of an individual, originates its distinctive features. Perhaps we shall do more than this. The transient heart of a people may be recalled from the engrossing cares of business and the sensuous shows of humbled and debased art, to their first love for the rivers and lakes and mountains of their native land, so much and so long forgotten.

"O my native land,

How should'st thou prove aught else but dear and holy



A MANDAN VILLAGE. AN INDIAN SCENE ON THE UPPER MISSOURI.

ing car. As a natural consequence of this state of things, and the relation of our national character to our national inheritance, when we entered upon it, we are a people unusually free with nature. The rich, bold, varied, fertile, vast, and picturesque scenery of the country is transferred at once to the mind and heart, and is used with a restlessness and inventive activity in building up a character strikingly distinguished by free, daring, individual action. The man and the resources of the man are about to be developed on a scale that will unite the distinctive features of Europe and Asia, and perfect them by the restoration of unity to the human race.

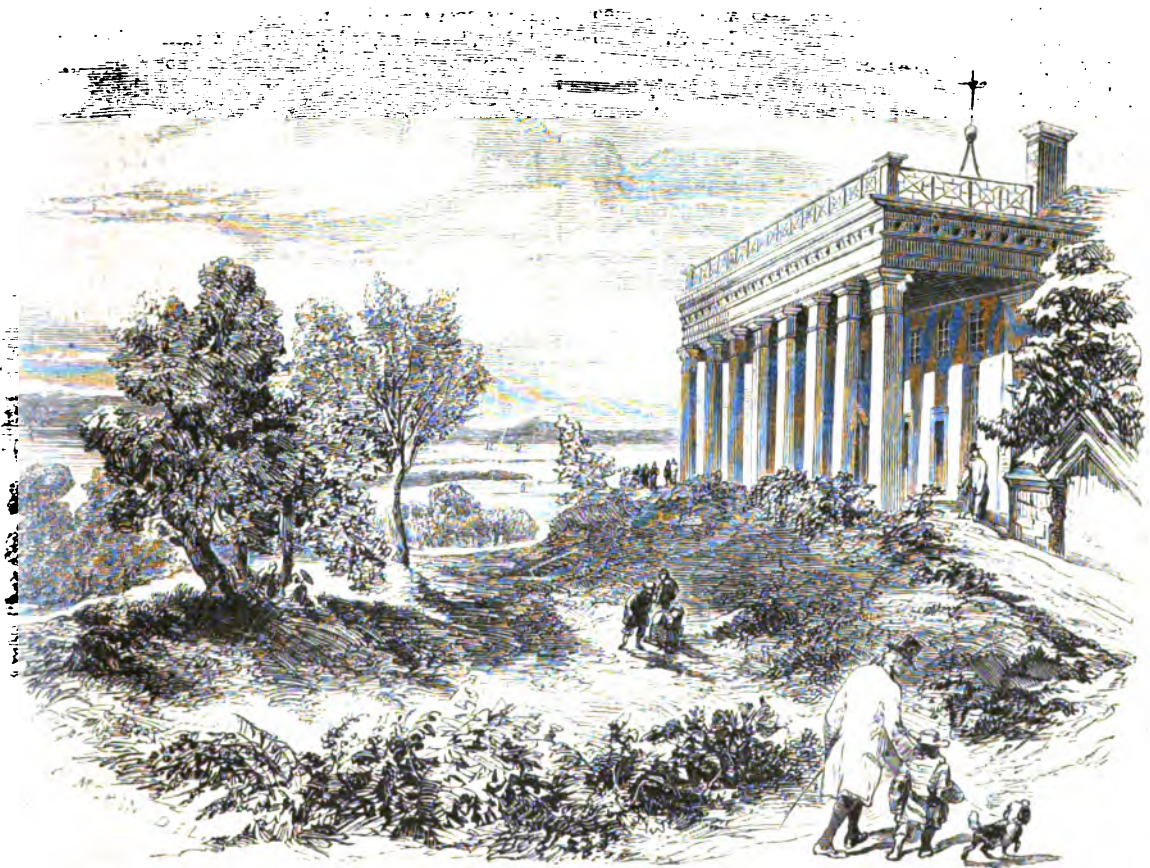
This train of thought, which we now draw to a close, we do not wish to be regarded as a descriptive survey of our scenery, or a critical comment upon its beauties and grandeurs. It is no more than an indication of these things—an introductory lesson on the influence of physical scenery in the formation of

To me, who, from thy lakes and mountain hills,
Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and seas,
Have drunk in all my intellectual life,
All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,
All adoration of the God in nature,
All lovely and all honourable things,
Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel
The joy and greatness of its future being?
There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul
Unborrowed from my country."

These truthful sentiments of Coleridge cannot be read without emotion. The leaves of memory rustle to the touch of early loves, and, before we are scarcely conscious of it, we are again on the banks of the Hudson, or look over Champlain on the noble form of the Adirondack—objects and scenes are recalled, and put us in remembrance of where we live.



ICE RAPIDS OF THE NIAGARA, ABOVE THE FALLS. A SAVAGE SCENE.



WASHINGTON HOUSE, MOUNT VERNON. A CLASSIC SCENE.

MARRO, THE HINDOO GROOM.

It has been justly observed, by more than one recent writer on India, that the Europeans do not treat the natives of that country with anything like the kindness and benevolence which should characterise the conduct of men leaving a highly civilised community to live amongst a semi-refined, but extremely observant and imitative people. Much as the religion of the Hindoos leads them to put their faith in caste, and to neglect or ignore all higher feelings and aspirations than those presented to them or exhibited in the lives of the "sacred" Brahmins, yet they keenly mark the actions, and listen to the words, of the *Sahobkars*, as they call the Europeans, and this with a view to imitate the one and reproduce the other as soon as possible.

Lieutenant Crawley had left England at an early age to enter the military service of the Hon. East India Company, and, as good fate would have it, he was posted to the Bengal presidency. Calcutta being the head-quarters of government and of Indian fashionable existence, is naturally regarded with more favour by the incipient soldier than Madras and Bombay. Arrived at Calcutta, Ensign Crawley, with a company of other youths of the same rank, was handed over to the tender mercies of an aged major, who took care of the boys on landing, prevented them, when he could, from falling into the hands of sharpers, and in due time posted them, like letters, for the particular station in the Upper Provinces to which they might be ordered.

Crawley soon obtained a second lieutenancy in the 123rd regiment of Bengal Native Infantry, then stationed at Dinapore, a considerable distance from Calcutta up the Ganges, and in due time was delivered there by the steamer—the cranky old major having himself seen him off. The young officer had escaped from Calcutta with as little loss of reputation and money as could have been expected. It was discovered, indeed, that he knew nothing of riding, and this reputation of his preceded him of course to his regiment; and, secondly, he had only become indebted to an old Hindoo merchant for about twelve thousand rupees (£1,200). As to his unsavoury reputation, he hoped soon to remove it by zealous devotion to horse exercise, until he thoroughly mastered its difficulties and dangers; and as to the second, he knew that many other young men were far worse off than he, and that, by paying forty rupees a month, he would be able to keep down the interest, whilst he hoped soon to be able to pay off the principal by the remittances from the "governor," for which he had earnestly written, strongly urging upon his venerable parent that the cost of his uniform was far greater than either of them had anticipated, and that travelling expenses in India were unconscionable.

Arrived in Dinapore, Crawley began, of course, like all second lieutenants, by purchasing a horse—all the officers rode, and he must ride too. A horse necessitated a groom, and for a groom Crawley hired a big mountaineer, who happened then to be in Dinapore in want of service, and who had previously served the deputy-governor of Bengal.

One day he had been out at dinner, and returned somewhat earlier than usual, vexed and annoyed at the jokes which had been passed upon him. When he arrived, therefore, at the stables, it was in no pleasant mood, and, as Marro did not happen to be there at the exact moment when he was wanted, the young officer was still more vexed at having to call for him two or three times. At length Marro came running to the spot; he had not expected his master home so soon, and was standing in the immediate neighbourhood chatting with a friend or two who had come into the cantonments to see him, when Crawley rode up. A few trees had prevented the swarthy groom from seeing his master, but he recognised the well-known voice at once, and sprang forwards to seize the bridle.

"Why weren't you here, sir," asked Crawley sternly, "when I rode up?"

"Master come home plenty soon to-day," urged Marro meekly. "I not see master come in."

"Well, sir, another time look sharper," said Crawley, who now stood on the ground, having dismounted, "and, perhaps, will make you remember to do so." So saying, he brought his riding-whip down upon the bare shoulders of the groom three or four times with all his might.

"Master not hit me," said Marro, standing erect, his form swelling with indignation, whilst the blood marked deeply in his cheeks.

"What, sir, are you going to be insolent?" asked Crawley, coming up again. "Take that, and that, and that." And, saying, he brought his whip again and again into contact with the quivering flesh of the tall Hindoo.

Marro, however, offered no opposition; the first flush of resistance and opposition over, he stood motionless and silent, not the less determined, however, to be revenged. His friend witnessed the assault from the parade-ground, and the colonel of Crawley's regiment—a humane man, bent on putting an end to such scenes—saw the whole transaction from his window above.

The colonel sent for Marro next morning. "Go before the magistrate, my man," said he to the groom, "and state your case. Don't be afraid. I'll get you another place, and I'll be a witness."

This was precisely what Marro had intended to do. He went to the magistrates; Crawley was duly summoned, the witnesses attended, and the young officer was fined fifty rupees (£5) for the assault. He returned to his quarters, vowing vengeance against all Hindoos in general, and against Marro in particular. He determined that a notable example should be made of the doomed Marro—an example all the more striking and impressive from his size and strength.

The opportunity for this notable example was at length found. Marro was working in the stable; the other servants were out of the way. Crawley resolved forthwith to have his revenge, whilst two of his comrades were to assist by keeping everybody out of the way, and leaving the coast clear for their friend. Whip in hand, Crawley advanced into the stable, and shut the door behind him.

"Now," said he, advancing in a threatening attitude to Marro, "now you scoundrel, there are no witnesses, and I'll take the worth of my fifty rupees." He shook the riding-whip ominously as he spoke, bringing it now and then into contact with his boot.

Marro joined his hands before him, after the manner of his class, and bent his body in a deprecating way to the wrathful Crawley. "Master, forgive all," urged Marro. "Master not hit his slave now?"

"Yes, I forgave all till I had an opportunity to revenge—no longer," said Crawley, bringing his horsewhip down upon the bare shoulders of the big groom. "But now," he continued, "I have taken care you shall have no witnesses; and I'll pay you off, thoroughly."

Blow after blow descended upon the naked shoulders of the muscular Hindoo; but there is a limit to human endurance, and even a Hindoo will sometimes rebel. Without saying a word more, Marro sprang upon his assailant suddenly, and, seizing the horsewhip, speedily disarmed his master; for there was no comparison between the physical force of the two combatants.

It was now Marro's turn. Holding Crawley with one hand, he brought down the other, with the horsewhip in it, vigorously upon the shoulders and legs of the tyrant-master. An Englishman, however, even of Crawley's stamp, will not quietly suffer himself to be flogged by any Hindoo, big or little. There was a struggle, and Crawley fell beneath Marro, who, holding his master down, plied the whip more vigorously than ever, making it resound as he brought it rapidly and repeatedly into contact with the body of his prostrate foe.

Crawley had learnt a lesson that he did not soon forget, and, for a long time, he took heed not to use his horsewhip for any other than its legitimate purpose. As for Marro, he was never heard of again at Dinapore. Thinking he had committed a grievous crime, he fled to Benares, and there, under an assumed name, lived happily and prosperously.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

is a treat for the Dutch to go into Nagasaki, though they are always so encumbered with police and guards as to be able to see scarcely anything. And yet it is a change, and they are gladly embraced by men so secluded and solitary. They wander through the town, they banquet in the temple, and visit the tea-houses. They, at all events by these journeys, enable us to indulge our curiosity relative to the town.

Nagasaki is on a hill side, regularly built, with pleasing gardens to all the houses, which are low, with one story and a half. The height of the houses is determined by law, and they are constructed of wood and mud, with chopped straw. This is as a coat of hard cement over it. The windows have paper or the place of glass, with wooden shutters. There are also Venetian blinds. A portico stands out in the front of large houses, where umbrellas, shoes, and even palanquins are deposited, as mud boots are left in Constantinople. The back of the house projects in a triangular form into the garden, to ensure light and air. The view into these long gardens is pleasing, and even curious, from the effort in such a small space to make rocks, mountains, waterfalls, trees, etc., with a little family chapel.

A kind of hut contains all the valuables not in immediate use, the stock of a tradesman, his books, pictures, etc. These warehouses are built in the same way as the houses are, but are coated with clay, and have copper shutters, while a large kettle full of mud is ready to coat the sides with, in case of accident. Fires are very common, and in several fearful conflagrations these store-rooms escaped entirely without injury.

Beyond the town the scenery is beautiful, hill and dale, sea and land, lending their several charms. The people appear thoroughly to appreciate this, as may be seen from their selecting the most beautiful sites for their temples. As the Turks revel often in cemeteries, so do the Japanese in certain halls of their temples, where banqueting goes on to an extent which is sometimes very disgraceful.

There are, however, tea-houses, which are licensed for drinking and music, and are the scenes of orgies even more disgraceful than those which take place in the temple gardens. Here it is that the learned Japanese Aspasias hold their courts. In Nagasaki, a town of 750 inhabitants, there are 750 tea-houses.

Religious ceremonies sometimes diversify the scene. That on the festival of the god Sawa, the patron of the town, is the most curious. It lasts several days. His temple is adorned with flags; the people are in their holiday clothes; the altar is gorgeous. A procession is a very noisy affair, but at the same time absurd; and the whole thing is, like the civilisation of the country, in striking contrast with Christianity, and it may here be remarked, that there is really no civilisation extant now, except in Christian countries. A hunting procession is something equally ludicrous and novel.

A volcanic eruption occasionally diversifies the monotony of life led by the factors. These and the earthquakes explain the character of the houses. Siebold gives the following description of a scene of terror and desolation:—At five o'clock on the afternoon of the 18th of the first month, the summit of the Wunzen suddenly sank, and smoke and vapour burst forth. On the 6th of the following month, an eruption occurred in the Brivonokubi mountain, situate on its eastern declivity, not far from the summit. On the 2nd of the third month, a violent earthquake, felt all over Kiusiu, so shook Simabara, that no one could keep his feet. Terror and confusion reigned. Shock followed shock, and the volcano incessantly vomited stones, ashes, and lava, that desolated the country for miles around. At noon on the 1st of the fourth month, another earthquake occurred, followed by reiterated shocks, more and more violent. Houses were overthrown, and enormous masses of rock, rolling down from the mountain, crushed whatever lay in their way. When all seemed quiet and the

danger was believed to be over, sounds like the roar of artillery were heard in the air and underground, followed by a sudden eruption of the Myokenyama, on the northern slope of the Wunzendake. A large part of this mountain was thrown up into the air; immense masses of rock fell into the sea; and boiling water, bursting through the crevices of the exploded mountain, poured down, overflowing the low shore. The meeting of the two waters produced a phenomenon that increased the general terror. The whirling eddies formed waterspouts, that annihilated all they passed over. The devastation wrought in the peninsula of Simabara and the opposite coast of Figo, by these united earthquakes and eruptions of the Wunzendake, with its collateral craters, is said to be indescribable. In the town of Simabara every building was thrown down except the castle, the cyclopean walls of which, formed of colossal blocks of stone, defied the general destruction. The coast of Figo was so altered by the ravages, as to be no longer recognisable. Fifty-three thousand human beings are said to have perished."

The journey to Yedo to visit the *siogoon*, or military chief of the empire, is a duty similar in character to that of the pilgrimage to Mecca. It was allowed to the president of the factory by Gongen-Sama, the usurper, as were many other privileges, which the Dutch lost by asking for them to be renewed. They were not aware that to ask the son's consent to a renewal was an insult, as a thing given once was given permanently.

The journey is the more tedious, that beds, provisions, etc., have all to be taken, while the retinue of the Dutchman is at least two hundred. He travels in a palanquin of the first class, and is in fact treated in all things like a native prince. It takes seven days to cross Kiusiu; then comes a short sea voyage, sometimes twice as long as the first part, the travellers always putting up at an island for the night. The whole time from Desima to Yedo is seven weeks, which gives a very quiet idea of Japanese travelling. The roads are in good condition, the accommodation on the journey ample, while there are some sights well worthy of being seen.

Siebold appears in the first instance to have been struck by a Buddhist temple of the Ikko-sen sect, at Yagami, where the party dined the day they left Nagasaki. "It presented," we are told, "a rare instance of a Buddhist temple, that may be called exempt from idols, containing only a single image, designed to represent the one only god, Amida. The bonzes of this sect are the only Buddhist priests in Japan allowed to marry and to eat meat." Their faith, Siebold considers to be pure monotheism.

Another curiosity is a camphor-tree, spoken of by Kaempfer, in the year 1691. It was then celebrated for its size, hollow from age, and supposed to measure six fathoms in circumference, though from its standing on a hill it was not then actually measured. It was visited by Siebold in 1826. He found it still healthy and rich in foliage, though 136 years older. He and his pupils measured it, and he gives fifty feet as its circumference, adding, that fifteen men can stand in its inside.

A coal mine was one of the most curious of all the objects seen. It was admirably worked and very productive; so that, when opened to commerce, this country will have the means of supporting steam navigation. A river full of gold-dust, and a mountain covered by snow having been passed, the route became more varied. Soon after leaving Foesi, the Dutch deputation begins the toilsome ascent of another mountain or ridge, which must be crossed. It is called Fakone, and is said likewise to offer splendid views of mingled fertility and savage nature. At a spot presenting the most admired of these, an establishment is prepared for the reception of travelling grandees, where tea, confectionary, and other dainties are served up by beautiful damsels. Upon this mountain a second guard is stationed, for the prevention of unlawful ingress and

egress into and out of Yedo; and a curious anecdote is told of a trick put upon this Fakone guard, and of the combined artifice and violence by which the extensively fearful consequences of that trick were obviated.

"An inhabitant of Yedo, named Fiyosayemon, a widower with two children, a girl and a boy, was called to a distance by business. He was poor; he knew not how to provide for his children during his absence, and resolved to take both with him. Accordingly, he dressed his daughter in boy's clothes, and thus passed the Fakone guard unsuspected. He was rejoicing in his success, when a man, who knew what children he had, joined him, congratulated him on his good luck,

announced the discovery made, and the imminent danger offered the boy as a temporary substitute for the disguised girl, and told the father that when the falsehood of the story should have been proved by both the children appearing to be boys, he might very fairly fly into such a rage as to kill the accuser. The kind offer was, of course, gratefully accepted. The wilfully dilatory guard arrived, surrounded the house, seized upon Fiyosayemon and the children, and gladly pronounced that both the latter were boys. The informer, who well knew Fiyosayemon's family; declared that some imposture had been practised, which the accused indignantly resented, drew his sword and struck off the informer's head. The



THE ROAD TO YEDO, JAPAN.

and asked for something to drink. The alarmed father offered a trifle; the man demanded a sum beyond his means; a quarrel ensued, and the angry informer ran back to the guard to make known the error that had been committed. The whole guard was thunderstruck. If the informer spoke truth, and the fact were detected, all their lives were forfeited; yet to send a party to apprehend the offenders, and thus actually betray themselves, was now unavoidable. The commanding officer, however, saw his remedy. He delayed the detachment of reluctant pursuers sufficiently to allow a messenger with a little boy to outstrip them. The messenger found Fiyosayemon and his children refreshing themselves at an inn; he an-

delighted guard exclaimed, that such a liar had only met his desert, and returned to their post; while the father, receiving back his daughter instead of the substituted boy, went his way rejoicing."*

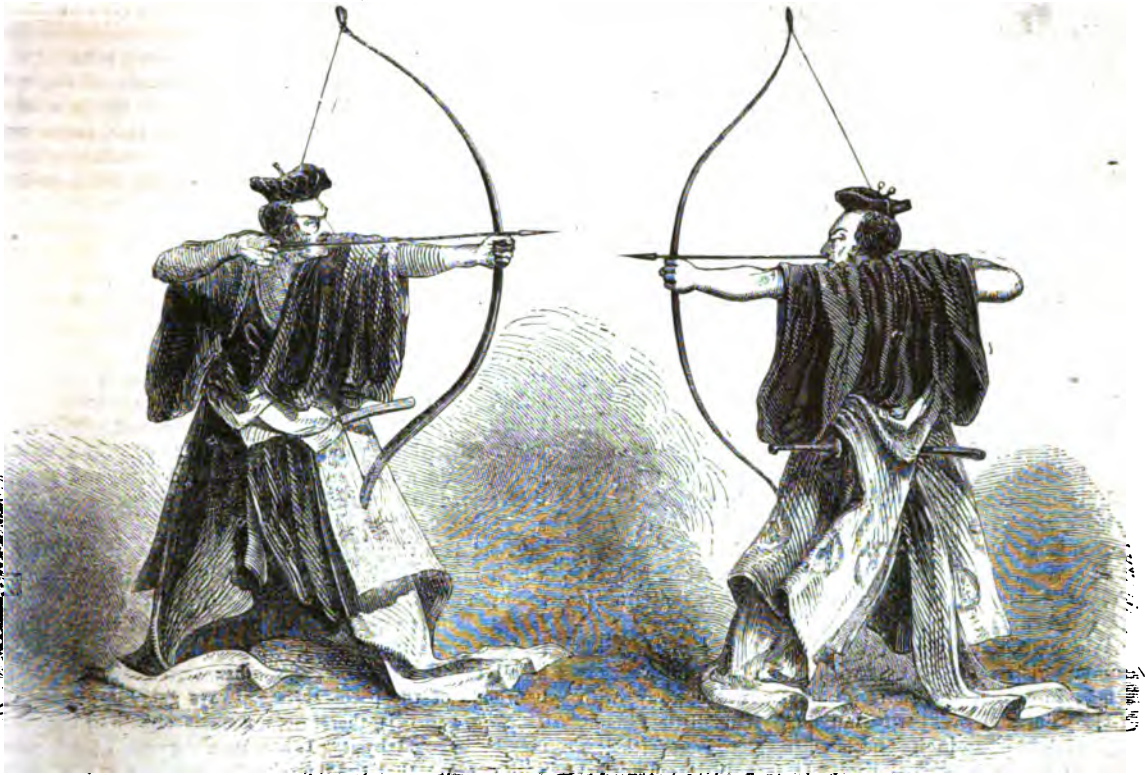
The approach to Yedo is represented in our engraving above. We have also given some representations of archery as practised in Japan on the opposite page.

The town of Yedo is paved with stone, with regular-built houses, shops, vast crowds, touters at the doors crying out the goods, and very much reminding one of London in its

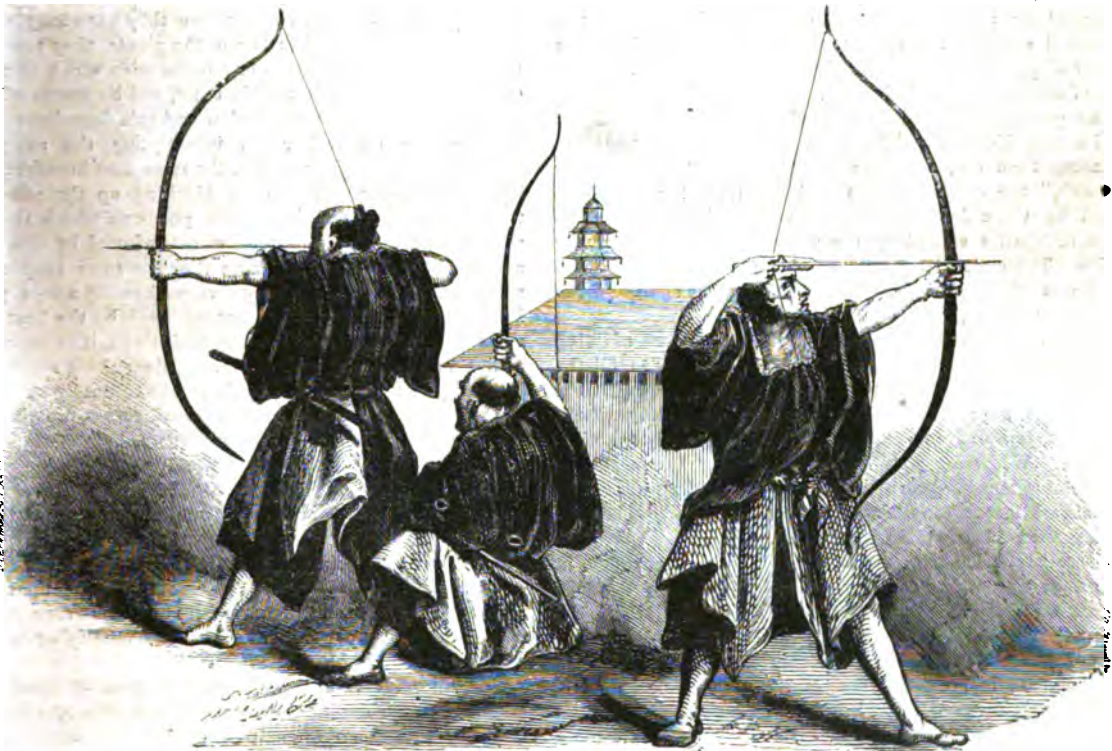
* Titsingh's "Japanese Annals."

ity and bustle. It is an immense place, with, some say, 1,000,000, others 800,000 of inhabitants. The imperial palace

servants of all kinds, and is surrounded by a ditch. No one can give much account of the town, because of the strict



JAPANESE ARCHERS.



JAPANESE ARCHERS.

takes three hours to walk round it. It is a vast town in a town, with harems, houses for functionaries and

seclusion in which all travellers are kept. The visit to the ziooon appears to be a very tedious ceremony.

THE FUNGUS TRIBE.

CHAPTER IV.

DR. BADHAM, the author from whom we have so frequently quoted, says:—"For the single mushroom that we eat, how many hundreds there be that retaliate and prey upon us in return. To enumerate but a few, and those of the microscopic kinds: the *Mucor mucedo*, that spawns upon our dried preserves; the *Ascochyta muredo*, that makes our bread mouldy; the *Uredo segetum*, that burns Ceres out of her own corn-fields; the *Uredo rubigo*, whose rust is still more destructive; and the *Puccinia graminis*, whose voracity sets corn-laws and farmers at defiance, are all funguses." The main body of these fungi which make war on man are microscopic; yet so strong and indefeasible are they in their multitudes and their pertinacity, that man has in most instances no power to withstand their forces. Their very minuteness is in their favour, for who can stand against an invisible, noiseless, and scentless foe, whose very presence he has no means of detecting until he has fairly taken possession of his property at every assailable point? To the list given above, we must add many more. There is the Ergot (*Spermatia clavus*), a species which infests grasses and corn. When developed in the latter, it produces the most dreadful disease in those who unfortunately partake of the infected grain. It is chiefly found in rye, but happily not very frequently met with in this country. Berkley says: "It is most curious that this production, when occurring in great abundance among rye, as it does frequently when that grain is extensively cultivated, and unavoidably composing a considerable part of the bread, gives rise to one of the most fearful and distressing diseases with which the human race is afflicted; in which the limbs gradually waste away with horrible pain, and eventually fall off." This little fungus, though so dangerous in its effects when eaten, is nevertheless invaluable for its medicinal uses. It is a little cylindrical horn-shaped body; purple-black without, and white or purplish inside.

Whether the injury to human life of which we have spoken is caused by the fungus itself, or by the decomposed and corrupted state of the corn to which it belongs, is still a matter of question amongst the learned, and one on which we can, of course, form no judgment.

The genera which chiefly affect the cereal produce of our land are the *Uredines* and *Puccinie*. The former genus takes its name from *uro*, a Latin word, signifying "to burn," or "scorch," the discolourations and spots on the plants infested by these fungi having been formerly attributed to blasts or injuries caused by the atmosphere or the heavenly bodies. There are two species of this genus that are almost equally dreaded by the farmer; one called "the smut" (*Uredo segetum*), the other, "the bunt" (*Uredo caries*).

The former of these takes its rise within the glume of living plants, and grows with such rapidity as speedily to fill the interior space and burst through the epidermis, when it appears like a profuse black dust, which, if microscopically examined, is found to consist of minute, perfectly spherical sporules. Withering says of this species: "It consists of very minute, egg-shaped, stemless capsules, at first white, but the thin white soon bursting, it pours out a quantity of brown-black powder mixed with wool-like fibres."

The other species, *U. caries* (fig. 1), is very common in wheat, and exceedingly injurious, as it not only destroys the ear on which it grows, but every grain with which the infected individuals come in contact. It is included within the germ of the wheat, and the spores, which are exactly spherical, are longer than those of the above-named species (*U. segetum*), and quite black. When crushed they emit a most fetid odour, which is communicated to the whole sample of wheat with which the bunt grains are associated. Mr. Berkley says of all the corn-infesting fungi: "The growth of these parasites depends so much on accidental circumstances, that it is impossible for the most experienced cultivators to guard against it entirely; but the evil is greatly lessened by careful choice of seed, and by steeping it in solutions of different

substances, which destroy the vegetative power of the spores of these parasites, etc."

The other genus, *Puccinia*, is of as evil a nature as the *Uredines*. The disease termed "the mildew" in wheat is produced by one of these (*Puccinia graminis*, fig. 2), a fungus so diminutive that a single stoma (or pore in a stem or leaf) itself a thing invisible to an ordinary eye, will produce from twenty to forty of these fungi; and each of these exquisite minute plants will bring forth at least a hundred spores and seeds. The seeds are not much heavier than air; and it may easily be conceived that even a single stem of wheat or grass when beset with these mischievous parasites, will not be kept in infecting all the corn, not only in the field where the injured wheat grows, but in all those adjacent to it.

The first appearance of this blight is usually in the spring or early in the summer, when it arises in the form of orange-coloured streaks, which afterwards assume a deep chocolate-brown. The tufts of this fungus are dense and often confluent, and forming long parallel lines (fig. 2, d). The spores are contained in a tubercular double-celled case, and are black. This case is supported by a filiform peduncle or stem, as seen in fig. 2, b.

There is a fungus exceedingly like this, if not the same, which infects barberry-trees. It is larger; but as different soils produce different-sized specimens of the same species of fruit and other vegetables, so may different living soil nourish the same parasite into more or less luxuriance. It is certain, at all events, that wheat or other corn grown in the neighbourhood of the barberry-tree always gets blighted with this *Puccinia*, and it is, therefore, not unreasonable to think that it may be infected by it. It has been suggested (and probably with reason), that the reproductive particles or spores of this and other fungi are dispersed by the air, and sucked in with the water which falls on them into the earth, whence they are absorbed by the pores of plants, and so introduced into their system. In other cases, where they have lodged on the leaves or other external surface of the plants, they are washed by the rain into the stomata or mouths with which the cuticle of almost all plants is thickly beset, and by means of which they drink in a portion of the dew and rain from heaven; and these spring up and grow, intercepting the supplies of moisture from the plant, and at the same time interfering with its functions of respiration, by blocking up the pores; and thus they weaken and destroy the plants on which they feed, so that the grains on a stalk of wheat infected by this disease are not half the size, nor have they the same proportionate amount of farina that those grown on healthy stems possess. It is, however, a remarkable fact, adduced by the best authorities, that these poor diminutive grains will, if sown, produce as fine a crop as the finest and most flourishing seeds. This is worthy of remark, as, though useless or nearly so for food, the withered grains may thus be turned to account, and save the farmer's better samples for other uses.

But it is not on our corn-fields only that a plague of fungi rests; these little *puccinie* attack the leaves of plum and other fruit-trees, devour the fluids of our bean-plants, and scatter themselves in destructive armies over our raspberry-bushes and our rose-beds (figs. 3 and 4). There are some forty or more species which spread themselves in all directions on the leaves and stems of our plants and flowers, nor ever cease their ravages until they have destroyed the vitality of whatever part they touch.

But we must now turn to another class of fungi—those which beset our dainties under the name of "mould." There is so interesting an account of this production in a paper published in the pages of a contemporary, that we cannot do better than transcribe a part of it as it stands. "If, during the warm weather, we put aside a bit of bread, or a slice of apple, pear, melon, or a turnip or potato-peeling, if nothing better is at hand, we shall find in a few days that all those substances will have assumed a mouldy appearance.

e a little of this mould gently off on the point of a pen-knife, and subject it to the microscope: you see in the old bread a grove of tall stalks, each with a round head fully flattened; in short, a mushroom in miniature. This is the *Mucor mucedo* (fig. 6, c), the fungus of the bread-mould. While fresh and young, they are of a beautiful milk-white colour; gradually they assume a yellowish tinge. The stalks are so transparent as, under a good magnifying power, to show the cellular structure inside; the bulb also now exhibits, like a thin bark or skin, a number of minute circular bodies, arranged in a compact form: these are the spores or seeds. After a day or two more, the fungi begin to ripen, and assume a brownish tint; the bulbs blacken; the skin bursts, and numerous spores are scattered about, many floating away in the air. This forest of mould, like larger ones, is liable to accidents. You may see in one corner, for instance, that the loaf of bread forming the soil has cracked; thus a fungus has been loosened at the root, and it falls down, we may suppose, with a crash, though we still desiderate instruments to signify and make audible the sound. Nevertheless, the effects of the fall are visible in the breaking down of neighbouring stems, and in the premature scattering of the seed. You may see, too, sometimes the scattered seeds collect upon one or two plants, and, enveloping them, entirely destroy their vitality, and thus cause old, rotten-looking stumps."

It would indeed be curious and interesting if any instruments could be discovered which would extend the scope of the other senses in a degree commensurate with what has been done for that of sight. If we could hear the sounds emitted by microscopic insects, and smell the odours exhaled from invisible and, as we now believe, scentless microscopic vegetables, it is not unlikely that many new and remarkable phenomena would be made known to us. But such discoveries remain as yet unthought of.

But it must not be understood that the mouldiness which we find on our eatables is always a crop of the same species of fungus, or even of different species of the same genus. It is not so. The kinds which infest the apple and the pear are different, and those which "rot and then fatten on" our grapes, plums, and raspberries, are all different from each other. Then there are other kinds which float in our fermented liquors; whilst others again are found within the nutshell; and even within the innermost cavities of the walnut. Some, "like leeches, stick to the bulbs of plants, and suck them dry;" whilst others, not content with a vegetable diet, lay hold of the hoofs of horses and the horns of cattle; nay, worse and worse may be said; for instances have been known of the lungs and other organs of human beings having been beset by these all-destructive little beings. It is also recorded that it is a rare thing to find a mouth, whether of man or woman, where the teeth are not more or less the habitats of these vegetables, which, it is said, can be kept off only by the free use of a well-soaped tooth-brush.

Fungi not only prey on objects which are members of other families than their own, but they unscrupulously devour each other. Many of the *Pileati* have parasitic fungi, which attach themselves solely to them, never attacking any other species. One sort settles itself on dried *Agarics*; another only on moist decaying ones; whilst a third devours only the flesh of a particular *Boletus*. Dr. Badham says: "Few minute objects are more beautiful than these mucidinous fungi *fungorum*. A common one besets the back of some of the *Russula* in decay, spreading over it, especially if the weather be moist, like thin flocks of light wool, presenting on the second day a bluish tint on the surface. Under a powerful magnifier myriads of little glass-like stalks are brought into view, which bifurcate again and again; each ultimate head ending in a semiluent head, or button, at first blue, and afterwards black; which, when it comes to burst, scatters the spores, which are then (under the microscope) seen adhering to the sides of the delicate filamentary stalks, like so many minute limpets. There is a very beautiful fungus called "the pencilled mould" (*Aspergillus penicillatus*, fig. 5), which clusters its pretty beaded tassels on the dried plants in our herbariums. This little

plant consists of a stem and a cluster of sporules at the top, not unlike a brush with a handle. *Aspergillus* is the name of the brush with which the holy water is sprinkled in Roman Catholic churches, and from this resemblance the genus takes its name. *Namaspora Carpini* (fig. 6, d) is another curious species. This infests the dead wood of the Hornbeam, its singular black spores escaping from their flat cases, and thrusting themselves upwards in the form of tendrils. Then there are the many species of *Sphæria*, which raise their little button-like forms on the branches of trees, and stud them over with sphere-like gems, some yellow, others scarlet, brown, black, orange, white, crimson, and a hundred other tints of richest dye. Sometimes these wonderfully varied little fungi are sessile on the substance they have selected for their habitat, as at fig. 7, c, d, and e; at others they are raised on stalks. Some have smooth visible orifices through which the spores escape; in others, these openings are hairy; and in some species they are not visible at all.

Besides frequenting living plants, and closely besetting their leaves and branches, fungi of this genus are found abundantly on the bark of dead branches, and even on the wood where the bark has been removed. They frequent also the flock of *Agarics*; and one species, "the nest-like *Sphæria*," is found in the little hollows of bean-roots, whilst others cluster on apples that are lying on the ground, the stems of reeds, or even on the naked earth. There are some species which take up their abode and obtain their sustenance from dead larvae, pupæ, and spiders' eggs; whilst one, cannibal-like, "the red Parasitic *Sphæria*," sucks the blood of some of the species of its own genus. So numerous are the species which rank under this genus, that 201 are catalogued by Berkley.

Racodium cellare, "the mouse-skin byssus," is the fungus which festoons and covers the walls of our wine-cellar. For specimens, Badham refers us to the "London Docks, *passim*," where he pays his unwelcome visits, and is in even worse odour than the excisemen." Loudon tells us that it takes its name from a word "used among the Greeks" for a worthless, worn-out, ragged garment, which has been applied to the present genus in allusion to the dirty, interwoven, cloth-like substance with which it clothes whatever it grows on. *R. cellare* is the black substance which overruns the bottles of the wine-merchant, and which often hangs in long thick festoons from the sides and roof of his wine-cellar.

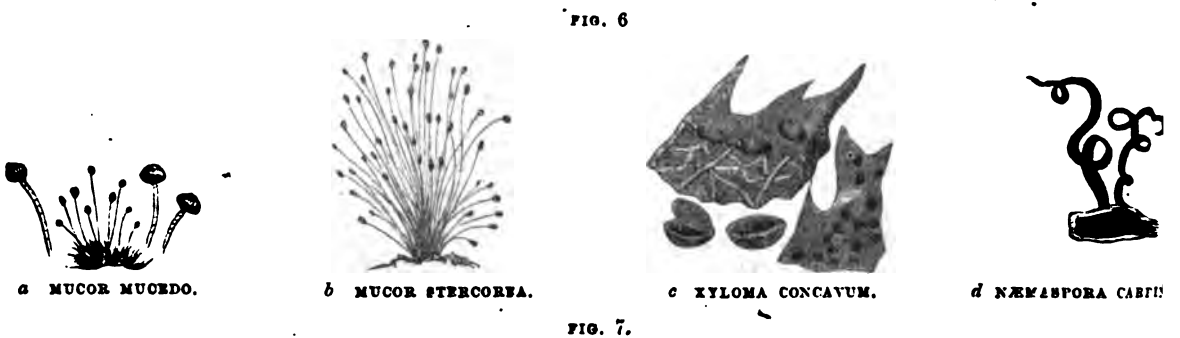
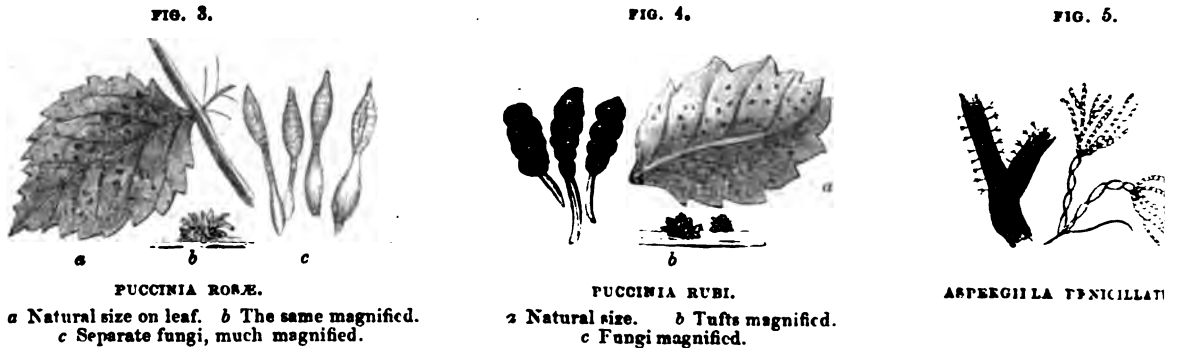
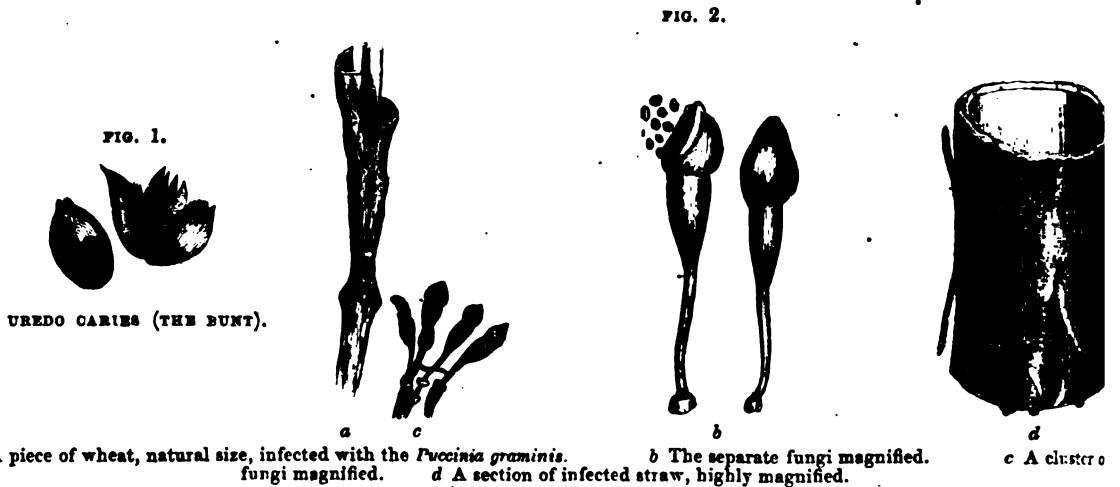
There is a very curious species of fungus which is found overspreading the thing on which it grows like froth. Withering, on the authority of Stackhouse, thus describes it:—"Its first appearance is like custard spilt upon the grass or leaves. This soon becomes frothy, and then contracts around the blades of grass or leaves in the form of little tubercles united together. On examining it in its different stages under the microscope, it first appeared like a cluster of bubbles, irregularly shaped, and melting into one another. In the second stage it appeared imbricated, or tiled, with open cells, the edges of the cells beautifully waved. A blackish powdery matter, on the surface of the cells, now gives the plant a grayish cast. In the third stage, the wavy imbrication disappears, and the plant settles with minute tubercles united together. Some of these are closed; but many of them appear as if torn open, and out of the cavity emerge little downy strings, with irregular-shaped terminations, and other similar irregular bodies on the same strings, like the heads of some of the genus *Mucor*."

The blight which has lately beset the vines and trees whence we have been used to obtain our supplies of raisins and currants (which, if it continues to exert its evil influence, will reduce poor John Bull to the necessity of finding a substitute for the delight of the nation, plum-pudding), is said to be produced by a growth of fungi; but whether this is so is, as yet, scarcely an ascertained fact.

From all we have said, our readers will not be slow in admitting that, minute as these little plants are, and apparently insignificant, they are capable of being made, in the hands of God, instruments of most serious and destructive effects, not only to the property, but also to the life of man.

We must not, however, forget, that although some of the fungus tribe are undoubtedly most injurious in their ravages when they beset our crops or attack our timber, yet it cannot be questioned that the whole tribe has a very important part to play in the economy of nature, and is exceedingly useful to us in many ways. We have seen that some of them are

out seems to have a special commission to assist in the work of scavengers, by aiding the multitudinous host of great reptiles, and other devourers, in removing decayed matter (both animal and vegetable), which, if left to putrefy, would in many instances become destructive both to the comfort and health of those higher beings to whom it has pleased God



capable of being turned to important uses as a nutritious and wholesome article of diet, and that others have medicinal properties which render them highly valuable. One kind is employed in making ink, another is used in the place of leather, whilst several kinds are serviceable in dyeing.

Besides these and other individual uses, the tribe through-

place the whole creation in subjection; and thus the absence of this tribe of the vegetable kingdom from the earth would prove infinitely more injurious to their interests than all the ravages of those species which combine against them in the form of "smut," "bunt," "mildew," "mould," or "dry-rot," or whatever else could possibly be.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.



STATUE OF SIR ROBERT PEEL, BY GIBSON, IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

It is seldom that an impartial estimate can be formed of the character of those who have played a prominent part on the arena of politics until a considerable time has elapsed after removal from the scene of their labours. They are viewed in

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their own day through the coloured glass of faction, and it is only when time has tempered the fury of the passion engendered by party zeal and antagonism that the real worth of their labours can be discerned and appreciated. But with

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Sir Robert Peel the case is otherwise; his measures were of so thoroughly practical a character that common sense is sufficient to form an estimate of them; and this is, perhaps, the highest meed of praise that can be awarded to an individual who labours for the present generation as well as for posterity.

Sir Robert Peel was the eldest son of the first baronet of the name, and grandson of Mr. Peel, of Peel Cross, in Lancashire. The former was a cotton manufacturer at Bury, in that county, and realised a large fortune in business, chiefly by his success in bringing into operation the machine known as the "spinning-jenny." Having strenuously supported the political and commercial system of Mr. Pitt, and presented the government with the munificent gift of £10,000 for the purposes of the war with France, he was, in 1801, created a baronet; and in the following year he introduced a bill into parliament to ameliorate the condition of apprentices employed in the cotton and woollen trades. He was the largest manufacturer of cotton goods in England, employing no less than fifteen thousand hands; and the fortune which he accumulated enabled him to place all his children in a position of affluence long before his death, which took place in 1830, at the age of eighty.

His eldest son, the subject of this memoir, was born Feb. 5, 1788, and received his education at Harrow and Oxford, at both of which places he was distinguished by the diligence with which he pursued his studies, and the invariable decorum of his manners. At the university he took the degrees of M.A. and D.C.L., and on leaving it, at the age of twenty-one, he was returned for the Irish borough of Cashel, then a pocket constituency, and still notoriously corrupt. His father's wealth and the favour of Pitt caused the young M.P. to be selected to second the address on the opening of the session of 1810, the tendencies of which may be inferred from the political character of a ministry headed by Perceval, Liverpool, and Sidmouth. His talent for debating and his capacity for public business were soon perceived, and in 1811 he was appointed Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, the post now filled by his second son, Mr. Frederick Peel, member for Bury. In the following year he became Chief Secretary for Ireland, a post which he held for six years, his policy being in strict accordance with the despotic and bigoted government which then prevailed, and of which his colleague, Castle-reagh, was the congenial representative.

In 1817 he was elected one of the members for the University of Oxford, a constituency to which the ultra-High Church and extreme Conservative views he then held were recommendations more valuable than any others; and in the following year he resigned the Irish Secretaryship, and undertook the chairmanship of the Bank Committee, in which capacity he introduced his bill for the resumption of cash payments, generally known as Peel's Currency Bill, though the chief merit of the project belonged to Mr. Horner. This measure has been much assailed, both in and out of parliament, during the period that has since elapsed, but its principles have been adhered to by every successive administration. In 1822 he succeeded Lord Sidmouth as Home Secretary, with a seat in the Cabinet, and being regarded as the champion of the anti-Romanist party, he, to a certain extent, divided the leadership of the House of Commons with the celebrated Canning. Among many other excellent measures which he brought forward during this period of his parliamentary career, his admirable and humane plans for the reform of the criminal code, which were carried in 1826, must not be forgotten.

Previously to this, in 1820, Mr. Peel had entered the matrimonial state with the daughter of General Sir John Floyd, who was second in command at the storming of Seringapatam; and by this lady he had five sons and two daughters, the eldest of the former, who succeeded to the baronetcy, having been for several years attached to the Swiss embassy. On the dissolution of the Earl of Liverpool's administration in 1827, and the succession of Canning, at that time the brightest star in the political firmament, to the premiership, Mr. Peel and five of his colleagues retired from office, through open and

avowed hostility to the views entertained by that eminent statesman on the question of Roman Catholic emancipation. Canning, after a very brief enjoyment of the sweets of office, died in August of the same year, and was succeeded by a weak and equally short-lived administration of Lord Goderich, which again gave place, in January, 1828, to the strong government of the Duke of Wellington. This cabinet must be regarded as representing the school of Sidmouth and Castle-reagh, from which Canning was a seceder. Mr. Peel was appointed to the Home Office under the great duke, and almost immediately received from Lord John Russell, then an active leader of the Reform party, a signal defeat on the Test and Corporation Acts, the repeal of which the government, however reluctantly, were obliged to concede. Peel, indeed, opposed but a feeble resistance to Lord John's measure; and it is probable that he already saw the necessity to his future fame of a departure from those worn-out dogmas which had hitherto governed the country, and to which he had thus far closely adhered. In 1829 the Catholic Disabilities Bill was introduced by the government,—not apparently from changed convictions on the subject, but, as the Duke of Wellington stated in the Upper House, to prevent the horrors of civil war. In the House of Commons, Mr. Peel expressed himself in a similar manner:—"He should follow the example of the pilot," he said, "who did not always steer the same course to guard his ship from danger, but a different course under different circumstances as they arose, in order to save the vessel from the very dangers which the captain and the crew most dreaded."

The bill was carried, and the excitement produced by it throughout the United Kingdom was immense. It was a rare and striking instance of a measure of justice and amelioration being brought into operation by a government in opposition to public opinion. The ultra-Protestants laboured to raise the spirit of bigotry, and relume the torches that fired the metropolis in 1780; they accused Peel of having betrayed them, and so great was the dissatisfaction expressed by his constituents at Oxford, that he felt himself called upon to resign his seat. He again presented himself as a candidate, however, but men's passions were too fiercely excited for the voice of reason to be heard, and he was rejected for Sir Robert H. Inglis, who kept the seat till the present session of 1854. By an arrangement with Sir M. Lopez, uncle of the baronet of the name who lately represented South Devon, he was returned for the close borough of Westbury; but his father dying in 1830, he succeeded to the representation of Tamworth along with the baronetcy, and continued to sit for that borough till his death. The outbreak of the French revolution gave such an impetus to the cause of parliamentary reform, that the ministry saw that resistance to the popular demand, weakened as the Conservative party was by the divisions created by the Catholic emancipation question, would be ineffectual; and, to avoid facing it, the Duke of Wellington conveniently took occasion, from a defeat on Sir H. Parnell's question for revision of the civil list, to retire from office.

Sir Robert now became the acknowledged leader of the Conservative party, which arrayed itself for the great struggle of parliamentary reform. His opposition to the Reform Bill introduced by the Grey administration, which had succeeded that of the Iron Duke, was able and persevering, but fruitless; the popular cause triumphed, because the people were united and had confidence in their leaders. That confidence was betrayed, and partial success divided one section of the people from the other; for each class becomes conservative as it acquires its share of political power. Grey and Brougham took office in the zenith of their popularity, the latter in particular having enunciated opinions during the Reform agitation that he would now denounce as anarchical and subversive. These men have never been surpassed in violence of declamation while the field was yet unwon; but no sooner were they in possession of the Treasury benches than they began to prevaricate, to belie their solemn promises, and to initiate a reactionary policy. Retribution speedily followed: they were expelled from office in 1834, and Sir Robert Peel was sent for

n Rome to form a new administration. He had reconnected his party on the basis of the altered constitution of the use of Commons; but ability and organisation did not prevent it from being outvoted on the first night of the session, the election of speaker; and being thrice defeated on the 10th Tithe Bill, the Peel administration went out in April, 1835, and was succeeded by that of Lord Melbourne and the Whigs. In May, 1839, the ministry were defeated on the Corn Law Bill, and retired for a time from office; but Sir Robert having stipulated that her Majesty should dismiss the Whig ladies of her household, as necessary to his independent action, a feminine conspiracy was formed against him, which obliged him to resign the reins of government almost as soon as he had grasped them. Melbourne and the Whigs returned to office, exulting in the success which had resulted from the machinations of their ladies, but so damaged in reputation, that the conservative leader rose more rapidly in popular estimation as chief of the opposition than he probably could have done at that time as head of an administration. The retrogressive tendencies and administrative incapacity of the Whigs speedily became so glaring, that when Sir Robert proposed his vote of want of confidence, in May, 1841, a debate of eight nights resulted in their discomfiture—the division giving them a majority of one, in a house of 625. Parliament was dissolved, and the Conservative party prepared for a hard struggle to regain the power of which the reform Bill had deprived them since 1830. Their active efforts in the registration courts, the ruined fame of the Whigs, and the short-sightedness displayed by that party in reposing a fixed duty of eight shillings per quarter on corn, combined to give Sir Robert Peel a large majority in the new parliament; and he immediately availed himself of the advantages of his position to initiate measures which have been of great benefit to the country, and which placed him at once at the head of all the statesmen of the day. In his address to the electors of Tamworth, on his accepting office, he made some observations which shadowed forth his future policy, though their practical drift was not perceived at the time. He said: "If necessities were so pressing as to demand it, there was no dishonour or discredit in relinquishing opinions or measures, and adopting others more suited to the altered state of the country. For this course of proceeding he had been censured by opposite parties—by those who, upon all occasions, thought that no changes were required; as well as by those who, in his opinion, were the advocates of too violent and sudden innovations. He held it impossible for any statesman to adopt one fixed line of policy under all circumstances; and the only question with him, when he departed from that line, should be, Am I actuated by any interested or sinister motive? Do I consider the measure I contemplate called for by the circumstances and necessities of the country?" That Sir Robert was not actuated by interested motives is apparent from the fact, that three-fourths of his large property consisted of land; and that Free Trade was imperatively called for by the exigencies of the country must now be obvious to all. In 1842 he commenced the changes he had resolved upon by the most extensive revision of the tariff that had ever been made—a measure which gained him the confidence of the party of Cobden and Villiers, and the approbation of the country, in proportion as he lost that of his own party and a large section of the aristocracy. His administration divided upon the question of opening the ports to foreign corn, though famine was then threatening the country; and in December, 1846, the secession of Lord Stanley led to a resignation. Lord John Russell attempted to form a cabinet, but was prevented by disputes among his own followers, and Sir Robert was recalled, as the only hope of the nation, unless, indeed, her Majesty had sent for Mr. Cobden.

Shortly after the opening of the session of 1846, the minister announced his intention of complying with the prayer of the people by entirely repealing the obnoxious corn-law. This announcement created, among his followers and the landed aristocracy, as much confusion and dismay as the emancipa-

tion of our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen in 1829. Again was the minister accused of deceiving and betraying his party and the country; but to all these charges and reproaches he replied with calm dignity, repudiating that inflexibility which is sometimes supposed to constitute consistency, and defending his measures on the ground of their imperative necessity. He persevered, in the most praiseworthy manner, against the bitter but unavailing opposition of the Protectionists; and his policy triumphed in both houses of parliament. Almost simultaneously with the abrogation of the corn-laws, Sir Robert resigned office, an anomalous coalition of Whigs and Protectionists having defeated him on the Irish Coercion Bill. The Whigs succeeded him in the government, and received his support in all of their measures that deserved it; but he always declared that, from that time, he had no wish to resume office. The last time he spoke in the house was on Friday, the 28th of June, 1850, on the foreign policy of the government. On the afternoon of the following day, while riding near Buckingham Palace, his horse started and threw him over his head, falling heavily upon him. He was conveyed home, and medical assistance was immediately procured; but all the appliances of science were unavailing; he sank gradually, and expired July 2nd, lamented by all who had experienced the beneficial effects of his commercial and fiscal policy, or admired and respected him as an upright and gifted statesman, and a lover of truth and justice. The most accurate estimate ever expressed of his capacity is, perhaps, that in the Biography of Lord George Bentinck, by the Right Hon. Member for Bucks. According to that great authority, in person, Sir Robert Peel was tall and very good-looking; his forehead was high and broad, indicating mental faculties of no common order, and the general expression of his countenance was mild, grave, and dignified. Endowed by nature with a comprehensive and vigorous mind, his powers of application were aided by a memory remarkably retentive, and the communication of his ideas by a clear and fluent elocution. Method and tact were his in a large degree, two qualities invaluable to a parliamentary debater, in which character he has, perhaps, never been excelled. His memory had accumulated a vast amount of political information, in the use and application of which, and in adapting it to the immediate end in view, he was extremely happy. But successful as he was as a debater, he was far from being a first-rate orator; his style was lucid and fluent, but he had very little imagination, and his speeches were impressed with the manner of the lecturer rather than of the advocate. He had a fine voice, and, with more imagination and warmth, would have been one of the best speakers in the house; as it was, he was inferior as an orator to Canning, O'Connell, Disraeli, and other men of less ability.

What most strikes the observer in glancing over Sir Robert Peel's parliamentary career, is the fact that he was always in a state of transition. He was always learning, and as fast as new ideas became impressed upon his mind, he applied them in the administration, and converted them into realities. Hence the apparent inconsistency of his conduct as a politician. Though long the head of the Conservative party, his tendencies were, in many respects, more towards progress than those of many who stood in the front ranks of the Opposition. He was deficient in foresight, however; and this occasionally led him into error, and made his transitions more marked and palpable than they would otherwise have been. But as soon as he detected the fallacy that had led him astray, or became convinced that the altered circumstances of the country required a change of governmental policy, he shaped out a new course with promptitude and decision. The explosion of 1830 showed him that the system of Castlereagh and Sidmouth could no longer be continued; and from that time he acted more independently of his party than any leader had ever done before. His mind seemed to expand as he advanced; and as soon as he saw his way clear, he acted on his new convictions with a disregard of personal consequences which is rarely met with in the atmosphere of party.

SKETCHES OF DOGS BY LANDSEER.

THE name of Sir Edwin Landseer is so illustrious, is in so many mouths, is met with in so many books, that the world forgets that he has family connexions as other men—that he had a father and mother just like common people—that he had a brother just as Frederick Tennyson, who has recently published a volume of poems not unworthy of his family name. Yet such actually is the case, and we are guilty of no great breach of confidence in stating the fact. But the fame of the one brother had thrown that of the other, comparatively speaking, into the shade. Such invariably is the case. A man has no chance against his brother. Take another name—get the world to believe that you have no connexion with the artist over the way—and you may do something; but with the same name you have no chance. The one will be successful, and the other

for that picture of "Spaniels at Play," which was the gem of the Exhibition last year, and which one young lady said was nice, and another was charming, whilst another termed it exquisite, and another said it was divine.

Thomas Landseer is the brother that the world does not make much of. It may be that, like Uriah Heep, he is "an 'umble individual"—that he does not aim high—that ambition does not run in his veins—that his blood is cooler than that of Edwin. One thing is certain, that he paints but little, that he follows his father's career, and contents himself with the calling of an engraver. Still he can paint and he does paint, and he has his brother's skill for painting animals. We have already given our readers two engravings illustrative of that fact; we now give them two more. Let us begin with



POLITICAL DOGS.

neglected. The world is a hard world. Its sympathies are sparse and difficult to be got at; it is frugal of admiration; it is getting old now, and, like all old people, it grows cynical and severe. Hence, if it can be got to admire one of a family, it stands to reason that it will have but little of its favour to accord to the rest.

Thus, by the side of his brother, Mr. Thomas Landseer is an unknown man. We don't read in the *English Court Journal* that he has painted a pug for the Prince of Wales, or a poodle for the Princess Alice. We don't hear that he has been down to shoot with Lord Verisopht on his Norfolk estates, or that he was at the Marchioness of Broadstairs' delightful *déjeuner à la fourchette* last week; nor that that rich old banker, Mr. Jones Smith, has given him a cheque for a thousand pounds

POLITICAL DOGS.

Pardon us, good sir, for referring to them. The race is nearly extinct now. They have been banished with other vermin from the face of the earth. Men and dogs are now learning the wholesome lesson, that they can be bettered by no Society for the Universal Emancipation of Rascaldom, by no theory of government, but only by their own genuine and honest work and will. But there were snarling, snapping, ill-conditioned curs, like those our artist has portrayed, that at one time thought otherwise. Ill born and bred, they were a terrible nuisance in their time, always wrangling and interfering, and minding everybody's business but their own. The whole lot we'll be bound to say, are not worth a rap; not worth even

ling, unless by a skilful artist, who could touch them up t; paint here a little black and there a little brown, crop ears and caudal appendages; add here a little and there title; give them a faint air of fashion, and so fit them for adway. Otherwise they are fit for nothing; and when tored for the market, are, like Peter Pindar's celebrated ors, only fit to sell. You can't trust them. They are as eitful, fickle, untrustworthy, unprincipled, as it is possible dogs to be. As to principles, they have not the faintest a of them. All they care about is the pickings of place. re them a bone, and they will rush to it from all sides. y realise, "where the carcass is, there will the eagles be hered together." That wild and wondrous tale, told by e nurses in our younger days, ere we had tasted of the rld's wickedness and ways—whilst we yet believed that e of

"Old Mother Hubbard,
Who went to the cupboard
To fetch the poor dog a bone,"

THE PAUPER'S DOG.

Are there such dogs among us? Candidly we confess there are not. But the renegade Alp saw them:

"He saw the lean dogs o'er the wall
Hold o'er the dead their carnival;
Growling and gorging o'er bone and limb,
They were too busy to bark at him.
From a Tartar's skull they had peeled the flesh,
As ye peel the fig when the fruit is fresh."

But they are not seen now-a-days; they are gone with the political dogs, of which they were the cause. Reform is a question of eating and drinking. All rebellions, as Lord Bacon says, are rebellions of the belly. It is with your lean and hungry dogs as it is with your lean and hungry men; they are always dangerous to the state—always on the eve of rebellion—always plotting treasons, stratagems, and wars. At one time they were a common sight in England. They were present everywhere as birds of evil omen, and the



THE PAUPER'S DOG.

which proceeds to tell us how

"When she got there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none,"

could never have been true of your political dogs, who would have soon found out the destitute condition of Mother Hubbard's cupboard, and would have been off with the celerity of express trains to more hospitable and better-appointed quarters. The only exception we would make, would be in favour of that right honourable gentleman—we beg his pardon, we mean dog—upon his legs. He is a dog of substance and of weight; but he is in a hopeless minority, and the opposition have got Hansard to quote against him. But why? Has not a dog a fair right to change his opinions? Do we not alter every day and every hour, and can our creed always remain the same? Who is to stereotype a dog's political opinions? To say, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and beyond this shall canine intelligence never advance?" The attempt is preposterous. Times change, and we with them. As an illustration of this, take

cry and need of reform came from them. The workhouse and reform had a close connexion. It was the want of the one which helped to create the other. The man who could get no work was compelled to bury his poverty and his sorrow in the workhouse, and the poor dog, that had been the companion of his happy hours, had to starve, and moan, and die at its doors. The pauper's dog! What a miserable life! Always sorrow and want, like a dark shadow on his path, with now and then a faint ray of sunshine—but brief, and scant, and rare! He and misery were companions, and all around him were starved and wretched as himself. Howl, poor brute,—howl, with what power there is yet left in thy lean carcass. With thee are our sympathies. Not nature's laws, but man's perversion of them, have made thee the ill-fashioned thing thou art. Happily thy howlings have not been in vain: the pauper tribe is vanishing. Man, all the world over, has ample scope for his energies and powers. He has now breathing-space and vantage-ground; industry has triumphed, and he has come forth from his house of bondage. He is no longer in chains, but free.

EDINBURGH.

Of course, the origin of Edinburgh is lost in the darkness of the past. All that antiquarians can tell us is their own ignorance. It is stated to have been known to the old Pictish kings as the *Castrum Puellarum*, or Maiden's Castle, from being the ark of safety, dedicated as a residence for their daughters. Some people say the city was called Edwina-burgh in the time of Edwin, the Northumbrian prince, whose dominion extended over the Lothians. The favourite derivation, however, is drawn from the Gallic terms which signify Dun Edin, "the face of a hill." Leaving the antiquarians to settle this question at their leisure, we propose to take a short ramble through the town itself.

General surveys of Edinburgh are best obtained from the Castle, from Scott's monument in Prince's-street, from the Calton Hill, or from Salisbury Crag and Arthur's Seat. A ramble from Holyrood Palace to the Castle will well repay the stranger. The Palace itself is memorable for its associations with the ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots. Her apartments on the second floor remain in the same state as when she herself occupied them. Her bed is still in the bed-chamber; the embroidery of the chairs and hangings was done by herself. The small closet, in which she was at supper when the conspirators entered for the assassination of Rizzio, is still in existence, as are also the door and passage from the Chapel Royal, by which they obtained access. Stains of blood, said to be Rizzio's, are still shown; the stranger, however, is not compelled to believe the tale unless he likes. The Chapel Royal, which stands upon the north of the Palace, is roofless, but, excepting Melrose, is perhaps the finest specimen of ecclesiastical Gothic in Scotland. The apartments inhabited by Queen Victoria, when in Edinburgh, occupy the entire southern wing, looking towards the level ground at the foot of Salisbury Crag, called the Duke's Walk, from having been the favourite promenade of that foolish king who lost his kingdom for a mass. From the Palace, proceeding towards the Castle, a few steps bring you to the Canongate, a street full of rare interest. In the cemetery attached to the Canongate Church are the remains of Robert Ferguson, the poet, whose "Farmer's Ingle" is generally regarded as the inspiring source of Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night," and the tombstone to whom was erected by Burns himself. Here also sleep Dugald Stewart, and that yet greater philosopher, Adam Smith.

A little further on, on the other side, stands Murray House, said to have been the abode of the Regent Murray, now a normal seminary for the Free Church. In the rear of this edifice stands a summer-house, in which the articles of the Union with England were in part signed by stealth to avoid the fury of the populace, the deed having been completed, however, in a cellar opposite the Tron church, long known as the Union Cellar. Again, crossing to your right, a little higher up we come to JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE—a quaint, old, half-timbered house—cased up in plaster, but venerable and curious still, in spite of modern repair. Like all Edinburgh people, John Knox seems to have had not a house, but a flat to himself, and his flat is on the second floor. Here he resided whilst officiating as one of the city ministers—he, of whom it was said by the Earl of Morton, when he laid him in his now unknown grave in St. Giles' churchyard, "Here lies one who never feared the face of clay." Here he wrote his "History of the Reformation within the realms of Scotland;" and here the shot of an intended assassin entered through the little window and struck the candle by the aid of which he was writing. Outside the window, towards the High-street, through which Knox must many and many a time have looked, is an inscription calling upon the passer-by, to "Luf God and thy neighbour as thyself." On the front of a house opposite, two undoubted Roman medallions of the Emperor Severus and Julia his consort are seen. In public opinion they have long passed for the heads of Adam and Eve.

Passing the Tron church, we come to the Royal Exchange, finished in 1761; at an expense of £31,500, at the time regarded as the grandest public improvement in Edinburgh.

On our way to it, however, we forgot to observe, is the site of the ancient Cross, where Montrose and Argyle were beheaded. We next approach the High church, where the dear chapter were routed, by having the cutty-stool of James Geddes launched at their heads during the reading of the collect. In 1643, the Solemn League and Covenant was inscribed within these walls. Within their shadow also many of the Napiers of Merchistoun, a family memorable for our own and for ages back, for science and daring and skill. The present appearance of the church is modern. It is known to be the most ancient ecclesiastical building in Edinburgh. In 1466 it contained no fewer than forty altars, dedicated to various saints. It is now partitioned out into three places of public worship. The High church proper is used on great occasions by the Lord Commissioner, who proceeds hither from Holyrood House, to hear the sermon on the opening of the General Assembly in May, and by the Judges of the Court of Session, who attend in their robes. The High church, or St. Giles' cathedral, as it is sometimes called, forms a side of Parliament-square, the other three sides consisting of the various court-houses of the Court of Session. In the centre of the square stands a metal equestrian statue of Charles II. It is well done. The artist was an unknown Dutchman. For some time it was ingloriously hidden in Calton jail.

A little further on and we reach the Grass Market, the head-quarters of country carriers, market people, rural hostelries, and of some of the worst specimens of Edinburgh narrow recesses, called wynds and closes. Still heroic memories attach to it. It was anciently the place of public execution. Here Cargill and Renwick, and the other martyrs of the Covenant, sealed their attachment to it with their blood. On the south side of the Grass Market stood the monastery of the Grey Friars; and on its demolition in 1599, the ground behind was given to the city by Queen Mary for a cemetery. Neglected as it is, no part of Edinburgh is richer in associations. There many of Scotland's most honoured sons await the resurrection morn. George Buchanan, the great Latin tutor of James the First; and Allan Ramsay, the Scottish pastoral poet, are buried there. The "bluidy Mackenzie," a persecutor of the Scottish Covenanters, there sleeps side by side with the objects of his bitter persecution and fanatic hatred, in the language of the Royal Preacher, "their love, as their hatred, and their envy is now perished; neither has they any more a portion for ever in anything that is done under the sun." In the same confined spot, also repose all that is mortal of such men as Robertson, the historian; Black, the improver of chemistry; MacLaurin, the mathematician; Hugh Blair, the rhetorician; Robert Adam, the architect; Henry Mackenzie, the "Man of Feeling;" and M'Crie, the advocate and biographer of Melville and of Knox. Scotland has no more consecrated ground.

The Castle, rising on its steep precipice immediately above the Grass Market, next strikes the observer. From this open square, Edinburgh people tell us, it presents one of its grandest prospects. We climb up a narrow flight of steps on our right hand, and at length reach it. Edinburgh Castle, though not what it might be, does, after all, beat very considerably the remarkably ugly building known as the Tower of London. It rises boldly up nearly 400 feet above the level of the sea and 300 above the valley below, and covers a space of six acres. It stands upon a precipice utterly inaccessible on the north and south-west, and, with the gate well guarded, one would imagine that the prisoner once within its iron clasp, might well abandon all hope and give himself up to despair. The buildings on the castle rock are certainly of no remote antiquity, and have a very barn-like appearance—the castle having been many a time raised to its foundations. The date of Queen Mary's palace, in the south-east of the upper square of the quadrangle, is 1665, and that of the New Barracks, 1794. From the esplanade, which commands both right and left, you have magnificent views of the old and new town. The entrance to the castle is by a drawbridge, guarded by strong low flanking batteries crossing a dry ditch; over the arched

way and strong gates in the passage, cut through the rock in, stands what was formerly the State Prison. The gyle battery projects towards the new town upon the right, armed with twelve and eighteen pounders.

Passing southward to the higher point of the castle rock, more ancient buildings of the fortress are found. In the middle of the upper square, you will find the Crown Room, containing the regalia of Scotland—comprising the crown of James V.; his sceptre; the sword of state, presented to Pope Julius II. by James IV.; and other crown jewels of Scotland; James I.'s ruby ring, set round with diamonds; the golden har of the garter, sent by Queen Elizabeth to James IV.; the badge of the thistle, bequeathed by Cardinal York, the last of the Stuarts, to George IV. Immediately under the Crown Room is Queen Mary's apartment, in which James I. was born. The small window of this chamber overlooks, from a great height, the Grass Market, and the new approach winding round the south of the castle. The original style, inscriptions and decorations of the room, have been preserved, and the window appropriately filled with stained glass. Leaving the castle, at the bottom of the hill stands Victoria Hall, with its elegant spire of 240 feet, founded in 1842, on occasion of Queen Victoria's first visit to Scotland, as a place of meeting for the General Assembly, or supreme court of the established Church of Scotland. Turning towards the west, you will see the West Bow, so minutely described in the "Heart of Midlothian;" though altered, as everything does alter in this world of change, still a good deal of the old patched-up number-building remains. Here you see what were the old aristocratic residences of Edinburgh. Mary of Lorraine, other of Mary Queen of Scots, lived here.

So much for the old town. It contains little more for the stranger to see. The best thing he can do is to pass along one of the handsome bridges that connect it with the new, and in doing this he will pass over the ravine, which seems to be the boundary between the two. We will suppose he takes our advice, and goes at once to the Calton Hill, which is a site unrivalled, and which very properly has been taken under the especial care of the magistrates and town council. The first monument, in going up the stairs on the hill side, is that of Dugald Stewart, modelled after Isocrates's Lantern of Demosthenes at Athens. The old and new observatories are placed just above, and close by is a monument to Professor Playfair. To the right stands a tall telescopic tower, 102 feet high—it is Nelson's monument. You will there see the old hero's autographs and other relics; and you will have a splendid panoramic view from the top, provided the day be clear. Beautiful views greet you on every side. Coming down from your high eminence, again reading the steps of mother earth, a sad disgrace to Edinburgh meets your view. We refer to the national monument, which was commenced in 1822, as a restoration of the Parthenon at Athens, and which stands in a melancholy and unfinished state. Twelve columns of the portico alone have been erected, and for the present the memorials of illustrious Scotchmen, for the reception of whom it was intended, must be placed elsewhere. On the east of the hill is the High School of Edinburgh, one of the most perfect of modern Doric designs. The spacious interior accommodates the extensive classes of this celebrated seminary of learning, established, in 1598, for classical literature, modern languages, and the ordinary branches of education imparted to boys. Near it stands Burns' monument. Turning towards Princes-street, we pass a portion of the old Calton burying-ground, in which still remains the tomb of David Hume, and in which lately was erected a huge obelisk, in memory of Messrs. Muir, Palmer, Gerald, and Skirving, who were charged with treason.

Proceeding onwards you pass the Register House, in front of which stands Mr. John Steel's grand equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington. This spirited sculpture, which occupied ten years in execution, contains twelve tons of bronze, cost £10,000, and is colossal in its proportions. The great captain of the age is represented seated on a war charger, riding through the midst of battle, and issuing the fiat of command. The charger rears to the rein and paws the air, whilst the

attitude and expression of the rider indicate the mastery of mind over matter. It was inaugurated on the 18th of June, 1852, the last anniversary of the battle of Waterloo which the duke lived to behold. A little further on, we come to the gem of the Edinburgh monuments—the Scott monument, rightly termed the most magnificent Gothic ornament of Edinburgh. It is placed upon the terrace platform of the Scott or East Princes-street Garden. The monument was founded in 1840, and designed by Mr. Kemp. Beneath the Gothic canopy a figure of Scott, with his favourite dog, Maida, in Cararra marble, is conspicuous. The group is beautifully draped, and, as a likeness of Scott, has recently met with the especial admiration of Mr. Lockhart. Freestone figures of Donald Bane, the harper, Bonnie Prince Charlie, Meg Merrilies, etc., have been introduced among the details of the architecture, and the *élèves* of Heriot's hospital have lately got permission to add a statue of George Heriot as one of Scott's characters. The balconies are accessible for the small charge of sixpence, and you may again view the town from them. Passing on, we reach the Royal Institution, where extensive suites of apartments are dedicated to the use of the School of Design in connexion with a gallery of casts, which includes the most celebrated ancient statues and torsos—copies of the Elgin marbles; and of the celebrated Baptistery Gates of Florence, and which is open to the public gratis; a recommendation that also extends to the collection of the works of ancient and modern masters, in process of formation in the same place, which is shown along with the collection of pictures and bronzes, left to the University of Edinburgh by Mr. James Erskine of Torry, and which is well worth going to see. There are some of Etty's finest pictures there. Their number is five, and we have none like them in England. There are also some very fine ones by Raffaele and other Italian masters. The gallery is open every Tuesday and Friday, and, though small, may yet boast of the value of its contents. Just behind the Royal Institute, royal art galleries are in course of erection. The foundation-stone was laid by his Royal Highness Prince Albert in 1850. Parallel with Princes-street runs its rival, George-street, containing also its squares and public monuments; and then, as you wander in different parts, you stumble upon colleges or hospitals, or public gardens and cemeteries; all vying with each other in beauty and interest; all conspiring to give to Edinburgh a proud place amidst the capitals of Europe.

Edinburgh, then, it must be confessed, is a splendid city. In 1851 it had a population of 158,015. Two thousand students attend lectures in its university. Scotch families spend the season there, as English go to London; and they have an advantage over the southerners, that they come to a magnificent city—that they breathe air, and not smoke or fog—and that they go to bed in good time. Compared with other cities, Edinburgh may seem dull—you miss the mills and factories of industrial towns; but it has a refined air, as if it lived in the best society—as if it were redolent of cultivated taste. The houses and streets and monuments all impress you with this fact. Campbell says:

"What are monuments of bravery
Where no public virtues bloom?
What avail in lands of slavery
Trophied temples, arch, and tomb?"

This is true; and if Edinburgh had the monuments without the bravery, hers were a pitiable case. But it is not so; she is firm as Salisbury Crag and Arthur's Seat, beneath which she nestled in her young day, when her greatness and her glory were yet to come. Out of her midst have gone forth great men—great alike in art and arms. The Napiers have been her citizens. The seminal minds of England, many of them, have owed to her all that they are or were. Brougham and Jeffrey were born there. Sydney Smith, Francis Horner, Lord John Russell, and the Marquis of Lansdowne studied there, as did also many others who have gained high distinction. The world owes Edinburgh much. It is a pleasant town to think of or to live in. Well, then, may we close by wishing "Auld Reekie" well.

THE FATES.

THE cuts we give are a specimen of that grim French wit which often lies behind so impenetrable a veil that we cannot comprehend it. The Bonnarts, during the reign of Louis XIV., published a number of full-length portraits of living personages under allegorical denominations. "The Three Fates," published about 1692, are supposed to be portraits of three well-known court ladies, to whom, as to the famed goddesses, some verses written under them were supposed to apply.

The Parcs, or Fates, were, in the ancient mythology, goddesses who presided over the birth and life of mankind. They were Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, daughters of Nox and Erebus. Clotho, the youngest, presided over birth and held a distaff; Lachesis spun out the story of our lives; and Atropos cut the thread when our time was up. An ancient verse thus describes their attributes:—

of Patroclus, being supposed to yield at times to their sway. In fact, the belief was, that they were the sovereign arbitresses of our fate, rule our lives, and sent us to the shades below at will. By some they are represented as spirits of heaven, by others as something very different. Pausanias gives them other names—Venus, Urania, the goddess of birth, Fortuna, and Tyche.

A fourth was afterwards added—Proserpina, who divides with Atropos the honour of cutting the thread of life.

These goddesses, though supposed to be immutable, were recently worshipped by the imaginative Greeks. Black sheep were sacrificed to them. They are represented as three old women, with the attributes given in our engraving. Singularly enough, they are considered by Hyginus as the inventors of five letters of the alphabet.

The rare engraving from which the above



CLOTHO.



LACHESIS.



ATROPOS.

"Clotho colum retinet, Lachesis net, et Atropos occat."

The power of the Parcs was great and extensive, Jupiter alone having control over them; even he, as in the instance

are copied bear the following inscription: "Chez H. Bonnart, vis-à-vis Les Mathurins, ou Coq. Avec privil." They are found in the valuable collection of M. Hennin.

CHRISTIAN WILLIAM ERNEST DIETRICH.



DIETRICH was truly, to a certain and definable extent, a great painter. He was one of those whose peculiar genius

his mind took in with an energetic and general grasp almost every phase and part of the subject to which he devoted his existence. And yet he was not an original, and therefore not a great artist in the highest sense.

If we examine that canvas over which the sun spreads all the vigour of its noontide heat, chasing away the light vapour from the ground, and which loses itself in the far-off distance, we shall certainly fancy it a Claude Lorraine. That obscure chamber, with an open window which allows a ray of warm light to fall on the figures of three men sitting round a table, appears to be some work of Rembrandt. That tranquil landscape, where the cows, the goats, and the sheep, are led by a fat and buxom maid, who is about to cross a limpid stream, would readily be taken for a Berghem. It must be Wouvermans who is the author of that picture, in which a horse, with clean and wiry limbs and mounted by a gallant horseman, plays the principal part. One is led to think that it is Salvator Rosa who is the author of this landscape overhung by rugged rocks, in which we catch sight of narrow and dark glens, where hide the robbers of the Abruzzi. Those cascades falling from abrupt summits, where grows the gloomy pine, belong to the style of Everdingen; in the same way that those nymphs leaving the bath, to take refuge in the grove near at hand, must belong to the graceful easel of Poelenberg.

We are mistaken. All these pictures, so varied in composition, so different in style, in manner, are the work of the same painter—of an extraordinary man, who was able to combine all departments of art, and who in each was masterly; guessing at every process, seizing the art of colour, penetrating the character of each style of painting, and imitating them all with wonderful success. The man of whom such rare remarks are true was Christian William Ernest Dietrich.

He was born at Weimar, on the 30th October, 1712, and



was of a very universal character. He stood apart and aloof from the many mere mannerists and copyists of his day. He did not bind himself down to any particular branch of art;

his first master was his own father. This hereditary talent was common enough in the last century, and belonged to the Dutch and Flemish schools more especially. At the age of fifteen he entered the studio of Alexander Thiele, an eminent landscape-painter, who resided at Dresden, with the title of painter to the king of Poland, elector of Saxony. He remained with him only three years, and he left the place very much advanced in the only style which he ever successfully followed without being an imitator—that is to say, in landscape. At eighteen a certain great lord of the court* of Dresden took him into his service, and gave him a pension of fifteen hundred livres. Thus enjoying protection and ease, he lived four years at Dresden, free from all care, and wholly devoted to his art. But, in 1734, the great admiration he felt for the paintings of Rembrandt, Jean Both, Berghem, Karel Dujardin, and Elzheimer, impelled him to start on a journey to Holland. Artists are in general restless beings, and few have ever been able to sit down calmly and enjoy any good fortune which might fall to their lot.

During the time that he worked under Alexander Thiele, we may guess, from the way in which he imitated the landscapes of his master, what kind of talent nature had given him. "He did not copy," says Hagedorn, "but he entered on a kind of contest with the original." The fact is that Diétrich was never a mere imitator, because his ambition was too elevated for that. He sought to do better than what lay before him, which prevented him from ever being servile. As soon as he reached Holland he began to rouse himself to a contest with the great models he had so much admired. Elzheimer, Van Ostade, Karel Dujardin, and, above all, Rembrandt, furnished the subject, the style, the composition of numerous paintings. He devoted much labour and time to the study of the great Rembrandt. He undertook to copy from him the art of combining lights and shade—an art which that artist used with such marvellous and wondrous effect. He endeavoured to imitate the warm and transparent tones of his colouring,—his execution, now soft, now hard,—and the bold reliefs of his touch and harmonious arrangement. Diétrich is not the only artist who has endeavoured to walk in the footsteps of this inimitable model; and it must be at once allowed that he did not do so with the same success which attended Govaert Flinck, Arnold de Gelder, Leonard Bramer, and Van Eeckout. If, however, his shades have not the depth which we admire in those of Rembrandt, if he be far inferior in his *chiaroscuro* effects, if his colouring be heavy and wanting in those brilliant and sharp tones that belong to the painter of the "Night Watch," if his impastings upon the light are heavy without being thick—it is because to imitate and rival Rembrandt was a thing all but above the power of any man. We do not believe that what one man has done, another may not do; but when an artist has, as it were, created something new to equal or excel, it is then extremely difficult and doubtful. But with these reservations, and looking at the canvases painted by Diétrich, after Rembrandt, only as excellent pasticcios, it is impossible not to own the great and deserving talent of the man who executed the painting known as the *Piscina*, engraved by Flipart, and the "Return of the Prodigal Son," with a great many other etchings, of which we shall presently have occasion to speak.

It must be at once frankly allowed that had Diétrich confined himself wholly and solely to the study of Rembrandt, and never done anything but remind us occasionally of the pencil of that great painter, he would scarcely have deserved his very extensive reputation. In art, as in literature, a mere imitator of one man will never make a name. How many imitators have there been in our own day of Dickens, and Jerrold, and Scott, and Cooper, and Bulwer; not one of whom has acquired any reputation of value. But how many living men are there, who, from a careful study of these and

other models, have, without possessing much creative genius, written and produced many works well worthy of being read. It is too much to ask that all those who amuse and instruct shall be original—it is enough that they do not slavishly adopt the style of one man, and seek unfairly to make a reputation of it.

The great talent of Diétrich, and that to which he in a great degree owes his extensive reputation, is, the universal power of his imitation. He caught, with rare aptitude, almost every style. When Rembrandt was the object of his study, he was dreamy, meditative, expressive in design, rapid and capricious in execution. But suddenly he found himself in presence of the vulgar and comic physiognomies of Adrian Van Ostade—heavy peasants smoking under a trellis-work of hops beside a pot of beer, great fat dowdies, with enormous heads and short legs. He was at once transformed; he gave up in an instant his Old and New Testament subjects; he drew grotesque heads, covered by coarse woollen caps or shapeless hats. His pencil became soft and unctuous; his colour, just now warm and golden, became cold, and was clothed in that beautiful blue tint which Ostade spread over most of his pictures, and which gives so much harmony and suavity to his compositions. "The Strolling Musicians" of Adrian Van Ostade is well known—a picture which becomes, so to speak, one of his masterpieces in the hands of the engraver Cornelius Visscher. Diétrich had the courage and boldness to re-paint this great work of the Dutch master. He has changed very little in the composition (p. 48). As in the picture of Ostade, the father, armed with his violin, towers above the troop of children who press around him. They cross a kind of door, or arcade, through which we distinguish the open sky and the country. Diétrich has taken some liberties with the details. We find in his picture a child blowing a bagpipe, which is not in that of Van Ostade. The physiognomies of the modern painter are also finer and more sarcastic, which proves that he did not thoroughly understand the sentiment and idea of his master. It was both philosophical and correct in Van Ostade to represent a sad and wearied sickness on the faces of that poor family dragged from village to village by misery. However, when correcting or travestying the thought of Adrian Van Ostade, Diétrich has, to a certain degree, been influenced by the painting of Van Ostade himself. Thus we easily recognise in the features of the father another of Van Ostade's personages, who also plays on the fiddle, and tells indelicate stories to some peasants sitting before the door of a rustic house.

The picture of Diétrich has been engraved by the celebrated Wille, a friend of the German painter. Wille possessed many of his pictures, and did much to make them known. Several compositions of Diétrich, indeed, were engraved by Wille. His engraving of the "Musicians" is a masterpiece of that art. Besides the picture of which we speak, Diétrich made an etching of one on the same subject. Smaller than his painting, it is also different from it in some of the minor details.

Diétrich often ventured to mix up the style and manner of several painters whom he had carefully studied in one single picture. This is the case with the "Rat-killer." In this picture, the general effect of which is original and very creditable to Diétrich, several of the physiognomies are copied from Van Ostade, while some belong to other distinguished masters; and indeed the general idea of the whole, and some of the faces, are very much in the style of Karel Dujardin, the landscape and animal painter.

In landscape-painting, he gives with a few touches, and as if playing with work, new and rare proofs of that extraordinary penetration which made him guess all those secrets that the great masters appeared to have carried away with them to the tomb. He revels with Berghem in the still depth of smiling valleys; he can tell the secrets of those skies of gold, and more transparent horizons, of Jean Both and his brother André; he is fully capable, when he likes, of following Everdingen to the very summit of his solitary rocks, where the wind moans incessantly through his lofty pines; or he will sit down with Ruysdael beside the noisy and foam-

* Hagedorn supplies us with this fact in his "Letter to an Amateur," but does not give us the name of the nobleman; but it appears that it was the very person to whom this letter was addressed.

g cascade. "That waterfall," says Hagedorn, "which he sketched for his friend Wille, would have excited the enthusiasm of Ruysdael and Everdingen, and the troubled source of the water below would have warmed a Backhuysen or a Parcellis."

He excited considerable admiration in his own day, amongst contemporary artists and amateurs, by the way in which he discovered the mode of proceeding of certain masters. The ease, the suavity, the harmony of Poelenberg were familiar to him, as well as that of all others. Following the traces of Alzheimer, he painted a "Flight into Egypt" (p. 45), which is regarded as one of his masterpieces, and which excels in exactly opposite qualities to those he exhibited in his imitation of Rembrandt. We even find productions of the Chevalier Van der Werff, the most insipid of painters, imitated, on some occasions, by the pencil of Diétrich.

Burtin,* a great admirer of Diétrich, says: "A precise, earned, soft, and rich touch, combined with judicious glazing, always causes us to recognise the rare talent of Diétrich, though he has been so varied in style, and has chosen such subjects as the 'Village Quack,' the sublime 'Communion of St. Jerome,' the picturesque Calisto, and then risen to the admirable finish of his precious and valuable 'Flight into Egypt.' The composition, the design, the expression, all equally perfect, the learned attitudes, the graceful nobility, the striking truthfulness of the stuffs, the charms of the soft colouring, the *chiaroscuro* of a most piquant character, the admirable toning down of the lights, combined with the most soft and delicate pencilling, which surpasses even the finish of Van der Werff, place this masterpiece of Diétrich amid the pearls of art." We may, perhaps, have occasion to correct the enthusiasm of a man speaking of a picture which was his own property.

It was ten years and more since Diétrich had returned from Holland.† Since this journey he had not left the city of Dresden, where he lived, with the title of painter to the king of Poland, except to go to Brunswick. In 1743, however, he started on an expedition to Italy. The earnest desire he had always felt to see this classic land of painting, this soil of art and fancy, was not his only motive for undertaking the journey. Though he laboured without ceasing, and though his facility was something really surprising, he could not keep up with the tremendous demand that existed at the court of Dresden for his pictures. Already he had been obliged to fly to the Duke of Brunswick, and could not find with that prince the rest and repose he so much desired. He determined to place the broad expanse of several kingdoms between himself and his thoughtless admirers. But he did not remain absent more than two or three years. He came back to Dresden, where he remained until the hour of his death, which took place in 1774.

A Dutchman with the Dutch, Diétrich in Italy became quite an Italian. He there painted pictures in the style of Claude Lorraine and Salvator Rosa, as he had formerly painted in the styles of Berghem and Everdingen. "The easy drawing of this artist," says a biographer,‡ "is quite in the modern Roman style; the energy and lightness of his pencil appeared to unite the taste of the schools of Flanders and Italy, and his landscapes have often the freshness of Lucatelli, and the firmness of Salvator Rosa." We cannot indeed perceive, without considerable astonishment and surprise, in the same gallery, landscapes in the style of Guaspre, smiling country scenes in the style of Lucatelli, wild sights and romantic scenes such as Salvator Rosa would paint, and all of them signed by the name of Diétrich. But it is to the city of Dresden we must go to understand and appreciate Diétrich.

The gallery of that city, where he lived so many years, and which was his true country, contains numerous paintings from his hand, and in every conceivable style. There you can, in less than one hour, judge of the incredible subtilty of Diétrich's talent; and it appears as if, to show off this peculiarity of our artist, they have united purposely all the most opposite masters, those whom he successfully imitated with his hands. Here we have a pasticcio of Vandermeulen; there an imitation of Watteau; further on, a copy of the "Hundred Florin" piece of Rembrandt; but it is proper to observe, that these several trials do not give a very lofty idea of the master. In the gallery where we find such splendid Rembrandts, such charming Watteaus, we are more than anywhere else struck with the insufficiency of copies which are neither original nor correct imitations.

Thus the "Christ healing the Sick," so admirable, so lofty, so expansive in the original by Rembrandt, becomes a very cold production in the hands of Diétrich. The disposition of the figures is nearly the same. The *chiaroscuro* represents the same proportions of light and shade; but somehow, all this leaves the spectator indifferent. The sick people around our Saviour are not interesting, though their faces bear all the marks and signs of suffering and grief. The "Christ" of Diétrich is delicate and poetical, but there is not a trace of divinity in its composition any more than if it had been painted by David. There is no sign of any miraculous power in that figure or in that face. None can feel that sickening of the heart, none can feel tempted to weep, as men have been known to do when gazing at the sublime painting of Rembrandt. They are fictitious sighs, of which painting has caught but the show; it is a faint light without any natural warmth, an empty shadow without any imposing mystery.

The same may, with considerable truth, be said of "The Presentation to the Temple," another copy of Rembrandt, which is equally cold and awkward, the artist having merely imitated the vulgarity and coarseness of the master, without one iota of his poetry. But if we examine carefully the whole Dresden gallery, we find here and there more happy and successful imitations. Whenever he had only to deal with artists whose merit was wholly exterior, if we may so express ourselves, Diétrich, clever to seize appearances, and incredible in his subtilty when the secrets of any mode of painting were to be discovered, was invariably more successful, and often triumphant. If he undertakes to paint a sketch by Vandermeulen, he succeeds in painting a picture which recalls that master, but in such a way that the pasticcio in the freedom and liberty of its style resembles some painter near at hand—say like Parrocel. He makes attempts upon the most opposite artists, in their turn—the precious Méris, the easy Subleyras—and reproduces what may be described as the costume of their thought, if not the thought itself.

One day, when painting one of those little canvases where he delighted in representing over again the favourite subjects of Cornelius Poelenberg, he painted a very pretty picture, which few, who have visited the Dresden gallery, can have failed to observe, in which he has been exceedingly successful in the expression. It is, indeed, only from the chaste and delicate tone of the style and the painting that the subject can be looked at with pleasure. It is a little more nude than any of the works of the gentle Poelenberg himself. Diétrich has, in this instance, represented an episode in the constantly recurring subject of "Diana's Bath." The chaste goddess surprises two of her nymphs under circumstances which, according to the mythological view of her character, are objectionable. They have allowed men to violate the sanctity of her grove. The power of the painter is here indeed very great, whether we examine the faces of the goddess, the nymphs, or the men. Nothing could be more difficult than to represent the astonishment and anger of the goddess, the guilty fear of the nymphs, and the curiosity and pretended alarm of the men. Diétrich here, without copying any one, has manifested great power and originality. The figures, too, are gracefully and elegantly modelled. The nymphs are in

* *Traité des Connaissances nécessaires à l'amateur de tableaux.*

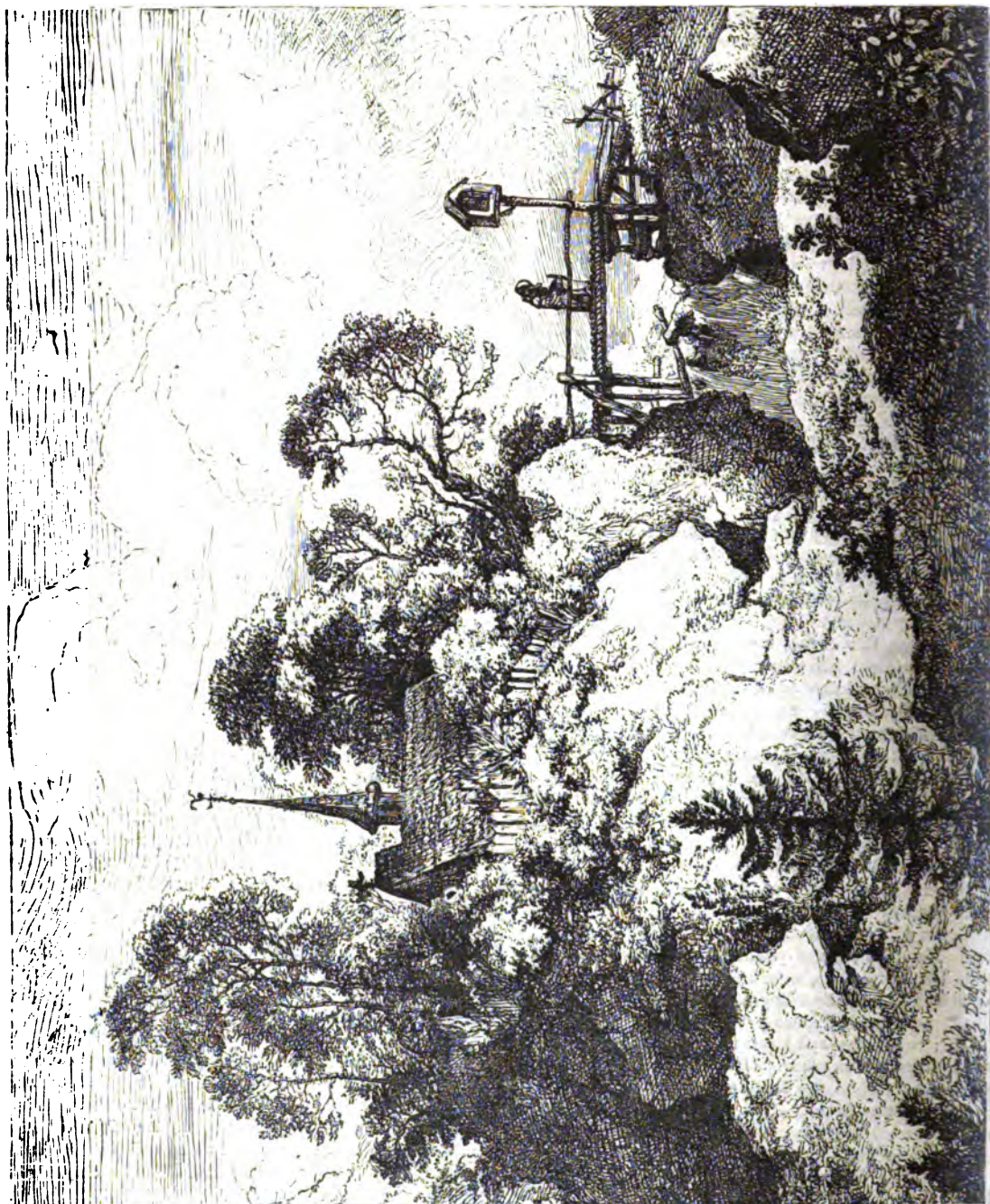
† According to Hagedorn, Diétrich appears to have gone to Holland only once in 1724. He returned to Dresden in 1735; but Papillon de la Ferté assures us that he returned in 1744, when coming back from Italy, and remained a long time.

‡ P. de la Ferté, *Extract from different works published on the Lives of Painters.* Paris, 1776, il. p. 55.

the water, up to their waists, save only one, who has been seeking to escape the angry glances of Diana, and whose feet only are in the water. This figure is most admirably painted, while the outline and form are exceedingly graceful and beautiful.

The French school, which then exercised such a decisive influence in Germany, could not but excite the curiosity and

to the antique, while Winkelmann laid his erudition and his fanatical enthusiasm at the service of that reform, Watteau was more admired at Weimar than he ever was at Paris. Diétrich, naturally enough, then adopted Watteau as one of his masters, and began to plagiarise his "Conversation on the Grass," his charming and fascinating masquerades, in which the whole world appears to us with its joys, its dreams, its loves,



THE WOODEN BRIDGE.—FROM A PAINTING BY DIÉTRICH.

draw the attention of Diétrich. The one most admired in the little courts, which made up so large a part of Germany, was the admirable Watteau, the delight of the fair sex. A celebrated connoisseur of that time informs us that there were courts where the paintings of Watteau were more popular than any of the Italian masters, not even excepting Raffaele himself. Thus, while Vien, Drouais, and David were meditating the reform of the French school, and a solemn return

and its sadness, under the aspect and dress and fanciful appearance of the Italian stage. But to interpret and render Watteau, it is not sufficient to have seductive colouring, and a power of using rose, vermillion, and blue; it is necessary to have his mind, his vast and prodigious imagination, his adorable caprices, his insatiable love of reverie and pleasure; it is necessary to have an intuitive belief in the passion of love, as Watteau had. Diétrich confined himself wholly to

the outward surface, and copied Watteau without understanding him; he only saw the sheath of the beautiful and brilliant blade. It is therefore very visible that in his pastorals his grace is borrowed, his delirium pretended, and his passion feigned. As for Diétrich's lovers, they are by no means the lively triflers of Watteau; they are sad, and dull, and monotonous.

who did not care a fig for Diétrich, who studied these Bourguignons, and declared that their touch was inimitable."

All that we have previously remarked and quoted sufficiently demonstrates to the mind of the reader that Diétrich spent the greater part of his life, and expended nearly the whole of his energies, in the somewhat sterile and thankless task of painting an innumerable quantity of pasticcios. While per-



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.—FROM A PAINTING BY DIÉTRICH.

He was once more successful and pleasing, when the handling of the pencil, the fire of the touch, and practice and experience had to play the principal part. "In his youth," says Hagedorn, "he amused himself by imitating Bourguignon. He was so eminently successful that, having re-painted two battle scenes by this great master, which had been brought from Italy, and had been spoiled by the way, connoisseurs took them for Bourguignons. We knew a stranger

severing in this spirit of imitation, which led him to wander through the galleries and museums of Europe in preference to studying nature, Diétrich obeyed an impulse which then was purely natural. During the whole of the first half of the eighteenth century, science, literature, art, politics, industry, in Germany, were but timid and unfortunate imitations. All the originality and genius of Germany seemed to have been exhausted in the first years of the sixteenth

century. "The political and religious wars," says Madame de Stael, in her able work on Germany, "when the Germans were unfortunate enough to fight one against the other, turned away all persons' attention from literature; and when they began to think of it again, it was under the auspices of the age of Louis XIV., at the time when the desire to imitate the French had obtained possession of most of the courts and writers of Europe. The works of Hagedorn,* of Gellert, of Weiss, are but heavy French. Nothing original, nothing which was in conformity with the genius of the nation, was produced."

What Madame de Stael very properly and correctly observes of the literature of Germany at that time, may be equally justly applied to the pictures of the two artists who flourished in that country towards the same epoch. The works of Mengs, his portraits alone excepted, are but heavy and disfigured Raffaelles. Diétrich, despite his prodigious ability, has to endure the reproach of having laid a heavy hand on Rembrandt, diminished Salvator, obscured Claude Lorraine, and vulgarised Poelemborg, except in one instance, where he improved him.

In general, works on the divine art of painting have been rather recklessly prodigal of praise to Diétrich. This is very easily explained. Most persons, until of late years, who have written books on painting and the works of painters, were what are called amateurs of *tableaux*. More alive to the material qualities of the execution than to the general character of a work, or to the mighty inspiration of genius, these superficial connoisseurs, these men who live at sales, think every composition admirable, the arrangement of which is able, the *chiaroscuro* well developed, and the pencil managed with ability. As all these varied merits are to be found in the works of Diétrich, they have praised him beyond all reason, and little is wanting for these writers to have placed him on a level with the masters he has copied.

It is the province of the sincere and impartial critic to be more severe. Imitation, even when it is perfect, is proof of want of power. What characterises genius is the fact that it is true and new, as creative in its mode of proceeding as in its inspirations. If Rembrandt has a manner, which is not that of Titian or Corregio, it is because this great painter manifested in his works his thought, his soul, his very life. To a certain extent one can reproduce the system of composition, of style, of touch, and tone of the great masters; but how can we hope to grasp the fire of that genius which gives principal value to their inventions? Besides, of what use would it be? To imitate is to weaken. Every imitator has been fatally condemned to remain below his model. If he were but nearly the equal of the great men he copies, would he think of imitating them? In art none can walk on the road marked out by genius; it is effaced and leaves no mark, like the wake of the sea, Diétrich—called by himself and by some of his contemporaries Diétricy; so little original was he as to deny his own name—is a striking proof of the truth of this axiom. There is not one of his innumerable pasticcios which can be advantageously compared to the original works which have inspired them; and we must ascribe to courtesy, or to natural self-love, the judgment of a contemporary who says:—"He is with these masters all that he wishes to be; he feels himself the beauty of their productions. Always full of his subject, a master with an easy pencil, he renders with warmth the sentiment he feels, and adds original beauties to those which strike him in the inventions of others."

We are perfectly well aware that painters of the very first order of merit have delighted in manifesting the flexibility of their pencils, and have painted in the manner and in imitation of all masters, with such success that they have placed the judgment of connoisseurs at fault. We are perfectly well aware that this peculiar talent gained for Teniers the name of the Proteus of painting. But if Teniers had not combined with this one style of merit that of excelling in the style

peculiar to him, he would not have become immortal. It is not because he copied in one picture the whole gallery of Philippe IV., that he is placed in the front rank of the masters of the Flemish school. He owes his most solid glory to those grotesque *fantasies* in which the spirit of the author is seen revelling in the free outline, and in the rapid and light touches, of his magic pencil.

We must not, however, for one moment suppose that Diétrich never did anything from his own inspiration—from his own genius, and that his individuality is never brought out. Even in his pasticcios he has not been able so to disguise himself as that it is impossible to recognise him. In vain has he abdicated his nature. In him is always found the German master: the pieces which are called his masterpieces, like the "Flight into Egypt," and the "Communion of St. Jerome," belong rather to the precise and pointed style of Van der Werff, of Elzheimer, of Poelemborg, than to the school of bold colourists, such as Rembrandt, Rubens, and Salvator. His design is often wanting in grace; we can find fault with certain stiffness in his draperies; his touch is dry and thin; his colouring is wanting in brightness and sharpness.

These defects, easily noted by an experienced eye, in divers degrees, in all the works of Diétrich, are especially to be remarked in his original works. The picture which is to be seen in the Louvre, and the subject of which is taken from the Scriptures, representing "Christ and the Woman taken in Adultery," gives a very good idea of the qualities of this painter, and of the imperfections of his talent. By his elaborate study of Rembrandt he had acquired a most incontestable power of disposing of light and shade. Thus, on the canvas we allude to, the woman, who is the principal personage of the picture, is lighted up brilliantly. She forms, so to speak, a luminous circle, of which the rays glide somewhat weakened upon the figure of the Saviour, and are lost by a series of learned effects—are melted away, in fact, in the two corners of the picture where stand the groups of old men.

The colouring of this canvas is harmonious, the touch warm and rich, though in some places thin; but the opposition of lights and shadows wants frankness, and thence it arises that the effect of the whole is weak. The drawing is poor in expression; the physiognomies, especially that of Christ, are wanting in elevation and life. The features of the young woman are charming in grace and Germanic candour; but this face, faithful mirror of a soul scarce woke to sensation, belongs rather to an innocent virgin than to her whose sins were forgiven her, and unto whom He said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

This form of a woman was to Diétrich one of those types of beauty which the artist prefers to all others, and the image of which is renewed on all occasions by his pencil. It is found in another work by the same artist, engraved by Schmidt in 1775, where we see "Sarah leading her servant Hagar to the aged Abraham;" it is also seen again in the Virgin represented in "The Flight into Egypt." Though the form and conception of "The Woman taken in Adultery" belong properly to Diétrich, he could not help yielding here, as elsewhere, to his intense love for imitation: the personages who surround Christ are quite in the style and after the manner of Rembrandt; and we might apply to it the rather bold words of Michael Angelo, who said to a young painter, after admiring his work: "This is a very clever work, will please everybody, and make the reputation of the artist; unless, indeed, the varied authors of limbs and arms, and hands and legs, were each to claim their own. A pretty state of things indeed would then ensue!"

Diétrich, as laborious as any of the masters whom he took for a model, has left a great number of etchings. He has perhaps shown more ability in wielding his point than his brush. Unfortunately, his engravings, like his pictures, are copies. The great library of Paris, in its wonderful collection of engravings, possesses two proofs of the two first pieces engraved by Diétrich. One represents a strand on the borders of the sea, the other a scene in country life. In these first attempts it appears that Diétrich intended to follow in

* This Frederick Hagedorn was the brother of Charles Christian Louis, author of several works on painting.

the track of Van der Velde, when that great master himself was yet scratching the copper with an inexperienced hand. The timid point glides over the plate, the lines are as fine as hairs, and the whole is a confused mass. Later, in 1731, a "Christ Preaching" is executed in quite another taste; the point is heavy, the dashes stiff and symmetrical, a little in the ancient German style. But we must not be unjust enough to judge our artist from the works of his youth. The true Diétrich, considered as an engraver, exists in those plates where he has imitated the portraits and the religious compositions of Rembrandt, the landscapes of Everdingen, the rocks of Salvator. If some of these productions are beautiful enough to make us sometimes doubt the name of the author, it must be owned that the etchings of Diétrich, now fine and light, now energetic, are presently too black and too overloaded with shadows, failing in the magic and wonderful effects of the painter of Leyden. And then how could he succeed—he, a German artist, cold in imagination and patient by nature—in discovering the audacious fancy of the point of Rembrandt? But his landscapes, in the style of Everdingen, of Ruydael, and of Salvator, his imitations of Ostade and of Berghem, are admirable. It is much and always to be regretted, that he did not finish his "Christ Healing the Sick." The composition of this engraving is combined with great art. If Diétrich could have completed it, there is no doubt that it would have been remembered as his best work, as his masterpiece.

When we consider with what attention the portrait of Diétrich, painted by himself, is executed, we are very much struck by the gentle and placid beauty of his countenance. A calm intelligence beams upon his lofty forehead; but in his eyes, large and pure, one is easily able to detect rather a sagacious and frank mind and character, than a profound soul. The inward flame of genius is not seen, but a delicate sensibility, accessible to every impression from without. Nature seems to have written his destiny in his face. In the history of the arts, as in literature, celebrity is the lot of only those men who are gifted with a rare and positive original inspiration. Really great painters have been distinguished from each other by such marked characteristics, that none could fail to recognise them. It was upon condition of being unique, to speak in his own style, that each obtained his brevet of celebrity. Their names even cannot be pronounced without recalling to the mind the idea of perfection in one of the essential branches of art. Diétrich was not one of these. By very opposite qualities, he has saved his name from oblivion. Gifted with the surprising faculty of taking, like old Proteus, every form, and every appearance, he is like everybody, and he is never like himself. But he often carries pasticcio to such perfection, that he astonishes even those whose severe taste rejects these imitations as plagiarisms unworthy of his genius.

To compare and paint in the style of others, is properly to make what is called a pasticcio, a kind of art which we must not confound with a mere copy. Good copies of a master are often precious objects, because they multiply and spread abroad the noble pleasure one has in gazing upon a masterpiece. Clever and faithful, the copyist gives us the facsimile of a picture much better even than the engraver, because he gives character to the design, to the composition, to the justice of the *clair-obscur*—that is to say, of the effect, the qualities of tone and touch so agreeable for us to survey. The pasticcio, on the other hand, never gives anything but a false idea of the original master to those who knew him not, and only inspires regrets in those who know him. Unless you rise to the ranks of those sublime painters who take their property, as Molière says, where they find it, or who, as Voltaire says, kill their men, it is rare that you do not weaken the ideas of others when you steal them. As for the painter Diétrich, we may quote the words of the poet:—

"Coloriste aujourd'hui, demain dessinateur,
Et, même en inventant, toujours imitateur,
Diétrich fut tour-à-tour Van Ostade, Corrége;
De Protée, en son art, il eut le privilège."

Et sut, dans ses tableaux, fleurir, suave et grand,
Recommencer Watteau, Poelenberg et Rembrandt."*

Diétrich has engraved about two hundred subjects, of which copies are very rare. He has treated subjects from Bible history, and profane story; he has engraved half figures and head studies, pastoral scenes, views, and landscapes.

In Bible history he has engraved nineteen subjects; amongst which the most remarkable are "Lot and his Daughters," "Abraham Sacrificing Isaac," "Isaac on his knees before the Pile," "Abraham Sacrificing the Ram—these four plates no longer exist—"Christ surrounded by the Doctors," twenty-six figures; "Christ healing the Sick," also with twenty-six figures; "The Descent from the Cross," with nineteen figures; "St. James Preaching in a Village," with seven figures; "The Nativity," and "The Flight into Egypt," in the style of Rembrandt.

In profane story he has many. "Venus on the Rocks," imitated from Poelenberg; "The Combats of the Tritons," in the style of Salvator Rosa; "The Satyr and the Passerby," from Jordaens; "The Spectacle Dealer," six figures, in the style of Van Ostade; "The Knife-grinder and the Cobbler" (p. 49), "The Dealer in Poison for Rats" (p. 41), "The Dentist," "The Quack," all in the style of the same master; "Belisarius Begging," a very rare and beautiful engraving; and "The Dinner," a piece equally rare and equally admirable.

Subjects in half figures and heads are "The Strolling Musicians" (p. 48), engraved in the style of Rembrandt, and imitated from Van Ostade; "The Tea Party," "The Dutch Priest," "The Monk with the Beard," "The Man with Moustaches," "An Old Man standing erect;" and heads of women and children.

Pastoral scenes, views, and landscapes are "Young Girls at the Entrance of a Cavern," "Herdsman leaning on a Cow"—these two compositions are imitated from Poelenberg—"A Shepherd tending his Flock," from Berghem; "Landscape with Ruins," six landscapes; "The Chapel," "The Wooden Bridge" (p. 44), "The Flock," "The Lake," in the style of Salvator; "A Cowherd, with a stick in his hand;" "Two Hermits," "Two Peasants," "Studies of Animals: He-Goats, She-Goats, Rams, Sheep, Lambs, the Goatherd, and three Goats."

The nineteen pieces from Holy History were sold at the Royal sale for £14 in 1817.

Most public galleries in Europe possess pictures by Diétrich. The Louvre has "The Woman taken in Adultery," which was only valued at £24 in 1816.

Belgium has the portrait of the artist, engraved, in 1765, by Schmuzer. It is given at page 41.

The Museum of Vienna has "The Shepherds," a night-piece, signed and dated 1760; and "The Adoration of the Shepherds," another night-piece, executed the same year.

The Royal Pinacothek Museum of Munich is richer. It has five pictures by Diétrich: "Lazarus in the Bosom of Abraham," "The Avaricious Man in Hell," "A Landscape on the Sea Shore," "A Landscape, with Fishermen's Huts," "Two Blind Men leading one another."

At Dresden there are fifty pictures by this master, of which the principal ones are: "A Man, a Woman, and a Boy Feeding some Sheep," in the style of Bassan; "The Portrait of the Mother of Diétrich," "The Adoration of the Magi," "The Presentation to the Temple," "The Prodigal Son," "The Marriage Feast of Cana," "A Pastoral Scene," in the style of Watteau; "A Flock of Sheep and Goats, guarded by the Shepherd and Shepherdess," "A Holy Family, by the light of a Lanthorn," "Christ Curing the Sick," "Christ on the Cross," "Mercury and Argus," and "Nymphs Bathing."

* To day a colourist, to-morrow a sketcher, and even when inventing always an imitator, Diétrich was in turns Van Ostade and Corregio. In the arts he had the privilege of Proteus, and was able, in his flowery, sweet, and grand pictures, to reproduce Watteau, Poelenberg, and Rembrandt.

A few prices at different sales may be interesting.

Blondel de Gagny, 1778. "Two Landscapes," £15.

Sale of the Prince de Conti, 1777. The "Flight into Egypt," £91; "The Bathers," £166; "Twelve Women, in a Landscape," £95.

Sale of Randon de Boisset, 1777. "A Landscape," with animals, £78.

Cardinal Fesch's Sale, 1849. "Flight into Egypt," £37.

The pictures represented in our pages give various instances of his style.

The first is the little cut, representing a "Dealer in Poison for Rats" (p. 41). This is a clever production—man, dog, dress, rats, are all in keeping.

"The Knife-Grinder and the Cobbler" (p. 49) is a very



THE STROLLING MUSICIANS.—FROM A PAINTING BY DIETRICH.

Sale of Marin, 1790. Two fine "Landscapes," £81; two others, £33; another, £20.

Sale of Lanjeac, 1802. Two "Landscapes, with Bathers," £69.

Solirene Sale, 1812. "Resurrection of Lazarus," £83.

Laperrière Sale, 1817. "The rest of the Holy Family," £70.

Sale Lenoir Dubreuil, 1821. "The Presentation to the Temple," £57."

able picture. The cobbler in his stall, the cat above, and the queer old knife-grinder, are all faithfully given. The colouring of this is very rich, and the play of lights and shades very forcible.

"The Halt of the Holy Family" (p. 52), though ably painted, is defective in costume. The Virgin in her dress is too like an Italian peasant girl, while the infant Jesus is perfectly Dutch. It is also, however, an able painting in the colouring.

"The Strolling Musicians" (p. 48) is witty in conception ably carried out. The players are vigorously rendered, the *chiaroscuro* is admirable.

"The Flight into Egypt" (p. 45) is to a certain extent careful; but, though not wanting in *chiaroscuro* and general is defective in the figures.

"The Wooden Bridge" (p. 44) is pretty, tasteful, and natural.

With, in his Catalogue, gives the following observations on it: "Many very clever pictures, from the pencil of a painter in the style of Rembrandt, partly merit him a place in the present list. He was born at Weimar, in Saxony,

the court of Dresden to send him to Italy. How long he studied in that far-famed school, or what were the important advantages he derived from it, does not readily appear in his works, for these reflect the style and peculiarities of other masters' pictures, as Rembrandt, Poelemberg, Ostade, and Salvator Rosa; but those of the former artist appear to have made the greatest impression on him, for he imitated them so servilely, that even his original compositions have the appearance of being, in many instances, copies from his favourite painter's picture. Two of his finest productions of this man, representing a 'Crucifixion' and the 'Entombment,' brought some years ago in public sale upwards of



THE KNIFE-GRINDER AND THE COBBLER.—FROM A PAINTING BY DIETRICH.

1712, and having acquired a knowledge of the rudiments of his art from his father—a painter of very moderate abilities—

three hundred guineas; and a picture by his hand, of very superior merit, in the manner of A. Ostade, engraved by

Dietrich: Pinx. 1753; Dürry-fest 1763.

and afterwards improved himself under Alexander Thiele, a landscape-painter, he gave such proofs of genius as to induce

Wille, under the title of the 'Musiciens Ambulants,' is in the collection of Richard Simmonds, Esq."

ANECDOTES OF THE LIFE OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

THE accession of Leo X. marked the commencement of a period wasted in fruitless labour, in bitter regrets, and more bitter sufferings, by the great Michael Angelo. It seemed to have been ordained that, from time to time, the career of this man should be like that of a torrent chafing in its channel of rocks, but afterwards bursting out more free and bright than ever. During nine years, however, the eclipse of his fortunes was unbroken, and only one incident is recorded of him; but this was one alike honourable to his spirit as an artist and to his feelings as a citizen.

The Academy of Florence had sent deputies to Leo X., petitioning him to restore to their country the ashes of Dante Alighieri, the noble and unhappy exile, who, after reviving the language and restoring the literature of Italy, had, two centuries previous, breathed his last sigh at Ravenna.

Michael Angelo relieved his long days of compulsory indolence, of sad monotony, by reading the songs of the Florentine poet, marking with his pen on the margin all the passages which struck his imagination. What an inestimable relic this volume would have been, if it had not, like Ovid's last song, been lost in the waters; for who, better than Michael Angelo, could have illustrated and interpreted Dante?

At the first intelligence which came concerning the embassy, then on its way to Rome, the artist became excited. With a generous enthusiasm, a vivid and ardent sympathy with genius, he joined at once in the work of reparation and justice. We may still read at the bottom of the original petition, preserved in the Florentine archives, these words:—"I, Michael Angelo, sculptor, address to your holiness the same prayer, and I offer to execute for the divine poet a sepulchre worthy of his memory."

And Leo X., the ostentatious *Mæcenæ*, the vain patron of letters, refused this magnificent offer, and deprived the world of the monument which such an artist's memorial of the great poet would have been! But the whole Medici family, though servile historians have endeavoured to exalt them, were sordid, treacherous, and contemptible. We fully agree with the author of a brilliant article in a contemporary publication, who has assailed the betrayers of Florence upon that pedestal to which they have been raised by the worshippers of success:—"History," he says, "has agreed to reprobate the treason of Sforza and of the Visconti, but, with a traditional perverseness, continues to applaud the Medici as benefactors of Italy. They the benefactors of Italy! Florence alone, humiliated and enslaved, is a suffering memorial of their crimes. But turn from her to the pestilent Maremma of Sienna. That was a beautiful salubrious tract, until Cosmo wasted it and transformed it into a deadly marsh. Fever-breeding swamps exist in the places where the republics cultivated fertile and healthy plains. The Roman territories, from Ferrara to the Pontine Marshes, have become bare and putrid since the stagnation of industry ensuing on the decline of freedom. Cosmo dried up the fertilising springs and streams of his country, by hewing down the forests on the Tuscan Apennines. Rocky deserts now exist where the pastures in ancient times were rich with fleece, and a population of banditti derives its descent from shepherds and cultivators of the soil. If, therefore, they are benefactors who make men happy, the Medici have nothing to claim from the gratitude of mankind."

It was about this period, according to all the testimonies we can collect, that the unhappy quarrel took place between Raffaele and Michael Angelo, the most eminent painters of their age. Angelo met his rival on the steps of the Vatican, surrounded by a crowd of scholars, and ironically exclaimed, "You march like a general at the head of his army." "And you," said the other, with fierce contempt, "go skulking alone, like an executioner." Perhaps, however, we may absolve the memory of the two great artists from much of the stain cast by this quarrel; for the fault is to be attributed to that crowd of parasites who only sought their intimacy in order to inflame their passions and flatter their pride.

Meanwhile, Leo the Tenth died suddenly, carried off by poison. If the arts in general lost a patron, Michael Angelo at least had nothing to regret. The Florentine pope never bestowed friendship or aid upon his countrymen. However, no change for the better took place. Adrian Sixth, of Flemish origin, succeeded to the papal throne; this was a misfortune for the painter. The new pontiff received the strange and barbarous resolution of pulling down the roof of the Sistine Chapel, because, he said, it looked like the roof of a bath than of a place of worship.

It was not, therefore, with sorrow that the painter saw the pope and the next pass away—feeble princes, who never held the sacerdotal sceptre until their hands began to tremble with the weakness of approaching death. But the succeeding despots was unbroken. Florence again and again threw the yoke of those proficent traitors, the Medici; and seventh Clement, born from that hateful stock, when his native city had once more become free, hired a host of mercenaries to assail her. Their savage standards were soon perceived flying on the summits of those sun-touched hills, when the beautiful city of Florence may be seen—a picture of lightful houses and gardens, in the glowing Italian sky. Forty-four thousand men laid siege to the Tuscan capital. Less than thirteen thousand defended her walls, during eleven months, with heroic fortitude. Eight thousand patriots died in the breaches, and fourteen thousand of their enemies were buried in the plains around. Now was Michael Angelo called on to decide whether he should act as a painter or a man; whether he should offend a family of benefactors, or deny his country. He hesitated not a moment. Being named a member of the famous Council of Nine, and director of the fortifications, he proceeded round the city ramparts, and declared that unless vast preparations were made, the usurping Medici would enter at their will. But the nobles of Florence, the true oligarchs, were already conspiring to betray the commonwealth. They complained of the sculptor's vigilance; they said he was cowardly and extravagant, because he knew he was faithful and sagacious. Their poisonous tongues prevailed. Florence was already sufficiently ruptured by her nobles to listen to their slanders. Michael Angelo, therefore, indignant and ashamed, himself opened a gate, returned to Florence, and remained in angry solitude, like Achilles in his tent. When he was gone, the Florentines repented. They sent messengers after him, whom he was found, lonely, sad, stern, and immersed in dreams, in one of the most obscure little streets of the built city. They approached him with humble deference; they prayed him to forget the slight which the provisional government had put upon him; they conjured him, in the name of liberty and of his country, to return. He at first resisted and refused, but in vain; for they pressed him again and at length he consented. Once more, therefore, we see the artist in Florence, a general, a strategist, at the head of the defenders of his beloved city. It was too late. The hour of Italian independence had sounded. Charles Fifth, another of the hateful tyrants whom history flatters, had thrown his sword into the scale. The artillery, by night and by day, poured a storm upon Florence; the bravest citizens had already fallen. The old men and the women pale with hunger, decimated by famine, clothed in black, smeared with ashes, came together into the squares, or knelt in the churches, and swore they would all die rather than surrender. Michael Angelo had stationed himself on the steeple of Santo Miniato. Two guns, pointed at the besiegers and discharged incessantly, made his post conspicuous. The fired furiously at the spot. He smiled with contempt, and hung down immense draperies of cloth, which were more effectual than stone in resisting the light balls which alone could reach that elevated eyrie. Certainly, if Florence could have been saved, Angelo would have been her deliverer. Already his courage, his firmness, the resources of his mighty genius, stirred and multiplied by the heat of patriotism and the excitement of battle, had carried wonder and terror into the enemy's ranks; but Florence was even now lost. Still

by a cry of sorrow arose from the streets below; women heard shrieking; the imprecations of the soldiers were audible. In a few moments all was explained. Malatesta had been corrupted by the Medici; the infamous Valori had his country. It is hard to say which was worse, the man paid, or the man who received the nefarious price of treason? But the moral of the story would not have been complete without its sequel. A capitulation had been signed, opening the gates on condition of a general amnesty to be granted by the conquerors. Let us see how the magnificent Medici, the benefactors of Italy, kept their faith. Six of the best citizens were immediately beheaded; many others were banished to exile or to the galleys. And these friends of the hunted Michael Angelo about, searched his house from cellar to the roof, drove him from one concealment to another, until the glorious artist was compelled to hide in the clock-tower of the church of San Nicholo del Arno. At last, the Seventh Clement was artful enough to abandon pursuit. He knew that, if he laid hands on the artist, posing this to be possible, he would only be troubled by a prisoner; while, if he granted him life and liberty, he would have one enemy the less, and be able to claim the praise of clemency, magnanimity, and so forth. So he pardoned Michael Angelo. And not this only. He humbled himself before him; he made him all kinds of offers and promises, on condition that he would resume his sculptor's seat, and occupy himself without delay with the monuments to Julius the Second, and Lorenzo de Medici, that other master whom it was, until lately, the fashion to eulogise and admire.

On his return to Rome, a new trial awaited Michael Angelo. The representatives of the Duke of Urbino, with that tenacity which has characterised the followers of the law in all ages and countries, revived the affair of the tomb of Julius II., of which we have already in a former article given the particulars. The artist had no inclination to fall into the hands of his enemies, and so came to terms with them, by engaging to perfect the monument without further delay. He, therefore, set himself seriously to his task. The design of the mausoleum, which was originally intended to be the noblest work of the kind ever executed, had been reduced to that of a simple façade of marble upon one of the walls of "the arch of St. Peter of the Bonds." The vain Julius himself had chosen the spot in which his tomb should be placed. He had given the name of the church, which had been bestowed by Sixtus IV., one of the first founders of the greatness of his family. He himself had been its cardinal during thirty-two years—and, as being elected pope, had transmitted the dearly-earned honour to his nephew. Some fatality, however, seemed to forbid the completion of the work, frequently interrupted as it had already been. Numerous influences conspired, and of the whole abortive plan, nothing but a figure of Moses was executed in a style worthy of its artist's name. And this statue, beautiful and grand as it is, has been taken from its original position, displaced from the point of view in which it appeared in its proper character, and isolated from the groups of which it was intended to form a porch; and, therefore, produces little of the impression it was intended to create. Had it been seated beside a gigantic tomb, amid a throng of prophets and sibyls, as the artist desired, it would have been an example of the solemn and grand in sculpture. Even as it is, if you enter the church at nightfall, and contemplate by the uncertain and lingering radiance of the evening that superhuman apparition, your mind cannot rest calm when the figure falls on the figure of Moses. He is seated like a demigod of the ancients in Olympian majesty. One of his arms is extended over the table of the law; the other reposes across his breast, with the superb nonchalance of one who knows he has the right to frown, to command obedience from the multitude. A thick and ponderous beard hangs down upon his enormous breast, like a torrent arrested in its course. The simple and primitive character of this great shepherd of a nation is depicted in every development of his form—in every fold of his vesture. The double intelligence given to him, since the

divine vision on the Mount, beams from the high, broad, massive brow; and power and benevolence combined seem to speak in every lineament of the countenance.

While Michael Angelo was employed upon his "Moses," Clement VII., like Julius whom he was honouring, troubled him incessantly.

One day a messenger came to the artist, telling him that he need not expect his customary visit. Clement VII. was dead. He had leisure, just while the conclave was sitting, to elect a new pope.

Paul III. was announced. He came, with a pompous retinue of ten cardinals, to the studio of Buonarroti.

"Now," said the new pontiff, "I shall expect, Master Buonarroti, that all your time will be given up to me."

"Will your holiness pardon me?" replied the sculptor; "I have signed an engagement with the Duke of Urbino, by which I have pledged myself to complete the monumental tomb of Julius II."

"What!" cried Paul; "it is thirty years since I formed a wish, and now that I am pope I am not to gratify myself."

"But my contract, holy father—my contract."

"Come, come; I will take the responsibility of that affair upon myself. You shall execute three figures with your own hand, and other artists shall do the rest. I will answer for the Duke of Urbino's consent. And now, my master, to the Sistine Chapel; there is a great vacuum there awaiting us."

What could Michael Angelo urge against a will so positive, and so imperiously expressed? He completed, as best he could, his two statues of "Active Life" and "Contemplative Life," the symbolical Rachel and Leah of Dante; and, not daring to make any profit from an engagement he was forced to break, gave a large proportion of the sum he received himself to pay liberally the artists employed by him to execute the rest of the work. Having thus brought to a conclusion an affair which had cost him so much labour, vexation, and perplexity, he threw himself, with all his enthusiasm and his genius, into the execution of his vast design, "The Last Judgment," the painting of which occupied him during little less than nine years.

This picture, enormous and unique, represents the human figure in every conceivable attitude; it depicts every sentiment, every passion, all the infinitely-varied reflections of fancy and thought, all the impulses and workings of the soul; with an inestimable profusion of forms, tints, and tones, such as are found nowhere else within the domain of art.

In this work, Michael Angelo seems to have challenged with his courage an infinite difficulty, which his genius overcame. The object of this vast composition, the manner in which it is conceived and developed, the admirable variety and skilful distribution of the groups, the unsurpassable boldness and force of the outline, the contrasts of light and shade, the obstacles, almost insuperable, in the very nature of the design, which he appears to have assailed as if in sport, the happy power with which this prodigal variety and these innumerable details are wrought and combined into one harmonious whole—all these render "The Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo a prodigy of painting. Immense as the surface is, each part of the picture gains in effect by close study; for no cabinet-piece for the most fastidious amateur was ever more lovingly retouched, or finished to more exquisite perfection.

This magnificent work, after nearly nine years of labour, was exhibited to the public on Christmas-day, 1541. Michael Angelo was then sixty-seven years old. Several anecdotes are related in reference to his "Last Judgment."

The pope, it is said, objected to the style of representing some of the figures, and sent to tell the painter that they must be altered.

"You will tell Pope Paul," he replied, "to trouble himself less with correcting my picture, which it is easy for him to do, and to try and reform public manners, which he will find more difficult."

The master of the ceremonies of the Vatican accompanied the pope one day on a visit which his holiness paid to the studio of Michael Angelo, when "The Last Judgment" was

about half finished. This creature also would express his opinion on the work.

"Holy father," he said, "if I might utter my thoughts, I would say that this painting is more fit for a tavern-room than for the chapel of a pope."

Unhappily for the master of the ceremonies, Michael Angelo was behind him when he uttered these words, and lost not a syllable of the compliment paid him by Signor Biagio. The moment, therefore, that his visitors were gone, the artist sat down and drew a portrait of his critic, and

placed him among the "Lost Souls," under the false character of Midas. This was a revenge suggested, perhaps by the practice of Dante, who punished those who defamed him by consigning them to his *Inferno*.

We may imagine the misery of the poor master of ceremonies, when he saw himself condemned in this way. He threw himself at the pope's feet, begging for deliverance and for the punishment of the offender. But Paul professed that he had no jurisdiction. And so Michael Angelo gratified his malicious whim, and went on painting his great picture



HALT OF THE HOLY FAMILY.—FROM A PAINTING BY DIETRICH.

GABRIEL METZU.

To have seen a few pictures of Metzu, of Terburg, or of Gaspar Netscher, is to have acquired fresh knowledge of the manners of the Dutch citizen of the time of the Stadtholder, of his costume, of his physiognomy, of his courtesies, of his mode of life, and even of his style of thinking; and this knowledge is to be gained from such a study, as well as from history and description. To be sure, the painting would be unintelligible without the book; for the pencil would create mysteries without the pen, though it is the fashion among the critics of art to say that their craft is superior to that of the writer. But what would a whole gallery, as vast as the Vatican, of historical portraits be worth, if the biographies of the individuals did not exist? What would all the Sculptures in Nineveh tell us, if the sacred and the classic records did

not interpret their mystical tongue? What frescoes could have told us Roman history, if Livy had not written? What painter could have left such a familiarity with Spanish manners as we have derived from the literary pictures of Cervantes? We cannot, therefore, agree with the artists who are able to write at all, that whole libraries of information are rendered superfluous by the paintings of a master. No one will suspect us of a wish to depreciate this branch of art, but it is just to that art itself to remember its office, and not to claim the dominion in a realm which belongs to another genius. From a picture we may learn the fashion of a mantle or a boot, the style of ornamenting a chimney piece or a chair, the mode of wearing a beard or a wig; but the spirit and moral of all valuable history is still reserved

usively for the pen ; and the painter in this department
 at be for ever subordinate, and illustrate what the superior
 et—of words and thoughts—describes and explains.
 evertheless, as we have admitted, such a painter as Gabriel

spice was first collected for them, and when their exchanges
 began to grow opulent by the trade with Borneo and Sumatra
 In the pride of his freedom, after the yoke of Spain has been
 broken, he appears before us, a formal citizen, methodical in



THE UNEXPECTED VISIT.—FROM A PAINTING BY METZU.

Metzu is, in some respects, an historian. He exhibits, in
 dramatic groups, the national manners of his time. In his pic-
 tures we see the Hollander of the age when the United Nether-
 lands were first reaping the riches of the Indian isles ; when

his life, and very systematic in the conduct of his affairs.
 His house is to him a world ; he gathers into this one place,
 around this pleasant centre, as many delights as were heaped
 up in the ancient palaces of the kings of Ecbatana and Susa.

The ships of his country—perhaps his own ships—have for him traversed the ocean from one zone to another,—have searched for porcelain and amber in Japan, for ginger in Malabar, for pepper in Java, for precious canes and drugs in Malacca. From the farthest parts of the world, the famous islands of the Malays, they have brought him all that could enrich his home, benefit his family, and charm away the dreariness of mind naturally inspired by the cold sky and long winters of the north. Asia sends him its muslins, its spices, its diamonds, its feathers of the bird of Paradise, its ivory and camphor. The ices of the Pole have furnished him with those splendid furs, to border the velvet mantle which his wife or his eldest daughter is proud to wear, even in the warmest apartment of the house. The birds, the insects, the shells, and minerals of the remotest lands, fill his cabinets, exquisitely arranged under covers of glass; and, protected in the same way, the rarest plants, the most delicate Persian lilies, the sumptuous tulips, flourish and are cultivated under his inspection. His furniture, wrought with extreme taste, and preserved with the utmost care, suffers no changes from the caprices of fashion, but is transmitted from father to son, one generation after another. The canopy of his bed is supported on pillars of carved ebony, and hung round with drapery of green damask. Hanging from the roof a mirror of gilded copper is twined round with wreaths of elegant workmanship. The floors of the rooms are waxed into beautiful lustre; the glass is finely cut; the lintel of the door is richly carved; the furniture shines with polish; and the light, at morning or evening, falls across bright variegated tapestries, which moderate and harmonise it with the tone of the whole interior. The manners of the Dutch at that period, as well as the material physiognomy of their citizen life, their interiors, their furniture, the luxury and decoration of their apartments, are delineated in the pictures of Metzu with a charming freedom, which is the more attractive since it appears to be entirely without effort on the part of the painter. His walls, after a lapse of two hundred years, would afford materials for the complete restoration of a Dutch interior, just as architectural fragments enable us to build up a perfect temple of antique proportions. And the representation would be an interesting study, harmonising so faithfully as it would with the spirit of the seventeenth century, with the climate and natural characteristics of the country the manners of the inhabitants, and the historical circumstances associated with the fortunes of the merchant classes of Holland, then the masters and leaders of the trade of the world. And they to whom nothing is insignificant which relates to the intimate life, the familiar habits of a people that once filled the globe with the fame of their achievements, will discover nothing puerile in such remarks or such details. It is indeed delightful to enter, favoured by the painter Metzu's introduction, one of those warm Dutch interiors, which were, unlike the Italian houses of the same period, so inaccessible to strangers. It is most frequently by a glimpse through a window, opening in the centre of the piece, that he admits us into the comfortable privacy of a fashionable lady's boudoir, in which he allows us to surprise her in her graceful morning attire, writing some important letter, or completing her toilette, in expectation of a wished-for visitor; or reclining on a couch and touching the strings of her lute into the expression of the thoughts and desires of her heart.

Metzu possessed a power of interesting, not only the eye, but the mind, by the representation of the most simple acts of domestic life. A lady engaged in sealing a letter, which a servant is waiting to carry to the post, is a subject sufficiently humble, yet, thanks to the finish and excellence of the work—to the attentive care bestowed on the delineation of this occurrence, so common in "every-day life"—the picture attracts and rivets our attention. If the painter's touch were less precious, if the details were not so well chosen and so discreetly managed, no one would pause a moment to examine them. But it is impossible not to notice with care that which the artist evidently conceived to be of such importance, and in which the composition is so admirable, that the general effect

surpasses that of many ambitious pictures, possessing a little merit. It is impossible not to feel curious; not to ask, "To whom is that fair lady, in her elegant *negligée*, writing a careful letter this morning, and so delicately pointing away on the wax? and what means that light but significant smile on the lips of the waiting-maid who attends to carry away the letter, standing with her apron rolled up, and her arms turned above the elbows?" And in the background, the closed curtains hint that the bed is still unmade; and the lady, in her half-completed toilet, tells us that she has passed the night more in dreaming than in sleeping.

The expression, so to speak, of Metzu's pictures is often so subtle that it is not caught at the first glance of the eye. Dutchmen's faces, in general, appear imperturbably tranquil, immoveably phlegmatic. It is no easy matter to discover in them the latent smile or the reserved sentiment. But, upon closer observation, it will be found, that there is not one in which, under an exterior perfectly calm, there is no play of thought or feeling. Of course, this remark must refer solely to the originals themselves; for, in the engravings from them, however faithful the engraver may have been, there is unavoidably a loss of some volatile and fleeting essence, as it were, which the painter diffused over his picture,—some airy and spiritual tone, impossible to fix or copy, which was not created by the use of any particular colour or form, but the absence of which is intangible and indescribable as it is, denaturalises the work. The solemn citizens of Metzu bear, in their placid countenances, not the expression of indifference or *ennui*, but of serene souls, in which enjoyment is produced by repose, confidence, and content. We perceive at once that on their surface, apparently so impassive, the least emotion would leave its trace, and that the lightest thought could be interpreted to the sight by the almost imperceptible motion of the lips and eyes. There is a young girl receiving a declaration, in a charming picture called "A Lady tuning her Guitar." Her eyes are raised to look on the countenance of her embarrassed lover; a half-secret gladness beams through her face; something like self-love heightens the carnation of her beautiful cheeks, more glossy than satin; and a change seems visibly coming over all her features. A Spanish lady would not display this, so general would be the vivacity of her countenance and the play of expression in her eyes. But a fair Hollander is seldom disturbed from what Tasso would call "the beautiful serene of her face;" the angers or disappointments of her soul only betray her into the expression of a moderate melancholy, and the gratifications of a flattered heart, which in others would produce a brilliancy of smiles, mark her cheeks with a very gentle dimple. If we criticise the valuable painting, in the collection of the Duc de Choiseul, which is known as "The Hunter's Return," the same delicacy is noticeable in the expression of the lady, and the same quietness in her attitude. Attired in a rose-coloured bodice and a skirt of white satin embroidered with gold, she is looking at a miniature and chatting with her maid, of whom we know not; but at the very moment her husband, coming home from the chase, enters abruptly the apartment of his lady. The conversation in an instant is cut short; the maid puts her fingers on her lips, and her mistress, pretending to play with the spaniel whom she strokes with her hand, awaits with downcast eyes and unmoved countenance the first words her husband is about to address to her.

There are masters of the Dutch school who accumulate innumerable details in their pieces, but animate them with no spirit whatever. They make the representation of manners a pretext for a ridiculous assemblage of furniture, glass, lustres, china vases, and all sorts of curiosities; their interiors are inconveniently crowded bazaars. Metzu, on the contrary, being a man of intelligence and taste, only brings into juxtaposition with his personages such things as are essential to the meaning of his composition, to illustrate the adventure, or explain the conversation. His skill in painting inanimate objects was marvellous; but he never allowed it, like the *Præ-Raphaelites* of our own day, to draw him into a vulgar deference to a vulgar taste; and yet, how perfect was the

sh he bestowed on such simplicities! He could weave for one of his floors a Turkey carpet, or elaborate the orations of a gold or silver cup, or paint the transparency of Bohemian glass, or of the wine that glowed and sparkled away up to the brim of his crystal goblet! Glasses, be it remembered, were of great importance in his pictures, for the of a retired Dutch citizen was chiefly passed in smoking, drinking, to dull his intellect, and to degrade him into mature and unnatural imbecility. But we do not see Metzu's pieces the heavy horn cups perpetually passed in hand to hand by the peasants of Van Ostade; his are and elegant glasses, tall or shallow, such as were worthy to be filled with Haarlem beer, glasses cut into octagons, with prismatic edges, which seem richly to stain the light. In one the chalice forms a cone reversed on the foot of a heron the neck of a swan, or ends in a trumpet shape.

One feature, particularly remarkable in most of the pictures of Metzu, is the shape of the chimneys of that period. In general, the mantel-piece belongs to the Corinthian or Composite order; the entablature rests on columns of fine marble, green, gold-veined, or jasper-coloured. Sometimes it is black and white. Frequently, instead of pillars, there are caryatides, representing creatures as beautiful women down to the waist, but terminating in the form of fishes. Others are carved in satyrs, such as we see in our gardens; and a specimen of this kind may be found in the collection of Sir Robert Peel—a woman tuning her voice to her master's viol. Occasionally the comic is enriched with a bas-relief after the antique. The Italian Renaissance had imported into the north those noble models of architecture which produced in France the palace of Fontainebleau, the châteaux of Anet and of Blois, and in Spain the palace of Madrid. Gradually a renewed taste for the antique spread into Holland, here it flourished during the age of that Louis XIV. whom superficial historians have denominated "great," a hundred years after it had influenced the style of France. But such chimney-pieces peculiarly suited a people like the Dutch, who lived so much in the midst of their families; and it is not surprising that such great care was bestowed on the delineations of them by a painter so intimate with their private life as Gabriel Metzu.

In the love-scenes painted by Metzu, the artist's intention becomes at once apparent, from the care he has taken to make his "Conversations" *tête-à-tête*. If there are three persons in the piece, the third is insignificant; it is some waiting-maid or page, who brings in a letter on a tray, and looks askance while retiring from the room. Generally music serves as the pretext, or more strictly the preface, to the timid declaration of the cavalier who leans on the end of the chair on which his fair young Hollander sits tinkling her guitar, listening to his protestations, and considering what their value may be. Sometimes he holds a glass in his hand to aid his nervousness, as we may observe in two charming compositions in the collection of the late Sir Robert Peel—one of them entitled the "Music-Master;" or else he pretends to be trying the strings of a violin; but with all his thought intent on one end, he seizes every occasion to interpose a word between the notes. "Chamber-music was a new revelation to me," says the affected French author of a recent extravagance;

"it explains to me the secret and the ideal of Northern life."

There is something delicate in the compositions of Metzu, and something more than delicate in the touch of his pencil. But there is one singular characteristic of his pictures, which critics have not often remarked upon. There are scarcely any in which we do not perceive a personage figuring, who, apparently, was then considered essential to a "Conversation Piece"—we mean the lady's dog, her spaniel with silky flanks, who by his attitude and expression adds much to our comprehension of the group. He tells us, in fact, what the human figures leave unexplained. Let us, for example, notice the piece called "A Charitable Lady." We are at the door of a Dutch house, in a narrow street, and there are two steps to mount to the entrance. A seat of iron-work is on the right, and the mistress of the house is seated there, enjoying the fresh air. A little beggar, passing along, has been asking for charity, and the lady is giving alms with grace and good humour. But Metzu, to show the temper of the household, represents the dog standing on the steps. He, accustomed to see poor persons come thither, regards the young mendicant, not with vicious anxiety and restlessness, but with an air of benevolence, so that the hospitality of that place is there doubly illustrated. The whole composition is simple but charming; a masterpiece of nature and sentiment exquisitely coloured. The house is embowered with foliage; a little stream, another of the numerous canals of Amsterdam, runs beside it by two shady rows of trees; between we discern at a distance one of the tall, quaint clock-towers of the city. A copper-plate glistens on the door, with the name of the merchant who lives within engraven on it; and there is also a bright metal bell. And the name of the merchant dwelling there is set forth as Gabriel Metzu, as if the artist would tell us that he himself was the owner of this hospitable house.

In order not to pass over the details, which are so many charms in the compositions of Metzu, we must notice the ornamental varieties he has introduced into many of his conversation pictures. It is not in useful articles or in objects of art that fashion has undergone most changes. In the seventeenth century the Dutch framers affected different kinds of decorations, according to the importance of the painting and the subject. "The Young Man writing a Letter," a beautiful piece, in the possession of Mr. Hope, represents, suspended from a wall, a picture with a frame most elaborately designed. It contains large flutings, shells, marine plants, and leaves so intertwined and so rich, that our attention is fixed even on this slight accessory. Whether the design was the painter's or a copy of something he had seen, it is certainly a fine suggestion.

Little is known of Metzu's life. Picture-histories give us only the true date of his birth, which was in 1615, and a false date of his death, which they, one and all, fix in 1658. This error was excusable, because it had the authority of Arnold Houbraken, who might have been supposed to be well-informed. Metzu, he says, died at Amsterdam from the effects of a surgical operation performed on him in his forty-third year; but it is clear that he survived the trial, since several of his paintings bear a subsequent date. Many circumstances render it probable that 1669 was the real year of his decease.

WATTEAU.

WATTEAU was the painter of revels, dances, masquerades. His frivolous pencil sought for such subjects as were described in court pastorals, programmes, and books of ceremony. But his delicacy of colouring, the graceful gaiety of the scenes he represented, the ease and freedom of his joyous groups, gained him admission into the Academy, with the title of Painter of Gallant Feasts to the King.

The genius of this skilful colourist, developed very early by an attentive study of Rubens' works, was immediately turned to the class of subjects in which he always principally delighted. His reading was almost confined to pastorals,

interludes, operas, and *ballets*. He had a strong taste, also, for diversions and spectacles of every kind, and thus fostered a natural inclination, which perhaps owed part of its strength to the influence of one of his masters, Claude Gillot, painter to the opera, who excelled greatly in compositions of a grotesque character. All that is serious or thoughtful in the productions of Watteau appears to have been the inspiration of a later master, Claude Audran, the engraver.

Watteau often drew outlines in red and black chalk, and these studies, whenever they are to be found at the sale of collections, universally excite great emulation among the

amateurs. These designs for the most part represent figures in easy and careless attitudes, and were probably intended as studies of groups to be introduced into larger pictures. Sometimes they are merely sketches of popular subjects, types of character or costume, or every-day scenes. For this last species of composition Watteau possessed no inconsiderable aptitude, since he had the qualifications so essential to it—great power of observation, freedom in drawing, and a fine but bold touch. He bequeathed nearly all of these designs to four of his dearest friends—Henin, Harangin, Julienne, and Gersaint. Julienne was his protector, and one of those who,

In the museum of the Louvre, we discover a few of the queer but ever-fresh and pleasant productions of Watteau. They are always gazers admiring them, for his works are pre-eminently popular, and have at different times been engraved by some of the highest French masters in that art, by Audran, Chereau, Boucher, and various others. The "Knife-Grinder," which we give on this page, is a fac-simile from a fine picture engraved by Chereau, but of a much larger size, for a collection of the works of Watteau, published in two volumes by Audran. The sketch is in the most simple style. The subject is unpretending. There is only one figure—that of



THE KNIFE-GRINDER.—FROM A PAINTING BY WATTEAU.

with Crozat and the Abbé Laroque, originally brought him into notice. Gersaint was a picture-dealer on the Bridge of Notre-Dame—that famous spot in Paris, whence, in the age of Watteau, the artist could see an assemblage of buildings, every one of which was picturesque enough to be the subject of a painting. It was for him that Watteau painted the famous "Roof Sign," which, as soon as it was set in its place, created such astonishment by its beauty, that the whole population of Paris crowded to see it. It was ultimately purchased for a very large sum by M. de Julienne, who hung it in his own private gallery, but had a fine engraving of it executed by Cochin.

poor grinder; the only other objects are his rude implements. Yet, in the natural ease of the attitude, the careful finish of the countenance and costume, and the true expression, so to speak, of the whole, there is something to fix our attention.

Of all French artists Watteau is the one who has most imitators and really good copyists. Pater and Lancret succeeded in attaining distinction even by following the footsteps of this master. In the gallery at Nancy there is a very beautiful picture by one of Watteau's pupils, named Constance, who may have been the painter of a piece in the Standish gallery, which is attributed, in the synopsis of the Louvre, to Watteau.

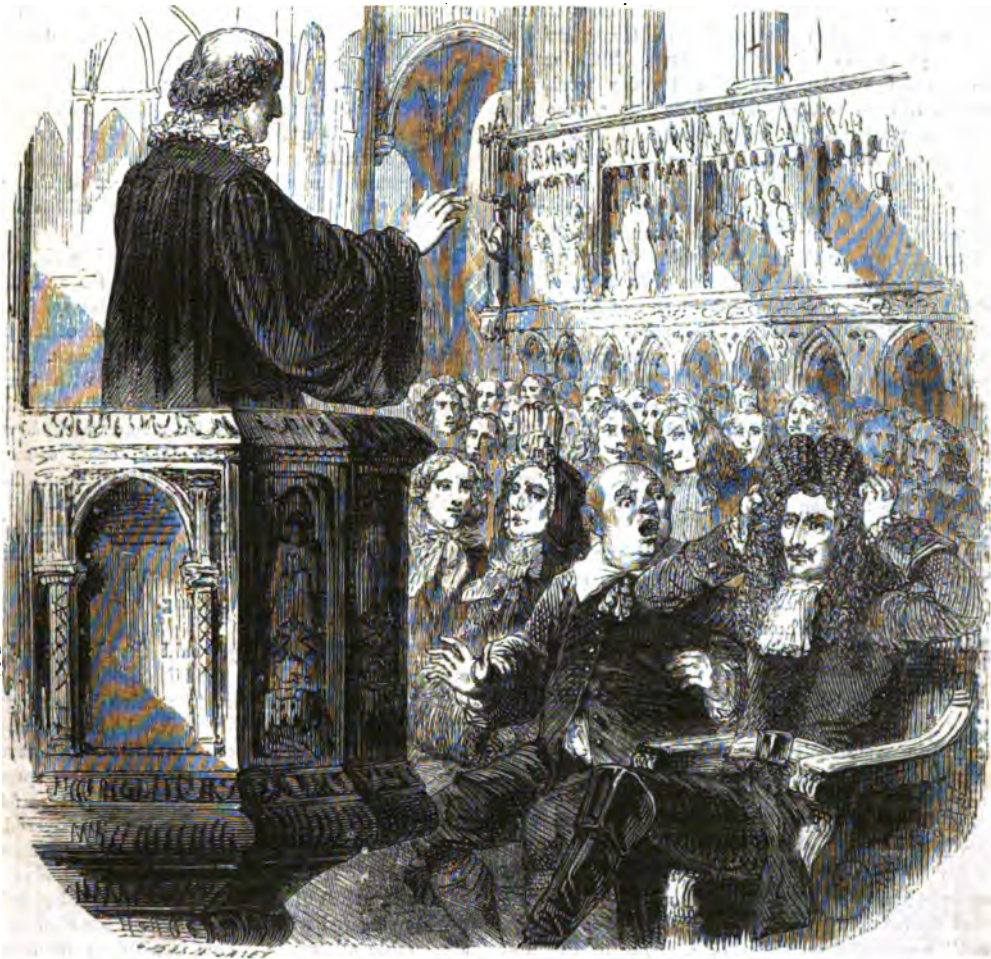
PETER THE GREAT.

Even the smallest incident in the life of a man so deservedly renowned as Peter the Great, by whose indefatigable exertions his country was raised from a state of semi-barbarism to one of comparative civilisation, cannot fail to interest the friends of human progress. We, therefore, here present to our readers a few anecdotes, illustrative of the character and mode of life of this remarkable man, and derived from the most authentic sources.

In a manuscript, presented by Sir Hans Sloane to the British Museum, is an interesting account of the incident which first gave rise to the organisation of a Russian navy. One day, looking among some old stores, Peter discovered a small English sloop with its sailing tackle in a very neglected

a sailor's jacket, and accompanied by the lords of his suite, similarly attired, went to meet her in a boat, and piloted her from Cronstadt to St. Petersburg. The skipper and the pilot were received with great pomp by Prince Menzikoff, the governor of the town; and the skipper must have been not a little surprised, when he recognised in his pilot the Czar Peter, who thus brought commerce to the shores of his empire.

On the Czar's second journey to Batavia, in the year 1716, he arrived one Sunday morning at Dantzic, and found, to his surprise, that the gates of the city were about to be closed. He entered, and went to his inn, meeting scarcely any one on his way. Surprised at finding the streets so deserted, in so populous a city, he inquired of his host the cause. He then



PETER THE GREAT PUTTING ON THE BURGOMASTER'S WIG AT CHURCH.

state; on making inquiries concerning it, he found that his father, Alexis, had imported the vessel many years before, with the design of having the art of navigation taught to his subjects. But his plan not having been carried out, the vessel had been forgotten until the Czar Peter again brought it to light. His interest was aroused; he eagerly asked for explanations as to the uses of the mast and sails, and could not rest until arrangements had been made for refitting it. At length the Dutch pilot, whom Alexis had engaged to manage the sloop, was brought out of his obscurity, and the delighted Czar soon saw the vessel floating before the breeze. He went on board, and profiting by the instructions of his Dutch pilot, soon became an expert seaman. From this time Peter took such an interest in maritime affairs, that when the first foreign vessel arrived in Russia, in the year 1708, the Czar, dressed in

learnt that it was the time of divine service, and that when the people were at church the gates of the city were always closed. Peter did not wish to lose this opportunity of seeing the manner in which divine worship was conducted in Dantzic; he, therefore, begged the host to take him to the church. The burgomaster in office was there, with his family; and, to judge from appearances, the news of the Czar's arrival had reached him. When Peter appeared, the magistrate, meeting him at the door, led the way to the bench of the burgomasters, which was rather more elevated than the rest. The Czar seated himself with bare head, and, having made a sign to the burgomaster to sit beside him, listened with the greatest attention to the preacher, without raising his eyes from the ground; whilst those of the assembly were fixed upon the prince. Some time afterwards, feeling his head cold, he

silently took the burgomaster's wig and put it on; and Peter the Great, sitting in the wig of ceremony beside the astonished burgomaster, listened undisturbed to the end of the discourse, when he restored what he had borrowed, thanking the good citizen by an inclination of the head. This little scene was quite natural to the Russian monarch; but one may imagine how singular it would appear to the inhabitants of Dantzic. After the service, the burgomaster deputed some of his sub-delegates to compliment the Czar; and one of the Muscovite lords told them that his majesty was much pleased with what he had seen. He added, that the removal of the burgomaster's wig was a trifle at which he must not be astonished, that the emperor never paid any attention to those little things, and that as he had not much hair it was his custom, whenever his head felt cold in church, to take Prince Menzikoff's wig, or that of any other lord within reach.

Whilst Peter was working as a carpenter at Saardam, in the strictest *incognito*, under the name of Peterbas, a certain Englishman, who had been banished from Great Britain, had taken refuge in the same timber-yard. This unfortunate man, named Wilson, a lazy and noisy workman, was a constant trouble to the Czar. The latter, who was not of a patient temperament, made him feel, more than once, the strength of his fist. Wilson was not aware that he was quarrelling with the Emperor of Russia, and one day, having received a rather more severe correction than usual, gave his adversary some new cause of offence; Peter hastily tucked up his sleeves, threw down his apron, and prepared to give the incorrigible workman a fresh thrashing. But he did not understand boxing, and the son of Albion had soon stretched the Czar of all the Russias full-length upon the ground. Some of the workmen, who were witnesses of this strange duel, were not ignorant of Peterbas's secret.

"Unhappy man! what have you done?" cried they to the victor; "you have just struck and knocked down Peter, the Czar of Russia. Fly for your life."

Peter, raising himself with a quiet look, said, phlegmatically, without manifesting the least anger at his fall, "I will learn to box."

Some years afterwards, meeting this same Wilson on one of his journeys to England, he was touched with the misery of the poor fellow. Wilson endeavoured to conceal himself from the eye of a prince whom he had formerly beaten. Peter, however, recognised and went up to him.

"Well, my friend," said he, "why did you not become a boxer? that would have been much better than being a bad carpenter."

He rendered him some assistance, and took care secretly to grant him a pension. "One must," added he, smiling, "pay tribute to one's conquerors."

On the occasion of Peter's second journey to Holland, which he made, accompanied by his consort, he was received with much joy by the people of Saardam, his former companions; and the news of his arrival no sooner got wind than they crowded down to the quay, and "Welkom, welkom, Pieter Bass!" was heard on every side. One of the first places he visited was the little cottage which had been his habitation at the time he was learning the art of ship-building, about nineteen years before, and to which the name of the Prince's House had been given. It is still preserved. On this visit to the scene of his former labours, he and the Czarina took up their abode at the house of a shipwright, named Kalf, who had been the first to carry on commerce with Russia. A son of Kalf had just returned from France, which country the emperor had a great desire to visit. Peter and his wife listened with pleasure to the adventures of the young man, which it may not be out of place to relate here.

Kalf said to his son one day, "My boy, lay aside your working apron and sailor's jacket; you must learn the French language; nothing is more necessary to our business, which increases from day to day. Become a Frenchman then, my son; be gay, witty, and gallant; spare nothing to become so; visit and associate with the nobles of the court; be lavish of your gold; eclipse counts and dukes in the richness of your

costume. The carpenter of Saardam will pay for it!" exclaimed the rich Kalf, ending with a hoarse laugh.

Arrived at Paris, young Kalf became the Comte Duveau at least it was by that title that his friends and numerous servants addressed him. This was not, after all, absolutely changing his name; because, in all the northern languages, *kalf* is synonymous with the French word *veau*. Young Duveau supped at the court, and played cards at the house of the Duchess of Berri. He often met with counts without earldoms, knights without orders, and abbés without abbeys; for there was then at Paris a mania for false titles, which the government tolerated. Though young Kalf, with his great riches, sometimes fell a dupe to swindlers, yet when once his letters of introduction caused him to fall in with any of the true nobility, few strangers received a kinder welcome. Besides having the honour of being frequently in the company of the princesses and the daughter of the Regent, he was at all the soirées of Madame de Carnavalet, then the favourite of Philip. A young marquis—a real marquis—who had partaken of the pleasures and the puff of Duveau, promised to pay him a visit at Saardam, and kept his word. A few days afterwards young Kalf returned to Holland, where he cheerfully resumed the workman's apron, the jacket of the sailor, etc.; and, hatchet in hand, conducted as formerly his father's work. His short metamorphosis at the court of France could not corrupt the goodness and simplicity of his character—he remained a true Dutchman.

The simple mode of life of the Saardam shipwright exactly suited the taste of the great Czar. He and the two Kalfs spent the whole morning in the workshop, in their sailor's dress; while Catherine, who was the life of the party, accompanied them, and distributed refreshments. They worked, laughed, and chatted cordially, and with the most jovial humour; it was an amusing repetition of his life in the cottage of Saardam, in which the Czar had worked with his own hands. Then, about two o'clock, came dinner, at which meal Peter and the two Kalfs ate with excellent appetite, without having doffed their working jackets.

It was a summer day; they were still at table, when it was announced to Kalf the younger that a French marquis desired the honour of being admitted.

"Bah!" cried Peter, frowning.

Catherine smiled slightly.

"Prepare yourself, boy," said the elder Kalf, slapping his son upon the shoulder.

The young man promised to receive his new guest with all the old-fashioned simplicity which he had resumed. He had not time to put his purpose into effect. All at once a figure, ridiculous as one of Molière's marquises, sprang into the room. Picture to yourself a little chubby-faced fellow, decked out with ribbons from top to toe, his face covered with beauty spots, and wearing on his head a wig of most incredible dimensions. He carried himself erect, and advanced with his hand on the hilt of his sword. His absurd physiognomy was thickly smeared with snuff, of which his clothes had received a tolerable allowance. This is a pretty accurate description of the Marquis of Bernardini (for such was the name by which he was announced), who, somewhat inebriated, approached the table, spread for the frugal repast, thus disturbing the perfect good humour of the four companions.

"Good day, old fellow!" murmured he to the elder Kalf, chucking him under the chin. "Ha! a sailor!" added he, at the sight of his jacket. "Can I believe my eyes? The brilliant Count Duveau, my pupil in Parisian grace, a sailor also! What would be said at court, if he were to be seen in such accoutrements? A sailor! a sailor! Madame de Carnavalet would faint at the very sight. And this great dark man, who gazes at me with so threatening an air, a sailor! What a trio of companions for this little brunette! Ha! she is a *vivandière*!"

Catherine, always careful to please the Czar, had retained her working dress.

Peter, who had at first been amused at this scene, had commanded, by a sign, that the tipsy marquis should not be

interrupted; but at last, tired of so much impertinence, he cut the bold fellow, with one kick, to the other end of the apartment. Young Kalf assisted his friend to rise, and dragged him away.

"What have you done, you idiot!" said he, sharply. Do you know that it is Peter the Great to whom you have been speaking? And how have you behaved before this remarkable man? What sort of respect have you paid to his majesty, Marquis of Bernardini?"

"Ah! that is Peter I.!" cried the marquis; "he is a great man, or I do not know who is. I believe that we are fated to offend him. My uncle Bernard lent money to his rival Charles XII., and I have just been speaking unbecomingly to him. Curse my fate! But who on earth would recognise Peter, the conqueror of the Swedes, in the garb of a carpenter?"

"And you must put on the garb of a Dutch sailor to-morrow, marquis, if you wish to make amends for your foolishness and find favour with the Czar. In the meantime come to bed, for you must want sleep."

"Well, farewell! It shall be as you desire, my dear Duveau. To-morrow, then, the carpenter's jacket; I am ready to exchange my fashionable attire for your hatchet, since your ship-building business brings you in so large an income; whilst, without my uncle Bernard, and without your purse during your stay in France, I should not have been able to play at *lansquenet* at the last entertainment of the Regent."

The young fop was not devoid of sense; the next day he was up betimes, and, at the levee of the Czar and Czarina, might have been taken for an old sailor employed in the cottage of Saardam, who was desirous of paying his respects to the empress, since her arrival in Holland. The disguise could not have been more complete; but Peter soon recognised the little marquis of the previous day.

"These French are a comical people," said he; "I have not yet visited them, and they already amuse me."

The pretended old Saardam sailor, after having obtained an audience of the illustrious pair, thus expressed himself:

"Pardon, lady, the Dutch eccentricities of an old mariner, if he has taken not a little rum and strong liquor, in order more worthily to celebrate the arrival of his old lord and master, Peterbas."

Peter again smiled; indeed, he could not long remain angry with a toper, at least, if he were not his brother-in-law. Who does not know how to compassionate the failings from which he has himself suffered?

Bernardini, profiting by the instructions of his friend Kalf, had tattooed his two arms, so as to recall to the mind of Catherine three wounds, which the Czar had formerly given himself in the cottage at Saardam.

"Only look," said she to her husband, in a tone of gentle reproach; these are exactly like those bad cuts you accidentally gave yourself with your hatchet."

The great man was sensible of the ingenious imitation of the wounds of the carpenter Peterbas.

"Judge from that, madam," pursued the marquis, "if I am not justified in getting a little drunk to celebrate the return of one, to whom I am so devotedly attached that the slightest wound inflicted upon his person is repeated upon mine."

Old Kalf was astounded; his son secretly applauded the inexhaustible resources of French wit; and Catherine became pale and red alternately with embarrassment and pleasure: but Peter was touched.

"That is right, marquis," cried he; "it is thus people ought to repair their faults. Come to my arms, the wounds upon which you have imitated so exactly!"

Peter overwhelmed the marquis with questions respecting the reign of Louis XIV., which had just come to a close, and the commencement of the regency, young Kalf acting as interpreter.

The day after his last conversation with the marquis, Peter determined to start for France.

"Pray allow me, sire," said his new friend, "to introduce

you to my uncle Bernard, and daign to accept me as your cicerone, if you have pardoned my first prank."

Catherine extended her hand, and the Czar, slapping him upon the shoulder, said:

"There is good in you, my French friend, and, if your compatriots resemble you, you must be a charming nation—amusing, witty, and expeditious. I sometimes wish that I could keep pace with you; but I am afraid that during the regency you will progress too rapidly."

The penetrating eye of the Czar already foresaw the French revolution.

Peter went to Paris, but this time without Catherine, the inseparable companion of his travels. His simple tastes made him refuse the honours of the Louvre, where the state apartments had been prepared for him. He took up his abode at the other end of the town, in the Hotel of Lezdiguière, Rue de la Cerisaie, near the Arsenal, the dwelling of the minister Sully, whom the illustrious traveller held in as much esteem as Richelieu. Here it was that the Regent came to welcome the Czar to France.

The following evening Peter accompanied the Regent to the theatre, where a bad tragedy, by Mdlle. Bernard, the niece of Fontenelle, was performed. The death of the sons of Brutus was the subject. The Czar listened with the greatest attention to the interpreters, who translated the piece to him; but, so great was the desire to catch a glimpse of the conqueror of Charles XII., that there was a continual noise round the box.

"M. le Duc," said the Czar, impatiently, to Philip, "what is the reason of this noise? So, people do not come here to hear the pieces which are played?"

"Sire, that is the last thing of which they are thinking; nothing is spoken of but the event of the day; at this moment you occupy their whole attention."

"Singular people," said the Czar; "they instruct and amuse me at the same time."

Meanwhile, the noise at the door of the box increased, so that Peter had the greatest difficulty in listening to the tragedy. A short thin young man, of a swarthy complexion and shrill voice, was especially remarkable from the extraordinary brilliancy of his sallies. A large group of young men, by whom he was surrounded, paid more attention to his sayings than to the play. Next to the Czar, he was the principal object of interest; the Regent himself was less thought of than this little man, who was then the prince of the youth of France.

"Monsieur, monsieur," cried he, exerting all the strength of his small voice, "secure for yourselves a double pleasure. Do not lose this opportunity of beholding the hero of the North, and do not allow my criticisms on this bad tragedy, which they say is a posthumous work of Fontenelle, to pass unnoticed."

Saying these words, the little man gesticulated so vehemently, that he nearly lost his equilibrium. His laugh was sardonic, and his eye sparkled with wit and humour.

The Regent had recognised his voice.

"Sire," said he, turning towards the Czar, "I will introduce to you one of our rising poets, one of our literary celebrities; he writes tragedies, is composing an epic poem, and is compiling a history of the great monarchs of the century. He will not forget yours," added Philip, bowing towards his majesty. "But, in spite of these various works, this Proteus lets fly, every now and then, little satires, full of spleen, which oblige us, in spite of all our indulgence, to place him in the Bastille."

"And you do right, M. le Duc," replied the Czar, quickly; "the representative of the king of France ought to be respected. But introduce me to this eccentric person, who creates such an excitement."

"Willingly, sire; he has been burning with the desire to be introduced to your highness, since the commencement of the play."

The Regent put his head out of the box, and said aloud:

"I say, Master Arouet" (our readers may remember that

this was the original name of Voltaire,) "if you promise to be good, you may come and salute the Emperor of all the Russias."

The duke had scarcely finished his sentence, before the young man rushed into the box, and saluted his Muscovite majesty, whom he seemed to devour with his flashing eyes. He appeared to be studying one whose history he was one day to write.

"Young man," said the Czar, "will you accompany me to Russia, and draw up the history of my travels and expeditions? Ten thousand roubles for my historiographer. Do you accept my offer?"

"I would ask nothing better, sire; but I must first devote myself to my country. I am now composing a 'Life of Louis le Grand;' and I have in contemplation a poem in honour of Henri le Grand. You see mine is the case of all great men, and those of my country especially. Pardon me, sire, if I refuse your proposal."

who wished to change the vicious organisation of his country."

Peter naturally took a deep interest in this tragedy, because there was so great a similarity between his own position and that of the Roman consul.

In the mean time, the French marquis, who had returned to France with Peter, had gone to visit his uncle, Samuel Bernard. This rich financier was excessively flattered by the honour which his nephew had received from the Czar of all the Russias. He paid his debts, permitted him to contract fresh ones, and, as he passionately loved celebrity, said—

"I will give you one, two, or even three hundred louis in evening, marquis, for your gaming expenses, if you can persuade the monarch to come and dine at my country house of Sceaux before his departure."

"Many thanks, uncle; you shall have the pleasure of entertaining the Czar, and you can now accommodate me with a bill for 600 louis for present expenditure."



PETER THE GREAT IN THE FAMILY OF THE KALFS—THE MARQUIS OF BERNARDINI.

"You are right; I cannot fail to approve your patriotism."

The third act was about to commence.

"My dear Arouet," said Philip of Orleans to the young poet, "salute his majesty, and thank him for having made such honourable offers to you; be always wise and prudent, and rely upon my protection. Go!"

"A thousand thanks, my lord; no one shows more kindness towards poor Arouet than you. But do not trouble yourself again to provide a lodging for me."

And the young Arouet retired, saluting the two princes in the most respectful manner. The Regent could not help laughing at his last sally, which recalled to his mind the rhymers' compulsory sojourn in the dungeon of the Bastille.

"That is our most promising writer," said he to the Czar.

In spite of the visit of young Arouet, Peter had not forgotten the tragedy. The sons of Brutus seemed to him worthy of death.

"What!" said he to himself, "conspire against a father

And Samuel Bernard counted out the 600 louis to the gambling and penniless marquis, who could not now dispose of the purse of young Kalf.

When he informed Peter of his uncle's wish, "Well," replied the prince, "this is what I have long desired. The sight of your uncle, my dear Bernardini, being to me equivalent to the discovery of a mine of gold in one of my poor provinces; for Russia is poor, very poor; and since the rich Bernard has lent money to the Swedes, my enemies, when they were in a very critical situation, I hope that, in the name of the Regent, he will render me the same service. I will go to-morrow to dine at Sceaux."

Samuel Bernard received the Czar with much respect. Peter was accompanied by the Princes Kourakin and Dolgorouki, the Ambassador Tolstoy, the Vice-Chancellor, Baron Scaffirof, etc. etc. The Marquis Bernardini was present at dinner, and entertained the guests with his witty speeches. His was not the wit of Arouet, but it was very tolerable for

the banquet of a farmer of the revenue, whose whole genius was displayed in counting money into his strong coffer. They amused themselves over the dessert by talking about the fictitious money invented *in extremis* by Baron Gortz, midshipman of the King of Sweden.

"Do you think," said Peter to Samuel Bernard, "that my brother Charles can extricate himself from his difficulties by such means?"

The banker demonstrated to him the utter absurdity of the device. Then, after having quickly concluded a pecuniary transaction with the Czar:

"Will the conqueror of our ally, Charles XII.," added he, "permit me to offer the little odd money of our transaction to the gentlemen of his suite?"

war and a yacht, under the command of Admiral Mitchell, to convey the emperor and his suite to England. On his arrival, he requested to be treated as a private gentleman; and a large house was engaged for him at the end of York-buildings, where it is said that the Marquis of Carmarthen and he spent their evenings in drinking "hot pepper and brandy." One of the Czar's greatest failings was his love of intoxicating drinks.

The greater part of his time was spent either in the dockyards or upon the water, in a sailing-yacht or rowing-boat. He and several of his suite often worked a small decked-boat belonging to the dockyard, the Czar being the helmsman. In the evening, they frequently resorted to a public-house in Great Tower-street, to smoke their pipes and drink beer and brandy.



THE REGENT'S OPERA BOX—VOLTAIRE PRESENTED TO PETER THE GREAT.

Peter made a sign in the affirmative, and each of the company was presented with a beautiful china saucer filled with pieces of gold. As they hesitated to receive the present:

"Take it, gentlemen, take it," said Peter, with a smile; "this money is worth more than that of Baron Gortz! You, Mateof," continued he, addressing himself to his old London ambassador, who was one of the company, "can, with that money, discharge your English debts, and then you will be no longer liable to arrest."

Thus it was that Peter profited by every circumstance to give a moral lesson to his subjects. To return to the anecdote of Samuel Bernard; we are assured that he placed in each saucer the sum of 3,000 French louis, in pistoles newly struck, and bearing the effigy of the young king, Louis XV.

In the year 1699, King William despatched two ships of

Peter had a great dislike to a crowd, and, being invited to a grand ball at St. James's, he begged that he might be placed in a small room, from which he could watch the proceedings without being observed. Lord Dartmouth relates, that "he had a great dislike to being looked at, but had a mind to see the king in Parliament; in order to which he was placed in a gutter upon the housetop, to peep in at the window; where he made so ridiculous a figure, that neither king nor people could forbear laughing, which obliged him to retire sooner than he intended."

It is said that the uncouth Czar of Russia was a great favourite with King William, whom he frequently visited, and consulted upon important subjects. His portrait, which the king engaged Sir Godfrey Kneller to paint, may now be seen at Windsor.

MY FIRST EVENING IN WALLACHIA.

BY A HUNYED.

My readers will recollect the melancholy occasion on which the picked men of the Hungarian army, after the two extraordinary days of the 9th and 13th of August, 1849, were compelled to abandon all hope of liberty, and to escape the monstrous cruelty of Russia and Austria, by emigrating into Turkey. That day was a bright day for the Sultan—it was a bad day for Russia. The men who were driven by the force of Russia to seek refuge on the territories of the Turk, are those who since have drilled and organised the Turkish forces, while many of them are at this moment burning for the time when they shall come into the field against Russia. It matters not how, nor why—but I, in those days, was in the service of the Hungarian revolution.

I was at Hatzeg, just recovered from a wound, when I received the fatal intelligence of the surrender of Lazar and Török, and of the inexplicable day at Villagos. I, like all my companions, cried out with fury against the treachery of Görgey. But rage and lamentations were too late. The only thing we could do was to join General Bem. All was confusion and doubt. Some said that all was over; some thought that there was falsehood in much of what was said. None would decide. I decided for myself. I had a good horse, a warm cloak, arms, and a portmanteau. I accordingly, knowing the country tolerably well, determined, alone and unassisted, to join the general and ascertain from his lips what was to be done.

Had I waited a few hours longer, I should have found that Bem was at all events trying to resist, trying to save the nation from the fearful blow it had received. I took my way towards the Iron-gate. I travelled at night, for fear of meeting with Austrians or Russians, though I chiefly dreaded the former. I succeeded in reaching the Iron-gate about twelve at night. I passed it and made for Weislowa. This city was calm and still, as if the savage dogs of war had never been loosed, and as if a nation's liberty were not crushed under the iron heel of the ruthless Czar, against whom few in high places then cried as they do now, though he was the same ambitious despot he is now. I mistrusted the stillness, and sent my horse dashing through the streets without halting.

I soon, however, pulled up, as I found myself in the very act of falling into an Austrian corps of observation. Luckily I drew up just as the first sentry came in view, and walking my horse slowly back, I retreated into a little wood, where I chose a close thicket, fastened my horse to a tree, and took some refreshment. I found that, by standing on my horse's back and holding on to a branch, I could just see the Austrian tents. I determined, therefore, to keep very close until these fellows removed from the neighbourhood. Being an officer, my name known, and legally in the service of the empire, death awaited me if taken. I accordingly wrapped myself in my cloak, after cutting a good handful of grass for the horse, placed my pistols under my head, laid a carbine I had provided myself with by my side, and sought repose. I slept until nearly midday, when I awoke much parched, having had no drink but raw brandy since I started. I knew not what to do, and was about to rise to seek for water, even in some pool, for myself and horse, when I heard the steps of a man and horse, the clanking of heavy boots, the rattling of a cavalry sword, and other alarming signs, close at hand. I cocked my gun.

"What is that?" said a voice as of one exhausted and worn out—a gentle voice too.

"A friend," I replied, recognising a Hungarian uniform, and hastening forward.

"Heaven be praised!" continued the stranger, who was sinking with exhaustion. I have been chased ten miles by five Austrians, but a trumpet calling them, they joined some comrades."

"Some comrades," said I—"an army. The knaves will bring a cloud upon us. We must to horse."

"I can go no further now," replied the stranger, who was not more than eighteen, and yet an officer; but this was thing in Hungary, where boys did deeds of manly valour.

"But death will be our portion if taken," I said.

"I can but die once," he continued, sinking on the ground.

"What is in that gourd?" I said almost fiercely.

"Water."

I snatched it, drank a draught—oh, how delicious to my parched lips!—and then held it to those of my companion, this time mixed with the coarse brandy of the country. The stranger would have resisted, but his strength was gone, and I forced the liquid down his throat. I then moved away and watched, for I heard the Austrians moving. But it was the whole division and in the direction of the Iron-gate.

I returned to my companion; he lay still upon the ground and I understood he asked for food. I gave him bread, meat and a knife. He began slowly to eat, and as his strength revived, I thought I had never seen so handsome a youth. The small Kossuth hat, the hussar uniform, set off to advantage a regular and rather effeminate visage, on which there was not even a sign of down. He explained that, having fled from Lagosc, he too was proceeding to join Bem, when a patrol of Austrians with a sham flag of truce chased him, and drove him to this extremity. Having said thus much, he wrapped himself in his cloak and went to sleep.

I woke him immediately it was dusk, and saddling both horses, assisted him to mount, and away we sped towards the point where we believed Bem to be. We avoided towns and villages; we halted before turning a corner. We were making for Kavanseber.

In the middle of the night we found a roadside inn, and here we heard for the first time that all was over, and that all those who had to dread Siberia or the gallows from the tender mercies of Russia and Austria had determined on emigrating to Turkey, convinced that the Turks would treat us far better than either of the two emperors. This was horrible—this was fatal news.

"What is to be done?" I said wildly.

"Go to Turkey," replied my companion gently.

"But how?"

"By what means we can. On!"

And the young man struck his spurs in his horse's flanks, and led the way. It was a stupendous journey for two men to perform, across the mountains of Moraul, the volcanic ridges of the Carpathians, up hill and down dale. But death by the Austrian hangman was worse, and we neither of us then or now utterly despaired of Hungary.

We took still more care than ever to avoid any communication with the people about this part, they being that slavish peasantry called the Mautzen, who are so attached to Austria; but that morning we found a hut, where a man, recognising us as Hungarians, cheerfully offered to give us shelter. My companion hesitated, and shook his head. I laughed at his fears, and he agreed to chance it. We accordingly locked our horses in a small out-house, after giving them food which we paid for, and went up into a kind of loft to rest. We wrapped ourselves in our cloaks, saw that our primings were all right, and laying our heads on a bundle of straw, slept.

I was awake at last by the sound of several voices conversing in a mysterious whisper. I moved not, but I listened. We were in a room which could only be approached by a ladder; it was steep; at its foot were about a dozen of the rascally Mautzen discussing who should go up first. I had my pair of American pistols, which I brought over in 1847 from America. I cocked one and peered through a crack. They were eleven men, armed with knives, old pistols, pikes, while two held cords to tie us with.

I rose to my feet with a bound, rushed to the head of the stairs, and fired my five discharges as rapidly as possible. Yells and roars succeeded, and then the house was cleared. My companion was by my side; we rushed down stairs, and I again let fly at the retreating crowd. Four were severely wounded, amongst whom was our treacherous host: I could not but feel glad that his case was hopeless. We then walked out into the open air, and while I levelled my trusty carbine at the scoundrels, my companion brought out our horses. We mounted, and giving the fellows another volley, rode off.

We sought no more hospitality after that. When in force, we took food and paid for it.

One day we were in the mountains, climbing a rocky path, when, suddenly reaching the crest of a hill, we saw beneath our feet a small army—hussars in front, a carriage next, a staff, several carriages, some infantry, and then two squadrons of hussars. We knew what it was: it was the sad remnant of Hungary's heroes. The reader may imagine our hurry to ascend the hill, which we did by a mountain-path that brought us out on the road ahead of the army. We were in an instant made prisoners, and taken back to the front carriage, in which sat a man in a gray blue coat, with gold embroidery, torn by bullets and sabres, with a Kossuth hat on his head. It was Bem.

"Good day, lieutenant," said he to me, and then his eyes dilated with surprise: "Miss Katerina B—, have you escaped?"

"Miss!" I exclaimed, wild with surprise, while my com-

panion smiled and blushed, and the old general and his staff laughed heartily at my unfeigned astonishment.

I was overwhelmed with confusion, but it would have been pleasant to remark the change in my manner to my companion in misfortune. I treated her at once as a woman, and was rejoiced when she joined a party of refugee ladies. I then heard that, after joining the army with her brother and father, she was, by the death of them, left alone in the world; she would not leave the army, and her sex and courage had been universally respected.

Our journey over those hills, through the Carpathian mountains, those glorious scenes, our dangers, and our difficulties, are historical. At last we crossed the Turkish frontier, were welcomed gladly by the peasantry and authorities; and will the reader be surprised to learn, considering her forlorn position in that country, that I found a priest, and was married to my present good and gentle wife, on the very first evening I spent in Wallachia?

SUGAR REFINING.

The sugar cane (*Saccharum officinarum*) is a plant of the botanical order *Gramineæ*, and varies in height from eight to ten or even twenty feet. It is about an inch and a half in diameter, with a stem of a green hue, verging to yellow as it approaches maturity, and divided into annular joints of a whitish yellow colour, about three inches apart. The cane is of a dense and brittle character, decorated with long, flat, straight, pointed leaves, three or four feet in length, which fall off as the plant ripens. It is propagated either by seeds or cuttings, and is found in a wild state in the West India islands and the adjacent continent, and in many parts of the eastern hemisphere, which was its original home. Towards the end of the thirteenth century it was conveyed to Arabia, Egypt, Asia Minor, and the Barbary States. In 1506 it was imported into St. Domingo, and thence spread throughout the surrounding regions. Humboldt asserts that it was transplanted into Cyprus, and thence into Sicily. The history of the plant, the product of which is now so well known, may be briefly stated. It is related by Laftan, that in 1148, William II. king of Sicily made a present to the monastery of St. Benedict of a mill for crushing the cane; and that sugar was known to the first crusaders, who being short of provisions at Acre and Tripoli, were obliged to chew the cane to support life. In 1420, Don Henry, Regent of Portugal, imported sugar into Madeira from Sicily, whence it found its way by an easy transition to the Canaries, from which islands, before the discovery of America, Europe obtained its supply. From the Canaries the sugar cane passed to the Brazils and the West Indian islands; and towards the middle of the seventeenth century, sugar was sent to England from Barbadoes. From this period, a regular supply has been exported from the West Indies, Mexico, Peru, Spanish America, and the French and Dutch colonies. According to Peter Martyr, who wrote the third book of his first Decade during the second expedition of Columbus, either he himself introduced the cultivation of the sugar plant, or found it among the arts practised by the natives of the then unknown land.

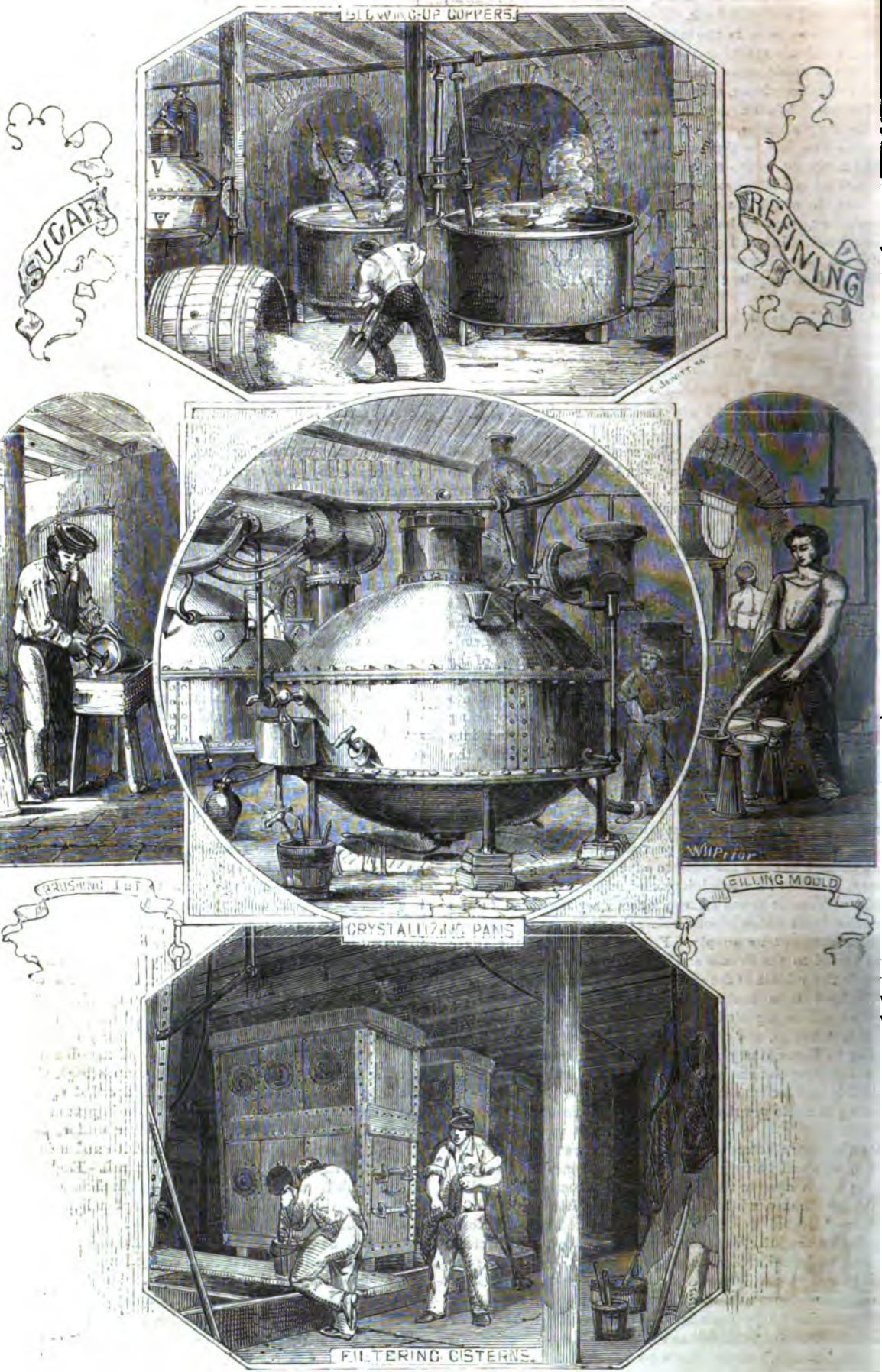
On the manufacture of sugar from the cane in the West Indies, we shall be very brief. When the canes are ripe they are cut down close to the ground, and transported in bundles to the mill-house, where they are crushed in machines of a very complicated description. The crushed cane is then boiled, and the juice, as it comes from the boiler, is collected, clarified, re-boiled, cooled, and finally separated from the syrup, or molasses. Great improvements are constantly being made in the manufacture of raw, or brown sugar, though doubtless much remains to be done ere the estate of the West Indian planter becomes as profitable as could be wished.

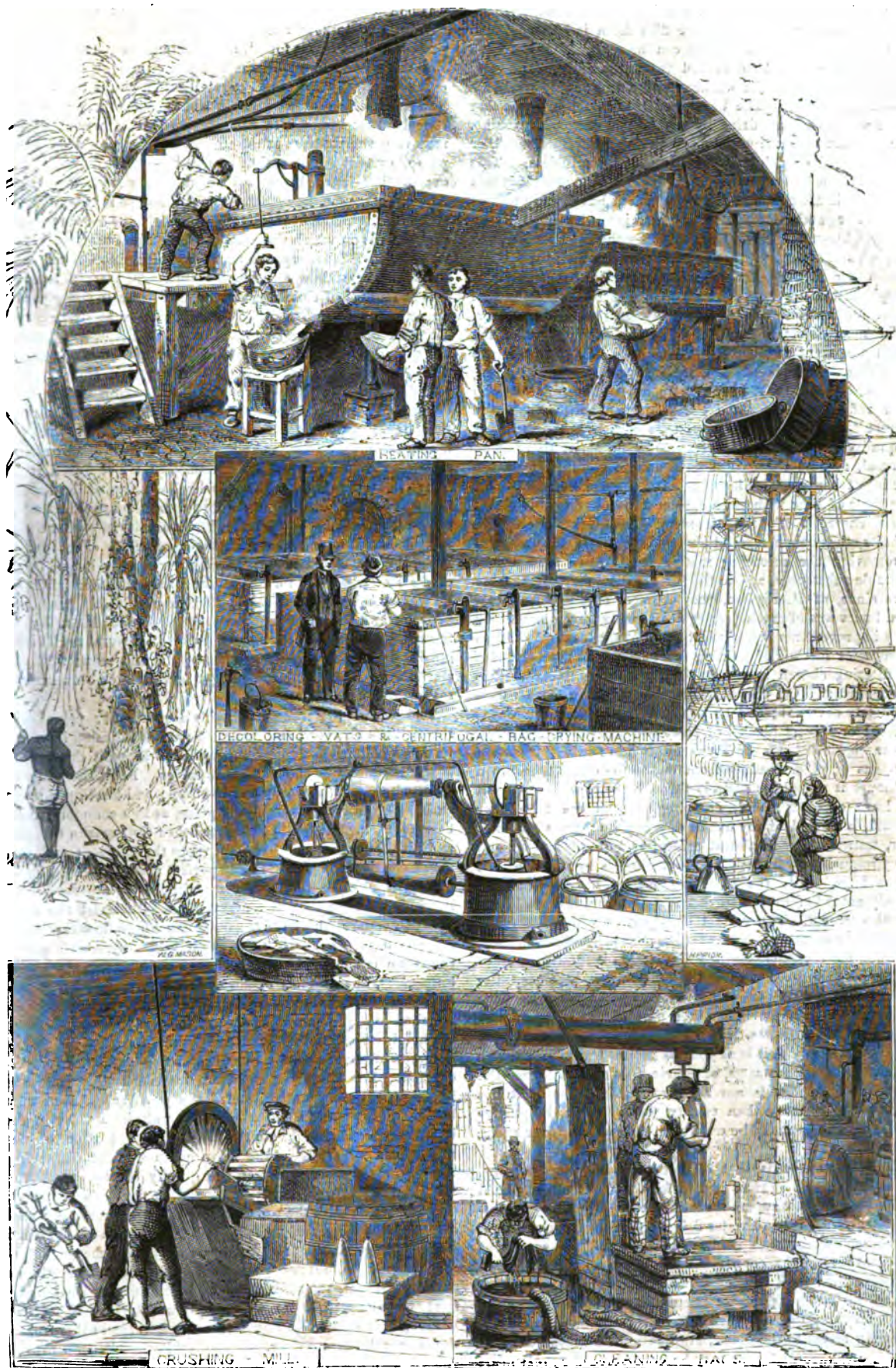
All raw sugars, no matter how well made, contain a certain

quantity of impurity—from one to about six per cent.; and to separate the pure crystallisable matter from the molasses, colouring matter, and filth, which the former processes left in the sugar, is the principal object of the sugar refiner, or sugar "baker," as he is vulgarly called. The sugar being brought in a hogshead, the hogshead is tilted on its side, its head having previously been knocked out, and a couple of men are quickly engaged in shovelling its contents into what are called the blowing-up coppers. These are large copper vessels, some five-and-twenty feet round and five feet high, into which steam is admitted, by means of a coil of pipes, for the purpose of dissolving the sugar. This is the first process; and the sugar, when dissolved, is by no means an inviting-looking compound, for it is a dark, thick, muddy, calmmy liquid, with bits of sticks floating in it, and, as the microscope has lately revealed, thousands of animalcules. As yet, the gluten, lime, earth, and molasses, which are always present in raw, or muscovado, sugar, are unremoved, and the substance is simply dissolved, a small portion of lime-water having been admitted to the blowing-up cisterns, and constant agitation having been used to assist the operation.

When the saccharine solution, called "liquor" in the language of the factory, has been sufficiently melted, it is allowed to flow from the blowing-up cisterns to the filters below, which it enters in a thick, dark, treacly-looking state. The filters consist of a series of cast-iron vessels, about six or eight feet in height by two and a half in width. The process of filtration is not only very complete, but really highly ingenious. We will endeavour to explain the internal construction of one of these filtering cisterns. It consists of an upright iron square, furnished with an outer door for the arrangement of the interior objects. At the top is a shallow chamber for holding the liquor, and to this is attached a series of metallic tubes, depending from which are several stout canvas bags, about six feet long by two feet wide, doubled and coiled up so as to present a compact mass of cloth. Into these bags the saccharine liquor flows, and there being no lower orifice, is forced through the structure of the material till it exudes in a clear transparent stream, slightly tinged with red. Each filtering cistern holds from forty to sixty bags, and in these are retained all the impurities before spoken of, except a little colouring matter to be removed by the next process.

You may be certain that the bags thus filled in their every pore with impurities soon become clogged up. The following is the mode in which they are cleansed. On a couple of little platforms stand a couple of men enveloped in canvas and steam, and their faces dappled with mud. Between them, attached to a pipe through which flows the waste steam from the boiler, is one of the dirty bags turned inside out from the





filter. A cock is turned on, the bag distends with steam, and the two men scrape off the filth from it like so much mud. When all the dirt that can be scraped off has been removed, the bag is detached from the steam-pipe and thrown towards another workman, who thoroughly washes it in hot lime-water. The bags are then taken into another room, where they are dried by a patent centrifugal machine. The product of these washings looks very like mere mud, or dark-coloured clay, but is far from being valueless. This mud or clay is bought by the scum-boilers, who submit it to a somewhat similar process to that which it has already undergone. The saccharine matter obtained is used principally by the blacking-makers, and sometimes by the manufacturers of lollipops and sweet-stuff for children; after which the residue is sold for manure, for which purpose it has sometimes brought fifteen dollars a ton! A glance at the engraving will render our description of the above processes somewhat clearer.

The next object to be attained is the decoloration of the clear transparent reddish liquid which we have seen to leave the filters. This is effected by means of the decolouring cisterns. Now it must be understood that the object of the sugar refiner is to remove the colouring matter from the "liquor" without either destroying its transparency or injuring its quality. For this purpose there is no agent so good as charcoal, and no charcoal so good as that obtained from the burning of bones. The intimate admixture of carbonate and phosphate of lime with pure carbon thus obtained, is called animal charcoal. To the discovery of the German chemist, Leibnitz, that common wood charcoal possesses the property of removing the colouring matter from many animal and vegetable substances, and to the further discovery, about forty years since, of M. Fiquire, that charcoal obtained from calcined bones was of much greater decolouring power, are owing many improvements in manufactures, not the least of which is the superior method of refining raw sugar. At the bottom of the filtering cistern is a false floor formed of laths a little distance apart. On this false bottom is laid a cloth which completely covers it; and on this a layer of powdered animal charcoal or "bone black" of three or four feet in thickness. The saccharine liquor from the filters flows into this cistern by means of pipes leading from one to the others; and in a few hours it percolates entirely through the charcoal bed and the layer of cloth; and, escaping through the false floor beneath, is carried off by means of a syphon pipe, a perfectly clear, transparent, and almost colourless liquid. The opaque heavy impurities were removed in the filters by means of the canvas bags, while the colouring matter has been almost entirely got rid of by this further filtration through the bed of animal charcoal. The perfect decoloration which has taken place fits the saccharine liquor for the next process, the boiling, by which the crystallisation or solidification is formed.

Of course the charcoal, like the canvas bags, becomes, after two or three operations, entirely filled with impurities. This is soon remedied; for in another part of the refiner's premises there are furnaces, iron retorts, etc., for re-burning the charcoal, after which it is as good as ever. Indeed, it may be said that—though it wastes, of course, in a slight degree—the power of the carbon is never destroyed, for some of it has been in use for more than twenty years. Thus, by purifying the charcoal, it may be used over and over and over again, *ad infinitum*.

The next process is that of boiling in the vacuum pans. The object of this process is two-fold. It has already been said, that in all raw sugars there is a certain quantity of uncrystallisable matter and water driven off in the form of steam. We will endeavour to explain. There are half a dozen circular, domed, air-tight copper vessels, like that represented in the engraving; each furnished with valves, taps, and pipes, for the various purposes of testing the temperature of the liquor, allowing the air drawn off by the air-pump to escape, admitting steam to the boiler, evaporating the steam, etc. etc. In fact, the vacuum boiler may be considered the great heart which sets all the other parts of this factory in motion, and to which all the other processes are subsidiary. Formerly, sugar

was boiled in large pans over an open fire, at a temperature of from 240° to 250° Fahrenheit, under ordinary atmospheric pressure. But it was found, notwithstanding the greatest care in boiling, that the sugar was injured by the high temperature employed, and only partial crystallisation could be obtained. The scion of an English noble house, some forty years ago, conceived the happy idea of boiling sugar in vacuo; that is removing the pressure of the atmosphere by means of an air-pump, so that the operation of boiling—which is only rapid evaporation—could be carried on at a very low temperature. At first, of course, as with most improvements in manufactures and the arts, there were great difficulties to be overcome; the experiments on which the plan was based had been carried on with an insufficient apparatus, and the production of small, weak, soft crystals was the only result. At last an accident was the means of clearing away all doubts, as to the practical operation of the new plan. It is said that a sugar-refiner in England had so nearly ruined himself in his efforts to carry out the idea, that his son, a cleverer man than his father in many respects, withdrew from the business, and that the friends of the enthusiast were really thinking of issuing a commission of lunacy to prevent his wasting his substance. One day, however, while the gentleman in question was pondering the matter in his counting-house, one of his workmen, a German, rushed in with the exclamation, "I've found it out, sir; I've found it out." And so he had; for, while tending one of these vacuum pans, the liquor inside happened to get too hot; to remedy which he let in a quantity of cooler sugar, and on withdrawing a portion to examine its effect on the mass, to his astonishment he discovered that large bright crystals of sugar had formed in the pan. Another trial and he was certain the real secret had been solved. And so it proved; and he who had been deemed a madman by his friends, and was almost ruined by his perseverance, lived to see his ideas prosper, and to become a rich man; and ever since then the plan of boiling sugar in vacuo has been universally adopted by the refiners.

The plan is this: the saccharine liquor, after percolating through the charcoal, and being afterwards collected in a cistern as a colourless transparent liquid, is brought through an ascending pipe into the pans themselves. From the pans the air has been withdrawn by an air-pump; and the liquid sugar rushes up the pipe to supply its place, as in a common pump. Steam is then admitted to the space below the sugar in the pan, and also through a number of pipes to the interior; and thus the sugar, by means of the nearly perfect vacuum created in the pan, is brought to a boiling state while at a temperature but little higher than that of a warm bath. To assist the more perfect evaporation of the sugar, it is made to flow through a large iron pipe partially filled with tubes, by which means the steam is condensed and the vacuum maintained. As it evaporates, the crystals of sugar are already forming in the pan. To test the state of the granulated sugar, there are attached to each pan a thermometer, a glass test-pipe showing the height of steam inside, an index, and a tap by which the progress of the liquor in the evaporating pipe may be discovered. But the most important instrument of all is the ingenious little brass stick, called the proof rod, which may be regarded as a kind of key which unlocks a valve in the body of the pan, and, after withdrawing a portion of the crystallised sugar, locks the valve again without disturbing the vacuum inside. To test the quality of the sugar, the "boiler," as the workman employed at the pans is called, takes a sample with the proof rod, in the way described; and discovers the degree of tenacity and granulation by taking a little between his finger and thumb. By these means, apparently so simple, but really requiring a vast deal of experience and natural tact, the sufficiency or insufficiency of the boiling is at once discovered. It is then either subjected to further boiling, or is at once let down through a valve in the pan, to the sugar heaters below. These "heaters," into which the sugar flows from the vacuum pans, were formerly called "coolers," and for this reason. The "liquor" was before boiled at a very high temperature, and the granulation took

ice only when the liquid was brought to a lower. The crystallisation now takes place within the boiler itself, and, for the purpose of giving the mass greater consistency, it is raised these "heaters" to a temperature of about 180°, while it is boiled at 130° or 135°. The sugar is kept continually stirred, to drive off, in the form of vapour, the superfluous water with which it is combined, and to give the future loaf a firmer and firmer texture; this stirring is called, in the language of the workmen, "hauling" and "mixing." This, though a busy scene, is one which is easily comprehended. It is a fitter's, however, for the pencil to delineate than the pen to describe. The liquor is now ready for the moulds in the filling room. Here an entirely new scene meets our view. Nearly the whole floor of a very large, square, stone-paved room is covered with conical iron moulds, about two feet in length and six inches in diameter at their large ends; the greater portion of which are standing close together, each one on its side and supported by its neighbour, with here and there, in the interval, a mould standing on its base gives the necessary support to the whole. Before we have taken in the scene, we have to stand aside to let a labourer pass, who bears before him a large copper basin filled to the brim with the hot saccharine liquor. Others succeed him, some stripped to the waist, some clothed in trousers and a sort of flannel or loose Guernsey shirt. We watch their proceedings. From the copper coal-scoop-looking machine they fill the various moulds ranged in hundreds along the floor, without spilling a single drop. It being important to fill all the moulds at about the same temperature, it is arranged that a sufficient number of men shall be employed to "fill out" the contents of one sugar boiling about half-an-hour. While some of the workmen are thus gaged at a sort of half run in passing from the heaters to the moulds and filling out, others are occupied with little iron instruments, shaped something like solid triangles set horizontally on handles, in stirring and scraping round the edges of the moulds to prevent any adhesion, and to diffuse the small crystals still forming equally through the liquid mass of sugar. A most surprising thing it is to see how the workmen contrive to carry the scoops of hot "liquor" from the heater, and fill up the moulds, without ever scalding themselves or spilling the contents. But experience in this, as in all other mechanical operations, is the great teacher.

The sugar loaves still contain a certain portion of molasses; though, by the various processes they have undergone, they have been deprived of their solid impurities, a portion of their water, and the greater part of their colouring matter. To get rid of this remnant is the object of the next process; and, after standing in the filling-room for about a couple of days, the moulds are carried upwards, from floor to floor, through a series of trap-doors.

Let us now see how this molasses or syrup is finally made to quit the refined sugar. The moulds, which give to the refined mass the well-known sugar-loaf shape, are of various sizes, but the mode of manipulation is the same with each. In the language of the refinery, *loaves* are the best, and *mops* the commoner description of sugar. The smallest moulds contain as little as ten pounds, and the largest not less than two hundred and fifty. We will suppose that a sufficient degree of solidification has taken place; the next

process, then, is the washing, or netting, which takes place in an upper room with a large floor, covered all over with moulds, placed each one of them in an earthen jar. Here the washing takes place. The small opening at the apex of each conical mould is uncovered, and the loaf allowed to drain. But the draining does not entirely remove the syrup from the sugar, a small portion still remaining among the crystals and the coating of the loaf. To get rid entirely of that part of the syrup which is still left in the sugar, the loaves are washed in rather a peculiar way. Till latterly, the washing was performed by means of a stratum of fine white clay and water, which, being placed on the surface of the base of the loaf, was allowed to percolate through it, and carry the colouring matter with it. At present, however, the porous surface, or sponge, is made of sugar itself, instead of clay. The rough portion of the sugar being scraped off the base of other loaves, it is mixed with water, and applied in the way the clay used to be. This "magna" or mortar percolates through the sugar, and escapes through the hole in the apex of the mould, in the shape of a fine transparent syrup of a light brown colour. When this "magna" becomes dry, a solution of fine clear sugar is poured; and thus this process is repeated till the loaf has lost all trace of molasses and colouring matter, and rivals snow itself in whiteness and points of sparkling light. From room to room is this process repeated, according to the different qualities of sugar required. The syrup, in which there still remains a certain portion of crystallisable matter, is treated in the same way as raw sugar, till at last nothing remains but the liquid so well known to most of us, when children, as treacle, vast quantities of which are used by the cheap confectioners and the makers of what is called sweet-stuff.

Nothing now remains, therefore, but to prepare the loaves for sale, which last process is known in the factory as "brushing off," a term certainly not very applicable, seeing that no brush is used at all. When the "washing" or "netting"—making the sugar net, neat, or pure—is completed, the face of the loaf is made smooth by means of a scraper or sharp knife. After having remained some days in the mould, the loaf is finally released by a smart blow against a post standing up on the floor. But in spite of the most careful "washing," the point of the sugar loaf still remains in a somewhat soft and discoloured condition, to remove which it is carried to a machine, in which a couple of cutting knives revolve by the aid of a wheel, turned either by hand or steam. The apex of the loaf being introduced to these, is speedily shaved or trimmed into the form usually seen, an operation known in the factory as "turning off."

In the inferior kinds of refined sugar, the softened end is simply chipped off, which leaves the loaf in the shape of a truncated cone. The piece chipped off is either used as "magna," or is sold by the grocers under the name of "crushed crystallised West Indian sugar;" it has a light brown colour, and is scarcely inferior to the remainder of the loaf, except that it contains a small portion of molasses.

We had almost forgotten to say, that before the sugar is finally ready for sale it is papered up, and thoroughly dried in a stoving room, which is heated to a very high temperature by means of a series of iron pipes, through which the waste steam from the boiler is made to pass.

SPANISH MULETEERS.

For many years, one great obstacle to progress in Spain has been the non-existence of roads, rendering mules and muleteers indispensable. So severely is this defect, the consequence of bad government and internal dissensions, felt, that in certain districts wine, and good wine, is consumed on the spot at one-halfpenny per quart, for want of the means of conveyance. Mules can only carry small loads, especially when these loads are to be conveyed along the break-neck gullies so common in

Spain. Muleteers, then, still exist; and perhaps they are the only Spaniards who still carry the guitar on their backs. The sentimental age of serenaders has passed away everywhere, except upon the stage and in the novels of certain modern publishers, who like revivals of the antique. Figaro and Almaviva are mere fanciful portraits, which no more existed than Fra Diavolo or the Charles II. of Sir Walter Scott. The muleteer alone, who often follows the most diffi-

cult and solitary roads, who often wants amusement, has kept the habit of thrumming away at his old guitar. Half lying down upon his mule, as M. Giraud shows us in his sketch of the *Sierre Nevada*, whether climbing a hill or descending a slope, he sings his couplets as he moves—those *cantarillos*, which he generally improvises and addresses to his absent fair, or even to his mules.

The accompanying picture by M. Giraud represents a well-

high mountains it is so; the animal guides the man. The mules are so accustomed to these perilous roads, that they know far better how to place their feet than do their conductors. Besides, the mule is obstinate and self-will. If you use the spur, it stops; if you stroke it, it lies down; if you pull the reins, it gallops off: it is better to leave alone.

The saddle is generally composed of two or three variegated

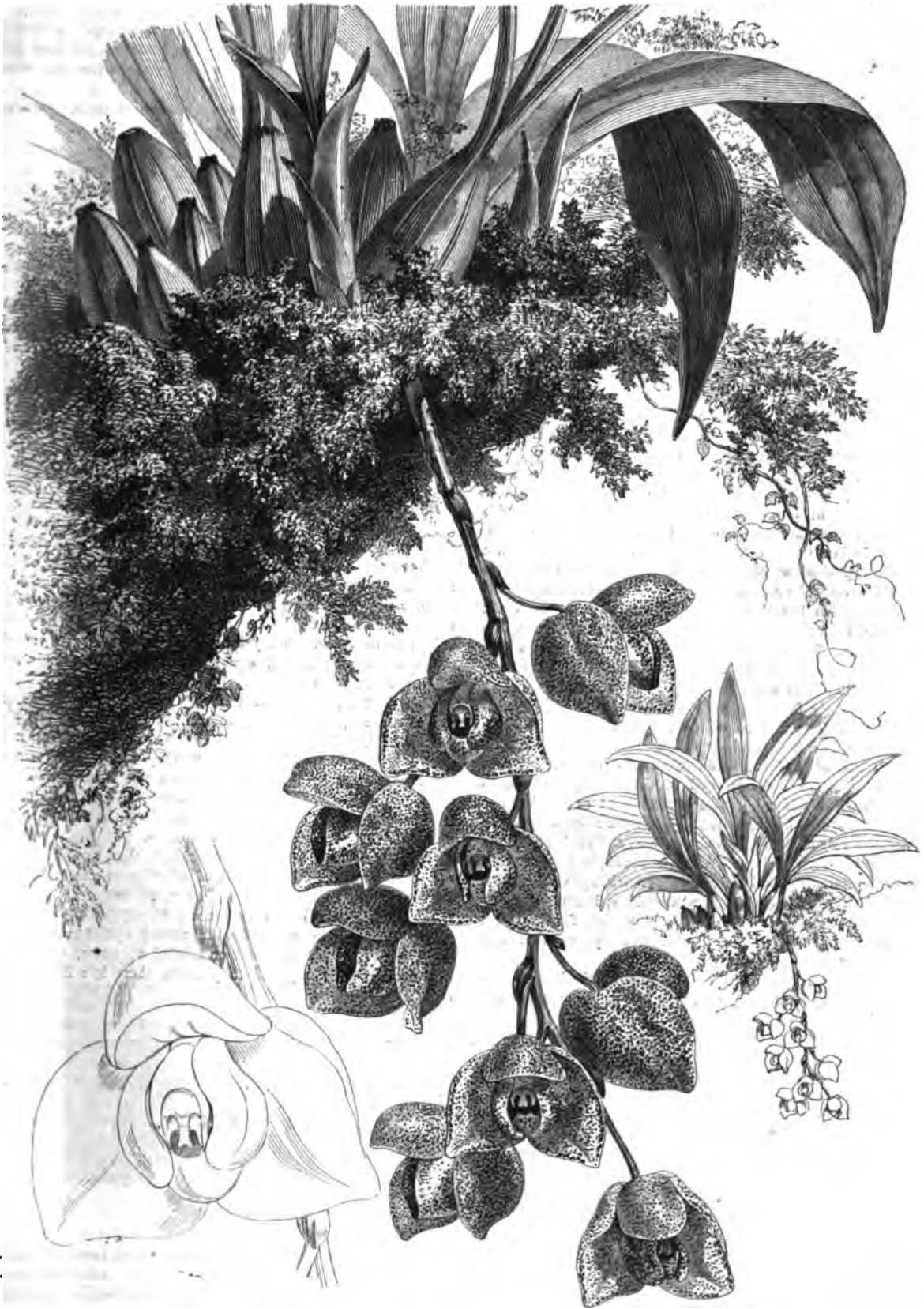


A SKETCH OF THE SIERRE NEVEDA.—FROM A PAINTING BY M. EUGÈNE GIRAUD.

known scene in the *Sierre Nevada*. A *moro de mulas*, a kind of muleteer, leads the little caravan, or guides it by his songs. The slope is so rapid, and the path so narrow—we cannot dignify it by the name of a road—that we are surprised and tremble almost to see what liberty the animals are allowed. The bridles hang on their necks; and yet the abyss is there—an abyss of some hundred yards in depth, into which the slightest false step would drive them. But in the land of

blankets doubled up, and sometimes of a well-stuffed cushion to disguise the sharp back of the brute. On each side, instead of stirrups, are pieces of wood to rest your feet on. The head of the animal is almost concealed by ornaments. The guide goes before on a mule, or accompanies that animal on foot, his guitar in his hands, his gun on his shoulder, and his powder-horn close at hand. Such a journey is exceedingly amusing.

ORCHIDS.



THE ACINETUM—A SPECIES OF THE ORCHID TRIBE.

THE orchid tribe are, if we may so say, the most eccentric of all the vegetable kingdom. Almost everything about these

plants deviates from the usual types and ordinary habits of vegetation. Some—and indeed the greater number—live as

parasites on the bark of large trees in the forests of inter-tropical regions. These are called epiphyte orchids; the others, which derive their nourishment from the soil, are called terrestrial orchids.

The epiphyte orchids are the most beautiful ornament of those arches formed by the gigantic trees of the hottest countries in the continents of the Old and New World. The shade and moist warmth are particularly favourable to their mode of growth. In all the cold and temperate climates of the European continent, the oaks and beech-trees of the forests cover their bark with mosses and lichens; in tropical climates, on the contrary, trees of every variety of form and size are covered with orchids, forming, immediately after the rainy season, which takes the place of winter, lovely garlands rich in colour and delicious in perfume. These charms, of which nothing in Europe can give any adequate idea, last unimpaired for several months.

The splendid flowering of the orchid tribe is an object of admiration even to the savage tribes of our land. When the Spaniards penetrated for the first time into the thinly-peopled districts of Central America, they were struck to see the huts in the villages covered with magnificent orchids, principally belonging to the genus *Lælia*, the flowers of which are very much elongated; and this kind of decoration subsists at the present day. Many orchids are provided with particular organs which are neither branches nor roots, but are called aerial roots, because they strike out into the air in all directions and derive part of the nourishment of the plant from the atmosphere. The long duration of the flowering of orchids arises from the tardy action of the reproductive organs. Fertilisation is carried on very slowly; indeed it is often not fully accomplished at all. The corolla, which constitutes what is generally the coloured part of the flower, does not fade until fertilisation has been completed, and when this is not done the corolla may last two or three times the length of the ordinary time. Thus in European green-houses it is sometimes rather difficult to get orchids to flower; but when this is effected, all efforts are amply repaid by the extraordinary duration of their flowering time. When cultivated in hot-houses under the influence of a very warm and at the same time moist atmosphere, orchids rarely produce fertile seeds; yet instances of multiplication by seeds produced under such circumstances have occurred within a few years both in England and in Ireland. The greater part of orchids can only be propagated by the separation of their rhizomes, which are bulbous stems rooting into the ground and each capable of producing a complete plant. When we consider the numerous difficulties and dangers involved in penetrating wild forests and unhealthy regions to obtain new orchids, it is not surprising that these beautiful plants should always fetch a high price in Europe. There are some wealthy amateurs who pay enormous sums for them.

A year or two ago, Mr. Henderson, a horticulturist, succeeded in getting an orchid, of the genus *Cattleya*, to flower

for the first time in Europe. A wealthy English duke went according to custom, to inspect his conservatories, accompanied by a young lady of his family, who was passionately fond of flowers, and whose admiration was riveted by the new *Cattleya*, which surpassed anything of the kind she had ever seen. The duke, going to Mr. Henderson, pointed to the flower, and asked the price. In vain did Mr. Henderson protest that he did not wish to sell it at any price, that it was the only thing of the sort in Europe, and that he was unwilling to part with it to anybody till he had first propagated it. The imperturbable duke, holding out a pocket-book full of bank-notes, replied to all his protestations by simply asking the price. At length the horticulturist, weary of the contest, consented to accept a large sum and allow the duke's companion to carry off the plant. We do not feel at liberty to state the exact amount; suffice it to say, it was as much as it would take a clever workman several years to earn.

Though travellers had for many years spoken highly of the singular organisation, beauty, and fragrance of epiphyte orchids, it was not till thirty years ago that horticulturists in England knew how to cultivate and propagate them with success. One of the first to overcome the difficulties in the way was the late Mr. Cattley, from whom the plant just mentioned derived its name. British skill and perseverance soon met with their due reward, and orchids are now raised by cultivation to a degree of perfection altogether surpassing that which belongs to their natural condition. While before 1820 scarcely any English garden could produce twenty distinct species of this tribe, some of the nurserymen near London can now exhibit more than a thousand. What cultivation has done for roses, dahlias, tulips, and other flowers has been accomplished with equal success in the case of this remarkable and beautiful tribe. They have been rendered much more productive, so as to contain twenty or thirty blossoms on a cluster, while in their natural state they bore only two or three. They have also been made to assume much larger proportions, a richer fragrance, more glowing colours, and a more beautiful aspect altogether.

The plant represented in our engraving (p. 66) is, as the reader will see, an *Acinetum*, an orchid only lately introduced into Europe, and still rare even in the finest collections. Like many of the genera *Dendrobium*, *Stanhopea*, and the *Aeridis*, the flower-stalk of the *Acinetum* does not spring upwards from below, but in the contrary direction. In its native region its flowers hang in garlands all along the trunk of the tree on which the plant lives as a parasite.

One advantage of cultivating orchids is, that, as they flower at various seasons, the possessor of a moderate collection may expect always to have some in flower, no matter what is the time of the year. Hence it is not mere caprice that renders them objects of so much favour among opulent amateurs. They are worthy to be prized on several accounts, especially the care and skill required to preserve them in a flourishing condition.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FREEKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER XX.

THE hours of night wore slowly and wearily onward for the principal inmates of the Palazzo Polani. The count paced to and fro in the great *salone*, for he was too agitated to seek the repose of his chamber. He had struggled to the last against the fate that seemed about to bear him down and to crush him; and now he looked up at the portraits of his ancestors that hung from the walls, and felt that the glory was about to depart from his house. True it was, there was still one mode left of averting ruin, but from this he shrank with the instinct of his aristocratic nature; and even when he had

at times subdued his pride, and schooled himself to look with tolerable tranquillity upon the alliance for his ward, the memory of his dearest and truest friend would cross his spirit, and the features of the dead would appear to his mind's vision, looking with reproachful sadness upon him, and asking him how he could betray a solemn trust, and outrage the feelings of the child committed to his care. Then, too, the horror with which Bianca heard the proposition came upon him, and wrung his heart with a pang of remorse and shame. And so his feelings alternated and swayed him to and fro, till at one

he determined to save himself at any price, even at that compelling Bianca to accept her suitor, and at another lived to hazard all rather than force her to a distasteful, worse still, a degrading union.

Another chamber was tenanted by one more wretched still—Bianca Morosini. Hour after hour she watched for the return of Giulio. Hour after hour the hope, faint as it was even at night, which sustained her, became less and less. Midnight came, but with it no Giulio. She had long since dismissed her attendant; and even old Giudetta, though she had begged for permission to spend the night with her mistress, so she saw was seriously indisposed, had unwillingly withdrawn, and so the girl was left to her own wretchedness. How wretched that night was we may not say; how deep its gloom; how full of terror, and agony, and bewildering thoughts, and conflicting feelings, and passionate grief, and dull, heavy, despairing apathy supervening for a season, all as it were, swallowing up all emotions. And so morning found the girl sitting in her night-robes, without having had a respite in sleep even for a moment. The gray of morning brightened into day—a sweet, sunny day; whose light came as if to mock her sorrow—but with it Giulio came not. And Giudetta stole on tip-toe into her lady's room, and found her even as she had left her the night before.

"Santissima Virgine! my dear child, how is this?" she claimed. "You have not lain down during the night. You are ill, very ill, I fear, and something has discomposed you. Come, you must take rest for a while."

But the girl resisted all the entreaties of her nurse, and with a strong effort concealed her feelings. To disclose even her faithful attendant the position in which she was placed was revolting to her pride.

"I am not quite well, dear nurse, but I doubt not that thou wilt find amongst thy potions something that will do me good."

"Ah, yes, that can I," said the old woman; and she hurried away from the room, but speedily returned with glass and bottle.

"Here, my dear lady, take this essence, and then compose yourself for a few minutes."

The girl took the draught, and smiling kindly on the old woman, lay back on the couch on which she had been sitting. Giudetta's potion was a strong narcotic, which, seeing that monstrosity was unavailing, she wisely administered. In a few moments her young mistress sank into a deep sleep. It was long past midday when she awoke. She felt weary and refreshed, with a sense of intolerable depression about the region of the heart. She was hot and her skin felt dry, while the light even of the darkened chamber was painful to her languid eyes. Giudetta sat beside her watching her intently. Bianca made a movement as if to rise, but the other gently restrained her.

"You must be quiet, dear child, a little longer. Your pulse is quick and your eye is heavy. Compose yourself again."

"Has the count inquired for me?"

"No, indeed, dear child, so you need not be uneasy."

"Did he not note my absence in the morning?"

"In truth, his lordship has not been in the palace since yesterday."

"And Giulio?"

"Tomaso says he has not been at home since yesterday—even; like he has spent the night with some of his friends. But you must not speak more just now."

Bianca felt now that all hope of Giulio's obtaining the money was at an end; then came a vague terror and sense of calamity at his protracted absence, and she fancied a thousand accidents which might have befallen him, for she well knew he would not now be voluntarily absent from her. Her head became confused, and she felt unable to follow continuously the train of sad thought; fantasies, the most incongruous and horrible, were ever mixing themselves up with the realities of her position; thus she lay half waking, half slumbering, while the dry, burning heat of her lips and tongue increased, and

throughout all she had a sense of a prickling pain in her bosom near the shoulder. So the day wore on, till it was within less than an hour of sunset. A low tap was heard at the door of the chamber. Giudetta stepped softly across the room, and then Bianca heard voices whispering earnestly as if in contention.

"Impossible, Giovanna, tell his lordship she is too ill."

"Nay, mistress Giudetta, you had better bear the message to him yourself; I don't much care to meet him in his present mood. He is snapping at every one like a wolf. He has cuffed Antonio for I know not what, and Tomaso says he is worse than the Grand Turk."

"Silence thy prating tongue, jade. Well, I will go myself, and do thou sit quietly on yonder stool and watch thy young mistress; but let not a word pass thy lips, chatterbox."

It was not long before Giudetta returned to the chamber; she was pale with anger and shaking with excitement, and quite forgetting the necessity for silence which she had peremptorily enjoined upon Giovanna, she gave utterance to her feelings in no gentle voice.

"Holy Virgin guard us! I believe my lord has lost his senses outright. 'Where is the signora Bianca?' said he when I entered, 'has she received my message?' 'No, eccellenza,' said I. 'No!' cried he, turning short upon me, 'who dared to withhold it?' 'I did, eccellenza; my lady is ill, and unable to rise.' Then the count ground his teeth, and glared upon me like a wild beast. 'Hark ye, Mistress Giudetta,' says he in a hissing voice, 'I am in no mood to be trifled with. Tell your young lady, that if she have life, she must attend me in this room at sunset. If she is ill,' says he with a sigh, 'I am sorry for it; but tell her she may not refuse, even on that score—she shall have time enough to nurse her ailments afterwards. Go now, and see on your peril that I am obeyed.'"

"He shall be obeyed," said Bianca, with sudden energy; for the loud speaking of Giudetta had thoroughly aroused her from her stupor, and the fever in her blood lent her an unnatural strength. "I will rise, my good nurse, thou shalt aid Giovanna at my toilette. Thine arm, Giudetta."

And the girl sat upright while the two women arrayed her; but ever as the old woman stole a frightened glance at her young lady's face, she turned pale with alarm, for her dull eye was fixed, and yet withal there was a strange wildness in it which she had never seen before. All this time the girl spoke not, but at intervals she pressed her hand over her heart and sighed deeply, as one oppressed with pain. At length her toilette was completed, and she stood erect in her ghastly loveliness, leaning on the arms of her attendants; thus supported, she left her chamber and proceeded to the grand *salon*. With a fixed abstracted gaze and a heavy step, as one who walks in a dream, she moved slowly up the apartment, and sat down upon a couch of crimson velvet. At a sign, the attendants departed, and she was left alone in the vast and silent room.

Meantime, in the ante-chamber beyond, another scene was enacting. Punctual to the appointed hour, Pietro Molo, attended by a young man, entered the hall of the Palazzo Polabi, and both were ushered into the presence of the count. The old goldsmith moved up the room with that air of quiet respect and self-possession which were habitual to him: the youth followed behind him.

"I am come, eccellenza," said the senior, declining the seat to which the count silently motioned him, "according to the tenor of our agreement contained in this obligation (and he held forth the bond). If it is your lordship's pleasure to pay me the loan this day due, with the interest thereon, which I have calculated, I shall be happy to receive it, and write you an acquittance."

"Ser Pietro Molo," said the count, measuring his words as he spoke, "I have endeavoured by every means in my power to procure the money to satisfy your claim. I have three thousand ducats, and no more. If you will receive that sum and the ample security I can give you for the residue, I am prepared to pay it."

"Five thousand ducats, principal money, my lord, and five hundred, the interest at ten per centum. These sums I demand—your excellency will excuse me if I decline to take less."

The count made one appeal more.

"This youth is your nephew, I presume, Ser Molo."

"Ghirolamo, my brother Jacopo's son, so please your lordship," said the banker, motioning the youth to come forward.

The count surveyed him anxiously. He was a good-looking youth, dressed in a simple suit of black cloth, over which he wore his cloak, set on very primly. He had an ingenuous and modest air, but he stooped somewhat in the shoulders, and kept his eyes demurely fixed on the ground.

"As I understood from you originally, that this money belonged to your nephew, I now apply to him to know if he will be content with the terms that I offer."

The young man was about to speak, but the elder Molo thrust him aside with an impatient and peremptory gesture, and took upon himself the response.

"I told you, sir count, that the money was my brother's, sent to me to employ in a speculation for his son's use. For that speculation I alone am answerable. I feel bound to replace it, if there be any loss; and I am, therefore, alone competent to accept or decline your terms. I decline them, my lord, and now I look for the fulfilment of your stipulation. My nephew is here to receive the hand of your ward, which, on his behalf, I claim."

The Count Polani fixed on the old banker a stern and haughty gaze, in which pride and anger seemed struggling with a sense of helplessness. At first he seemed about to give vent to his passion; but there was that in the calm yet respectful bearing with which old Molo met his look, that quickly showed the count the necessity of keeping a guard upon his temper. Mastering his emotion with a strong effort, he replied,

"You shall see the Signora Morosini herself. Follow me."

The count stepped forward to the door which separated the anti-chamber from the *salone*, and throwing it open, he entered the latter followed by his two visitors. Without uttering a word, they walked slowly up the room to where Bianca was sitting in the same state of strange abstraction in which her attendants had left her.

At that moment the last rays of the setting sun streamed through the amber-tinted glass in the western window, and the soft warm light fell upon the massive clusters of her light-brown hair, till they looked like the rippling waters when the sunlight tips their edges with gold. And then the light streamed athwart her pallid cheek, and down her snowy neck, playing upon them as one sees it play upon a marble statue, illuminating without warming the white surface, which looks all the whiter and colder and more lifeless from the contrast. Thus sat the girl, passionless, unmoving, almost serene, in her solemn and sad loveliness—a thing admirable, and yet terrible and painful to look upon.

The count started at the changed appearance of the girl. He expected to see her look ill, but he was not prepared for the sight which he now encountered. It was a moment before he recovered his composure sufficiently to address himself to the task that was before him; but he had already staked too much on the terrible game to withdraw, and so he was forced to play it out. He moved up gently to the maiden, and taking her hand he said kindly:

"Here is one who seeks to make his suit to you, dear signora. You are already advised of his visit, and that he has my permission to address you."

The girl started, as if the words fell upon her ear with a sense of undefined pain, as the voice of the mesmeriser might fall upon one in a magnetic trance. A strange, fitful lustre lit up her dull eye; the look became fixed, dilated, and wild, while the orb was suffused with a red hue that added to the wildness. She half rose from the couch, and her lips moved as if she were about to speak, when a cold shivering ran through her frame, and shook her as the wind shakes the corn in autumn. She placed her hand upon her bosom, and

uttering a feeble cry of anguish, she sank back upon the sofa. In a moment the attendants were summoned to her, and Giovanna wrung her own hands, and kissed those of her young mistress, whom she really loved; while old Giudetta, with more presence of mind, after gazing into the eyes of the girl, and feeling her fluttering pulse, suddenly tore down her handkerchief from off her neck, and directing her examination to the spot where Bianca's hand was placed, she discovered a small dark pustule raised above the skin, and surrounded with a circle of bright red. Uttering a shriek of horror, she sprang backwards and cried out,

"The plague! the plague!"

The terrible announcement paralysed every one for a moment. The count was the first to recover his presence of mind. He bent down over the girl, and looked at the place to which Giudetta pointed. There was the fatal mark, the ominous crimson carbuncle which no one who has ever seen the plague-spot can mistake.

"Aye, the plague! the plague!" he exclaimed, "as sure as there is a God in heaven!"

Then losing all control of himself, he burst into a passion of grief, such as strong men sometimes give way to. He kissed the lips of the girl now flushed and burning, and then stepped rapidly back to where old Molo and his nephew stood side by side, and awe-struck, he exclaimed, with a wild and mocking laugh:—

"Look there! look there! Messer Molo. Young man, thou wouldst seek a noble one to mate with? Is she here, as noble and as fair as thine eyes can desire! Canst thou dost thou tarry? I will lead thee to her. Yes, thou mayest take the hand of the dying! A bridal! a *Donna BRIDAL!* Wilt thou claim thy bride now?"

As the count spoke thus madly, he made a gesture towards Ghirolamo, as if inviting him to advance. The young man calmly stepped forward, as if about to take the hand of the unconscious girl, when old Molo sprang after him, and seized him by the arm.

"Forbear, boy! Are you mad? Move not another step, I charge you, as you value your life.—It cannot be, it cannot be, I say.—Do you not see it is the will of Heaven?—Come, let us go hence; what business have we here now?" As he spoke, the old banker forced his nephew backwards out of the house.

The plague was now indeed in the city of Venice—the terrible pestilence, whose ravages, not half a century before, was still in the recollection of many living. We shall not dwell upon the horrifying details of this loathly distemper, they have been delineated by more than one master hand. From the nature and situation of the city, the miasma spread wide and rapidly, notwithstanding all the sanitary precautions of the authorities, and the exertions of the officers of health. There was not a street, scarcely was there a house, in which some inmate did not fall a victim. All day long the city was as a city of the dead. All gaiety had disappeared; the streets and squares were empty; no one went forth save on the most pressing business, or to the churches; and then they passed hastily along in the middle of the street, shunning contact with their fellow-creatures. From morning till night, prayers and supplications were offered up in all the churches; the dead host was carried about in solemn procession, with chanting and incense, seeking to appease the wrath of God; and at night the dead-boat passed along the canals; and ever anon it stopped at a slip, or stair-foot, or at a bridge; and the low bell was rung, and the living hurriedly brought forth the dead, themselves pale, and horror-stricken, and ghastly; and with scant ceremony, and a prayer muttered low and short, they placed the corpse in the dead-boat, and then it passed on to receive other dead, till it was filled with its festering burthen, and would hold no more. And so the malady raged through the spring, and summer, and autumn, till twenty thousand souls were swept away within the City of the Lagunes.



WASHINGTON TAKING FAREWELL OF HIS MOTHER.

WASHINGTON TAKING FAREWELL OF HIS MOTHER.

THE incident depicted in the annexed engraving illustrates, in a striking manner, one of the most admirable of the many estimable traits in the idiosyncrasy of the purest public character of modern times. Like many of the greatest men in all ages, from the earliest of the heroes of antiquity, to the last of British warriors—whose presence is hardly yet lost to our wondering vision, the competitor and conqueror of Napoleon, himself a conspicuous example of the same filial attachment—Washington was remarkable for his devoted affection to his mother. Not only was he so in early life, to such a degree that the pain of separating from her prevented his acceptance of an apparently advantageous commission in the naval service; but, long after, when he had attained the highest eminence that had probably ever been reached, his first care was to pay her honour, and seek her blessing before he entered on the final stage of his glorious and unparalleled career. Just preceding the period of his departure for New York to take the oath of office on being elected President of the States to which his valour had given freedom, and to which his wisdom was about to impart the enduring strength of cohesion and identity of aim and object, he hastened to Fredericksburg, where, at the age of eighty-five years, and afflicted by a disease the most terrible that can tax the fortitude of humanity—cancer in the breast—his mother resided, bowed with age and shattered with pain, but sustained by Christian resignation, and buoyed up with natural pride at being the parent of such a son. The interview is described as having been most affecting. She speeding him on his mission; he promising a speedy return to report to her how the inaugural steps of what remained of that great enterprise had been gone through; and she admonishing him of the unlikelihood that she should be alive to receive him, but assuring him of her conviction that he would in all things prove worthy of the destiny Providence had evidently marked out for him: both mother and son dissolved in tears at the thought that they had looked upon each other for the last time on earth. It is this ennobling episode in the patriot's life that our artist has endeavoured to render in the engraving; and the reader will, we think, agree with us that he has succeeded as far as the material employed in the delineation will admit of the portrayal of emotion at once too subtle and too sacred to be capable of tangible delineation through the medium of the pencil.

To the credit of our nation, we are not merely jealous of the fame of our great countryman in every particular, but we extend our pride and attachment to his memory to that of his mother. And not in words only. The corner-stone of the monument erected over her grave at Fredericksburg, was laid by Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, in May, 1833, amidst every accessory of public ceremonial that could testify to the solemnity and strength of a people's veneration. As the exponent of this sentiment the President said, that "when the American pilgrim shall, in after ages, come up to this high and holy place, and lay his hand upon this sacred column, may he recall the virtues of her who sleeps beneath, and depart with his affections purified, and his piety strengthened, while he invokes blessings upon the memory of the mother of Washington."

It is, of course, not our intention to offer anything in the shape of a biography of Washington, nor an analysis of his character. Contemporary judges disposed of both during his lifetime, and history has not disturbed the verdict. If we were to dwell upon his career, it would be to remove an erroneous impression which cursory readers of the events in which he figured too often carry away—viz., that his great successes were the result either of chance or of genius. They were neither; and therein is one important element of value in the example of Washington, as showing what is possible when opportunities are prudently treasured and judiciously applied at the right moment. It so happened that Washington's early professional occupation, as a surveyor of large estates, gave him a familiarity with the military positions of the

country, that proved of inestimable utility in the subsequent war, in which so much depended upon acquaintance with the geography of particular districts. So, again, with another branch of his early professional pursuits, as a valuer and appraiser of the timber and products of the estates he surveyed. The necessity for accurate reckoning and laborious account-keeping, imparted a mastery of details in arithmetic that proved of the greatest importance when he had to arrange for the provisioning of forces heterogeneously drawn together, and to conduct the business of a commissariat often but scantily and precariously supplied. The habits of business to which he devoted himself in youth he carried into the camp and the senate-house in after life, where they gave him a prodigious superiority, not only over the great majority of his own countrymen, many of whom were ever ready to decry his ability and to fetter the exercise of his judgment, but over the drawing-room soldiers and red-tape diplomatists sent out from England, filled with disdain and contempt for the American, and who only learnt to correct their estimate of his sagacity, alike in the field and the council-chamber, after experience of the most costly nature to their country and themselves. Washington was not a conqueror in the ordinary sense of the term; neither was his in any way one of those dazzling minds whose effulgence blinds mankind to eccentricities that too often degenerate into the criminal and indefensible. On the contrary, sobriety of view, common sense, moderation in all things, an adherence to the homely virtues, and a pure and unambitious love of the cause of his country, not only because it was his country's, but because, also, it was the cause of justice and truth:—these were his attributes; and in right of these he has left behind him, for the edification of all posterity, a reputation that has no parallel, at least in the annals of the Anglo-Saxon race, with the single exception of Alfred.

Sir James Mackintosh, in his famous "Reasons Against the French War of 1793" (which Mr. Cobden has also recently unanswerably shown ought never to have been undertaken, whether on the grounds of justice or of expediency, or even of a wise selfishness at the time), spoke glowingly of the genius of William the Third in conducting a similar crusade against Louis XIV., urging that "that confederacy required, to build it up and hold it together, all the exalted ability, all the comprehensive wisdom, all the disinterested moderation, and all the unshaken perseverance, of the Great Dutchman—other talents than those of petty intrigue and pompous declamation." Upon that passage, Mr. James Mackintosh, in editing his father's works, makes the following note:—"If there be any man in the present age who deserves the honour of being compared with this great prince, it is George Washington. The merit of both is more solid than dazzling. The same plain sense, the same simplicity of character, the same love of their country, the same unaffected heroism, distinguish both these illustrious men; and both were so highly favoured by Providence as to be made its chosen instruments for redeeming nations from bondage. As William had to contend with greater captains, and to struggle with more complicated political difficulties, we are able more decisively to ascertain his martial prowess and his civil prudence. It has been the fortune of Washington to give more signal proof of his disinterestedness, as he was placed in a situation in which he could, without blame, resign the supreme administration of that commonwealth which his valour had guarded in infancy against foreign force, and which his wisdom has since guided through still more formidable domestic perils." Nothing can be more accurate and discriminating than this parallel, though one ingredient in favour of our great countryman is left out—the purity of his private moral character, his temperance, and his decorous observance of the domestic virtues; whereas the king, if he be not greatly belied by his panegyrists, including Bishop Burnet, the historian of the revolution and chaplain to his majesty, was addicted to the pernicious habit of dram-drinking, and other indulgences, if possible, still more reprehensible.

Besides, William's memory is stained, if not by deeds of actual cruelty, at least by insensibility to many of great atrocity, some directly affecting himself. For instance, when he was twenty-one years of age, the Dutch people, inflamed by the misfortunes and burdens of the war in which their statesmen, the De Witts and other aristocratic families, had involved them with France and England, murdered the obnoxious oligarchs; and William, who had been raised to chief power as Stadtholder and Captain-General, like many of his ancestors, neither took proper means to prevent the outrage, nor any means whatever to punish the perpetrators. So, again, with the horrible massacre of the Macdonald clan, in the Vale of Glencoe, when thirty-eight men were brutally slain, and women and children, their wives and offspring, were turned out naked in a dark and freezing night, and perished with cold and hunger—the sole cause for this inhumanity at the hands of the Earl of Argyll and his regiment being, that the unoffending inhabitants of the valley had not surrendered in time to William's proclamation.

No participation in such deeds nor even any connivance at them sullies Washington's fame; and though we fully subscribe to the eulogium on William, yet, by so much more, in the instances we have cited, and other analogous ones that might be adduced, does the character of our compatriot transcend his. It is to be borne in mind, too, that the provocation to cruelty was quite as great in the case of Washington as of William; for the American War of Independence was, in reality, quite as much a civil war as that in which the Dutchman was engaged in the invasion of England, or even in the conquest of Ireland, where the whole popular feeling was on the side of his father-in-law, James II., and continued to be strong in the same cause long after it had died out even in Scotland—indeed, up to the beginning of the present century, as testified by the rebellion of '98, which was merely another phase of the spirit that was crushed in 1688. The only piece of even questionable severity, in which Washington's memory is in the least degree implicated, is the execution of Major André, to whose death more interest attached on account of his heroic and romantic character and the circumstances surrounding it, than from any real culpability on the part of Washington in causing it, though political animosity at the time stigmatised the American in much the same terms that were afterwards applied to Bonaparte, in reference to the capture and execution of the Duke d'Enghein in the fossé of Vincennes. André, the reader will remember, was an adjutant-general in the British army, and was taken on his return from a secret expedition to our traitorous countryman, General Arnold, in disguise, within our military lines, September 23rd, 1780. It was not, however, till the October following that he was sentenced to death by a court-martial of Washington's officers at Tappan, every possible facility being given for his defence; but the proofs that he deserved death, according to the usages of war, were overwhelming, and he was hanged upon the evidence of criminality that satisfied his judges who wept at the fate to which they were forced to doom so magnanimous a victim of his own daring and devotion. Arnold, originally a surgeon, promoted to high military command for his skill and bravery against the British, entered into negotiations with the British general, Clinton, for the surrender of a post of great consequence with which Washington had entrusted him; but the capture of André, whom Clinton had entrusted with the execution of the project, led to its disclosure, and Arnold flew to the royalist quarters, where he was employed by Clinton against his former comrades, and raised to the rank of brigadier-general; dying in England as late as 1801. Here then, unfortunately, the real traitor and offender escaped, while the innocent suffered through the inexorable requirements of the military service at such a moment and under such circumstances.

While speaking of the fate of André, which excited an immense sensation at the time, and long continued to be a theme of mutual recrimination and reproach between England and America, till the animosities, engendered by the struggles,

had given place to a just mutual appreciation, it may not be uninteresting to some of our younger readers to learn a little of a man who so largely figured in the discussions and disputes of their fathers, or rather of their grandfathers, for it is now eighty-four years since his death. Born in London, in 1751, he became accidentally enamoured of a Miss Honora Sneyd; but at the instigation of her relations, who disapproved of the intended alliance, she discontinued her correspondence with him, and soon after married Mr. Lovell Edgeworth, father of the celebrated novelist, who died only a few years ago at her seat in Ireland, and was famous as being the person whose works, in favour of her native country, induced Scott to commence the immortal fictions of the "Waverley Series;" William Lovell Edgeworth himself being also a man of remarkable ability, especially in inventions of mechanical ingenuity. Pending his courtship of Miss Sneyd, André, in hopes of benefiting his pecuniary position, entered a mercantile house in London; but on learning that the object of his affections had been married, he joined the British army in America, where his abilities and gallantry secured him rapid promotion, raising him to the rank of adjutant-general of the forces, and aide-de-camp to the commander in chief, Sir Henry Clinton. It is related of him, that besides courage and distinguished military talent, he possessed a well-cultivated mind, being a proficient in drawing and music, and evincing considerable poetic humour in a piece called the "Cow Chase," which appeared in three successive parts, at New York, the last on the very day of his capture. One of his last letters gives us an affecting incident relating to his first love. When stripped of everything by those who seized him, he contrived to conceal in his mouth a portrait of Honora, which he always carried about his person, though he was unaware that she had breathed her last some months before. Those who have visited Westminster Abbey will remember the beautiful monument under the organ-screen, with its spirited inscription, erected to his memory as lately as 1821, at the expense of George III., the figure of Washington, on the bas-relief having had a new head three several times—a consequence of the "wanton mischief of some school-boy, fired, perhaps, with raw notions of transatlantic freedom," as Charles Lamb, with caustic pleasantry, said to Southey, after the author of "Joan of Arc" had become poet laureate, and had taken to panegyric persons and principles he had been all his previous life denouncing.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF PETER THE GREAT.

PETER being the son of Alexis, by a second marriage, was not at all liked in the family; no one, therefore, thought of his reigning even for a day. His father died, leaving three sons—Phedor, Iwan, and Peter—the eldest of whom ascended the throne. Phedor's reign was of short duration, and, as Iwan was an imbecile, he determined, much against the will of the Princess Sophia, to leave his vast dominions to his half-brother Peter, who was then about ten years old. Sophia was appointed regent during his minority, and hoped to retain the reins of government.

"What have we to fear," said she to Gallitzin, "from one who is imbecile and another who is epileptic?" The last expression was applied to Peter, who, in his childhood, was often seized with convulsions.

"The child, though timid," said the prime minister, "is quick and ardent; we must subdue him." He was not mistaken. Peter did all in his power to overcome his natural timidity, and having a great aversion to the water, took such pains to conquer it, that his dislike soon changed into a great love of that element. It was the policy of his sister Sophia not only to allow his education to be neglected, but to surround him with idle and vicious associates. Ashamed of the ignorance in which he was brought up, Peter instructed him-

self in the Dutch and German languages, in which he took more interest than in any others, because Germans carried on at Moscow some of the manufactures which he wished to promote in his empire; and the Dutch excelled in navigation, which he considered the most important of all arts.

Peter listened eagerly to all accounts of the manners and customs of other nations, and made a determination, when he came into power, to place more confidence in the advice of foreigners, as regarded military affairs, than in that of his own countrymen. He constituted the Genevese, Lefort, his friend and preceptor, and confided implicitly in him. With his aid he organised a band of fifty young men, who were trained and clothed in the Danish fashion, and called the Guards of the Poteschnaia, of whom Lefort was made captain. The Emperor himself joined the new guard, and, wishing to gain his own promotion step by step, even began by being a drummer. This little regiment gradually increased, and some of its members were sent to learn boat-building at Venice and Leghorn; others ship-building, and the management of large vessels, in Holland.

Subsequently, wishing to change his plan of placing foreign generals at the head of his troops, he received a good lesson on the subject from a lady, who was related to the first families in the town, and whose superior intellectual attainments procured her great influence in public affairs. In the course of a conversation which Peter held with her on state affairs, he

informed her that he was levying a fresh supply of troops in his empire.

"Will there be any foreign officers in command?" asked she.

"No," replied the Czar; "my lieutenants are now sufficiently informed to provide me with as good soldiers and officers as I desire."

"You make a mistake," said the lady. She then argued the point for some time, without being able to change his opinion.

Some days afterwards the Czar, who had come to see her, inquired how her music went on, which he had not heard for some time.

"Your Majesty," replied she, "shall judge to-night at supper."

She secretly gave orders that the orchestra should be entirely composed of the natives of the country. The concert commenced, and the execution grated upon the ears of the audience. All the guests were surprised, but the lady did not seem to notice anything unusual. At length the Emperor asked her how it was that her music, which was formerly so excellent, had become so bad.

"These are the same musicians," replied she, "with the exception of the foreigners, whom I have discharged."

"I understand you, madam," said Peter; "you are right."

He changed his opinion, and ordered that, for the future, a third of his officers should be foreigners.

THE CHIMPANZEE.

MONKEYS, from their human-like form and the ease with which they mimic many human actions, have attracted the attention of mankind in all ages. Nay, there have not been wanting those who, pretending to the title of philosophers, have maintained that man himself is only, as it were, a better sort of monkey, or at all events merely a creature produced by the more perfect development of the type of structure presented by the highest of these animals. The Chimpanzee, say the supporters of this doctrine, is by no means so far removed from the negro as to render the conversion of the one into the other at all impossible. But if we compare this creature, which is admitted by all zoologists to make the nearest approach in its structure to the physical conformation of man, with the very lowest and least intelligent of the human race, we shall find the differences so great, as vastly to outweigh the resemblances and render several intermediate gradations of development necessary, before we can arrive from the most man-like monkey at the lowest and most ape-like of human beings.

Like other monkeys, the Chimpanzee possesses four hands, that is to say, the hinder feet, instead of being fitted as in man for walking on the ground, are converted into hands to assist him in climbing trees, his ordinary place of abode being amongst the branches. He progresses, in fact, very awkwardly when in an upright position, as the sole of his foot cannot be brought flat to the ground, and he is obliged to walk merely on the outside of it, with his toes drawn up in a very cramped and uncomfortable position. The thumb of these hinder hands is by no means so perfect as that of the "true hands" of the anterior members; but even these, when compared with the same organs in man, will be found very inferior in point of perfection. The thumb is much shorter and incapable of being brought into those varied relations with the other fingers which enable the human hand to perform such a vast variety of operations with so much delicacy and precision. In the form of the head, too, the difference is, perhaps, even still more striking. Instead of the large cranium required to contain the brain of a human being, the adult Chimpanzee, like his congeners, has a flat retreating forehead, with a large ridge over the eyes for the attachment of the strong muscles of the jaws. In the young animal the forehead is higher, and the ridge just mentioned far less distinct, so that the creature has then a much more intelligent and amiable aspect than at a

later period of its existence; and as most, if not all, the specimens which have been brought alive to Europe have been young, a false impression of their intelligence and docility and also of their external resemblance to the human race has been produced, for it appears that when arrived at maturity they acquire, along with great powers of mischief, every inclination to employ them.

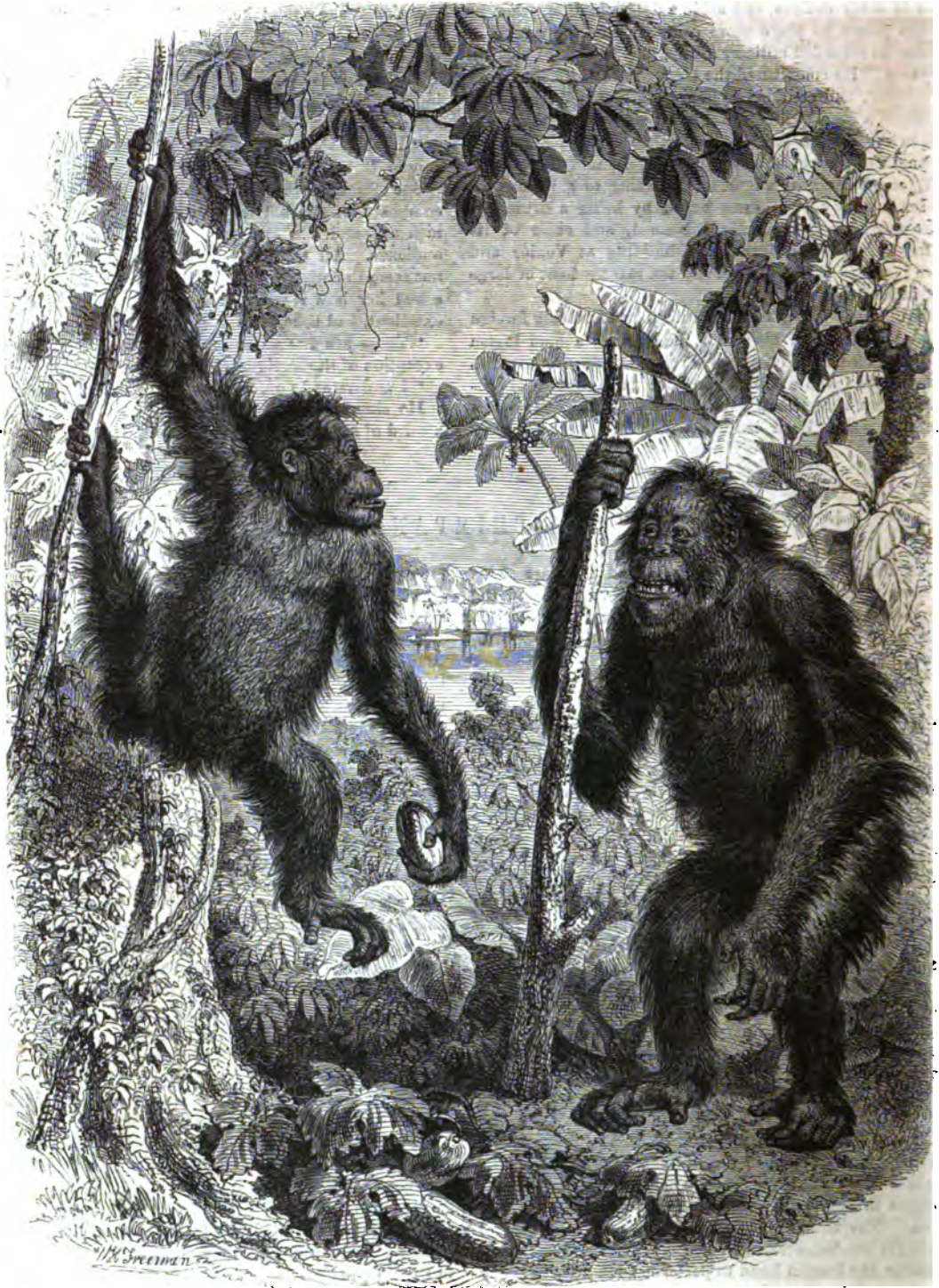
The Chimpanzee (*Troglodytes niger*) is a native of the west coast of Africa, where it is said to attain a stature equal to that of man. Travellers who have visited these countries relate many curious stories of the chimpanzees. They are said to live in large societies in the forest, to walk erect, build huts to protect them from the burning heat of the tropical sun and from the violent rains which are equally characteristic of those regions, and to make use of heavy sticks or clubs in their combats among themselves or with the other inhabitants of the forests. They are also said occasionally to carry off negro women and children into the woods, and instances are related in which the people so abducted were detained amongst them for a considerable time. Most of these extraordinary tales are probably, however, to be ascribed entirely to the imaginations of the natives, who would be very likely to invest an animal so nearly resembling the human race in appearance, with many of the attributes of humanity, and would certainly be by no means reluctant to relate these marvellous stories, perhaps with some extemporaneous embellishments, for the edification of credulous strangers.

Two thousand years ago, Hanno, a Carthaginian voyager, brought with him, on his return to Carthage, the skins of three specimens, either of this, or of the newly-discovered nearly-allied species, the Gorilla (*Troglodytes Gorilla*). Under the name of "wild women," they, no doubt, made a great figure in the "yarns" of Hanno's sailors; and it is curious to find nearly the same term applied to them even in England in the present day; for a specimen, which was exhibited some few years since in this country, was honoured by its owner with the appellation of "The Wild Maid of the Desert," and doubtless endowed by him with many wonderful qualities.

It would appear from the evidence of trustworthy authorities that the Chimpanzee does not live in large communities, forming rude villages, but rather in pairs, building a rude

habitation in the trees, at a height of thirty, or even forty feet from the ground. They feed on fruits, and on the bunches of young succulent leaves in the centre of the heads of palms, known as the "cabbage" to English settlers in

ingly palatable food, in spite of a tradition which is said to prevail amongst some of them, that the Chimpanzees were once members of their own tribe, but were expelled for the filthiness and depravity of their habits.



THE CHIMPANZEE (TROGLODYTES NIGER).

warm climates. They climb with great ease, swinging themselves from branch to branch with astonishing agility. Their human-like form does not prevent their being eaten by the negroes, who regard a well-cooked Chimpanzee as an exceed-

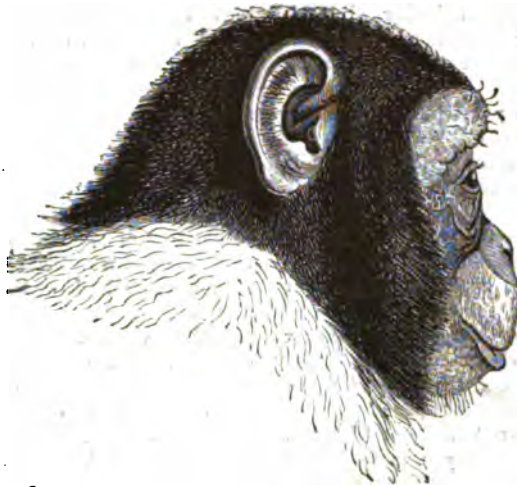
The Chimpanzee is thickly clothed with long black hair on the back of the head, the shoulders, and back. All the fore parts of the body are very thinly clad. The face is brownish and nearly naked. The limbs are covered with shorter hair

than the back, and the hairs of the fore-arm are very curiously turned back towards the elbow. The arms, although long, are not so disproportionate to the size of the animal as those of some of the nearly-allied apes. The hands in the Chimpanzee only reach the knees when the animal stands upright, whilst in the Orang-Outang and the Gibbon, or Long-armed ape, they nearly, if not quite, touch the ground. The animal is quite destitute of a tail, and possesses only a trace of those callosities on the buttocks which form so prominent and disgusting a feature in many monkeys, especially the baboons.

In the adult Chimpanzee the canine teeth are very large and strong, and although not nearly so powerful, in proportion

to the size of the creature, as those of some of the large baboons, they constitute most formidable weapons of offence, and an unarmed man would stand but a poor chance in a contest with one of these animals.

In captivity, especially when quite young, the animals are exceedingly docile, and imitate many human actions to great perfection. They will take their food with knife, fork, and spoon, and sometimes even appear to prefer using these implements, to conveying the food to their mouths with their hands. They drink from a cup or glass, like a human being, and occasionally evince a very human predilection for intoxicating liquors.



HEAD OF THE CHIMPANZEE.



HAND OF THE CHIMPANZEE.



FOOT OF THE CHIMPANZEE.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

CHAPTER XXI.

It was the third day after that upon which Bianca Morosini fell ill. In a room of a mean house in the quarter of San Barnabo a young man lay upon a pallet. An old woman, in the attire of the poorest of the people, sat beside him and watched him as he slept. At length the sleeper awoke and opened his eyes.

"What hour is it, good mother?"

"It is just sunset, signore. The Ave Maria is ringing."

"Ah, then I have slept many hours, and feel much refreshed."

"The saints be praised!" said the old woman, "the mediciner said that the fever was gone, and that when you woke all danger would be over. Ah, Signor Giulio, he says you had a narrow escape; had the wound been an inch deeper it

would have been mortal. Do you know the villain who struck you?"

"I know nothing, good Giovanna, except that, as I left my gondola, after coming from Mestre, and had just past the church of San Barnabo, a man in a mask and cloak sprang on me suddenly from the shadow of the portico, and struck me in the back with a dagger. I fell down, and remember nothing further till I found myself lying here."

"Ah, yes, signore, you swooned; and, as God willed, my Antonio was just then returning from the canal, and seeing you lying bleeding, he raised you and brought you in here, as it was nigh at hand; and then, when he found who you were, he went for the skilfullest chirurgeon in Venice."

"I owe him much, and thee, too, good mother. But tell me now, what news from the palazzo? Hast thou been there?"

"Yes, signore; but I could see no one—the mark was on the house."

"In the name of heaven explain yourself," cried Giulio Polani. "What mark dost thou talk of?"

"Ah, signore, the mark placed by order of the Signori alla Sanità. The plague is there. It has been in the city these three days."

"I must arise, good mother," said Giulio, when the first shock of the intelligence was passed.

The old woman remonstrated as far as she dared, but her guest was not to be controlled.

"I tell thee, I feel strong enough to rise and go out—the air will serve me; besides, were it otherwise, the uncertainty and suspense is intolerable. I must know the worst. Thou canst not tell me who is seized with the distemper?"

"No, truly, signore; neither I nor Antonio could learn. But since you insist on rising, I beseech you to wait till I fetch my son to attend upon you; I shall not be long away."

No sooner had the old woman gone to seek the boatman than Giulio arose from his bed. He was still weak from loss of blood, and the stiffness of his wound impeded him; however, he contrived to put on his clothes, and taking advantage of the absence of Giovanna, he left the house. The cool evening air revived him, and he made his way slowly along the narrow streets, pondering sadly upon the fatality that had fallen upon himself and his house. In the bitterness of his heart he believed that Providence had intervened specially to crush him. The unfortunate stroke that prevented him reaching home on the evening of his interview with Jacques, was, he felt certain, dealt by no robber's hand; for neither his purse nor the bills had been taken; nor could he think of any one whose enmity he had incurred, who would have him set on by a bravo; he, therefore, came to the conclusion that the ruffian had mistaken him for some other person. Then, he bewailed the precious time that was lost while he lay in the delirium of fever. What might not have occurred in the interval? Might not Bianca, when she found he did not return, have yielded to the importunities of his father and accepted the suitor thrust upon her? His heart quickly rejected the thought, as one unworthy of her who had pledged to him her faith. What! if it were she that was seized with the plague—perhaps even now dying or dead! The thought was maddening and made him sick and faint, so that he was forced to pause a moment and lean against a doorway for support. Twilight by this time had nearly faded into night, and as he looked up, a light glimmering in the window of a house on the opposite side of the calle attracted his attention, and in the dim evening light he was enabled to decipher, inscribed in large letters upon a board:

"Qui si può consultare un Astrologico famoso: il piano secondo."

It is a well-known historical fact that, during the prevalence of the plague, the popular terror took the direction of superstition. This terrible disease was looked upon as a direct manifestation of the Divine displeasure, and whoever professed to be able to discover the secret councils of God, as manifested by the appearance of the stars or the influences or conjunctions of the planets, was sure to be consulted by the people. If this were so in our own land, at a much later period of the

world, it is not to be wondered that in Venice, in the fourteenth century, the astrologer and fortune-teller drove a thriving trade. Giulio's eye rested on the inscription, while those harassing doubts were rising in his mind, and the words seemed to address him directly, and invite him to seek a solution of them by learning the hidden designs of Fate. He crossed the street, ascended the stairs to the second story and knocked at the door. It was opened by a stunted-looking Moorish boy, who, without speaking, held out his hand for the accustomed consulting fee, and then ushered Giulio into the apartment of the astrologer.

It was a square room, dimly lighted by an iron lamp that was suspended from the centre of the ceiling by a triple chain of the same metal; a blue inconstant flame glimmered from the vessel, emitting a strong sulphurous smell, and causing all the objects in the room to flicker, and, as it seemed, to move to and fro. Stuffed reptiles and animals of the most unsightly form hung from the ceiling—bats, toads, frogs, and serpents—and cast their distorted shadows athwart the walls and the floor, where, as the light leaped fitfully up and down, they seemed to crawl and hop and writhe in convulsive motion. The walls were hung with horoscopes, ephemerides, zodiacal signs, and tables of dignities of planets, and other astrological diagrams. A table, covered with black cloth, stood nearly in the centre of the room, the light of the lamp fell obliquely upon it and played in the eyeless sockets of a human skull, beside which sat a large vulture. On the middle of the table, a little to one side, stood a mysterious instrument; the pedestal was flat and circular, about two inches thick, formed of a composition termed by theurgists, *electrum magicum*, and was inscribed with the holy name *ELOHIM* in Hebrew characters: from this sprang a pillar, which supported a large oval crystal, set in a frame-work of gold, around which was written in Greek the name of the Supreme Majesty, *TETRAGRAMMATON*; four smaller crystals were set at equal distances around the larger one, indicating the animal, vegetable, mineral, and astral kingdoms; while from the top rose a fifth, representing the great Δ or equilateral triangle—the mystic symbol of divinity. At the other side was a large bell, made likewise of *electrum magicum*, having written upon its outer surface the word *TETRAGRAMMATON*, and higher up *SADAI*; behind and between these two strange objects appeared the astrologer himself. He was clothed in a flowing robe of black silk, trimmed down the front and at the edges with flame-coloured velvet; his head was covered with a high cylindrical black cap, and he held a white wand in his hand; the base of the lamp was so placed, whether by design or accident, as to throw his face into shadow. Giulio had ample time to observe all these things as he stood before the astrologer, who seemed buried in such profound contemplation of a paper before him, as not to be sensible of the entrance of a stranger. At length he raised his head and beheld his visitor. He betrayed no surprise whatever, but said in a low, solemn voice—

"Signor Giulio Polani, thou art welcome—I have expected thee."

The young man started with astonishment to find himself recognised by one to whom he believed himself a total stranger.

"How is it that you know me?" he asked. "We have surely never met before to-night."

"To the eye of science," replied the astrologer, "all things are revealed. He who can decipher the characters of the inner life, can easily read the external inscription. Thou comest to consult me. Of thyself or of others?"

"I would seek to know the fate of another than myself."

"Canst thou declare to me the year and day, and if possible the hour, of her nativity?"

"Her," cried Giulio in surprise; "I said not it was a woman!"

"True, thou didst not, nevertheless it is so. Canst thou tell me what I require?"

"I can," said Giulio, and he named the year. "I know, too the very day and hour; for I have often heard her say that she was born at the moment that the bells of Saint Mark rang in the new year."

"'Tis well," replied the astrologer; "I will now calculate for thee her horoscope."

Thereupon he took a paper upon which was a diagram of that peculiar figure which is known to the adept of the occult sciences as a horoscope. First there was a square, within which was inscribed another similar figure, so that the angles of the latter touched the centre of the sides of the former, within this was again drawn another square whose sides were parallel to the external one, and from its angles lines were drawn to the angles of the outer square. By this means twelve triangles were formed in the space between the inner and outer squares, and were denominated the twelve houses. The astrologer then took an *ephemeris*, in which he ascertained the position and conjunctions of the heavenly bodies at the time indicated in the nativity of the person whose fortune he was about to predict, and these he noted carefully upon the horoscope. In the same way he consulted "the table of dignities," and noted the results of his calculations as he had done those of the *ephemeris*. As he thus proceeded, he muttered to himself many strange words, amongst which a portion were now and then vaguely intelligible to his visitor.

"Ha! the moon is Hyleg, and she is receding from the sun—sec, she is under his beams too.—Ah, she will be short-lived of a verity."

Then he was silent for a space, still busily calculating; again he spoke slowly—

"She is sick—a sore sickness. The moon is corrupt—afflicted of Saturn in the three first degrees of Scorpio—Death! Death!"

By this time the suspense and agony of Giulio were intolerable; he groaned aloud. The astrologer's calculations were complete; he looked up and spoke in a solemn voice, in which there was somewhat of sorrow and pity blended—

"Young man, we are the ministers and the interpreters of nature; not her lords. We cannot control the stars; we but declare in speech the knowledge which day and night they utter in their mysterious language. I have calculated the horoscope according to the nativity thou hast given me. Listen whilst I announce it. A maiden was born at that moment when the planetary influences were inauspicious—even now she is weighed down by a fatal malady. In vain do the stars in the ascendant houses strive to overcome the power of those in the cadent. The signs in the twelfth house betoken tribulation; in the eighth there is death!—aye, even now the hand of death is upon her. She enters the fourth house—the end of all. Before the morrow's sun she shall be a corpse!"

Giulio staggered forwards; a faintness as of death came upon him, and he would have fallen to the ground, but that the astrologer arose and caught him in his arms. Pouring forth from a phial a few drops of a volatile fluid into a glass of water, the astrologer forced it into the mouth of the fainting man. The pungent elixir caught his breath, giving a sensation of choking; but it speedily restored him. At this moment the light of the lamp fell directly on the face of the astrologer as he bent over his visitor, and Giulio recognised with a shudder the glittering eye and scarred forehead of Bartolomeo Venturini!

The young man found himself, he scarce knew how, once more in the street before the house of the astrologer. He felt a terrible composure, as if of despair. "It is in vain," he muttered, "to struggle against destiny. Come, I will play the play out to the end—I will be near her when she dies—I will die with her if it may be so." He moved onwards with such speed as he could exert through the dark vacant streets till he reached the cortile at the rear of the Palazzo Polani. Just then the postern door was opened, and one came forth carrying a torch, followed by two others who bore a litter, upon which lay a figure covered over with a white linen cloth.

"Be quick," said he who held the torch, "I hear the bell ringing at the bridge—we shall scarcely be in time."

Uttering a wild cry, Giulio sprang forward to cast himself upon the bier, when the strong arm of the torch-bearer held him back, exclaiming—

"Are you mad, good fellow, or weary of your life? She has just died of the plague. Oh, Ci-lo!" he added, as the light of the flambeau showed the features of him he addressed, "it is our young master Giulio!"

At the time when Giulio Polani fell into the arms of the servant outside the palazzo, within it were silence, and gloom, and sorrow; for the shadow of death still hung over it, nor departed with the corpse just borne away. One now stepped noiselessly through the gloomy hall, and up the wide marble staircase, and along the corridor. He was dressed in the Greek costume, and wore on his head a close-fitting black skull-cap, beneath which fell down a profusion of hair white as silver, while a long beard of the same colour hung down upon his breast. As he moved along, he sighed and said musingly: "Alas! Death is a blind mower; the green and unripe fall beneath his sickle even as the ripe and the withered—the young maiden equally with the old man. Ah! that he may be satisfied with this one poor victim, and spare these others who are now in his grasp."

As he concluded his soliloquy, he reached the door of a chamber, and gently opening it, he entered. The light of a shaded lamp disclosed an old woman watching near a bed, which lay in the shadow. The man went up to the couch, and bending down his head, listened in silence; then turning to the woman, he said:

"This sleep is calm and refreshing; the breathing is natural and easy: how long has it lasted, Mistress Giudetta?"

"Since I gave the draught, Ser Demetrius; I think it must be near half an hour."

"'Tis well. Hold hither the lamp. Ah, yes, the face is losing the haggard look, the redness about the eyelids is abated. Let me feel the pulse. So—no flutter—no sharpness—tranquil and regular; and the skin is no longer dry, but a warm moisture is breaking out through the pores. Good, good!"

"The Virgin be praised!" said Giudetta; "then we may have hope?"

"Assuredly we may hope; the vital functions are rallying. The event is, however, in the hands of God. If thy patient should wake before I return, thou wilt administer this aromatic potion. And now I must attend elsewhere."

The mediciner was leaving the room, when the old woman said to him entreatingly:

"Ah, good Messer Demetrius, I wish heartily that your worship would give me one of those wonderful and blessed amulets, which keep off this deadly disease. I remember in the great plague, when I was a little girl, people always wore such about them. Doubtless so learned a man as you must know how to compose many such."

"Of a verity I do," replied the physician, "and I am not unwilling to comply with thy request. This pestilence is one of the arrows of God wherewith he slays man for his sins, as saith the erudite Claudius Galenus, '*Pestis est flagellum et sagitta Dei, ob peccata hominibus immissa.*' Wherefore it is lawful for us to use such things as a shield; nevertheless, we must by no means pretermit the use of medicaments and therapeutics, which are as weapons wherewith to assail and drive away the foe."

"Your worship no doubt speaks wisely and learnedly," said Giudetta, her reverence being in exact proportion to her ignorance of what the physician somewhat pedantically enunciated. The latter thereupon took from his pouch a piece of parchment, whereon he inscribed several letters, between which at various intervals he drew the sign of the cross, and then handed it to Giudetta, saying:

"This amulet is of a most holy significancy, and of marvellous virtue against the plague. It was composed by a certain Greek archbishop, and by him was given to the learned Hieronymus Bardius, doctor in theology and medicine, of whom I had it. Wear it constantly round thy neck, put thy confidence in God's mercy, and have a cheerful spirit."

Giudetta took with profound reverence the sacred talisman, and the physician departed.

THE PULPIT AT LIGNY.

ONE of the beautiful specimens of art to be found in Roman Catholic churches is the pulpit represented in our engraving. It is in a church at Ligny in France, and is of carved oak.

On the top is seen the Virgin Mary borne by angels, representing the Assumption. The four statues which adorn the angles of the pulpit are about two feet high. They appear to represent



PULPIT AT LIGNY.

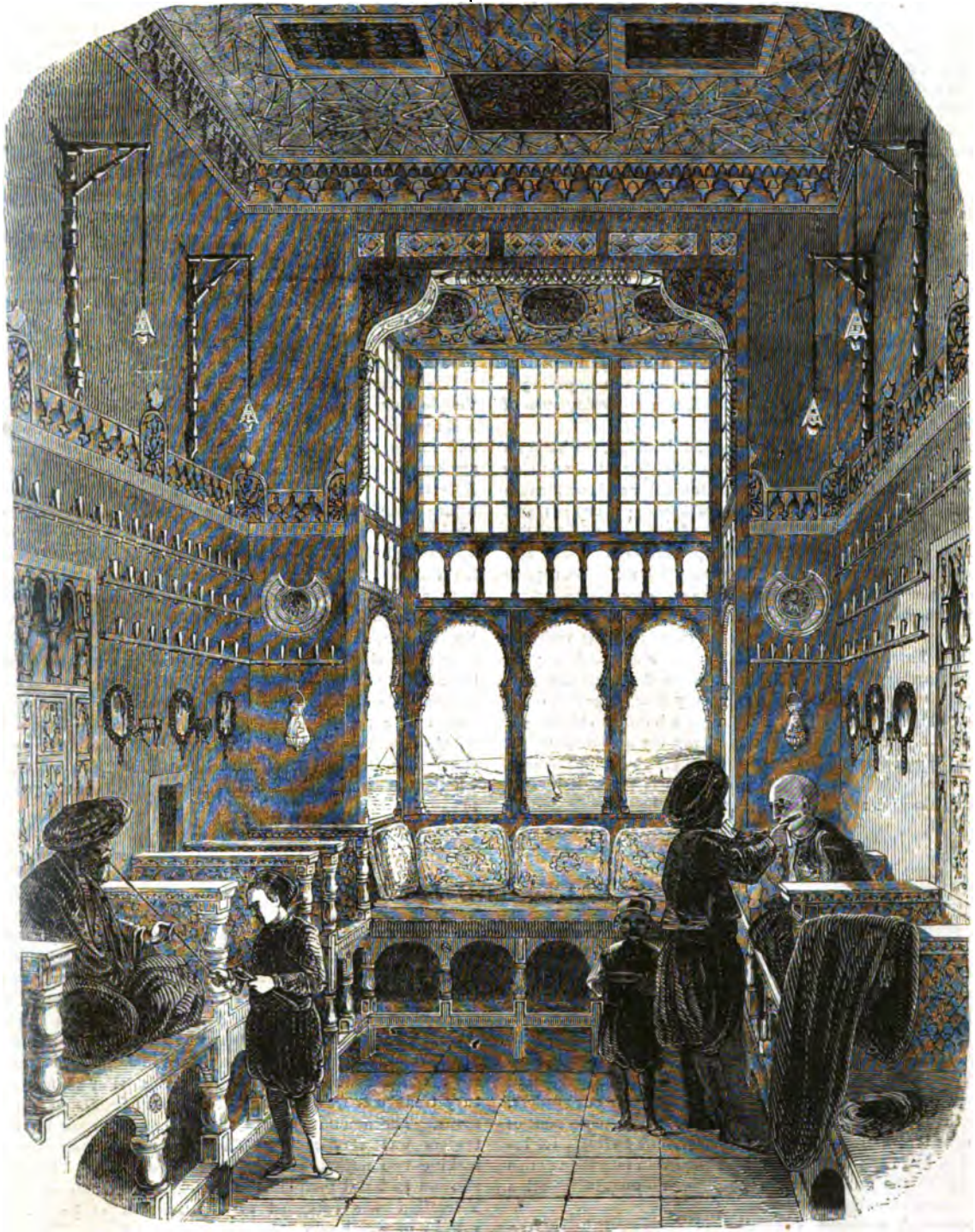
The carver was Jacquin of Neufchateau. It is hexagonal in form, vigorous in style, and about seventeen feet in height.

Prudence, Power, Justice, and Plenty. On the panels are six bas-reliefs, portraying the history of the Virgin—her birth, the Presentation in the temple, the Annunciation, the Visitation, the Birth, and the Assumption.

1, the Presentation of the Saviour in the temple, and the man bruising the serpent's head. It is to be regretted that heads of these bas-reliefs are mutilated and three statues of gels destroyed, one at the foot of the pulpit stairs, and two

others near the Virgin, to whom they were presenting a crown. The remaining statues are in good condition, but the whole pulpit appears to be hastening to ruin. It has been found necessary to prop it up with iron bars.

TURKISH BARBERS AND THEIR SHOPS.



INTERIOR OF A TURKISH BARBER'S SHOP.

BARBERS' shops in Turkey are coffee-houses, but these coffee-houses are no more like ours than their occupants resemble our Figaros. Four walls without paper, sometimes ornamented with arabesques, but more frequently whitewashed; a large

high window-frame; a wooden ceiling with mouldings and designs in a strange style; an inlaid floor covered with mats to wipe the feet; a wooden bench running along both sides of the shop for persons of greater consideration; or an elevated

platform at the end covered with cushions and carpets; or sometimes small wooden seats before the door, from which the customer may get a good view of the country and what is going on outside; in the way of furniture, a stove where are prepared the coffee, sherbet, and other drinks allowed by the prophet; a collection of chibouks, pipes, narguilles, and perfumes; a small fountain playing in summer, and a chafing-dish with a heap of coals burning in winter; the master of the place calmly setting an example to the smokers and drinkers; and his Armenian assistants attending to the customers with the utmost possible deliberation—such are the principal objects and characters which together make up the scene usually presented to an observer on entering a Turkish barber's shop.

Some of these establishments are distinguished by greater splendour and importance, and are really elegant models of Byzantine architecture. This is the case with that depicted by our artist, but such instances are exceptions to the general rule.

On entering a Turkish barber's shop, the first thing to be done is to take off one's shoes or slippers. You then squat down on a mat or climb up into a stall of the wooden seat which runs along the sides of the shop, and is covered with cushions. They bring you a pipe and a cup of coffee; the pipe is as large as the cup is small. You fill the pipe again and again, and take as many cups of coffee as you choose. The Moslems carry out the precept *festina lente* (hasten slowly) to perfection. There are some who spend two hours in emptying a chibouk, drinking in the mean time fifteen or twenty cups of coffee.

When you have finished smoking and drinking, the barber's man comes up stropping his razor on the leather attached to his girdle. He then covers your face with the lather and commences operations in good earnest. Beware of opening your eyes, and breathe through the nose if you can—if not, you will stand a good chance of being stifled, for the performer is as slow and impassive as he can well be. He passes his razor over your skin with as much indifference as if he were scraping a board. He seizes you by the nose, the moustaches, and the hair; knocks your head against the wall; turns it to the right, to the left, forward, and backward; pulls and pinches your cheeks; and cuts the beard down to the flesh, passing over it again and again without paying any more regard to the blood which he sheds than if he were a butcher skinning a sheep. If you groan, he is deaf; if you cry out, he does not relent; if you struggle, he heeds not; and if you storm, he says not a word. All you get for your pains is to be held still tighter, handled more roughly, and grazed and gashed more

pitifully. At last you are out of your misery, and you see the executioner wiping his razor between his finger and thumb. He makes you a slight bow as he shakes his fingers, at the risk of bespattering you with soap-suds; after which, taking out a new implement from his bundle, he catches hold of your ears, pulls them out, blows in them so as almost to deafen you, and then picks them as a cook would scrape the bottom of a dirty saucepan.

For a European, the crisis is now over; nothing more remains to be done but to look at himself in the glass which is brought him and give repose to his distorted muscles by smoking a final pipe, accompanied by a few draughts of coffee.

But in the case of a Mussulman, the operation is only begun. After the face, the head must be shaved. The reader will see in our engraving a sort of funnel hanging over the head of the patient. From this the barber pours a stream of tepid water over his head and face. If the poor wretch is drenched, that is his look-out. The man gives him a basin in which he must catch the cascades as he best can. Now, as he is compelled to shut his eyes to keep out the stinging soap and water, the pretended reservoir only receives a few drops, while the rest goes over the tunic and the trousers. But the Mussulman resigns himself to his fate. It was so ordered, is his remark, and this notion carries him safely through all his troubles. When the head is shaved, the barber perfumes it with scented oil and gives it the polish of a new doll. The pipe and the coffee conclude the whole business.

It is related of an Englishman who was staying in Constantinople that, on going to get his hair cut, he was horrified to find they had shaved his head before he could avert the calamity, and ran in a great fury to an officer of the police who was smoking in motionless silence at a coffee-house. The *coro Romanus*, as Lord Palmerston would say, laid his complaint before the official with no lack of words and plenty of vehement gesticulation, and concluded by calling for summary vengeance upon the offender. There was not a word of reply. He raised his voice to a higher pitch, he swore, he stormed. Still no answer. Yet the officer understood him, for he spoke in French, as he had been brought up in Paris. At length the Englishman, driven to distraction, vowed he would go and inform the English ambassador, the matter would be brought before the Sultan, and Great Britain would demand satisfaction. To all this there was no more answer than before. The officer merely uttered an exclamation between two whiffs—a sort of *pih!*—and then sank back into his impassive state. The Englishman, struck with astonishment, ran off, but whether he ever obtained redress, is more than we can pretend to say.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

THE enterprise and energy of our nation and government bid fair to make Japan ultimately as well known as the British Indian provinces. But at present it is comparatively unknown; the Dutch having by no means exhausted all that might be made public relative to this country, which, while owing something to its mystery, is likewise of itself interesting. Instead of waiting for the day, then, when we shall have yacht voyages to Nippon and Kiusiu, as we have yacht voyages to Texas and China, we continue to give our readers, from the most recondite and best resources, some account of Japan as it is known. As the materials exist almost exclusively in huge and expensive Dutch works—a language not so familiar to the general public as French—our information must prove valuable.

The social, political, and religious characteristics of the country are very curious. It does not appear that their present seclusion has been a thing of all time. The timidity and mystery of the rulers of Japan is of modern growth. During the days of early intercourse, it was marked by high-bred courtesy on their part, combined with refined liberality and hospitality, without questions as to circumstances, rank,

calling, or nation.* When a governor of the Philippines was wrecked and destitute, they at once treated him according to his rank. He was received with princely honour, which were continued during his residence. Every assistance was given him to depart. The poor boy Adams, who was wrecked there, rose from the state of "apprentice to master Nicholas Diggins of Limehouse" to be a prince in Japan. He became the counsellor and friend of the monarch. For a whole century trade was free and unshackled, and profits were enormous. The amount of gold and silver sent home by these traders was very great. The missionaries succeeded in making two million converts to Christianity. They were allowed to build temples and to teach the tenets of Rome. Toleration was extended to the religion of Budha, the votaries of which now outnumber those of Sinto. There are

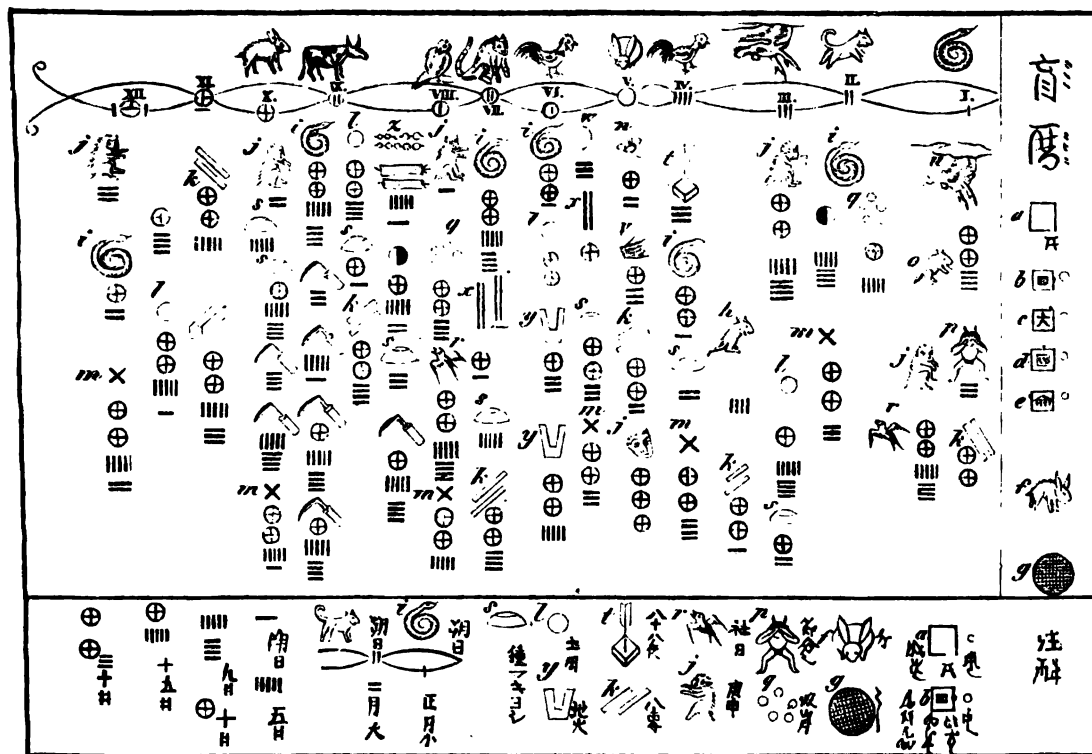
* See "Memorials of the Empire of Japan in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," edited, with notes, by Thomas B. Hall. London: for the Hakluyt Society.

† See "Summary of the Narrative of Don Rodrigo de Vivero y Velasco," in Appendix to Memorials, etc.

les thirty-four other sects, which are all tolerated and in great harmony. Adams never recanted from Christianity. The English and Dutch factors were kindly used. The Spaniards and Portuguese opposed with great energy the presence of rival nations. They declared the Dutch to be illicit subjects of Portugal. Minno-motto-no-yes-yeas, Gongin Sama, the emperor, who gave privileges to the Dutch, always refused to listen to the intolerant Portuguese, saying that all people were alike to him, and that Japan was an asylum for people of all nations.* A change has since taken place. The government of Japan is now exclusive and jealous. But the change may be explained. The Portuguese first visited that empire in 1542; the Spaniards a little later. In 1587 occurred the first disagreement. The Spaniards interfered too much with religion; the Portuguese stole some of the Japanese and sold them as slaves, and also ate the flesh of oxen and cows, which was offensive to the Japanese. The Portuguese tried to explain, but with little success. A decree was published, expelling the missionaries, and pulling down all crosses. But

In 1805 the Japanese had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Russia. At the suggestion of Count Resanoff, two officers of the Russian imperial navy, named Chowstoff and Davidoff, made a descent on one of the Kuriles. They landed within territories dependent on the government of Japan, inhabited by Japanese subjects, and governed by Japanese authorities. Pillage, slaughter, incendiarism, and crimes of every hue, marked their track. They took away many prisoners, and threatened to return.

On the present state of affairs there is a curious extract to be made from a native writer.† He says:—"The ancients compared the metals to the bones in the human body, and taxes to the blood, hair, and skin, that incessantly undergo the process of renewal, which is not the case with metals. I compute the annual exportation of gold at about one hundred and fifty thousand kobans: so that in ten years this empire is drained of fifteen hundred thousand kobans.‡ With the exception of medicines, we can dispense with everything that is brought us from abroad. The stuffs and other foreign commodities are of no real benefit to us. All the gold, silver, and



ALMANACK FOR THE BLIND.

the decree was very nearly a dead letter. It was, however, to the over-zeal of the priests that the exclusive system was entirely due. Christian revolts took place, which were put down with a ferocity and cruelty unexampled in the history of the world. The Dutch, too, succeeded in persuading the government that the Portuguese meant to conquer the empire. All Christian nations were thereupon expelled, a price was put on the heads of priests and Christians, and Christianity banished. All natives were prohibited from leaving the country, under penalty of eternal exile. Japan was, to use Kämpfer's phrase, shut up.†

The Dutch have retained their position by the exercise of the arts of patience and submissiveness. The English retired honourably from Japan in 1623, and then sent a mission in 1673; but Charles II. being married to a daughter of Portugal, it failed.

* See Charlevoix "Histoire du Japon," t. iii. ed. 1754.

† See Kämpfer, vol. i. p. 317-18.

copper, extracted from the mines during the reign of Gongin (Ogosh-Sama) and since his time, is gone, and—what is still more to be regretted—for things we could have done without."

There may be two opinions on this point, as the Japanese appear very much behindhand in most of the arts of civilised life. Still the country is rich. There is an extensive and lucrative trade between the provinces. Extensive tracts of land, each with its own climate and its own peculiar productions, separated from each other by ranges of rugged mountains, by impervious forests, or by broad arms of the sea, promote an immense coasting trade, by which the various productions are disseminated and circulated, to the great comfort of the population and the no small gain of the trader.

One of the means of transport is represented in our engraving, (p. 85), which portrays the bearers who carry goods over

‡ A treatise composed in 1708 by the prime minister of the Emperor Tsouna-Yosi, in Jetsingh's "Illustrations of Japan."

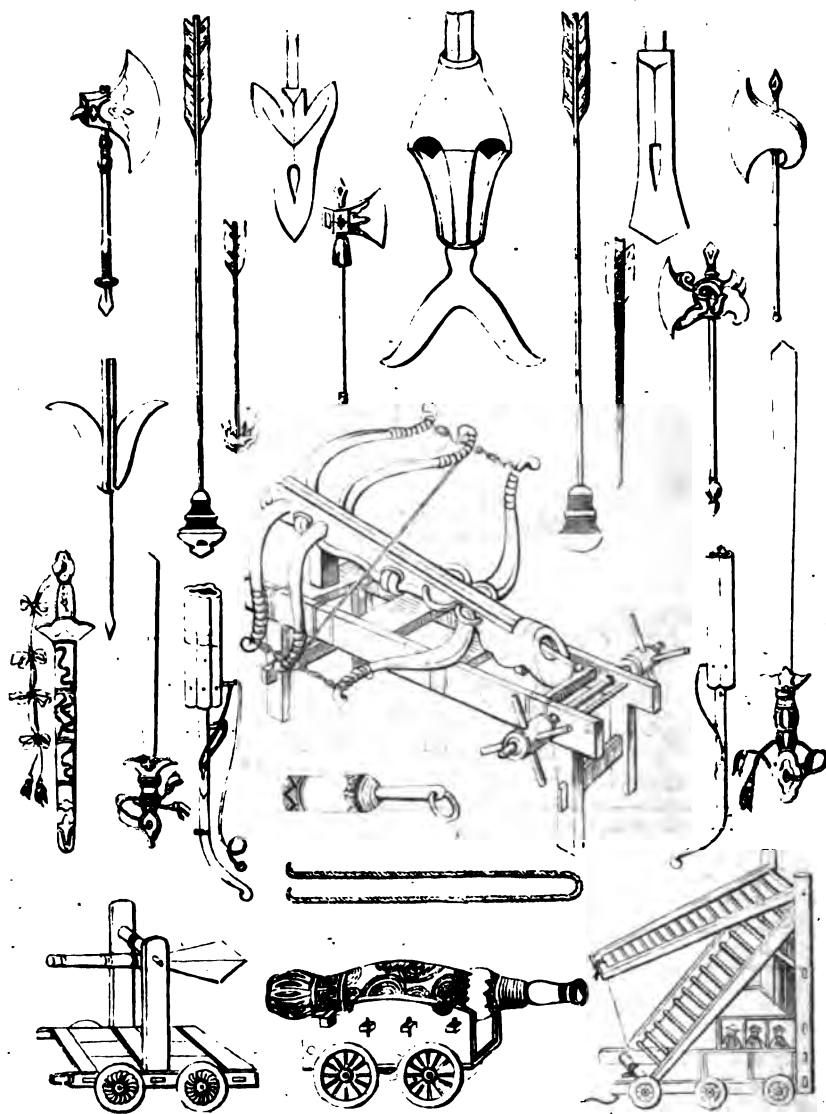
§ £2,500,000.

the fords of the river Wata-Si-Mori. It is certainly a very primitive way of conveying goods. The articles of trade are very varied. Much attention is given to the manufacture of arms. Swords they excel in.

The Japanese are very ingenious in manufacturing almanacks or the blind, and other almanacks for general use. Their porcelain has degenerated from its former superiority, owing to a deficiency of the peculiar clay necessary to make it. Their most beautiful silks are woven by high-born criminals, who are confined upon a small, rocky, unproductive island, their property confiscated, and themselves obliged to pay for

and their outlines are clear, and their drawing as good as can be expected without a knowledge of perspective and anatomy. They are unable to take correct likenesses, and so the professional portrait painters devote themselves to the dress and general appearance rather than the features. In buds and flowers they succeed better; and two fine volumes of paintings of flowers, with the name and property of each written on the opposite page, the work of a Japanese lady, and by her presented to Herr Tillsing, are highly spoken of. Delicate finishing is their art.

Landscape and figures they do not shine in, though the



JAPANESE ARMS.

their daily food with the produce of their manual labour. The exportation of these silks is prohibited.

The circulating medium is gold, silver, and copper; but the gold and silver alone can be properly called coin. They bear the mint stamp, and have a fixed value. Small silver pieces and copper pass by weight. They use paper money and bills of exchange.

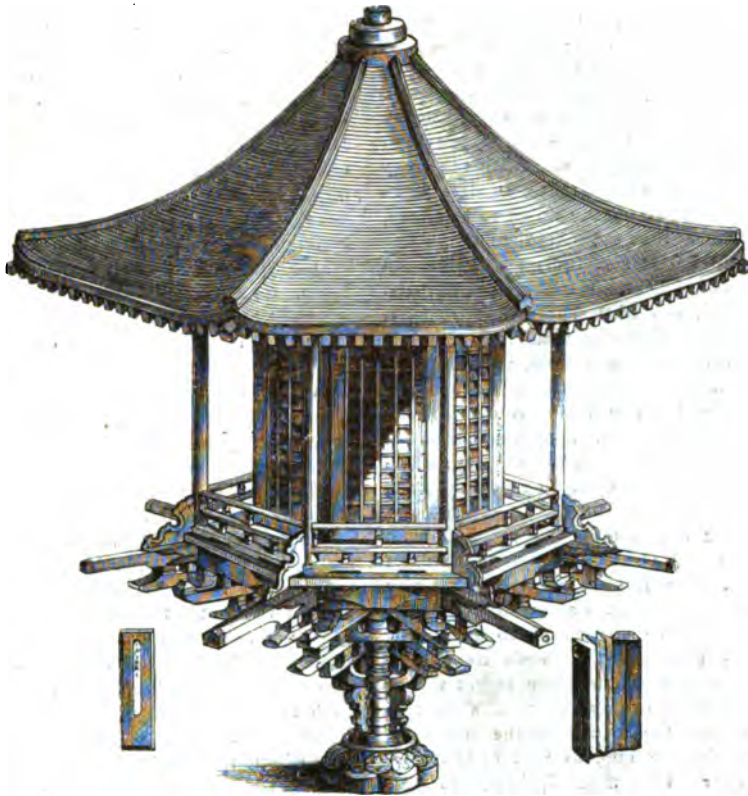
The arts are very much in arrear among them, though this is a point on which there is a very great difference of opinion. They are, however, very fond of painting, and are eager collectors of pictures; are said to sketch boldly in charcoal and even in ink, never having occasion to efface;

are in Japan some of the most wondrous scenes which the eye of man has ever beheld. The paintings in their temples are very inferior, though some of the articles of show are elaborately carved and lacquered (p. 505). They do not understand oil-painting, but use water-colours with ease. They prepare these from minerals and vegetables, and obtain tints of remarkable beauty.

Wood-engraving is well known, and engraving on copper has been recently introduced. Sculpture is only known to the extent of a few carvings for ornaments. But they have, on the other hand, a very good idea of the art of casting metals. Their bells, which have no metal tongues, but are

led by being struck with wooden mallets, are remarkable for tone and beauty. Of architecture, as an art, they have

that there is little fear or conquest being attempted, the throwing open of this country to the commerce of the



CABINET IN A JAPANESE TEMPLE.



FERRYMEN OF THE WATA-SI-MORI.

o conception. The art of cutting precious stones is quite unknown.

It will be seen that, on the whole, Japan has more to gain than to lose from mixing with civilised nations. Now

world must be productive of much advantage. We shall have a new system of civilisation to study, and if we are but wise, a new ground wherein to sow the seed of the gospel.

RUSSIAN AGGRESSION IN THE EAST.

At the present time a brief sketch of Russian aggression in the East may be valuable and interesting. One of the great and secret designs of this mighty power has been to obtain by diplomacy—which, in her case, means cunning—a powerful influence in our India. No true policy guides her, no scruple is respected, no humanity is known. With exiles perishing on the Kuban, agents sapping the Porte, tyrants in every province, a war establishment in Bessarabia, spies and friends in every country in Europe, her designs are apparent. In sixty years she has advanced from the Don and the Volga to the Aras, and from the Aras her influence is felt in Afghanistan.

She respects not treaties. Her conquests are like the raging of the plague or the cholera. Her arms are like the pestilence or the hurricane; and when she makes peace, it is because there is a desert where millions lived. When the Romans advanced their eagles and arms, they spread a rude kind of civilisation, the hordes of Scythia became civilised by the races they conquered. The Russians destroy the very landmarks and signs of civilisation. They erect a dungeon here, a palace there; they have whips for the slavish, swords for the brave; they are without arts, learning, or literature, except a few borrowed lights.

When by art and cunning Russia made progress in Persia, it was by mingling Gothic with Oriental barbarism. Russia made Persia pay tribute. The English were wont to pay a subsidy to Persia. The government wanted to give up the practice, which in days gone by seems rather to have filled the pockets of worthless ministers than made its way to Persia. But the opportunity was now given to get rid of the impost. England engaged to pay the Shah's debt to Russia, if he would amend the article of the treaty by which they engaged to subsidise him, as well as that respecting the Russian frontier. He consented, though with an ill grace.

The public is aware of how near, by Russian influence, Persia was upon the verge of war with her Mussulman ally, Turkey. But the connexion of Russia with Persia is old. Peter sent an ambassador to the Shah, and then, under the usual pretence of aiding him against some rebels, occupied, and then seized several fine provinces of his kingdom. At the death of Peter, the fate of the state was all but sealed, and the ancient domains of the lofty dynasty were divided between the Affghans, the Turks, and the Tartar hordes of Moscow. Nadir Shah, however, arose, and though cruel and merciless, being possessed of energy and courage, drove out all the usurpers, and became ruler of the whole region to the foot of the Caucasus. But at his death the Russians again seized Georgia, and by a long career of cunning and secret intrigue, almost ruined Persia in the same way that they nearly ruined Turkey and kept back Greece.

England became uneasy. Judging from the past, we looked with dread to the future. We felt confidence in the strength of our Indian empire. But with the cabinet of St. Petersburg ruling in Teheran, in Kabul, and Kandahar, strange things might be expected to occur in the Punjaub and the vale of Kashmeer. We had watched the little insignificant state of Muscovy, once unrecognised, now take a bold front in advance of nearly all nations, while it was quite easy to suppose that influence, which was paramount from the Volga to the Caspian, extending from the Caspian to the Indus.

From Sweden she had taken half her territory; from Poland, plains as vast as the whole Austrian empire; from Turkey in Europe, a slice as large as Prussia; from Turkey in Asia, as much as the Lesser Germanic Confederated States; from Persia, a territory as large as England; from Tartary, a space equal to Turkey in Europe, Greece, Spain, and Portugal. It was impossible, after this, not to mistrust and suspect Russia. There was no wavering sign in her history, no intimation that she would stop. Persia was utterly unable to check her.

In Afghanistan appeared a barrier. That country was always ruled by a usurper. Timur, son of Ahmed, was suc-

ceeded by Zeman Shah, a younger son, who blinded his brother, Humayan. He was deposed in the same way by another elder brother. Mahmoud, who succeeded him, was deposed by Sujah-ul-Mulk, who did not, however, blind his man he overthrew. But Mahmoud escaped from the city, dethroned Sujah, and sent him to the Punjaub. Runjit Singh, king of the Five Rivers, welcomed him and raised him. He appealed to the English, who protected him. Mahmoud had been successful through the ability and aid of his minister, Futteh Khan, whom he allowed to be kept in pieces at the foot of the throne. His brothers rose in rebellion, were victorious, and divided Afghanistan among themselves. Mahmoud fled to Herat, where he died.

Dost Mahommed was the ablest of the brothers of Futteh Khan. He was a bold, bad, wicked man, and by unscrupulous means gained great power. But the country was devastated by civil war. Sujah meanwhile attacked him twice, and Runjit Singh seized upon Peshawar.

It was by this means that Russia hoped to carry out designs upon the East, of which the possession of Constantinople is only a part. That the Czars have always had their eye on British India is undoubted. The idea is widely spread in Russia. It is the constant, daily, and hourly talk of the army; civil and military servants discuss it. Potemkin and others devised ingenious plans to bring it about. For many years circumstances have been coming to light which leave no doubt on the minds of politicians and statesmen of the fact. The actual conquest of India by force of arms, and at once, could never have entered the head even of a Nicholas—because the difficulties are such as to be all but insurmountable—and without a powerful navy it could not be held. But she moves on slowly and assiduously to the attainment of her object. She tries to become to the populations of our north-west frontier in India what she is to the deluded Christians of Turkey. Her agents, spies, and friars seek to undermine our influence, and spread discontent. She wanted some provinces in Afghanistan, to give employment to those predatory hordes which compose her armies on her frontiers. Some notion of this kind must have incited her to claim dominion over some of those desolate tracts to the south of the Heavenly Mountains, where battalions of her army annually perish amid glaciers—bare and arid plains, adorned with sand-reeds, garlic, yellow jujube flowers—utterly worthless, in fact. But such plains and hills fill up space on the map of the world, and are therefore coveted by Russia.

We have seen the advances of the Czar through the wilderness to the borders of China; they form probably a long vista with Peking at the end. So the tracts of Central Asia and the gullies of Afghanistan are but steps on the road to the ultimate conquest of British India. One mode of conquest was proposed through Khiva, up the Oxus, to Bokhara, across the Balk, over the Hindu Kush to Kabul, then by Peshawar to Attock, Lahore, and Delhi. It would be necessary to reduce Turkestan to subjection, and Kharizm and Bokhara must be Russian provinces. But to carry an army over such a space is beyond the power of Russia, if we judge her from the past and present.

But still, though there be no immediate fear of an armed invasion of India, the designs of the Czar are well known and dangerous. Russia threatens, unless present events check her, to become undivided master of Persia. The Czar has spent millions to be paramount at Teheran. This once completely attained, an army might be pushed to the banks of the Indus, Afghanistan attacked, and our north-west frontier continually assailed.

It will be seen from the above, that, extensive as are the designs of Russia in Turkey, they are not less so elsewhere. When we reflect upon what has been the universal policy of Russia in what she calls colonisation, but one hope can be expressed relative to the future Progress of Russia.*

* Sir John Macdonald: "Remarks on the Invasion of India." Sir John Malcolm; Thornton and Horace, St. John's English India. Wilson.

THE CHATEAU OF BOURSAULT.

elated that in the time of the crusades, a French lord, having fallen into the hands of the infidels, begged permission to return to France and obtain his ransom. Relying on the high honour for which the *preux chevaliers* of those days were so renowned, and of which such striking instances are given by the old chroniclers and romance writers, they granted him a year's liberty, on condition that, before the expiration of that period, he would either send them the stipulated sum to return to captivity. He crossed the seas, went to Chamberlain, and appealed for assistance to every knight or baron in

solaces of religion or friendship, and not improbably embittered by every kind of indignity, if not aggravated by barbarous cruelty. Neither the tears of his wife and family, nor the urgent remonstrances of his friends, who suggested all sorts of excuses for violating his promise, had any power to shake his firm resolve. Like the heroic Regulus, so celebrated in Roman annals—who, having been taken prisoner by the Carthaginians, and allowed to go to Rome, on condition that he should either induce his countrymen to make peace with Carthage, or go back to captivity, urged them to refuse all



CHATEAU OF BOURSAULT—THE TOP OF THE SOUTH FACADE.



CAPITAL OF THE CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE LARGE SALOON.



ORNAMENTATION OF THE WINDOWS.

the district, from whom he had any reason to expect a favourable hearing. But all his efforts were fruitless. The sum he had engaged to pay was considerable, and the nobility had exhausted all their resources; first, in building churches, through fear of the end of the world, which was expected about the year 1000; and secondly, in maintaining religious wars. Meanwhile, time wore on. The brave knight, seeing the close of his respite fast approaching, began to prepare for his return to captivity, from which there appeared no prospect of any other release than death—a death without any of the

peaceful proposals, and then tore himself from the embraces of his family and friends to fulfil the promise he had made—he turned a deaf ear to all entreaties, and hastened to surrender himself once more into the hands of his implacable foes. It appears that the sultan—unlike most of his race—was not destitute of the milk of human kindness, nor without some appreciation of noble conduct. Having never expected to see his prisoner again, he was the more struck with the loyal fidelity to his word which he displayed. More generous than the Carthaginians, who put Regulus to death with horrible

torture, he at once granted him his liberty, begging him, henceforth, to add to his christian name that of Saladin. With this wish he could not refuse compliance, and his descendants, who were long after in possession of the barony of Boursault, in the department of Marne, continued to bear this name as a family title.

A drawing, of the year A.D. 1000, represents the ancient château of Boursault in all its strength and glory, with seven towers, a keep, portcullis, moat, and drawbridge. There seems little doubt that it was destroyed by some conflagration,

in 1848. It is situated on the brow of a hill, amid ivy springs and beautiful trees, and commands a fine view of the road to Paris, the Strasburg railway, the lovely valley through which the Marne winds its way, and, at a distance, the town of Epernay. On the *façade* is this brief inscription: "*Mater*" (a mother to her children); and it was in order to collect her family near her that a lady, whose name is and honourably known, had this rich and elegant villa erected after the plans and under the superintendence of M. Armand, the able architect, to whom was entrusted the task of restoring



VIEW OF THE CHATEAU OF BOURSALT.

for on the soil which was covered with its ruins, a large quantity of binders and ashes have been discovered. In the course of time, other edifices were raised on the same site, or close by; but among all these, none was so worthy of the original château as that of which a view is given above. It is not, however, a monument built by some nobleman of the court of the magnificent Louis XIV. after the design of a Mansard or a Lepautre. It belongs to an age when, despite the greatest possible merit, châteaux and architects do not easily win admiration—that is to say, the present.

The chateau of Boursault was begun in 1843 and completed

the cathedral of Rheims. The style, as a whole, resembles that of the Renaissance. The ground-floor may rival in magnificence and taste the most graceful works of the sixteenth century, which adorn the charming borders of the Loire. The principal dining-hall is decorated with splendid modern tapestry and richly carved wainscoting. In the saloon, which is octagonal, is a monumental chimney-piece of Burgundy stone, upon which a magnificent chronometer is placed. All the sculptures are the productions of the most distinguished Parisian artists. A beautiful avenue leads from the front of the building across a large park to the Epernay road.

"THE TOMB OF JULIA."

Among the few who have distinguished themselves as flower-painters was Vandaël, the Flemish artist, one of whose *chef-d'œuvre* we have here engraved. It is entitled "The Tomb of Julia," and is a pendant to his other masterpiece, known as "The Offering to Flora." In this latter painting there is an image of the goddess of flowers, with a landscape background. Vasa, garlands surround the feet of the statue; an altar adorned with bas-reliefs is placed before her and

of composition at once astonishing and charming, with a richness of colouring and elegance of form scarcely surpassed by nature herself. They were executed in 1802 and 1806, and purchased by the Empress Josephine for £640; and the French government voted an additional £160 as a reward to the artist.

A word or two in conclusion, with regard to the artist by whom these two pictures were painted. John Francis Van-



"THE TOMB OF JULIA."—FROM A PAINTING BY VANDAEËL.

covered with flowers, baskets of which and instruments of music are also added to the offering. The other picture, with which we have now to do, is of quite an opposite character. It tells a mournful tale of human mortality. We see a tomb overshadowed with funeral shrubs, and upon it this inscription: "*Flos ipsa Julia sicut flores perit*—Julia, herself a flower, perished like the flowers." A vase of flowers, baskets, bouquets, and fruits are laid before the tomb as an offering to the departed. In both these paintings is displayed a grandeur

daël was born in Flanders, May 27, 1764. When scarcely twelve years old, he was sent to the studio of a decorative painter, and shortly after attended the course of the Academy, to learn linear drawing. A taste for painting soon developed itself, and absorbed every other in his mind. He took the earliest opportunity of removing to Paris, where, after having achieved a most brilliant career, under the patronage of Napoleon, Louis XVIII., and Leopold, king of Belgium, he died on the 20th of March, 1840.

THE REBEL OF AUDLEY CASTLE.

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION OF '98.

II.

THROUGH Moore's instrumentality the young lady got information of her lover's place of concealment, and visited him frequently. Upwards of a week elapsed, when one evening Moore, who had been away from early morning, reached the castle.

"Well, Andy, what's the news of the lugger?" Maxwell inquired. "Is she soon to be on the coast?"

"I was tould to tell you that she'll be in with to-morrow night's tide. She'll keep outside the bar, but her boat will be at the shore where you directed from eleven o'clock. We must part, captain, dear; but poor Andy will mind you when far away."

"God bless you, Andy! You've stood to me like a brother. If I get off and prosper, Andy, you won't want."

"Andy won't want," said the faithful fellow. "Andy never fears he'll want. The crows are fed, and so will Andy be fed; and they get their nests, and Andy won't want a bed."

"Gpd grant it!" replied Maxwell. "Now, Andy, will you slip away when you've eaten something, and see Miss Alice? Tell her just what you have told me about my starting. Ask her to try and see me to-night. You can steal out and accompany her. But be on your guard. Don't let the servants suspect you come from this quarter; and if Miss Alice's cousin (the Spy) is in the house when you go, keep your eye on him, and don't let him see you speaking to her. Let them all think you're just looking for your *bit and sup*."

The faithful creature reached the house to which he was sent, as a strolling beggar. He sat down by the fire, and his supper was soon put before him. The person he had been warned about—Alice's cousin—was in the house. He lived only a few fields distant. He was a tall, well-featured young man; but he had acquired dissipated habits, and was of a most violent disposition. His passions were altogether unbridled, and so that he could succeed in accomplishing his purposes, he cared not what means he employed. From his childhood he had exhibited two dark traits of character, which in manhood were fearfully prominent—namely, intense hatred to any who ventured to thwart his purposes, and extraordinary perseverance in seeking to do them injury. He was dreaded by all who knew his character. George Macoubrey—such was his name—had early resolved that Alice should be his wife, and he had all along everywhere made known his intention. He was constantly following after her; and on this account, as well as from his statements, it was generally supposed that they would be married.

Many wondered at her choice, and commiserated her lot, should she be united to a person so likely to make her life one of great wretchedness. The truth is, however, that Alice had always repulsed the attentions of her cousin. She had become deeply, although secretly, attached to Charles Maxwell, who was therefore an object of her cousin Macoubrey's most dire hate.

Macoubrey had long suspected that there was an attachment between Alice and Maxwell, and he had spoken to her on the subject, uttering the most fearful threats against his rival, should he dare, as he said, "to come between him and the girl that *must* be his wife." It was Macoubrey who had watched Maxwell at Ballynahinch, followed him in his flight, and then given secret information against him to Captain Hopkins in the manner already noticed.

Just before Andy Moore reached Alice's father's house, she had been asked by Macoubrey to speak with her in the garden. He seemed greatly excited when making the request. When they reached the garden, Macoubrey said:

"Alice, I want to ask you once more, will you consent to be my wife? I love you, and you know it, wildly. You'll be always near the old people; and I swear this night by—"

"Stop, George," said Alice, interrupting him; "don't swear. How often have I told you that I cannot do what

you ask! From my heart I wish you well. But indeed I cannot consent to be your wife. Now don't be angry; I can be so excited."

"Excited!" exclaimed Macoubrey; "you drive me mad, Alice. Why won't you marry me? Have I not loved you always? Have I not always said you must be my wife? I know why you won't be mine; you love Maxwell. Tell me, Alice—tell me, has he won your love?"

"George," said Alice, "I have no right to answer your questions. But I may now tell you the truth. Charles Maxwell you will probably not see again. You cannot injure him. He loved his country; he has courageously fought for it; and now he is driven from its shores. He loved me, too, dearly, passionately. And, George, I can now tell you, I do love him—love him as I have never loved and never can love another."

"Then the skulking vagabond shall die, Alice," cried Macoubrey, frantic with passion. "He shall die. He escaped at Morne; but he shall not escape me. I'll ferret him out. Nor will I have to hunt long or far. Ha! you tremble. He's not here yet, he'll soon be about the neighbourhood. I watch him and his scouts."

Alice fled into the house. She had indeed trembled with terror while listening to her cousin's threats. At first she thought Maxwell's hiding-place was known to him. She was relieved a little, however, when she learnt from the latter statement that in this supposition she was mistaken. It was clear he did not know where Maxwell was. Still she was greatly excited and alarmed lest he should at once begin the search for his intended victim, and perhaps discover him before he had been warned to fly. She determined that night to give him warning. Shortly after she went into the house her cousin followed, and he had only entered when Andy Moore arrived.

"Where do you come from?" he inquired sharply, and Andy sat down by the fire.

"Deed, sir, I'm just come from Down, where the folks an eye good and kind to me."

"But where do you live?" said Macoubrey.

"Where do I live? Deed I'm like the swallows. I have no settled place, but wander about in all parts. It's long since I could say any house was my home."

Macoubrey ceased to interrogate Andy further. When he left the house, Alice seized on an opportunity of hearing from Andy his message. She then arranged to accompany him to Audley Castle when the family had all gone to rest and her absence would not be observed by the domestics.

We have said that Alice was a beautiful girl. She was also remarkable for a lovely disposition, characterised by gentleness blended with resolute firmness. She was the eldest member of her family, and beloved by them all. Her parents were aware of her attachment to Charles Maxwell, and, from his high moral character, they were not opposed to it. Even his close and prominent connexion with the united Irishmen did not lead them to alter their opinion on this point, inasmuch as they, in common with many around them, strongly favoured the movement of the intended revolutionists. They deeply mourned the results of the fatal battle of Ballynahinch, and shared with their sadly-afflicted daughter in her intense anxiety about the safety of her lover. They learnt from Alice his arrival at Audley Castle, and were aware of her meeting with him there.

Alice, accompanied by Andy Moore (who had previously reconnoitred, to guard against any observing their movements), proceeded to the castle. It was a dark night, and they were obliged to move along but slowly and cautiously. Maxwell met them near the ruins.

"God bless you, dear Alice, for coming!" he exclaimed, speaking with deep emotion. "This is likely to be our last meeting. Andy has told you that I must be across the bar to-morrow night. The lugger makes direct for the French coast. Oh! how am I to part from you? My heart is crushed when I think of being separated from you—perhaps for ever."

Maxwell's feelings overcame him. The strong man, who fought like a lion in the midst of death, was totally rmed, and he wept passionately. Alice, too, was overwhelmed with sorrow, as she clung to him for support. But you'll often think of me," he continued, as he re-ferred somewhat from his emotion. "You'll remember that, rever I am, till this poor heart of mine is cold in death, I your own."

Alice had as yet only spoken a few broken sentences. An that had much occupied and distracted her mind since Maxwell's flight, now engrossed her thoughts. As he ended king, she said:

Charles, we won't be parted. I will accompany you, if parents do not object. Come with me this moment to the se. If they consent, the minister can come over from Portaferry, and marry us to-morrow night. I feel I cannot ain behind you."

It is needless to attempt to describe Charles Maxwell's joy he listened to the heroic resolution of the noble girl. They had a long interview with her father and mother; at length y consented to the proposal of Alice, to be united to Maxwell and be the companion of his exile.

"God bless you both!" said the father. "It's hard to let i go from us, darling," fondly addressing Alice, "but it uld be sin in us to keep you from him. Andy Moore can across the ferry in the morning to get over the minister."

On the next evening the clergyman who officiated in Portaferry instead of the Rev. Mr. Dickson, who had been taken soner as a rebel, reached Alice's father's. As he left the ore at Strangford he was followed by George Macoubrey, so had noticed his crossing the ferry. While the clergyman ected his course toward the residence of his uncle, he came violently excited.

"He's going there," he muttered, "for no good. And he's remain all night, I heard him say. I'll watch him. If at skulking villain Maxwell is about the neighbourhood, ey may have a meeting when they think other people are in air beds. But they won't deceive me, if I should be cursed it of the country for what I do. Oh, how sweet is revenge, ough only enjoyed by anticipation!"

Moore quickly entered into the house, and reached the room st as the marriage ceremony was begun.

"Fly! fly!" he exclaimed to Maxwell; "Macoubrey llowed you into the house, and now he's flyin' like a mad-an to the town to raise the guard. They'll be here and on s unless we run smart for it."

Consternation overwhelmed the party; for a moment they new not what to do. Maxwell cast his arms around his tended bride, as if to bear her off with him.

"Come, darling—come, my own Alice," he cried; "we an reach the boat in safety with God's blessing. In France ou will become my wife, and till then—"

"No, Charles," said the father; "she is yours, and your rife she shall be, but not now—now you must be separated. he will remain till better days unite you; but, for God's ake, fly now—not a moment is to be lost."

Her mother used similar language.

"Father—mother!" exclaimed the agonised girl, "I cannot ave him. Let me go. Let my brother James accompañy is till he sees us married, and he can return to you. But on't keep me from him: my heart will break if we're parted. 'll go with you, Charles—I'm ready."

The clergyman—who had been conversing hurriedly aside with James and Andy Moore, who left the room—here in-posed:—

"It's a great extremity in which we are involved through hat wretch, Macoubrey; but I think we may yet escape him, and overmatch his villanous treachery. Moore is off to act the decoy. He will lead the guard to Audley Castle, while James sets off slowly in that quarter with a light, to which Moore will attract the notice of the guard. I will accompany your daughter," he said. "For my own safety, perhaps, it is as well I should, for a time, cross over to France. Once we reach the cutter—which I hope we will without being

intercepted—I will perform the interrupted ceremony. Now we must hurry forth."

We need not describe the farewell between the different parties. Maxwell and his noble-hearted companion, and the clergyman, struck at once into the fields in their rapid flight—moving away as far as possible from the way that Macoubrey and the guard might be advancing. It was a dark night, and therefore most favourable to their escape.

Leaving them hastening with trembling eagerness toward the shore, and in more imminent danger than even they anticipated, we shall follow the faithful and devoted Moore in his rapid pursuit after Macoubrey into Strangford. He reached the guardhouse just as Macoubrey, with two of the guard armed to the teeth, were leaving it.

"You're here, Maister Macoubrey!" he exclaimed in well-feigned surprise; "an' I thoct you were in your bed while I might be serving you, and makin' a trifle to my ain hand the night. Whar may you be after goin', sir?"

"You're the fellow I saw in my uncle's the other night? What do you want? Where have you been?" sharply interrogated Macoubrey.

"Deed I'm the same you saw in your uncle's. A quiet man, and a maist kindly man he is, but weak in his way, and much overseen, I'm thinkin'. But it's the officer I want now, and I want him smart, too;" he said, pushing into the guardhouse. "I'm thinkin' I can tell him whar mair than the birds are lyin' the night—for a trifle."

Macoubrey, though boiling to be away, suddenly drew to Moore.

"The officer is not here," he said, "he's not returned from Portaferry; but here's his substitute," pointing to the man in charge of the guard; "tell him and me what you've got to say. Be quick now."

"Then if a body could tak' you to the den of as big a rebel as ever sconded from a hempen cord, what might he get for his trouble? Aye—an' I know whar's the boat that's to tak' him and the silly lass that's been made his wife the night. 'Deed"—giving a sudden start as if the thought had just struck him—"nae doubt they're makin' to his den this minute before they tak' to the boat."

"A hundred guineas is the reward for the man you speak of," cried Macoubrey. "But we know where he is, and will have the bird caged presently. Come along with us, and you'll not want reward."

They pushed on at a rapid pace into the country, Macoubrey, in silence, taking the lead. After about a quarter of an hour's walk Moore quickly drew up to Macoubrey.

"See you yon, maister? Don't you see the movin' light yonder?"

"What is it?" quickly asked Macoubrey.

"Deed, it's the bridegroom and his bonnie partner; an' they don't think we're so near. Ha! ha! ha! it's to the auld castle they're hurryin' from her father's whar they've been married. I left the house as they were made man and wife. I heard everything through the floorin' of the room I was in, and then run for the guard. I'm thinkin' I'll surely be well feed for my wark this night. Will I, maister?"

"To be sure, to be sure you will. But let us into the fields, men, and after them," said Macoubrey, dashing at once into the direction of the supposed fugitives.

"Tak' a fool's advice, maister," said Moore, "and let us divide. You're weel armed, an' I've a guid freen in this scony thorn of mine. Let these ither men gang away nearer the shore, lest the party yonder beat us in the race an' mak' off in the boat which is lyin' opposite the castle."

"The man speaks right, sir," said one of the guard; "it would be best for us to separate."

Accordingly they parted. Moore followed closely Macoubrey, who, frenzied to madness, dashed on, pursuing the light. He was about making a spring over a ditch, when in an instant Moore struck him senseless to the earth with a powerful blow from the huge staff he carried.

"You'll lie quietly there, you murderin' spy, afore you push on further the night. If I kilt you outright, you'd only

be gettin' a good reckonin' for your villany. Noo I maun to warn maister James with the light."

He then drew from his breast a pistol and fired it—a preconcerted signal between him and Alice's brother. As the report reached the ear of the latter, he extinguished his lantern and swiftly returned to his father's house. Outside the house Moore waited for him.

"Maister James," said he, "all is right. You did your part bravely, and my soney thorn did its part weel, too, by the villain that's lyin' ayont, and who'll lie there for a while. Gang to bed noo, and let a' be quiet when the guard may come. By this time our freens are safe, I hope, in the boat. I maun look to my ain safety too. I'm off to Annalong, and they'll be handy chieils that grip Andy Moore there."

The young man warmly wrung the hand of the faithful fellow as they separated.

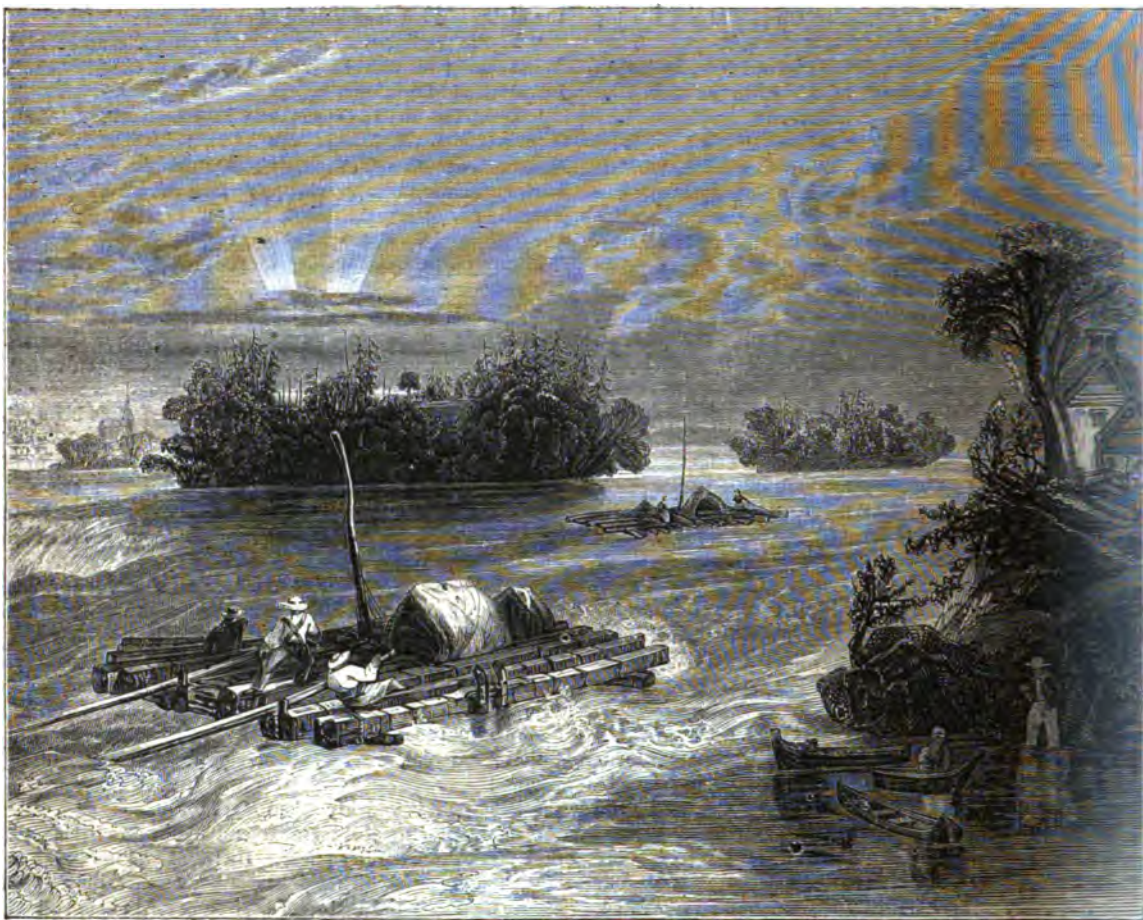
Mathews, just at the time her crew were alarmed by the appearance of the cutter's barge. He hailed the boat as it shot ahead with redoubled speed.

"Boat ahoy! Who are you? Where are you going?"

"Say we're the 'Fanny,' making out to fish at the bar," said Maxwell to the steersman, who gave the answer accordingly. At the same time the oarsmen continued their vigorous efforts, and the boat, like an arrow, sped along. Now it happened that the real "Fanny" had reached Portaferry just as Captain Mathews was leaving, and this fact, together with the haste of the boat to get out of his way, convinced him it was not right. He therefore again hailed the boat:

"Hillo, friend, I fancy you've mistaken your name. Put up till I speak a word. Refuse to ease your oars at your peril, I say."

The boat sped on. The oarsmen pulled now for life and



RAFT ON THE OHIO.

Meanwhile, Maxwell and the companions of his flight reached the shore without interruption. Thanks to Moore, Macoubrey and the guard were far from their path. The boat lay waiting for them, and urged on by four powerful rowers, it sped fast towards the bar. All was darkness on the waters, and no noise was heard save the quick plash of the oars, or the whispers of the fugitives who sat close together in the boat.

Suddenly the steersman bent his ear eagerly towards the Portaferry side of the shore.

"Ease, men; ease a moment. Hist!" he exclaimed, in low tones.

A boat not fifty yards distant was fast approaching them. It was Captain Mathews in his barge, crossing from Portaferry to his vessel. He had run out a little way towards the bar on a tour of inspection and was now returning.

The advance of the lugger's boat was noticed by Captain

death. There was a sudden flash from the barge, and a report. Captain Mathews was firing on the boat. Instantly Alice lay down in the boat by the direction of Maxwell and his companions, while shot after shot followed them in their flight. Fortunately the lugger's boat had got out of pistol-range. The chase had continued for more than half an hour, when Maxwell, who had been watching with intense anxiety for the appearance of the lugger, uttered a joyful exclamation:

"Hurrah, boys! there's our lugger. We're safe, thank God!"

A triumphant cheer burst from the lips of the exhausted oarsmen. In a few minutes after, the fugitives were on board the smuggler. Meantime the brave Captain Mathews held on the pursuit until he came within sight of the lugger. The skipper hailed him as he advanced:

"Hillo, Captain Mathews! do you hear? Advance another

length, and I'll blow you out of the water. We have scores to settle; but to-night you're no fair odds against and we spare you."

Fortunately, there was no occasion to fulfil this threat. The horror of the lugger was quickly weighed; her expanded sails caught the freshening breeze from land, and, dashing through waters, she was soon far distant from her pursuer, and

reached the French coast. On the day of landing, Charles and his affianced devoted bride were united in marriage. He entered the French army, and afterwards became distinguished as a gallant and able soldier. General Maxwell and his wife still live, highly honoured, in the land of their adoption, and blessed in the midst of a happy and united family.

THE BANKS OF THE OHIO.

There is no parallel in European history to the tale of the growth and progress of such states as our Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky, which have sprung up as if by magic. Less than ninety years ago, not a white man breathed within the limits of places which soon were to be covered with cities

and their barbarism—are gone; and we can little regret them. It has been truly said, that "pity, which the Indian can feel at another moment as deeply, perhaps as benignly, as a white man, seems, and is, during the torture, entirely unknown—as much, indeed, as if it had never entered into his nature."



FARM ON THE OHIO.

and the signs of cultivation. Wondrous have been the changes since that day. The rude exuberance of nature has yielded to the patient labour of the woodsman; peaceful flocks and herds are seen, where then were the wild animals of the forest; the busy hum of business is heard, where the yell of Indian warriors but yesterday seemed to awake the echoes. All is changed save the watercourses, the hills, and the traditions which still hover over the land like a mantle of romance and mystery.

The red-skins, the prowling Indians, who claimed a sovereignty over these dark deep forests—a sovereignty they strove to maintain by the exercise of every cruelty which the mind can conceive, by the display of a patience, an indomitable energy which might invest them with permanent interest but for

His mind is willingly given up to the intoxication of passion, and cruelty, in its most atrocious and fiendish character, reigns predominant. The familiar of a Spanish inquisition has sometimes moistened the lips of a heretic stretched upon the rack—the buccaneer of the tropics has relented over the contumacious prisoner gasping to death under his lashes and heated pincers; but it is said that there is no instance of an Indian when torturing a prisoner at the stake, the torture once begun, being moved to compassion, or to regard with any feelings but those of exultation and joy the agonies of his victim.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that, after a struggle of some fifty years—bloody, fearful, perilous, full of suffering and horror—they have disappeared; nor that this happy region

should now, when it is smiling and prosperous, still retain, in memory of its early history, the strange appellation of the Dark and Bloody Ground.

Those were terrible days, when no man could go from home without expecting that, in his absence, the red men, who spared neither age nor sex, might come down like a wolf on the fold, and deal death on all hands; when, day after day, the colonists were compelled to leave the hoe and the plough, and, clutching the rifle, do battle for their homes and families from behind palisades and logs, or, uniting in large bodies, go forth and fight, with varied success—with fearful loss and slaughter sometimes, as at the Blue Licks.

There is scarcely one spot now inhabited and cultivated on the banks of the Ohio which has not its tale of woe and massacre to tell. To give a faint idea of what this part of our continent was in the early days of its settlement many tales of massacre might be told. One narrative will, however, suffice. It happened in 1787, at the house of widow Scraggs. This person occupied a double cabin in a very lonely part of the country. One room was inhabited by the old lady herself, together with two adult sons, and a widowed daughter with a baby at the breast; the other room contained two girls between sixteen and twenty, and one about eight.

It was eleven o'clock at night. One of the unmarried daughters was busy at the loom. All the others, one son excepted, were asleep. Some signs of strange import had alarmed him. Owls had cried to each other from the adjoining wood most mysteriously. The horses in the pound, near the house, had snorted and shown uneasiness, as if some terrific object were near at hand. The young man felt very much inclined to wake his brother, but he was not certain, and he waited. Suddenly, however, he heard steps in the yard, followed by several knocks at the door, with the usual expression, "Who keeps house?" in plain English. The young man immediately supposed that it was some benighted settlers, and advanced to the door to open it. But the widow Scraggs sprang from her bed, and declared, from her long experience of the frontier, that they were Indians. She then awoke her other son, and the two young men taking their rifles prepared to do battle.

The Indians now began to thunder with more violence, no longer concealing their true character. A shot from a loophole, prepared for the purpose, started them, however, to cover. But they soon found the door of the other cabin containing the three daughters, and upon this the rifles could not be brought to bear. Some nails from the yard fence enabled the red-skins to force the door off its hinges, and the three girls were at the mercy of the Indians. One, who was in bed, was secured; but the eldest, who had been working at the loom, fought with a knife, and killed an Indian, before she herself was tomahawked. The little girl, meanwhile, who had not been noticed by the Indians, ran out into the yard, and might easily have effected her escape, had she taken advantage of the darkness and fled; but, instead of so doing, the terrified little creature ran round the house, wringing her hands, and crying out that her sisters were killed. The brothers, unable to hear her cries without risking everything for her defence, rushed to the door, and were preparing to sally out to her assistance, when their mother threw herself before them, and calmly declared that the child must be left to her fate, that the sally would sacrifice the lives of all the rest, without the slightest benefit to the little girl. Just then the little girl shrieked, then moaned, and then all was over. Then the crackling of flames was heard, with a fierce and terrible yell from the Indians, a cry of triumph at their having fired the division of the house inhabited by the daughters, of which they were masters.

The position of the colonists was now fearful in the extreme. The whole house, which was dry and inflammable, was in flames; and it became necessary to abandon it or perish. There was a chance of escape in the one instance, while in the other their fate was certain and terrible. The rapid approach of the flames cut short their momentary suspense. The door was thrown open, and the widow, supported by her son, tried

to cross the fence at one point, while her daughter, carrying her child in her arms, and attended by the younger of the brothers, ran in a different direction.

The blazing roof shed a light over the yard but little inferior to that of day, and the savages were distinctly seen awaiting the approach of their victims. The old lady was permitted to reach the stile unmolested, but, in the act of crossing, received several balls in her breast, and fell dead. The son, more fortunate, by extraordinary agility effected his escape. The other party succeeded in reaching the fence unhurt; but in the act of crossing were vigorously assailed by several Indians, who, throwing down their guns, rushed upon them with their tomahawks. The young man defended his sisters gallantly, firing upon the enemy as they approached, and then wielding the butt of his rifle with a fury that drew their whole attention on himself, gave his sister an opportunity of effecting her escape. He quickly fell, however, under the axes of his enemies, and was found scalped and mangled frightfully in the morning. The elder brother, the married sister and her infant, were all that escaped; for those who went in chase of the girl of sixteen, taking unfortunately a bloodhound with them, gave the alarm to the Indians, who slaughtered the unfortunate creature. Not one of the Indians, however, escaped to tell the tale.

Few rivers exhibit more pleasing characteristics than the Ohio; the *Belle Rivière*, as it is called by the French. In the early days its pellucid waters, smooth and glassy, glided amid endless forests, vast solitudes and cane-brakes, dangerous indeed to the traveller. But soon signs of life and civilisation were noted. Men in rugged coats and of wild mien landed at tempting spots and began to lay open the forest. The water began to be covered by men moving along in various ways. There was the Alleghany skiff, the *dugout* (formed from a single tree), the *pirogue*, the keel-boat, the covered sled, the flat-boat, and every other kind of transport which the ingenuity of man could devise. The broad-horn was one of the most original. It was a kind of floating house, as broad as it was long, with rooms for man and beast, for cattle and horses, and dogs and pigs. It had neither bow nor stern, neither starboard nor larboard, so that if it struck the shore and was pushed off, it was always ready for a start.

There was much travelling on the Ohio, and in spring the scene was delicious. Gigantic sycamores, the growth of ages, trees of varied leaf and hue lined the way, except where, here and there, some little receding cove, some little prairie, covered by wild flowers, varied the scene. There was not a living soul to be seen for hundreds of miles. And yet behind these trees, lurking in these beautiful prairies, were hordes of wild men, troops of savage beasts; and many a terrible adventure might be recorded, of which that river was the theatre. The roving bands of Indians were constantly hovering upon either bank of the Ohio, and were in the habit of decoying boats ashore under various pretences, and murdering or taking captive all who were on board. A sharp look-out was therefore kept, and if the smoke of a fire was seen ascending in thick wreaths above the trees, or floating in thin masses over the bed of the river, that spot was avoided. But the Indians were so cunning that all the precautions in the world did not suffice entirely to defeat them. They would set white prisoners on the bank, who, to save their own lives, would delude others to captivity and death.

Many traders ventured long journeys along the Ohio in boats, and escaped unhurt, but only by persevering in their determination to resist all temptation. But the Indians were not the only dangers of that wilderness of woods and waters. Inundations were common, and it was considered a good joke on the Ohio when Zeph Hagg told of his tying a boat to a tree, and awaking in the morning with himself fifty feet up in the air, the inundation having fallen and left the lofty tree bare. The inundations of the Ohio were very heavy sometimes. The gigantic trees on the bottoms, as they are called in the language of the West, stood midway in the waters; the banks of the river could nowhere be seen; and then, when the subsiding of the waters came, the scene was serious indeed.

It became then a matter of much difficulty to manage the bad-horns. The increased velocity of the current, the dries, the whirlpools, the new currents caused by the force the pent-up waters, made them unmanageable. If a village is seen, it could only be distinguished by the chimneys and roofs peering above the waters, while boats were moving to and fro, removing women and children and all valuables to the hills. Those who have witnessed the periodical inundations of the Nile will scarcely form a just conception of the overflowing of an American river bordered by immense reeds.

Often a fleet of boats, encouraged by pumbers, would go some distance inland, and anchor over some cane-brake or sallow, a good distance from the river, and then encamp on a little hill until the waters showed some sign of subsiding. This scene would present features quite novel to us. There could be seen boats, with pigs and sheep for New Orleans, cargoes of emigrants for Bois Brulé, loads of boards and staves, of cider and whiskey. A fair was knocked up on these occasions, and "a deal of traffic" was done; so that between fighting, drinking, gambling, and trading, the time would pass pretty swiftly. Sometimes they would have a dance, or they have been known to improve the occasion by listening to some zealous preacher about to establish himself in the dark backwoods. Then the wooden trumpets would sound, as a signal that the inundation was abating, and away these strange customers would go on their several journeys.

How the scene has changed! Look at that quiet farm-house represented in our engraving (p. 93). That spot was once a sick and tangled wood, the lair of the panther, the hiding-place of the Shawnee. But no more shall the sound of the war-whoop be heard in the land. Boats still float on the Ohio, but in peace and tranquillity. Village spires, thatched roofs, open fields, roads, cultivated grounds, and large and populous cities, now stand along the banks of the Ohio; and the sound of village bells, the lowing of cattle, and the bleating of sheep are heard, where the shriek and horrid cry of the dark man of the woods was once so frequently distinguished.

Instead of the broad-horn, the steamer now hurries up and down the stream, while merrily sing the boatmen of the Ohio,

on the great wood-rafts which they thus convey to the large towns and sea-ports below. The change is pleasing, satisfactory, and agreeable. A fierce and terrible battle-ground has become the abode of peace and plenty; civilisation and her handmaid Christianity overspread the land, which now feeds and supports millions of men, instead of barely giving life to some few hundreds of yelling savages.

The fate of the red man is sad, but it is inevitable. Where he has accepted civilisation, as in the case of the Cherokees, he is saved; he has government and education; he cultivates fields, and wanders no more; and his villages, once the scene of torture and violence, are inhabited by men who, once savages, are now civilised, with churches, preachers, books, newspapers—all the work of their own race. But when the red-skins stick obstinately to their traditions, defend every inch of land to the last—kill, scalp, burn, and destroy the colonists at every opportunity, and play, in fact, the part of wild and savage beasts—they must perish. The creation of new states, where the wearied millions of Europe may find new life and independence, cannot be checked because the Shawnees, Creeks, and Comanches wish to stick to their old habits. They may resist on the frontiers for a while, while fighting against only one or two men, like Boone, or Harrod, or Wurtzel; but they must soon yield as population progresses, and in the course of time their old land shall know them no more, and every fertile and likely spot of land on the great continent of North America be as safe, as civilised, as progressive, as rich, and as productive of men and things, as are now the shores of the "Beautiful River"—the banks of the great Ohio.

The state of Ohio is about as large as the kingdom of Portugal. It contains hills, mountains, plains, woods, forests. Its climate is colder in winter, and warmer in summer, than England. It produces Indian corn, wheat, rye, oats, barley, tobacco and cotton, English fruits, grapes, and wine. Bears and deer are numerous. Its population is nearly two millions. It was only permanently settled in 1788. Its capital is Columbus, on the Scioto river, on a spot which in 1812 was covered by trees. Its great city is Cincinnati, where a great trade is carried on; its excellent University of Athens is celebrated in America. It contains some ruins very much like those found by Stephens in Yucatan.

THE IMPERIAL THRONE OF RUSSIA.

At a time when the crooked policy of the Emperor of all the Russias has disturbed the peace of Europe, checked the beneficial growth of commerce, and put a stop—for a brief period only, it is to be hoped—to the onward march of human progress, some particulars respecting his throne of state may not be without interest. This magnificent emblem of imperial authority, which is represented in our engraving, is in the hall of the Kremlin, or, as it is generally called, the Kremlin, at Moscow. Nearly all geographers and travellers have made great mistakes with regard to this building, some representing it as a monument, and others as a chateau or a palace. The Kremlin of Moscow, like that of St. Petersburg and other Russian cities, is an immense citadel, a sort of fortified square, enclosing within its precincts all that the inhabitants hold most sacred; such as churches, convents, palaces, treasures, arsenals, the holy synod, the senate, the residence of the patriarchs, etc. Erected upon a hill, in the centre of the city, on the banks of the river Moskwa, the Kremlin forms a polygon surrounded by boulevards, the largest of which, a magnificent promenade, has borne the name of Alexander's Garden since 1822.

Let us enter this heart of the city of Moscow, noticing each portion in detail; make our way through the cluster of churches, convents, and palaces; and penetrate to the Granovitaya Palata, or angular palace. It is so named because its exterior is cut into a great number of faces. The Muscovites regarded it as one of the wonders of the world two centuries ago. In the present day, however, it is little more than a

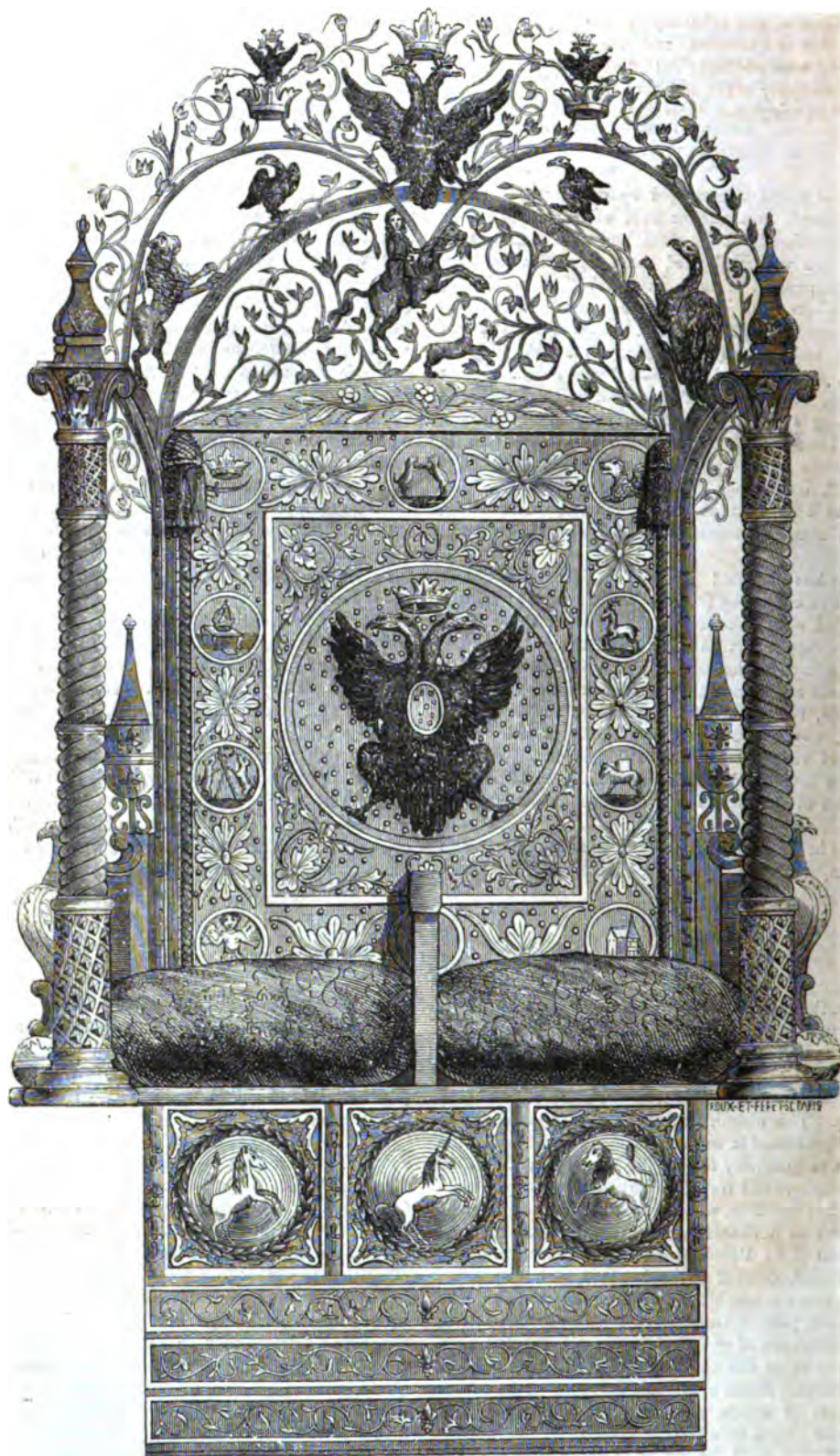
curiosity in their estimation—though a national curiosity, and preserved with something like the sacredness of a palladium. This strange palace is composed of a singular hall, supported in the centre by an enormous pillar, towards which the portions of the roof technically called voussures, or coverings, descend and converge.

Historical associations of varied interest cluster round this spot. On the right we see the throne of the Russian emperor, forming, by its magnificence, a striking contrast with the feeble light which comes through the small windows. It has been erected within a comparatively short period in the place of that of ancient emperors. Hence its ornamentation is altogether in the modern style. Our engraving represents the back. The ten circular devices which occupy the sides of the square are the emblems of the states which have been successively incorporated with the empire, which is denoted by the two-headed eagle in the centre, with the imperial crown above. This eagle appears again at the top, over the figure of St. George or St. Michael, which bears some personal resemblance to the present emperor. The richness of the columns, the arabesques, and other embellishments, is rendered sufficiently apparent by our illustration.

It is upon this throne that, after the ceremony of consecration, the czar receives the homage of the clergy, the court, and the dignitaries of state. Thence he goes forth to the grand festival, where, according to ancient usage, he is waited upon by his most distinguished officers and chamberlains. This

throne is to the Russians the symbol of both temporal and spiritual power; for the czar is at once their emperor and

the day in which their emperor shall be the sovereign and pontiff of the whole modern world, just as the Romans of old,



THE IMPERIAL THRONE OF RUSSIA IN THE KREMLIN AT MOSCOW.

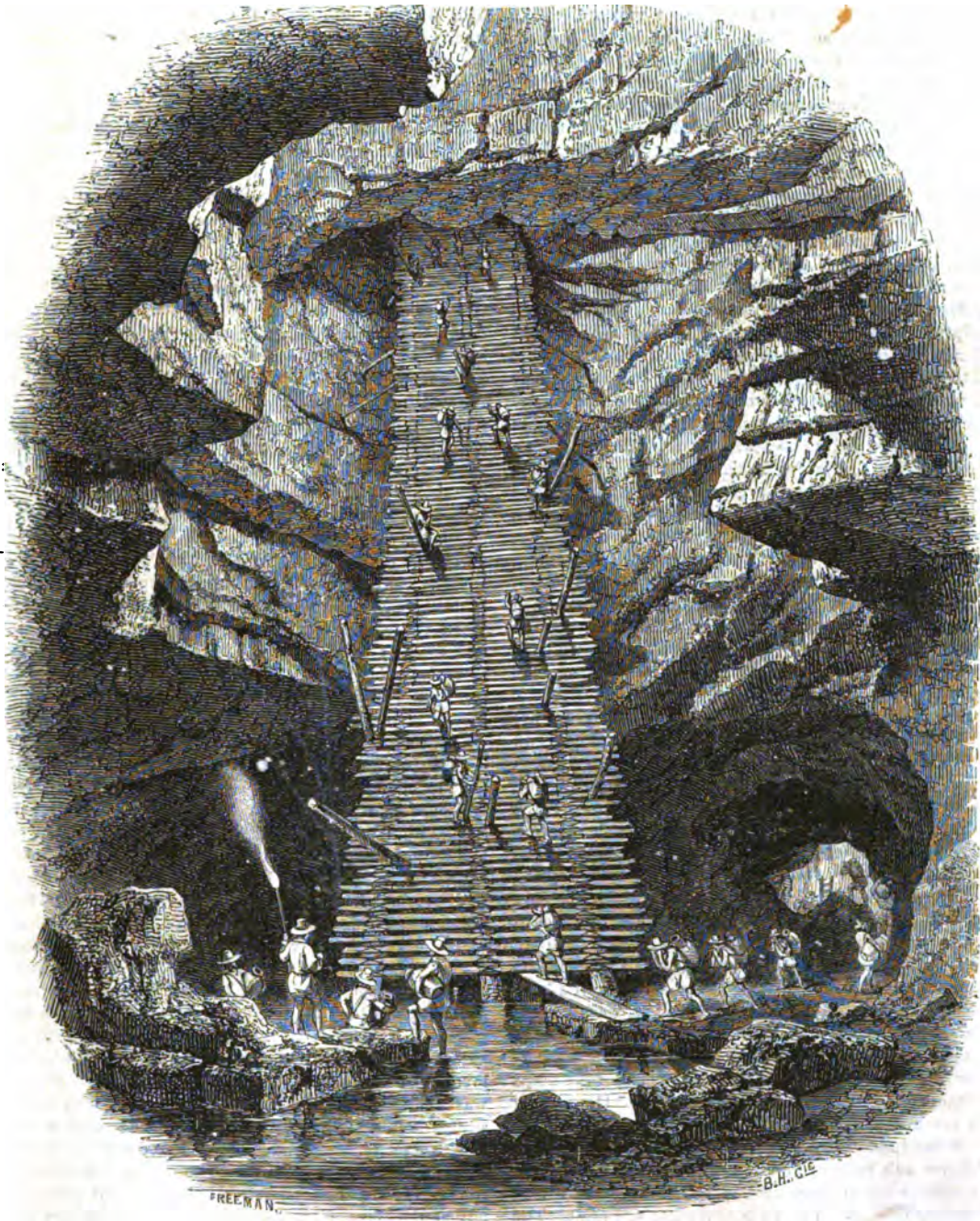
pope—the sovereign of their bodies and their souls. Towards this throne, as towards a double sun, the eyes of forty millions of Slavonians turn with reverence, while they await

after having found a skull in the foundation of the Capitol, looked from century to century for the universal domination of their empire.

CAVERN WELLS OF YUCATAN.

WATER is one of those articles on which often depend the sole wealth, industry, and existence of a country. What do we not owe to this one element, and how painful would be our position if we were suddenly cut off from communication with an abundant supply of the article? Some countries have suffered much from temporary deprivation of genial showers;

civilised people, wells and tanks and artificial water-courses were made to compensate for the deficiency. These resources have disappeared with the race which made them, and the wretched European governments which followed have not supplied their place. During the rainy season a small supply is obtained from natural hollows and artificial tanks; but



THE CAVERN WELLS OF YUCATAN.

drought has brought maladies and devastation; but rarely is there remarked so total an absence of the element as in portions of modern Yucatan. This remarkable seat of ancient empire, this field of ruined cities, where aqueducts and water-tanks are often found, is singularly wanting in natural supplies of water. In past times, when the country was inhabited by a

this over, they would be entirely destitute, were it not for those vast reservoirs which nature has provided in the very bowels of the earth, whence, by the exercise of immense labour and exemplary patience, a scanty supply can be obtained. The difference between a country in the hands of the energetic Anglo-Saxon race and one possessed by the

effeminate Mexicans, is illustrated by a comparison between the great Croton aqueduct and the primitive resources of the Yucatanese.

Mr. Stephens informs us that the village of Telchaquillo is wholly supplied with water from a cave round which the houses of the village have been built, the origin of the hamlet being probably the fact of the existence of the cave. From a little distance the spot appears level and flat, and the traveller is often startled to behold women walking across the square with cantaros on their heads, and disappearing as if by a stage trick. A closer inspection, however, shows a vast orifice, like the mouth of a cave, and down this five hundred steps, descending beneath a huge arched roof, sixty feet high, to the water, are discerned. The whole is illuminated from the entrance. The well is apparently exhaustless, but never rises or falls, except a little during rain. Women, who in savage and semi-savage states are always the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, are continually ascending and descending to supply the wants of a whole community. Swallows fly in and out, and give additional life to the scene.

At the ruins of Xcoch, there is a well, even more curious, which was, it is believed, the sole dependence of a large and populous city. The people in the neighbourhood knew little of it, but described it as a vast subterraneous structure, adorned with sculptured figures, an immense table of polished stone, and a plaza with columns supporting a vaulted roof; and it was said to have a subterraneous road, which led to the village of Mani, twenty-seven miles distant. Stephens visited it, and brought a true account. In the centre of a grove of trees, so thick as to be close and sultry, without a breath of air, is a great circular cavity or opening in the earth, twenty or thirty feet deep, with trees and bushes growing out of the bottom and sides, and rising above the level of the plain. It was a wild-looking place, with a fanciful, mysterious, and almost fearful appearance. This cavity was the entrance to the *pas*, or well. At one corner was a rude natural opening in a great mass of limestone rock, low and narrow, through which rushes constantly a powerful current of wind, agitating the branches and leaves in the area without. This is the mouth of the well; and so violent is the wind as to cause the incautious intruder, who is unprepared, to be driven back gasping for breath. Long strips of the castor-oil plant are used to visit it. The entrance is about three feet high, and four or five wide, descending at an angle of about fifteen degrees; and it must be entered on your hands and knees, with this strong current of air against you, like the crocodile mummy pits of Egypt. A single track in the floor, worn inches deep by the treading of thousands and thousands of the citizens of the ruined city, and the roof blackened by myriad torches, prove the well to have been, at one time, the only watering-place of ancient Xcoch. A hundred and fifty feet in advance, the passage widens, and rises to twice a man's height, while the air is still and the temperature warm. Vast stalactite pillars round a huge vaulted chamber succeed, after you have passed many passages, and a stone the Indians call a *mesa*. Further on, you climb a high broken piece of rock, and then crawl through a long narrow fissure, leading to a rugged perpendicular hole three or four feet in diameter, with steps worn in the rock, where the heat is terrific. Descending this, you reach a ledge of rocks, with a yawning chasm on the left. Some rude logs, laid along the edge, with a pole for a railing, serve as a bridge; crossing this, the passage turns to the right, narrowing to three feet in both height and width, and descending rapidly. The air is now close and faint. The labour, fatigue, and exertion, are awful. At the end of fifty feet it again doubles, contracts, and descends to a spacious cavern, after which there is another perpendicular hole, leading, by means of a rude and rickety ladder, to a steep, low, crooked, and crawling passage, descending until opened into a large broken chamber, in which is a deep hole or basin of water, with a pole over it to lean on to fill the gourds. This watering-place is now not used, as there are no inhabitants in Xcoch, but there are two others in daily use quite as extraordinary.

The first visited is that of Chach. We have said that

women in Yucatan draw the water. But in Chach the labour is too great for the fair sex. You first descend a hole by a perpendicular ladder, at the foot of which is a great cavern; then a second almost perpendicular descent, a resting-place; then a hole two hundred feet deep, then a low narrow passage which enlarges and contracts, a great chasm, another perpendicular hole, another low crawling passage, and then a basin of water, which is the well. The toiling Indians bearing their torches, some above and some below in the deep hollow-sounding shafts, give the place a strange unearthly appearance. The whole length from the mouth of the well is fifteen hundred feet, and the water-carriers having to crawl, do not carry the calabashes on their shoulders, but suspended from their heads. This well was the sole means of obtaining water in Chach.

At Bolenchen (*Bolan*, nine, and *chen*, wells), the population during the rainy season is supplied from nine circular openings of no great depth in the rock, which have collected the population around. But in the dry season there is no resource but the great well of which we give an engraving (p. 97). The entrance to this cavern is broad and lofty, under a bold ledge of rock, following which for about sixty feet by torch-light, you descend twenty feet by a ladder. All light from the entrance is now lost, but the edge of a vast perpendicular descent is reached directly, to the very bottom of which a strong body of light is thrown from a hole in the surface. A huge ladder, of the most primitive description, descends to the bottom of the shaft. It is seventy feet by twelve, and fashioned of the trunks of young pines, lashed together, and supported all the way down by horizontal trunks, fastened to the rock. The ladder is double, having two sets or flights of rounds, divided by a middle partition, and the whole fabric is lashed together by withes. "It was," says Stephens, "very steep, precarious, and insecure. Our Indians began the descent, but the foremost had scarcely got his head below the surface, before one of the rounds slipped, and he only saved himself by clinging to another. The ladder having been made when the withes were green, these were now dry, cracked, and some of them broken." Mr. Stephens soon reached the foot of the ladder, as represented in our engraving, but this is only the beginning of the cave. We now quote the words of one who himself visited the place since Stephens, and on whom we can fully rely:—

"We are as yet but at the mouth of the well, which is called Xtacumbi Xunan (La Señora Escendida), and here we must pause to explain these words. Every year, just as the nine wells are at their last gasp, the ladders undergo a thorough renewal, which done, a great *fête* is held in the cavern at the foot of this ladder. The walls of a lofty chamber, with overhanging roof and level floor, on the side leading to the ten wells, are ornamented with branches and hung with lights, and the whole village comes out with refreshments and music. Now be it told, that in the town of Bolenchen dwelt, many years ago, an Indian lady of great wealth and many possessions, who had, however, above all, a pretty and interesting daughter. Of course many fell in love with the lady, and, equally a matter of regular occurrence, the most ardent lover and the most favoured suitor on the part of the damsel was a poor fellow of the name of Sæbeg, who had naught save a handsome face to trade with. The mother would not even speak to him, and forbade her daughter holding any communication with Sæbeg. The village *fête* of *cueva* came round; Sæbeg and his fair mistress were of course present, but at the close of the day these persons were nowhere to be found. For a whole month they were sought in vain, at the end of which period Sæbeg presented himself very gravely before the angry mother, and asked permission to marry her daughter. It was given, and, at Sæbeg's request, the lady and the priest went with him to the cave. In a secret chamber which Sæbeg had discovered they found the bride, with just enough provision left for one day. They were married on the spot."

On the side of the cavern is the opening in the rock, which leads by an abrupt descent down another long and trying

lder; this past, and moving along by a slight ascent over the rocks, at a distance of about seventy-five feet, you come to the foot of a third ladder, nine feet long; two or three steps beyond, one five feet high, both of which you go up; and a few paces further, a fifth descending, and eighteen feet in length. A sixth is passed, and then comes a seventh. This is laid on a narrow sloping face of rock, protected on one side by a perpendicular wall, but on the other open and precipitous. You then follow a broken winding passage two hundred feet long, and descend a ladder, eight feet long, at the foot of which is a low stifling passage. Crawling along this on your hands and feet, at a distance of about three hundred feet you come to a rocky basin full of water, fourteen hundred feet from the mouth, and five hundred feet perpendicular in the earth. This basin is the Chacha, which means *agua colorado*, or real water. From the open chamber above alluded to, several passages

diverge, and following one of these, by a weary and tiresome way, you reach the *paduella*—a basin of water that ebbs and flows like the sea. It recedes with the south wind, and increases with the north-west, and the Indians add, that when they go to it silently they find water; but when they talk or make a noise, the water disappears. The Indians also say, that forty women once fainted in this passage, since which they have not allowed them to go alone. The third basin, in another part of the cave, is called *sallab*, which means spring; the fourth *akahba*, on account of its darkness; the fifth *chocoha*, because it is always warm; the sixth *osha*, which means milky; the seventh *chimaisha*, because it has insects called *ais*. This is the only watering-place of a city of seven thousand inhabitants. Nothing better than this can explain the difficulties under which the inhabitants of this part of the world labour.

BEAR HUNTING.

BEAR-HUNTING is a favourite amusement both in the Old and the New World. In Europe it is made rather a matter of mere fun and merriment than anything else; but in this country the animal is hunted also for the purpose of procuring nutrition and favourite food. "Bear's meat" is well known on every border. It is eaten with rare gusto by the hardy borderers, who, give them venison, bear's flesh, corn-juice, and tobacco, are as happy as the day is long.

Bear-hunting has some time been unknown in England; though every now and then people are made to believe that the animal is not so rare as they fancy, by the exuberant announcement of some speculative hairdresser—or, to speak in more modern style, of some *coiffeur*—that another bear has been slaughtered. They may occasionally also see one of these animals in a show; or, if they pay a visit to the valuable Gardens of the Zoological Society, they may also gaze on one or two fine specimens. All the great polar travellers, Ross, Parry, and the ever-memorable Franklin, demonstrate the way in which the Arctic Regions are peopled by these brutes. They are there apparently at home, and many a deeply-exciting narrative of adventure, recorded in the journals of these adventurous sailors, proves how dangerous such creatures are to man. The great polar bear, however, is very different in his characteristics from the black bear of the German forests, of the Pyrenees, of Bohemia, and other places, where they still linger in spite of the progress and advance of civilization.

Dogs that would fight the bear were wont to be great favourites with chase-loving monarchs; but for a good, hearty, genuine bear-hunt the reader must come to America. Some of the virgin forests of this vast and even now half-unknown region contain so large a collection of these animals, that there are men who devote their whole existence to bear-hunting. They are not found in such plenty and with such ease as they were in the days of Boone, but still the hunt is tolerably productive to the persevering hunter.

On the borders of Tennessee and Kentucky was once a place rich in beafts—it was a perfect paradise of bruins. Passing over a country of a level character, rich and lovely, dotted here with flowers, there with Indian corn and tobacco, the traveller soon reaches a wilder country, a perfect wilderness, with cliffs and gorges and streams. Nowhere—and we speak advisedly—nowhere is scenery of a more striking character to be seen than round the Pilot Knobs of Kentucky.

The keen lover of sport would start up to this cold and desolate region, camp out beneath a tent under a tree, or perhaps take refuge in a cabin built by one of the old class of hunters. A fine pack of dogs, fit for either deer or bear, ready for a peccary pig at a pinch, were collected, and with these and a rifle, the young men would go forth as of old, with horn and hound to the wild and exciting chase.

The favourite time for hunting, among the gentlemen of Kentucky, is when the first snow-storm is on the ground. Then

their enjoyment is in perfection, for they are sure of their game, and that game is in a goodly condition—as killers of another sort, in more civilised regions, would say. It is very singular to follow the game, the panting hounds driving them out upon the soft snow, in which you sink over your ankles at every step. The difference of such sport from that pursued in this island by more scientific sportsmen, is the subsequent result. No warm house, no groaning board, with good things of every kind smoking and shining, no soft voices to welcome the huntsman home. But the camp fire has its charms. It is pleasant at even, when wearied and exhausted with the day's work, to see its warm glow amid the distant trees; it is pleasant to sit with your comrades around it, and enjoy with a zest—only known on such occasions—the broil, or the roast, or the stew, cooked with a hunter's skill and consumed with a hunter's appetite; it is pleasant, when eating and smoking and talking are over, to lie down before the genial fire, and rest and sleep the heavy sleep of the woodsman. There is something of the excitement of the bivouac about it, without any of the terrible, sad, and ruthless images which are attached to the picture of war, that fearful scourge which civilised man submits to only from sheer necessity.

Up one starts then at early morn, as the first streak of dawn falls warm upon the tree tops, and snatching a hasty meal, away we go, over hill, over dale, over plain, over stream, there, where the dogs lead us. The dogs are far a-head, away in some barren or rich bottom. Hark! as they open. Man and beast are equally eager for the fray. The dogs which have been far a-head have turned the prey, and nearer and nearer they come with a louder and louder wail, and the excited huntsman starts as he catches the glimpse of some huge black bear, bowling by at a pace and in a way which would be ludicrous to a dispassionate spectator. But the hunter only sees the game. His rifle is discharged, the beast is wounded; if slightly, to make it move quicker; if severely, to induce it to seek a tree. The hounds, now wild with excitement, dash at it, and it disappears from sight. But its pace slackens, and the hunters are near it again.

It is up a tree. The able author of the "Hunter Naturalist" informs us, that it has been known to roll into a ball, drop among the dogs, and make away. But in general, when once it is treed, it is all over with it. Nothing can stand against the rifle of the Americans. A few shots and it is down, and the chase is over.

In America and in Europe, it very often happens that the animal will turn at bay. It is then a scene of terror. Such clamouring, such noise, such growling, such yelling. The dogs will fasten on the brute, and only let go their grasp with death—they fight until dashed to the ground sprawling and helpless. The contest is now a fearful one. The weight of the bear gives him a great advantage. He crushes the hounds in his horrid hug; he tears them with his teeth; he dashes

them to the ground with his paws; he tosses them almost as a bull would, until they fall around. Our engraving represents rather the episodes of a European bear-hunt, just when the dogs fasten on the animal, and one already has paid the penalty, and while the hunters are yet distant, than one of those with which we are personally familiar. But the scene is very similar in character, differing only in the usual way in

is much prized by the Indians. These people, before fire-arms were much known amongst them, were as much afraid of a great black bear as the inhabitants of Algiers were of lions, until Giraud, the celebrated lion-hunter, made such havoc among these animals. The claws and skin of the bear were marks of bravery and naturally of rank among the red-skins, who selected their chiefs rather for their personal qualities than for



A BEAR ATTACKED BY DOGS.

which events are unlike, from the nature of the country and the people.

In Europe, bear's hams are celebrated among many epicures, and few persons deny the utility of a bear's skin; but the meat is not in such general use as it is in America, where in some places it is so favourite an article of food that pork has been palmed upon the buyer for the genuine game of the forest and hill. Texas, up towards the frontiers of Mexico, where there are rocks, gorges, and hills, is a famous place for this sport, which

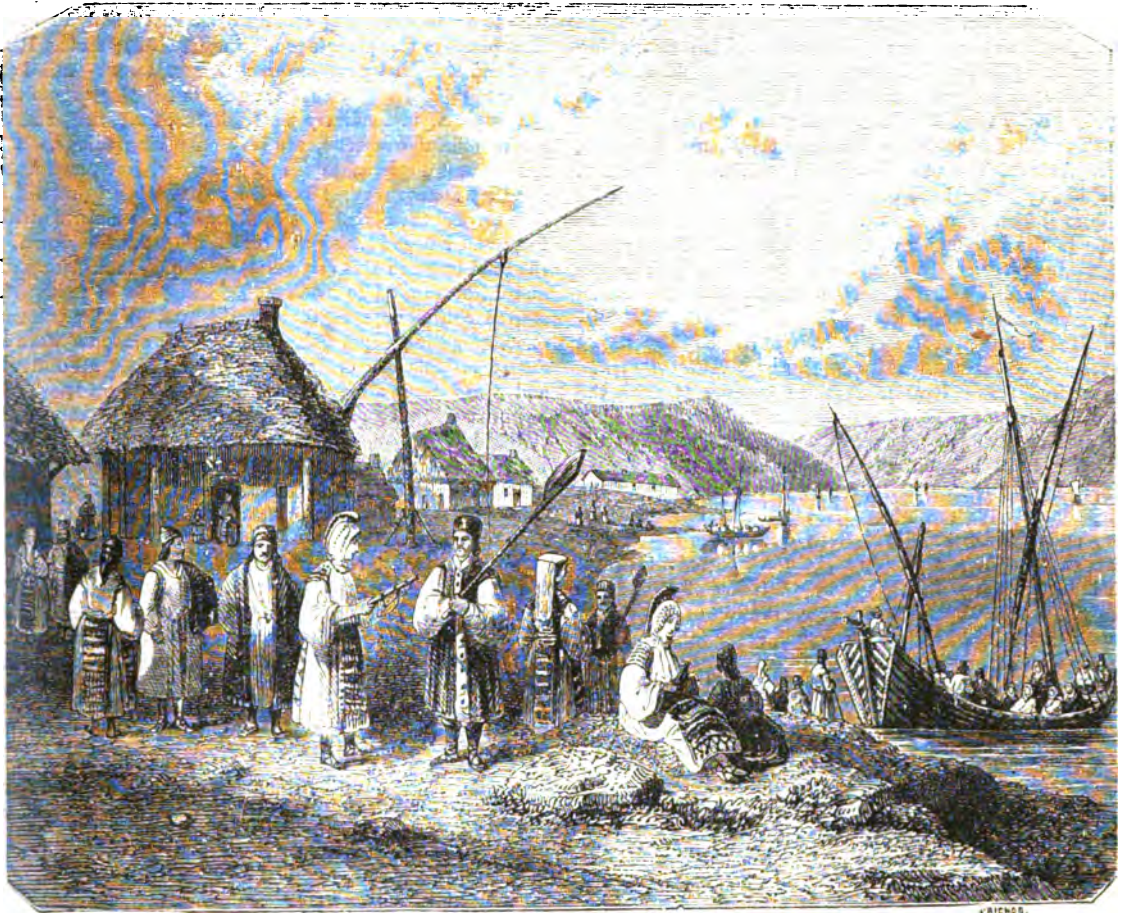
their names. But now the rifle is common with the copper-coloured natives also; and in the most memorable bear-hunt we recollect, the Indians, by their knowledge of locality and the signs of the forest, played by far the most important part. We have, however, said sufficient, without narrating a personal adventure, to give our readers an outline and idea of this very favourite, though somewhat dangerous, amusement, all bear-hunts not being so comic as that of poor Friday in "Robinson Crusoe."

HUNGARIANS.

ALTHOUGH the brave struggle for Hungarian independence, which about five years ago attracted the attention of Europe and enlisted the sympathies of many ardent spirits, is now a collection of the past, fading into oblivion through the all-absorbing interest of a yet mightier conflict, nevertheless a few words with reference to the Magyar race may not be altogether unacceptable to our readers. The illustration which we present to their notice is descriptive of a class belonging to what may be termed the working population of that race, and it is to this class that we shall chiefly confine our observations. It must not be supposed that there is any essential distinction between the noble Magyar and his less healthy fellow-countryman. However diverse their present condition, their origin is the same, and their character radically identical. Of the two, the poor Magyar possesses even more

despises the population of cities, and would consider himself guilty of effeminacy if he were to avail himself of the various conveniences which modern improvement has introduced. He is the *lazzarone* of the desert, accepting thankfully the life which Providence has given him, and sleeping wherever he can find a resting-place—in a shed, under a waggon, or exposed to the sun, wind, and rain.

The poor Magyar can only be a tiller of the ground, a shepherd, a soldier, or a fisherman. For every other employment he has a profound contempt. He regards the soil with veneration and cultivates it with pride. As a shepherd, he passes whole months without going under cover. He may be seen wrapped in his large white cloak, seated Tartar-fashion by the side of the road, following with his eye the smoke as it ascends from his pipe, stroking his long moustaches, and



HUNGARIAN BOATMEN.

interest for the traveller, as retaining more completely the traces of his original condition. He is a recollection of the ninth century living in the nineteenth. He has preserved the national costume—in all its purity, we were going to say—but it would be more correct to say, in all its barbarism and primitive impurity. Ten centuries have passed over this people without materially affecting their character. The Magyar of the present day is a worthy son of the ancient barbarian. His physiognomy, like that of his ancestor, is hard but full of expression. It combines nervous energy with great physical insensibility. Like his forefather, he wears his hair long and well greased, and for dress has a vest made of polished leather, which often serves him instead of a shirt, large trousers, and a sheepskin of many colours, called a *bumole*, which he wears with great dignity. Hardy and careless, he

leading a most contemplative sort of life. He has all the dignity of the oriental character. Like the Turk, he is grave in exterior and manner. Nothing short of a dance to the sound of his national music, or a plentiful potation of the wine of the country, is sufficient to excite him to activity. It is not, however, till after the cares of matrimony press upon him that he exhibits this gravity in perfection.

"In the East," says Madame de Stael, "when they have nothing to say, they smoke together, and bow to each other from time to time, with their arms crossed over the breast to testify their mutual friendship." The Hungarian acts in a similar manner. He is sober in his language, and never free with strangers; but he is frank and faithful, and if he finds a friend in you, will open his heart without any reserve.

LETTERS FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.—III.

—, 1853.

It is really wonderful to hear the details with which one is favoured on all hands in relation to the Russians in this city. Their cunning, their foresight, their intrigues, must have been something truly Machiavellian. The Russian embassy appears to have been a centre of operations of a very singular character. Money was no object. The minister had unlimited power of action, his subordinates looked upon him as a kind of deputy majesty. They were very numerous and existed under all forms. Russia never asked who a man was; all she required was, that he should be capable of doing her dirty work. Poles, Jews, Greeks, Italians, Maltese, Franks, were employed without scruple. They lived in every corner of the town. Their duty was to wheedle, to coax, or to buy over the officials, to get influence at any price, to seem to be the great protecting power, and to force weaker nations to appeal to her. The stories told of her duplicity and crawling patience are really incredible.

That the Turks gave her plenty of occasion to use her cunning, is no defence. If the Turks were weak, and had only made slow progress in the arts of civilisation, that could in nowise justify the acts of Russian agents.

The Turkish custom-house, based on the French principle, was an admirable institution for the Muscovite to work upon. Redschid Pacha, the head of the French party, had brought with him from France several notions by no means advantageous to the country or wise in themselves. He imported passports, a censorship, and an *octroi*. He it was that organised the custom-house. Like all other Turkish institutions the custom-house is badly managed, because its clerks are ill-paid. It is almost impossible for them to live on the pittance they receive. Here then was an opening for Muscovite fraud and cunning. The Russian embassy became at once the centre of operations of bands of smugglers and contrabandists. The Russian agents bought over certain officials, and by their connivance 4,000 bales of silk were passed as 400 bales of cotton, and other such nefarious practices carried on, to the great personal advantage of certain merchants, custom-house clerks, and Russian officials. Even during the festivals of Beizam and Ramadan, they could get goods passed with ease. Their influence was such, that the importation of Protestant Bibles was almost impossible. The censorship over books in the customs was held by a low Armenian, as no Turk could tell one book from another. The consequence was, that bibles, prayer-books, etc. were stopped, while immoral French novels, and all kinds of trash, were permitted freely to pass.

The lower order of Turkish officers made money openly by fees, which they insisted on. A merchant who had just taken up his residence in Constantinople, once consigned a cargo of 447 bales of cotton to Alexandria. Before the ship could leave port, it was necessary that a *teskere*, or declaration that the description of the goods exported was correct, should be signed by some clerk. The merchant came to the custom-house, found the proper officer, and addressed him:

"Abdallah," said he, "here is my declaration. It's all right."

"Is it?" replied the Turk, taking it in his hand and looking at it upside down.

"I am quite sure of it," continued the merchant.

"Allah kerim! God is great! Think over it again, Christian. It's all wrong."

"I assure you, Abdallah, you are quite mistaken."

"I have said," replied the Turk, smoking his pipe with profound gravity.

The merchant went away in a great hurry, overhauled his cargo, obtained the written declaration of captain and mate, and rushed back. Near the bridge he met a friend. In his hurry he nearly knocked him down.

"Whither away so fast?" said the other, laughing.

The merchant briefly explained, and his friend laughed heartily.

"What is the matter?" asked the new arrival in Stamboul.

"My dear fellow, you will find, if you are not careful, that it is still all wrong. Did you give him a present?"

"No!"

"Then make haste and do it. That was all he meant. He was too much of a diplomatist to ask for it; but you give it, and try the effect."

The merchant thanked his friend, and entered the custom-house with a grave and solemn step.

"Abdallah," said he in a low tone, "you were right. There is something wrong; but I am in a great hurry, and cannot remedy it now. If you will look over it this time, why I will be more careful next."

And he dexterously slipped a small paper parcel into the man's hand.

"Mashallah!" said the Turk with profound gravity, after examining the amount with great coolness, "did I not tell you there was something wrong?"

The loss to the treasury by this system is immense; but now a searching examination promises to probe the evil and lead to a remedy. The coming of so vast a body of civilised Europeans to this place is producing its effect; and as Russian gold and Russian corruption are no longer at work—at all events so far as we know—there is some hope of a better state of things.

Passports, in a country where, out of Stamboul, scarcely a native official can read, are very provoking things. I have found them unpleasant enough in France, Italy, and Austria; but they are even worse here. The officials all pretend to be able to read them, and it is ludicrous to see a grave old Turk in a small village looking at your document upside down. On the road between this city and Adrianople, the soldiers of the guard-houses used to make a good thing out of them. They started coffee-shops in the guard-house. Under pretence of examining the passport, the traveller and servants were summoned inside. An order for coffee smoothed all difficulties, and you were allowed to proceed unmolested. Turkey, however, will now be opened up to the eyes of thousands of civilised travellers, and their suggestions will have weight with the government, which, I must say, seems decidedly to mean well, and would be far more liberal if it could. The priests of its religion, however, stand in the way of everything. The sacerdotal power is very great, and the ulemas, muftis, and others, by unfurling the flag of the Prophet, and giving money to aid the war, have gained singular popularity. This new power will be used to oppose everything enlightened, especially everything emanating from a Christian country.

But a large number of the Turks have seen through the delusions of the Koran, and only keep its outward observances because of the danger they would incur were they not to do so. There is a strange fact, which I have on the highest authority, and which explains many things. One or two influential Turks have, by the unscrupulous use of gold, been bought by Russia. Base men will be found in all countries, and though the Turk is generally strictly honourable and veracious, this may yet be believed. They, of course, pretend to work with the reformers one day, and with the conservatives the next, as Russia orders.

Turkish society is divided into the "Old Turbans," who still wear flowing garments, and are wedded to prejudice, hatred of the Christians, and every old idea of Islamism; and the "red caps and tight trousers," who wish to advance on the road of reform. In Stamboul they are pretty equally divided, though one day priestly influence gives predominance to the one, while the next, Western diplomacy raises up the other. There can be no doubt that recent events will give ultimate victory to the radical party in this country, and the radical party is that which will give equality in every form to the Christians. The right to hold property unmolested, is the one boon the Christians ask in the first instance. This will probably be conceded and carried out. It will double the wealth of Turkey. Now every Christian who makes money goes away. There is little doubt that, when the projected reforms are carried out here, Turkey will be able to defend herself, unaided by the Western powers. All she wants is a pure executive, good laws, and a wise system of finance.

A GREEK WEDDING.

was in the autumn of 18—that I came in sight of Tenos, ere the family of my mother resided. I was one-and-twenty, and had not seen Greece for fifteen years. It will be dily understood that I was very much excited in my feelings when the small coasting vessel landed me at a little fishing village, where I was told that Leon Vogorides, my maternal uncle, resided. He was a fisherman and a sailor—a man who carried on a thriving business, employed numerous hands, and was as genial as he was rich. He received me with open arms, laughed at my ignorance of Greek, plied me with Tenos wine, and was as hospitable and kind as an uncle can be. But his reception was cold to me at I received from Penelope Vogorides. Penelope was a young woman, short in stature, with jet black eyes, raven hair, cheeks of rosy hue, and such a smile!—an anchorite would have melted from his austerity to look at her. She chattered and prattled, and laughed and sang, like a child of nature as she was; and my new-fangled ways and ideas, my wondrous voyages and travels, my tales of London, the vastness of which she could not credit, all afforded her infinite amusement and delight.

I fell in love with her, of course; this was to be expected; and after a certain amount of delay and hesitation, I was accepted by the father and daughter. Our marriage was fixed for the autumn, as I then was of age; and pleasant indeed were the summer months on that sunny isle, with my beautiful cousin by my side—my lovely, my dear Penelope.

One day a party of youths came and informed me that a distant relative of my own upon the hills was about to be married, and that there was to be a great jollification on the occasion. I was invited, and so was Penelope; but she had sprained her ankle several days before, and she yet insisted on my going.

So I went. It was half-a-day's journey up in the hills, and there was no conveyance. We accordingly started the day before, and rambling along, arrived at the village at a late hour. Early next morning we were aroused by the noise. The day's rejoicing had commenced.

A Greek island wedding is a very serious affair. It costs at least a year's income. All the friends are invited for a week's rejoicing, during which whole time, mirth and jollity are kept up. All went on very well until dinner time, when for the first time I learnt an extraordinary custom which alarmed me, who had been used to a very sober life. The first cup was filled, and the wine-masters of the feast, those whose duty it is to make the guests drink, began their office. Up went the cup, which every man and woman present had to drain to the very dregs. When this was done, the wine-captain went round, made each guest turn his cup up, and hold his thumb-nail under. If one drop, however small, however faint, of wine, trickled down, the guest was bound to drink another; and this lasted during the dinner, after dinner, at the dance, and up to a very late hour; in fact, until every body went off to rest, utterly incapable of supporting themselves any longer.

I drank frantically. I refused not one cup, I hesitated not after the first few glasses, but held my hand out for more. I was wild with excitement, I whirled about like a dancing dervish, I danced with the priest, I made them roar with laughter at my evident intoxication; in fact, I was the life and soul of the party, though, had there been one sober man present, he would doubtless have looked upon me as a raving idiot.

Next morning I rose with a fearful headache, pale, exhausted, ill, and in want of new stimulants. I drank wine before breakfast, and this revived me. I need scarcely enlarge on the whole week's debauch. I only recollect that on the seventh day I was quite mad. I had drunk deeply, and yet I determined to start on my way home, having a kind of vague idea I should die if I remained there much longer.

I started down the hill-side roaring some snatch of a song, rolling from side to side, laughing, and refusing all assistance. My companions, who were much more sober than I was, offered

to take my arm. I was irritated at having my sobriety doubted, and at last, on their insisting, some mad frenzy seized me, and away I went off the path, over rocks, down a ravine, helter-skelter, on a wild and hazardous course. They shouted to me to stop; I heard them, but heeded them not. I ran all the faster; and they, seriously alarmed, came after me as well as they could. But I was actuated by insanity; a wild and feverish power of locomotion aided me; I ran on, on, on, without fatigue; and yet I was rather heavy for my age.

I ran in this way for an hour, until I began to be out of breath. I was hot, glowing, mad. A river was before me. It had to be forded somewhere. I cared not how or where. I asked not was it deep or shallow, but I leaped desperately forward; my foot struck a stone, and I fell flat on my face in shallow water, stunning myself by the blow.

What followed only came to my ears a long time after. I became insensible, and was unconscious for about ten days. When I woke to life again in a sick chamber, I found curtains drawn around me, and a nurse looking curiously at me.

"Where am I?" I asked faintly.

"Hush!" was the only reply I received.

The old nurse then went out, and I distinctly heard a whispering outside. Then in came Penelope, very pale and very serious. She looked at me, and she saw by my smile of recognition that I knew her. She smiled in return, and then motioned me to be silent.

Days passed thus, until at last I could rise. I then found that I had an ugly scar over one of my eyes for life; and I noticed, worse than all, that Penelope grew cooler and cooler as I recovered, while her father was very serious.

At length, when I was quite well, the terrible truth was revealed to me.

The marriage was broken off. Penelope refused to marry one who could take so little care of himself.

I urged the novelty of the situation, the occasion, the custom of the island. All in vain.

"Penelope," I said, "do not break my heart. I cannot live without you."

"It is too late," she replied sadly; "I no longer love you."

It was agreed, then, that I should return to England, and give up my dear, my beautiful bride.

A few days before the time fixed for my departure, I sat down at the dinner-table of old Vogorides. It was the first time the doctor had left me free to eat and drink as I pleased. I ate my soup, my fish, my bread; I ate meat, and in every way exhibited the return of health. But I left the wine-cup untouched.

"Why do you not drink?" said Penelope with a laugh.

"I never will touch wine or spirits again," replied I, coldly and firmly.

"Will you have the courage to persist in that, Themistocles?" asked she, with a glow on her cheek.

"I will. Because I was weak once, it does not prove that I am weak by nature. Everybody is liable to temptation. The man who falls, and then resists the fall again, is a man of character and determination. I will never drink wine again."

"My dear husband," she cried, clasping me in her arms, "I love you more than ever. You thought my affection gone. No! I did but mean to try you. I was angry at your coming home in that disgraceful way; but I had never abandoned you in my heart. This resolution proves your affection. There is my hand."

I kissed her fervently; the old man laughed and clapped his hands. Before many days had elapsed, Penelope became my wife; she is now my dear companion in happy England, the head of my house, the mother of my children; and I am rich and prosperous.

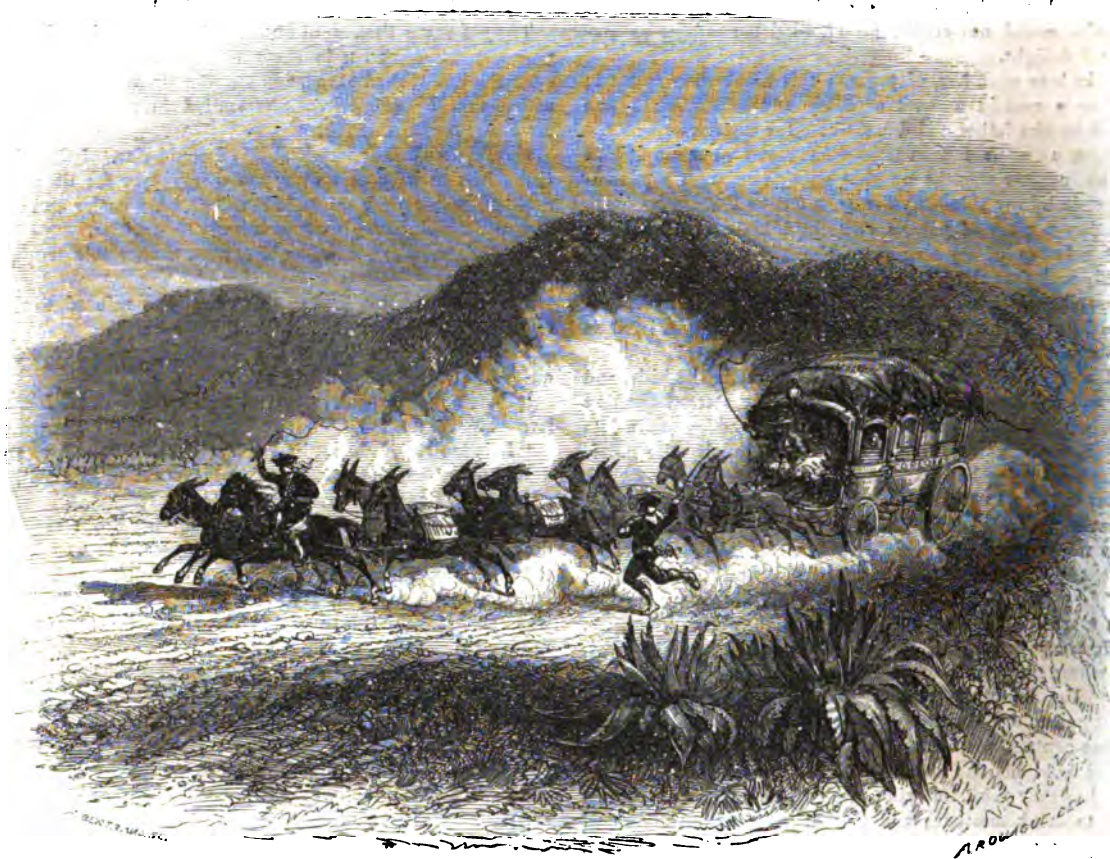
I never recovered my disgust of the grape-juice, and have never since tasted wine.

At my marriage even I violated all the rules of my native place, and though everybody else drank wine, I wholly abstained; and I must say, that the light in which I saw the carousing revellers did not tend to diminish my desire to remain what I am—a total abstainer.

THE SPANISH DILIGENCE.

THE days of diligences on the continent of Europe, like those of coaches here, have well-nigh passed away for ever. Those cumbrous vehicles—which were a heterogeneous compound of coach, van, and waggon, and looked as if they were made up of a brougham, half an omnibus, and a coach all stuck together, with a sort of canopy over the whole—are now things of the last generation, and will soon become antiquarian curiosities. They have disappeared to make way for a much more rapid means of conveyance. Instead of the French diligence, with its *coupé*, *interieur*, *rotonde* and *imperiale*, we have the first, second, or third class railway carriage. But in Spain, the march of improvement is far less speedy. There, the antiquated mode of travelling still exists, not merely in mountainous and unfrequented districts, but along the principal roads through the country. Our engraving

obliged to put up the windows to keep out the dust, which is thick enough to suffocate one, I will take the opportunity of describing our equipage. In the first place, we have eight, ten, and sometimes twelve mules, without guides, two and two. On one of the first pair sits the postillion; on the box is the *mayoral*, who drives the two wheelers; and by his side is seated the *zagal*. The *zagal* is the attached friend of the *mayoral*—like Pylades to Orestes, or Buryalus to Nisus. He is his right-hand man—his *side-de-camp*. If a trace is broken, the *zagal* is down from his seat in an instant. If a mule falls or turns aside, or if it is necessary to whip the team and get them into a gallop, the *zagal* is the man for the emergency. He follows the mules, runs by their side, whips them, hollows at them, and addresses speeches to them, such as Automedon, the charioteer of Achilles, delivered to his



A SPANISH DILIGENCE.

gives a good representation of diligence travelling in Spain. Those of our readers who may have gone from Boulogne or Calais to Paris in the old days of diligences will observe that, though we have here mules instead of horses, yet the general aspect of the vehicle, the postillion and the driver keeping up a constant gallop, and the clouds of dust rising on all sides, together make up a scene with which they are quite familiar. The following extract from the letter of a recent traveller, contains a lively and amusing sketch of the characters which figure in it.

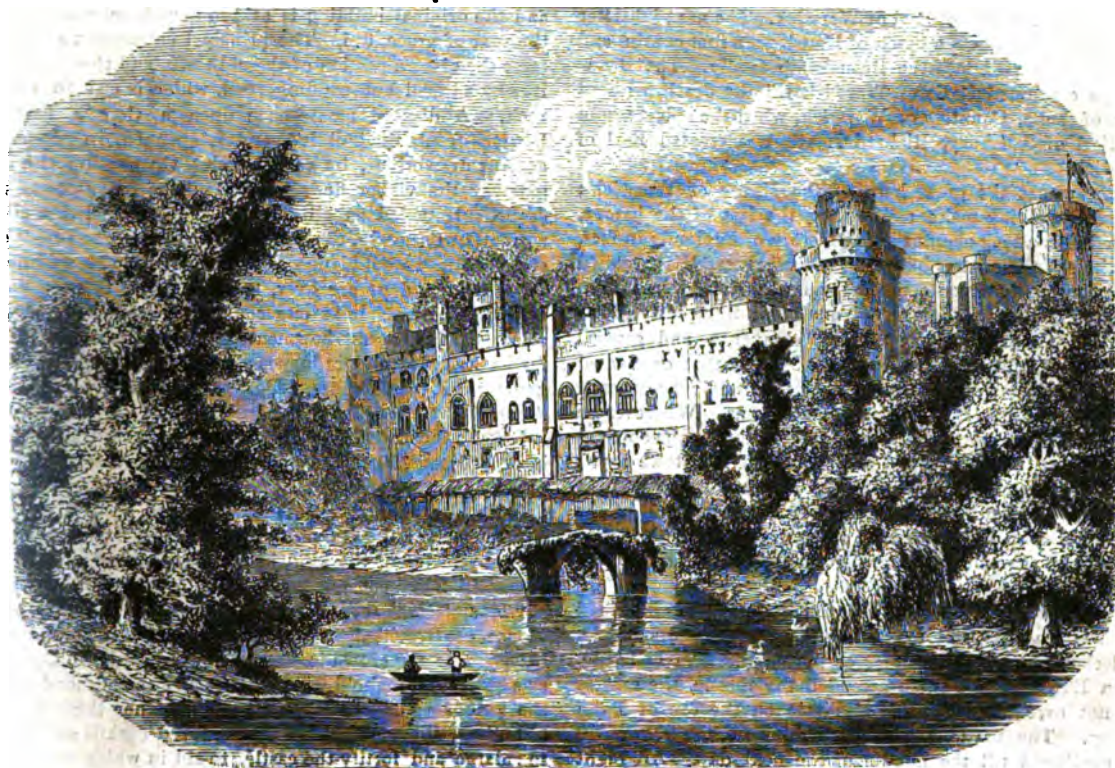
"The names of the travellers have been called over; the postillion has mounted the foremost mule; the *mayoral* and the *zagal* have shared the box between them; the smack of the whip is heard, and we are on our way towards Aranjuez. The road is dreary, we cannot see a single tree, and as we are

horses. He calls them by name, puts them upon their honour, encourages and reproves them. At one time we hear him crying out '*Capitana!*' at another, '*Coronela!*' and when he has once got them into a gallop, he catches hold of the traces, jumps up at a single bound to the box, and takes his seat beside the *mayoral*, who has observed all he has done with a majestic impassive silence. The *zagal* is peculiar to Spain, and flourishes on no other soil. He is generally little, vigorous, and active. He spends his life in jumping up, getting down, and running along by the side; and I question whether, since the days of the Olympic games, when the wrestlers rubbed themselves with sand, it has been possible to meet with any one more dusty, more dirty, with the hair more firmly clotted by sweat and dust, than he is when, panting and exulting, he mounts the box, after running with the mules for a quarter of an hour."

WARWICK CASTLE.

the Saxons were the masters of England, and had not established their authority, but identified themselves with the English people, the genius of their race became fully opened in the person of Alfred the Great. In him their culminated. He was their representative man. All the and courage of Saxon chivalry, all the learning and of Saxon scholarship, all the indomitable energy of nation, was seen in him. What Solomon was to Israel in old time, what Canute was to the Danes, Peter the to the Russians, Louis XIV. to the French, was Alfred to the Saxons. While he was king he had many a hard with the Danes. These warriors, trained to arms from youth, to whom battle was their ordinary business, who hipped brute force, and whose gods were but an incarnation of their own fighting, battling heroism, were no insignificant elements. They drove Alfred from his throne, and filled all and with terror. The people trembled no less at their

in the full foliage of trees, the sweet-smelling flowers, the rippling streams, the perfumed air, the sky intensely blue, and the golden sunshine that fell everywhere. Pity it would be if that host were to meet in fierce encounter, and leave the rich greensward a field of blood! Both parties thought so, perhaps; for they agreed that each should choose a champion to defend their cause, and by the issue of that single fight decide the combat. There was a man of gigantic stature, an African by birth, a very Goliath to behold, who stood forth as the Danish champion, and whose threatening glance and haughty words struck terror to all hearts. No, not all hearts; for there was a holy pilgrim just come from Palestine, who had looked on the little town of Bethlehem, trod the Dolorous Way, wept and bewailed at Calvary, and who, with fearless mien, went to the Saxon king and offered his services as the Saxon champion. It was the old story of Israel's deliverer over again. Here was another David come to do battle with



WARWICK CASTLE.

seemingly invincible foes, than they did at the magical portents which were said to herald their approach. At their advent, so the story went, the stars fought in their courses, whirlwinds swept over the land, and forest trees were torn up by the roots; while fiery dragons, of a wondrous wild and terrible appearance, flew in the air, and with hideous noise settled on lofty mountain heights. Everybody knows that Alfred overcame the Danes, that their magical Reafan fell into Saxon hands, and that Hingar's raven "hung down its wings without the least motion." But when Alfred was dead, and Edward, his son, reigned in his stead, the struggle between Danes and Saxons still went on, and sword and pestilence wasted the land.

During the reign of Athelstan, the Danes penetrated to the neighbourhood of Winchester, and both armies, Danes and Saxons, met. A noble sight it was—those stalwart spearmen, and those tall archers, straight and true as their own cloth-yard shafts. The splendour of a summer's day was about them,

a sling and a stone. He came in the palmer's weeds, and offered, as he loved the cross, to fight for England, and give up his life rather than her honour. So they let him have his way. He came—he saw—he conquered. The African giant lay still on the ground, and a dark red stain crept into the earth, as if to hide itself from the sunshine.

Who was it did this deed? It was Guy, Earl of Warwick. It may be that you are incredulous, that you would number this adventure among the tales that are told, would account it a fable or a myth. But in Warwickshire they will show you the very place where the battle occurred; will lead you to a towering cliff, still christened with the hero's name; and in Warwick Castle you may see his armour, the steel harness of this Saxon champion. If you require further proof, there is the story told in rhyme, which Sir Philip Sidney has well remarked, "stirs the heart more than a trumpet." Chaucer talks of Bevis and Sir Guy; is it not written in the "Legend of Sir Guy" and "Sir Guy and Amarant"? Is it not told of

by many an old English historian, and, moreover, is he not alluded to by Shakespeare as having done this very thing? You remember, in "King John," we hear of Guy's combat with "Colbrand the Giant, that same mighty man;" and that, in "Henry the Eighth," there is another observation to the same effect. Of course it has been denied that there ever was any such combat; it has been argued that all the historians differ in their dates, and that it is not alluded to by anybody until two or three hundred years after the occurrence is said to have taken place; and, in fact, it is stoutly denied that there ever was such a man at all—his existence is declared to be perfectly apocryphal, and his story a mere monkish legend. But there's the cliff, and here's the castle, and there his helmet and breast-plate!

The first Earl of Warwick, recognised by history, is one Henry de Newburgh, a younger son of Roger de Beaumont, Earl of Mellest, in Normandy; he was so created by the conqueror, and died in 1123. The title remained in this family till Thomas de Newburgh, dying in 1242 without children, left his half-sister heir to his estates, and she marrying first John Marechall, of the family of the Earl of Pembroke, and after his death John de Plessets, each of them took successively the title of Earl of Warwick. The next inheritor of the noble name was a baron of Hauslage, a first cousin, and from him it passed into the Beauchamp family. The Beauchamps continued Earls of Warwick till the death, without issue, of Anne, Countess of Warwick, when the eldest son of the Earl of Salisbury, Richard Nevil, was created Earl of Warwick.

Then comes the great hero of the House of Warwick; Warwick the king maker; Warwick, the last of the barons, whose life is a long chapter in the history of England; in fact, the whole of the contest between the rival roses. His extended connexions and immense possessions were joined in him to the most distinguished personal qualities; intrepidity, decision, and all the military virtues, eloquence and general talent, an affability and frankness of bearing that captivated equally all classes, a boundless hospitality and magnificence that enthroned him high among the commons. Wherever he resided he kept open house, and thirty thousand people are said to have been daily fed at his expense. Stowe says: "When he came to London he held such a house that six oxen were eaten at breakfast, and every tavern was full of his meat; for who that had any acquaintance in such house should have as much sodden and roast as he could carry upon a long dagger."

In the war of the rival roses, the Earl of Warwick sided with the Yorkists, and took an active part in the struggle. He declared he would conquer or die on the field of battle. When Edward the Fourth ascended the throne, the contest was not over. The two armies met on the eve of Palm Sunday. The battle began about four in the afternoon, and continued till the middle of the next day. All night long the din of the combat was heard, and when the morning dawned, it showed the scene of slaughter. The snow-covered ground stained with gore, fathers dying by the hands of their sons, sons dying by the hands of their fathers, and no less than thirty thousand dead lying on the ground. The Yorkists were victorious. A short time before the battle of Hexham, Edward privately married Lady Elizabeth Grey, the widow of Sir John Grey of Groby, who fell fighting for King Henry at the battle of St. Alban's. When the news of his marriage reached the Earl of Warwick he was greatly enraged; already he contemplated a foreign alliance, which should not only secure the crown for Edward, but considerably extend his dominions. The displeasure of the Earl increased as he found the favour and confidence of the king usurped by the relatives of the new queen; her friends occupying the posts of honour; her *protégés* basking in the sunshine of royal favour. Warwick was styled the King-maker. He had made Edward what he was, and now he was ready to undo all that he had already done. Warwick identified himself with the party of the late king. The strongest and most fearless Yorkist became Lancastrian, and exerted all his skill and

courage for the overthrow of the new king. Henry was for Margaret again in the field. Once more the land was a scene of struggle; again the forests of Old England resounded to the armed thousands that upheld the cause of the Red and the White Rose; again war was the master-spirit. At Barnet battle was fought, in which 9,000 men were slain, and among them Warwick the King-maker. The name of Warwick in itself a tower of strength; before it cheeks grew pale and strong arms shook. A host in himself, his death was the death of the cause he upheld; and when his body lay exposed on the pavement of St. Paul's Cathedral, hope died out in the breast of the Lancastrians. The battle of Tewkesbury was decisive.

Warwick Castle is the most magnificent of the ancient mansions of the English aristocracy. It is still used as a residence. It rears its beautiful pile of building on a rock which overhangs the Avon, a little to the south-east of the town. To the antiquarian, to the artist, to the historian, it presents peculiar charms, for it retains much of its old glamour of its grandeur of appearance, and is, in every respect, an interesting memorial of by-gone times. To Ethelfleda, daughter of Alfred, the foundation of this castle is ascribed, and the original building is said to have been commenced in the year of grace, 915. The principal entrance to the castle faces the eastern portion of the old town, and the approach to it is by a broad but winding road, which is cut in the solid rock. A disused moat—once upon a time a formidable barrier—fronts the building, and is spanned, in place of an ancient drawbridge, by a stone arch. On passing the double gateway the visitor finds himself in the inner court of the castle, surrounded on all sides by lofty embattled walls and ramparts. Formerly, the castle was a strong fortress—"whose stony strength would laugh a siege to scorn." Now, however, those golden days are over, and the place is as quiet and comfortable an abode as one could well desire. Once it was celebrated for its cross-bowments and impregnable walls; and for its batteries and ordnance; now for its pictures and gardens. A change has, indeed, come over the spirit of the dream!

Cæsar's tower, 147 feet in height, is supposed to have been built, at least, 700 years ago, but it is still in a state of perfect preservation. Guy's tower, 128 feet in height, and built in 1394, is also nearly perfect; it appears to be of a decorative character; and though very plain, is perhaps one of the most perfect remains of the kind in existence—curious alike as to composition and construction.

"It appears," says the author of the "Memoirs of the House of Greville," "by Domesday Book that the castle belonged to the crown in the time of Edward the Confessor as a special stronghold for the defence of the midland parts of the kingdom; and that Turkill was governor thereof for the king." William the Conqueror employed Turkill de Warwick to enlarge and fortify the castle, to aid in which undertaking the monks of Coventry were spoiled of six-and-twenty houses. In the days when King Stephen and the Princess Matilda were contending for the crown of the English realm, Warwick Castle was a place of great importance; and in the days of the second Henry it was garrisoned by that king, on account of the rebellion of his son. There is a curious account still remaining, which Bertram de Verdon, sheriff of the shire, sent in to his majesty for charges which he had been at in victualling the castle; thus:—To twenty quarters of bread corn, £6 13s. 4d.; for the like quantity of malt, 20s.; for fifty oxen, at 2s. a-piece, £5; to salting the same, £1 10s.; to cheese, £1; to repairing the castle, £5 7s. 11d.; to soldiers' pay, £30 10s. 8d.

In the time of Henry III. the castle was considered of such importance that the king's precept was sent to the Archbishop of York, requiring good security of Margaret, sister and heir of Thomas, Earl of Warwick, that she should not marry any person whatsoever in whom the king could not repose trust as in "his own self." The chief reason alleged was the strength of the castle and its vicinity to the marshes. In the troublous days of Henry III. it sustained many a siege; from time to

was beautified and repaired, and from time to time red and defaced. George, Earl of Warwick, did much to make the place more grand and noble than it had ever

While the civil war lasted between Charles I. and his son, it was garrisoned by the latter, and was besieged by Northampton. When the royalists gained possession of the place, it was besieged by its old masters, and defended at them for sixteen days by one small piece of ordnance and a few muskets. The castle was thoroughly repaired and beautified in the reign of Charles II.

Speaking of the old fortress, Sir William Dugdale says:—"Here is to be seen a large two-handled sword, with a helmet and a certain plate armour for horse service, which, as the tradition is, were part of the accoutrements sometime belonging to the famous Guy; but I rather think they are of much later date; yet I find that in the first of Henry VIII., the sword having that repute, the king granted the custody thereof to William Hoggesson, one of the yeomen of the buttery, or his sufficient deputy, with the fee of eleven-pence per diem for that service."

MOTHS.

butterflies, of some of the principal forms of which, and of their transformations, we gave a short account in a recent issue, furnish a very excellent illustration of the order of insects to which they belong. These insects are called *Lepidoptera*, or scaly-winged insects, from one of their leading characteristics, the possession of four filmy wings, thickly covered with minute scales, to which the beautiful colouring of the butterfly's wing is due. This, however, is not the only common character by which these creatures are at once united amongst themselves and distinguished from other insects: the completeness of the metamorphosis which they undergo, from a crawling caterpillar to a creature whose life is spent almost entirely on the wing, with an intervening state of perfect repose, is another distinction, which, although by means peculiar to the *Lepidoptera*, yet serves to separate them from several other orders of insects, in which the difference between the form of the creature on emerging from the egg and that which it is destined to acquire is much less. A more important character than the scaly covering of the wings is presented by the peculiar structure of the mouth, which in these insects consists of a long tongue rolled up in a spiral form between a pair of hairy organs, called *palpi* or *claspers*. Different as these delicate organs appear, at first sight, from the powerful jaws by which the caterpillar gnaws his destructive path through the produce of the garden and the field, the same parts, modified indeed in form, may yet be recognised in the perfect insect that existed in its crawling, worm-like, preparatory state. The strong biting jaws have become very small, although in most cases they are to be found concealed under the other organs of the mouth. But the second pair of jaws, with which the caterpillar masticates its food, have undergone a wonderful transformation—it is from these that the long spiral trunk has been formed. These, in the perfect insect, as in the caterpillar, are jointed organs; but in the former the terminal portion of each is drawn out into a long filament, furnished on its inner surface with two narrow ridges, which fitting exactly to those of the other filament, form by their union a long slender tube, piercing the trunk through its entire length. The lower lip of the caterpillar also shares in the changes undergone by all the neighbouring organs. In the preparatory state it is furnished with a pair of minute feelers and with a fine tube, the orifice of the silk apparatus, by means of which the creature, when ready to pass into the chrysalis condition, attaches itself to some point of support, or encloses itself in a silken bag, in obedience to the instincts implanted in it by nature. This tube, being of course useless to the insect in its last condition, is then no longer to be found; but the little *palpi* or feelers acquire an enormous development, and form the hairy bed in which the trunk is nearly concealed when coiled up in repose. The antennae, also, which in the caterpillar are very small, are converted in the perfect insect into long organs of very various forms; and the organs of vision, instead of consisting of a few little black points on each side of the head, are developed into those beautiful globular structures which may be seen to constitute the great bulk of the head in any of our common butterflies.

The most striking general difference between the two great groups of *Lepidoptera*, butterflies and moths, is to be found in

the form of the antennae, which in the former are always clubbed at the tip, whilst in the latter they are thread-shaped or tapering, or sometimes thickened towards the end, but afterwards tapering to a fine point. Another distinction, which is of still more importance in a scientific point of view, is that, in the moths, the wings of each side are united during flight by a small bristle attached to the anterior margin of the hind wing, which passes through a little loop formed on the hinder margin of the forewing; this arrangement is wanting in the butterflies.

In the sphinxes, which from their great power of flight are generally known by the name of *Hawk-moths*, the antennae are always thickened beyond the middle, but taper afterwards to a fine point. Some of these have trunks of great length, by means of which they extract the nectar of flowers, whilst hovering over them in the manner of a humming-bird. From this habit, and its size and general bird-like appearance when on the wing, one of the commonest of our native sphinxes has received the name of the Humming-bird Hawk-moth (*Macroglossa stellatarum*). A nearly-allied and very beautiful species is represented in the accompanying woodcut (fig. 1). This is the Drone-bee Hawk-moth (*Macroglossa fuciformis*), an insect only occasionally found in this country, but which appears to be common on the continent. The general colour of the body is a bright olive green, yellowish at the hinder extremity, where there is also a black tuft of hair on each side; across the middle of the body there is a dark brown band; the wings are transparent with a dark brown border, and the anterior pair have an olive-green patch close to the body. In the Humming-bird Hawk-moth, the wings are covered with scales throughout, but in form and habits the two insects very closely agree.

In the Death's-head moth (*Acherontia atropos*, fig. 2), which also belongs to the group of Hawk-moths, the trunk, instead of being very long, as in the preceding insects, is reduced to comparatively small dimensions, being scarcely longer than the head of the moth, whilst in the Humming-bird Hawk-moth it exceeds the whole body in length. The Death's-head moth is the largest of European moths, measuring sometimes upwards of five inches in expanse of wing; its general colour is a blackish-brown; the fore-wings are irregularly clouded with dull orange, and have a white spot near their middle; the hinder wings are dull orange with two brown bands. The body is banded with orange and black, and the appearance of the insect is rendered exceedingly remarkable by the very singular marking of the thorax. This bears a large dull orange patch, within which are smaller blackish spots, producing on the whole a by no means indistinct representation of the popular "death's head." This peculiar mark, coupled with the generally funereal character of the coloration of the insect, has on some occasions obtained for it an unenviable position in the popular mind, as its appearance in larger numbers than usual has been regarded, in some places, as portentous of an approaching pestilence. Singularly enough, in the year 1733, it appeared in great numbers in Brittany, simultaneously with a very fatal epidemic disease; and so completely did the weaker and more ignorant of the country people consider the insect as the cause of the distemper, that the sight of one was sufficient to produce the greatest fear in

the beholder, who regarded it as the messenger of approaching death. The Death's-head moth possesses another curious faculty, which no doubt conspired with the symbols of death with which it is ornamented to raise a feeling of superstitious dread in the minds of those whose attention was called to it for the first time; when irritated or handled, it emits a little plaintive cry or squeak. This circumstance has long been known, but although several eminent naturalists have endeavoured to explain the mode in which the sound is produced, they do not yet appear to have arrived at any satisfactory conclusion on the subject. The faculty of emitting a sound is probably connected with a singular habit of this insect, which renders its multiplication in unusual numbers an

supposed that the thick fur with which the moth is covered prevents the stings of the bees from reaching its body, but seems far more probable that it employs its power of emitting a sound, and perhaps some other means, to spread terror amongst the ranks of its assailants. The caterpillar of a moth is, as might be expected, of great size, measuring sometimes as many as four inches and a half in length, and two thirds of an inch in thickness. Like all the other caterpillars of the Hawk-moths, it has a longish horn attached to the back of the eleventh segment. It has also, in common with most of its near allies, the habit of raising the anterior segments of the body, supporting itself by adhering to the branch on which it rests by the membranous feet of the hinder



FIG. 1.—THE DRONE-BEE HAWK MOTH (*MACROGLOSSA FUCIFORMIS*).

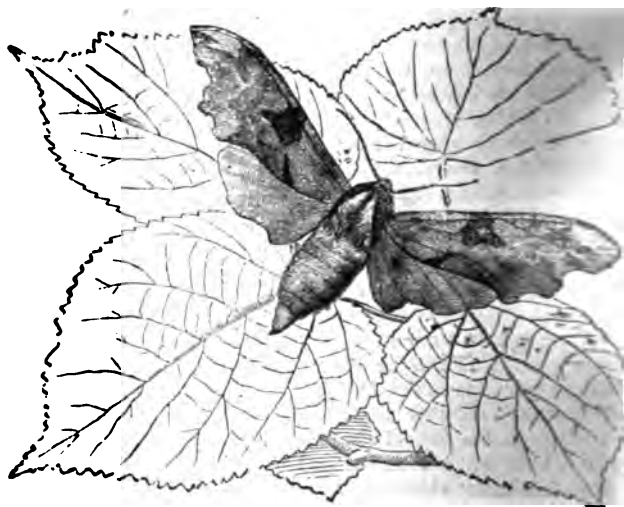


FIG. 3.—THE LIME HAWK MOTH (*SMERINTHUS TILIAE*).



FIG. 2.—THE DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH (*ACHERONTIA ATROPUS*).

object of real and well-founded dread to keepers of bees. The moth has a most gluttonous taste for honey, and is one of the most inveterate plunderers of bee-hives. The bees, on its entrance into their domicile, generally disperse immediately, as though in dread of the gigantic intruder, who is thus left to surfeit himself at his ease upon the sweet stores which these industrious creatures had laid up for their winter store. "It is singular," says Mr. Westwood in speaking of this circumstance, "that a creature, with only the advantage of size, should dare, without sting or shield, singly, to attack in their stronghold these well-armed and numerous people; and still more singular, that amongst so many thousands of bees, it should always contend victoriously." It has been

ments. In this attitude these caterpillars present to a fanciful mind a slight resemblance to the sphinx of the Egyptians, and this induced Linnæus to apply the generic name of *Sphinx* to the whole of these moths. The caterpillar of the Death's-head moth lives principally upon the potato, and the chrysalis are frequently turned up in digging up potatoes in autumn. The moth generally appears in October, but rarely flies by day.

Another very beautiful species of hawk-moth, very common in this country, is the Lime Hawk-moth (*Smerinthus Tiliae*, fig. 3), so called from its caterpillar feeding principally upon the common lime-trees. This moth has the fore wings much notched at the tip; it varies greatly in colour, but in the

riety most generally met with the wings are of a fawn colour, with a broad band at the tip, and two spots, about the middle of the fore wings, olive-green. In this moth the trunk is even shorter than in the Death's-head moth.

which the antennæ, at all events of the males, are toothed or pectinated on both sides; the little filaments forming the combs being frequently of such a length as to give the entire antennæ the appearance of a delicate feather. An instance of



FIG. 4.—THE GIPSY MOTH (*HYPOGYMNA DISPAR*).



FIG. 5.—*CHELONIA PUDICA*.



FIG. 6.—THE LAPPET MOTH (*GASTROPACHA QUERCIFOLIA*).

The antennæ in the hawk-moths are generally more or less toothed like a comb on the inner surface; but this character is by no means so striking in them as in some other moths, in



FIG. 7.—NEST OF PROCESSIONARY CATERpillars (*ONETHOCAMPA PROCESSIONEA*).



FIG. 8.—*FIDONIA PLUMISTARIA*.

this is presented by the male of the insect here figured, the Gipsy moth (*Hypogymna dispar*, fig. 4), which occurs not uncommonly in some localities in England. In appearance

the two sexes of this moth differ considerably from each other; the male is much smaller than the female, and is of a grayish colour, with some blackish lines and spots on the fore wings, whilst the female is white with dusky lines, describing much the same pattern as in the male. The caterpillar feeds on fruit-trees. A very common and beautiful British insect, nearly allied to this, is the great Tiger moth (*Arctia caja*), which is produced from the large hairy bear-like caterpillars, often seen feeding upon nettles and other hedge-side plants. The *Chelonia pudica*, (fig. 5) is another very beautiful species, nearly allied to the two preceding. The ground colour of the wings is a pinkish white, the hinder wings, especially in the female, being of a delicate pink colour. The fore wings are nearly covered with a number of black spots, and the hind wings have two or three similar spots of variable size. The body is spotted or banded with rose colour and black.

The feathered structure of the antennæ is also observable in the male of the Lappet moth (*Gastropacha quercifolia*, fig. 6), the caterpillar of which feeds on various trees. This and some allied species of moths have received from collectors the name of Lappet moths, on account of the curious fleshy appendages attached to the sides of the body of the caterpillar and which completely conceal the feet. These caterpillars are very hairy, and when handled the hairs penetrate the skin and produce considerable inflammation and itching. The moths are also called *Eggers*, from the chrysalis being enclosed in a very smooth, fine, egg-like cocoon. The Lappet moth (*Gastropacha quercifolia*), represented in the annexed cut, is rendered further remarkable by the curious position assumed by the hinder wings during repose; these, instead of being concealed by the upper wings, as is the case in other moths, project on each side in the form of rounded notched leaves, giving the creature a very singular appearance. The general colour of the insect is a deep reddish brown, marked with blackish lines. The silk-worm, with the manufactured produce of whose beautiful cocoon we are all familiar, is the caterpillar of a moth (*Bombyx Mori*) belonging to the same group as the Lappet moth; and many of our common moths also weave cocoons in which to pass their season of repose in the chrysalis state. But the most singular application of this power of silk-spinning is exhibited in the history of some moths, also nearly allied to the preceding, whose caterpillars live together in numerous societies, retiring, after feeding, to a capacious nest of tolerably firm texture, woven by themselves from the materials afforded by their own bodies. Some of these, as the Processionary caterpillar (*Cnethocampa processionæ*, fig. 7), quit their nest, which is generally attached to oak-trees, in a regular and well-ordered procession; one caterpillar takes the lead, and is followed by others in single file generally for a space of about two feet; they then come in pairs for a time, then three, four, and five abreast, and so on, until they sometimes march ten or even twenty in a row. All the movements of the leader are faithfully copied by those who follow.

Another species, the Pine processionary (*Cnethocampa pityocampa*), attaches its nest to pine-trees, and both these insects have been said to occur in Britain, although upon very doubtful authority. The principal enemy of these moths is the larva of a large and very voracious beetle, the *Calosoma sycophanta*, which breaks into their nests and commits vast havoc upon the defenceless inhabitants; one of these savages is represented in our cut, just seizing his prey in the interior of a nest, which is supposed to be torn open. Occasionally, however, the tyrant pays dearly for his feast; for when gorged, he is no match for more active and hungry members of his own species, who, disappointed perhaps by the vacant nest of their expected prey, feel no scruples about taking it at second-hand by an act of cannibalism. Nearly allied to these, and especially to the silk-worm moth, is the gigantic Atlas moth (*Saturnia Atlas*), which inhabits the East Indies and China. This moth measures between eight and nine inches in expanse of wing; and other species nearly as large are found in several tropical countries. Many of these insects—some of which furnish a silk which is used in manufactures—have singular

transparent spots in the centre of the wings, looking as though pieces had been cut out and replaced by fragments of talc.

Of the remaining groups of moths our space will not allow us to say much, and we shall only refer to one of the most interesting and numerous of them—the family of *Geometra*, the caterpillars of which are known to collectors by the name of *Loopers*. This name, as well as the scientific one (*Geometra*), is derived from the singular mode of locomotion adopted by the caterpillars. These, possessing only a single pair (and that the hindmost) of the membranous feet on which other caterpillars support the greater part of the body, are unable to crawl like their more fortunate brethren; accordingly, in walking, they stretch the body out to its full length, when they attach themselves by the anterior feet, and then, drawing up the body in the form of a loop, bring the hinder feet close up to the others, attach them, and repeat the process until they have attained their desired position. Hence they appear to be constantly measuring the distance over which they travel, and from this circumstance the name of geometric caterpillars has long been applied to them. They have also a singular habit of adhering to a branch by their hinder feet, and stretching out the rest of the body in such a manner as to present a very close resemblance to a dead twig: and thus, no doubt, they often elude the vigilance of their enemies. The moths produced from these caterpillars, one of which is represented in the annexed engraving (fig. 8), are of a much lighter make than those already described; their bodies are slender, their wings soft and weak, and their flight irregular and fluttering. They are mostly truly nocturnal insects, very few of them being ever seen in the day-time. Space, unfortunately, forbids our entering upon the history of the vast numbers of smaller moths which form the concluding groups of the *Lepidoptera*; but their economy presents much to attract the attention even of the most careless observer; and the singular habits of the leaf-rolling and leaf-mining caterpillars will afford a never-failing source of interest to any one who will take the trouble to study them.

DOWN A WELSH COAL-PIT.

ONCE upon a time an exciseman at Merthyr Tydvil was overcome with liquor and fell fast asleep. Excisemen are not generally a popular class among the Britishers. There are many who owe them a grudge. This was the case with our hero. Accordingly, the enemy, in the shape of a dozen dusky colliers, made their appearance, and deposited their ignoble prize

“ Full many a fathom deep,”

as Tom Campbell sang, in a coal-pit. From his glorious dreams, in which most undoubtedly he fancied that he

“ Dwelt in marble halls,”

in time the exciseman woke. Wonderingly he opened his eyes and looked around him. Where was he? His troubled conscience suggested the answer. His fears had become true; he had been condemned for his sins to that fearful locality, which a fashionable clergyman told his hearers he would not name in so respectable and well-dressed an assembly. Everything around the stupefied exciseman was dark and drear. There he was, far away from the light of the sun and the haunts of men. At length a light appeared in the distance—it came nearer—by its glare a form somewhat resembling the human was distinctly visible. As it came nearer, the exciseman felt with Hamlet—

“ Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring'st with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee.”

Accordingly he did, and told a melancholy tale—how he had been an exciseman on earth, how he had been guilty of the vice of drinking, and how he felt he was little better than one of the wicked. The joke had now been carried far enough

d not unreluctantly the exciseman was again suffered to joy the light of day.

We can imagine many a man equally frightened with the ciseman. A coal-pit does seem the entrance to the infernal gions. It is generally situated by the side of some bleak ll, where there are but few signs of life; a cloud of smoke om the engine or engines hangs heavily all round. The orkmen, of whom there may be many, are all out of sight, ith the exception of a few lads, who stand at the mouth of ie pit to unload the coal waggons as they come up, or to run em on to the tramroad that connects the colliery with the ighbouring railroad or canal. You seize the opportunity, and nd yourself rapidly descending, perhaps two hundred yards elow the surface. In South Wales there are few collieries eeper than this. Here a candle is put into your hands and guide with another leads the way. Woe be to you if you ave not previously changed your dress for one better suited o the lower regions than that usually patronised by gentle- en in the upper world. If the vein of coal be a pretty good ne, you will be able to walk along without much trouble. You can generally do so on the principal road or heading. But you must keep your eyes open, or a shocking railway accident may possibly occur; for here you will find railroads and mineral trains, drawn, however, by horses. As you proceed, you will see numerous passages on each side which lead to the "stalls," in which the men work—and hard work it is. A great block is first undermined, and then cut out by wedges

driven into the solid coal. If you enter at the proper time you may find a small party in one of the passages, seated upon coal and dining and smoking. The fare is very poor, but we have seen the colliers very merry over their bottle of tea and bread and cheese, for tea is the general beverage. Not that the men are teetotalers. Unfortunately, many of them manage to make up on the Saturday and Sunday for all the abstinence of the previous part of the week. But in the pit they adopt Father Mathew's principles, and manage, on the whole, to do a good deal of hard work and to drive away dull care. As we saw them seated, each with a lighted candle by his side, that shed just light enough to make darkness visible, they seemed fitting ministers of that

"rare old fellow
Who sate where no sun could shine."

Little else is to be seen in a coal-pit. There are doors by which the air is forced along the different passages; there are engines by which the water is drained off; there is the constant communication between the upper and the lower world, all going on with a methodical exactness which can only be violated with loss of life. Let the engine cease, and immediately the pit would be filled with water. Let a workman rashly enter his "stall" with a candle instead of a safety-lamp, and death is the result; and yet the men are generally rash in the extreme. Men get used to danger. Familiarity with it breeds contempt of it.

GENERAL CHANGARNIER'S SWORD.

SOME men win honours, some men have honours thrust upon them. Of the latter is General Changarnier, one of those young African soldiers of France who were brought home in 1848 to serve the Republic, in company with Lamoriciere, Cavaignac, and others. For a time he took no very important part in public affairs; but at last both he and most other soldiers of fortune of the hour saw hope of advancement and of war in the advent of Louis Napoleon Buonaparte. When the latter was elected president, Changarnier placed his sword at his disposal.

The republican party took alarm. It was believed that if Louis Napoleon were allowed to last four years he would betray his oath, and overthrow the government the people had fought for. A large section thought that the time was come to move. The secret societies were re-organised. But this was a great mistake. The fearful June insurrection, which was got up by the Buonapartist and Legitimist parties, to destroy sympathy with liberty, had cost Paris so dear, that there was not a shadow of a chance for an insurrection. The blood of the 20,000 slain in June, 1848, was yet scarcely cold; and though dissatisfied, and fully aware of the intentions of Louis Napoleon, the masses were not disposed to do battle again. A certain party of leaders thought otherwise, and determined to hurry on the catastrophe. Small meetings were held in different parts of Paris, arms were collected, an organisation commenced, and at last a day was fixed.

But the insurgents insisted upon having well-known men at their head. On other occasions they had fought, won the battle, and returned to their homes, leaving men who were quietly at home to reap the benefit. This time they wished those they fought for to come and place themselves at their head. Ledru Rollin was asked to do so. He told the men of the barricades that the time was not yet come. The old insinuation of coward was at once hurled at him, and in an unfortunate impulse of pique and anger, Ledru Rollin resolved to appear as the man of the insurrection before it commenced. The co-operation of a certain portion of the artillery of the national guard was certain, with Colonel Guinard at its head.

On the 13th June, then, Ledru Rollin and one or two other deputies, followed and supported by some national guard and artillerymen, marched through the streets to a public build-

ing in the centre of the district usually the first to make barricades. It was intended that the members of the late Provisional Government should sit at the *Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers*, while the insurrection thundered around. But there they sat; not a barricade rose, not a mob collected, which was the less surprising, that barricades are seldom commenced, except under great excitement, at any time but dawn. The people were not prepared to do battle with the future emperor; and after a short time, the representatives sitting at the *Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers* were compelled to disperse ingloriously and seek safety in England.

Meanwhile General Changarnier was winning his sword. A great crowd had collected on the Boulevards, when it was known that there was an insurrection afloat. Near the Rue de la Paix were congregated a mass of men, women, and children, talking of the rumours afloat; some regretting the news, some hoping there was going to be a battle, but all talking, as in the pit of a theatre between the acts. Suddenly up charged the valiant general Changarnier, at the head of a brilliant staff, and a regiment of guards and lancers. The crowd were alarmed at the wild way in which the cavalry rode about, and the chairs which line this part of Paris, were hastily cast across the street to stop the horses, and the crowd fled. The general and his officers and men charged, and cleared "the barricade," as it was described in the *Moniteur*; after which they galloped in all directions, taking many prisoners, and alarming several old women and some nursery maids and children very much. Having executed this manœuvre, the general and his army of observation rode round to the headquarters of "the insurrection," which, however, was nowhere to be found. Nevertheless, it was declared that the general had that day saved society, and the sword portrayed in our engraving was presented to him as a memorial of the exploit. The subsequent career of General Changarnier is familiar to all. He is well known to be a royalist, and when he saw that Louis Napoleon meant to cut the Gordian knot of dispute, by taking the crown himself, he left him. When the *coup d'état* of the second of December burst upon the amazed and deluded Paris public, General Changarnier was arrested and sent into exile, there to ruminate on the proverbial gratitude of princes.

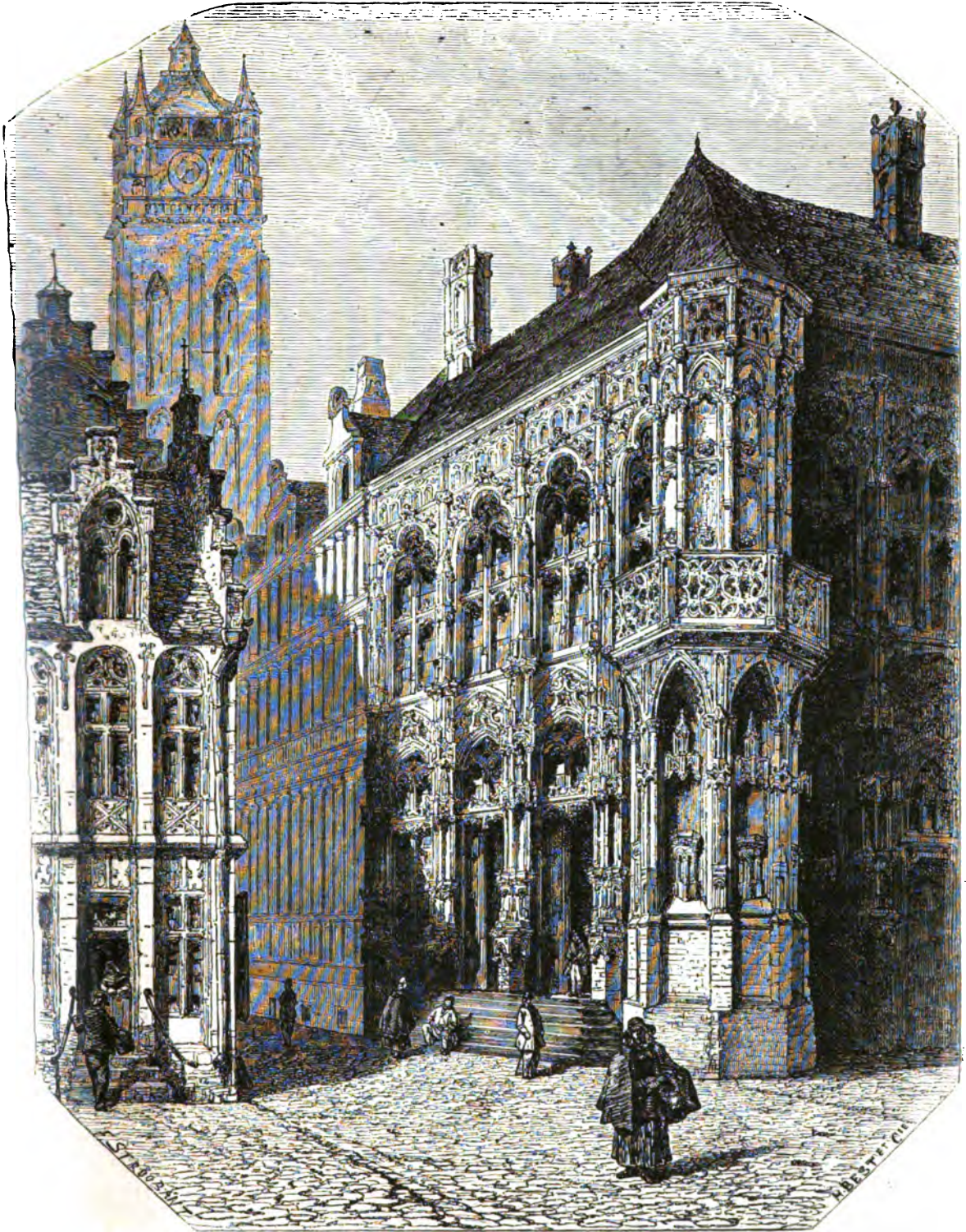


SWORD PRESENTED TO GENERAL CHANGARNIER (MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, LONDON).

THE HOTEL DE VILLE AT GHENT.

A vast edifice exhibits on its various *façades* the genius of the far distant in point of time and altogether diverse in character. The most recent contains nine or ten stories of

One single window, in the pointed style, richly adorned with trefoil-work, rises from the base to the summit of the building. As far back as the thirteenth century, the powerful muni-



VIEW OF THE HOTEL DE VILLE AT GHENT.

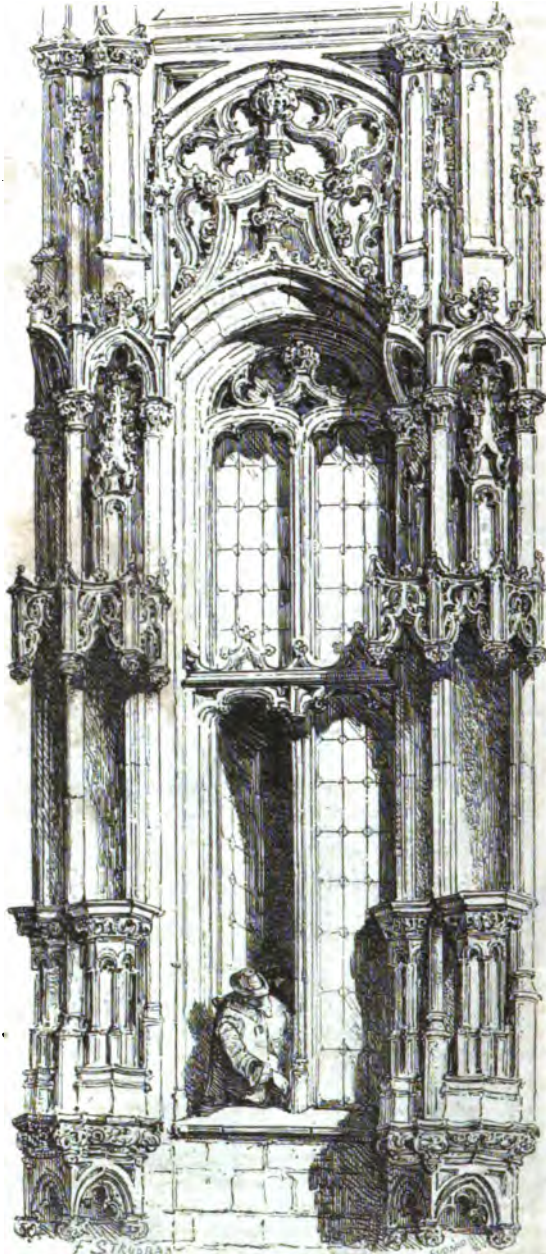
square common-place windows; another is adorned with classic colonnades of the seventeenth century. The north *façade* is one of the grandest specimens of the Gothic style.

city of Ghent possessed an Hotel de Ville, which then bore the modest title of the court-house. It was rebuilt in the following century; but the new edifice, with regard to

the architecture of which we have few particulars, was remarkable neither for its magnitude nor any other circumstance, having lasted only about a hundred years.

The first stone of the present Hotel de Ville was laid on the 4th of July, 1481. Two architects who then enjoyed high repute, Dominique de Waghemakere and Rombaut Keldermans, had prepared the plans for it. The civil commotions which agitated the city of Ghent in 1488 and 1540, besides other obstacles, frequently interrupted the building, which was entirely suspended at the time of the religious wars. From 1580 to 1618 the work of construction was carried on without

time the most forced and the least pure. As their ornamentation is executed in soft stone, it has suffered greatly from the effects of time, and it would be no easy matter now to restore it to its original beauty. The *façade* opposite the butter-market, and in the modern style, is about a hundred and thirty feet long and forty in height. There are three rows of rectangular windows with stone cross-bars, fifty-four in number, separated by Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian columns. Classical in arrangement, pure in style, and imposing in magnitude, this *façade* has no other defect than an excessive uniformity, which gives it a cold, monotonous aspect.



ONE OF THE WINDOWS OF THE HOTEL DE VILLE AT GHENT.

interruption; but as the pointed style of architecture was, under the influence of the classic reaction, considered barbarous, and had consequently fallen into disrepute, the more recent portions of the structure were built in the Romanic style, and even the part of one of the pointed *façades* which yet remained incomplete was finished in that style. This hybrid mixture of two such different styles of architecture is offensive to the eye of a tasteful observer. The ancient portions are in the florid or tertiary style—the richest, but at the same

In the interior of the Hotel de Ville the principal object of attraction is the chapel, which was completed in the year 1533. What is called the throne-room is of large dimensions and richly adorned. In another hall there is a very interesting collection of antiquities relating to the place. The archives of the city abound in ancient documents, some of which belong to a remote antiquity extending as far back as the eighth century—among others, a charter bearing the signature of Eginhard, secretary to Charlemagne.

THE UNCLE'S RETURN FROM ABROAD.

45 years ago, before England was so thickly interlaced with trunk lines and branch lines of railway running in all directions, there lived in a small village, not far from Liverpool, an ironmaster's widow named Stedman, who had been visited with heavy misfortune. Her eldest son had been lost in a shipwreck, leaving four younger brothers and sisters to her care. This unhappy event had postponed and apparently broken off the marriage of her daughter Constance, while it had injured the prospects of her son Martin, who was obliged to leave school before his time in order to work on the farm.

But amid the anxiety and depression into which the family were plunged, a ray of hope suddenly burst forth. A letter, written at Liverpool, announced that a brother of Mr. Stedman's, who went abroad twenty years before, had just arrived in that port, with some natural curiosities from India. The letter gave rise to all sorts of conjectures. Though it contained no precise information, Martin thought he detected, in the easy style in which it was worded, undoubted evidence that his uncle had come back with his pocket well-filled and his heart well-disposed towards the family. "Ah," said the widow with a sigh, "if my poor Walter had been alive, he would now have had a valuable friend." Martin was sure he would have no difficulty in obtaining the post of steward to a neighbouring nobleman through the powerful influence of his rich uncle; for the letter said he would be with them the following day with all he possessed, which, as Martin read it, meant that he would take care not to forget them.

Preparations for the arrival of the expected nabob were commenced forthwith, on a scale of unusual liberality. Scarcely were they completed when one of the children, who was on the watch outside, ran in, crying out,

"He is come! he is come!"

"Who?" shouted the rest.

"Uncle Stedman, to be sure," was the answer; and at the same moment a clumsy, uncouth-looking man stood on the threshold, with a green parrot on his left hand, and a sort of monkey fastened to his right.

The little children ran in terror to hide themselves behind their mother, who herself could not help shrieking with alarm. The rest of the family were stupified with astonishment.

"What!" said Stedman, smiling; "are you afraid of my little menagerie? Come, shake hands—you have nothing to fear. Yours is a dusty road, and I have had rather a long walk to find you out."

"You don't mean to say you have walked all the way from Liverpool?" replied Martin. "What have you done with your luggage?"

"Luggage! you don't suppose a man like me goes about with more luggage than he can carry on his back."

"But your letter said you had come to reside permanently among us, with all that you possessed."

"Well, you see all I possess," cried Stedman, "my monkey and my parrot."

"What! is that all?" shouted the whole family.

"With a light heart and a good conscience, I want nothing more. But as I am rather hungry after my walk, and I see you have plenty to eat, I will begin at once, if you please, without any ceremony."

Thereupon he commenced operations with a degree of zest that was anything but gratifying to the widow and her family, who looked at each other in mute astonishment. In the course of conversation, which Martin carried on with his uncle during his hearty meal, the latter stated that he had spent twenty years in India, and had now come home without any other possession than a good temper and a good appetite. The effect of this announcement was immediately visible in the look and manner of every member of the family. One of the little ones having been chased round the room by the mischievous monkey, the mother ordered it to be sent to the stable; and the parrot having ventured on to the table, to pick up what he could get from the dishes, Martin exclaimed that this sort

of thing could not be tolerated any longer. Constance and Julia said nothing, but went off out of the room.

The uncle, left alone with Martin, who scarcely disguised his sullen disappointment, after emptying his glass for the third or fourth time, stuck his elbows on the table, and looking his nephew quietly in the face, said: "There seems to be a sort of north-east wind in your house. You all look very coldly upon me, and nobody has yet said a kind word. Is this the way you receive an uncle who has been absent for twenty years?"

Martin replied rather sharply, that they had given him the best reception they could with their slender means.

"But at any rate," said his uncle, "you need not have looked quite so sour and behaved so coldly. However, enough upon this disagreeable subject; but mind what I say, you will repent of this by-and-by."

With that he cut another large slice of meat, and began eating again, as though he had not tasted a morsel. Martin was struck with his last remark, which he turned anxiously over in his mind. "My uncle would never," thought he, "have adopted this free-and-easy manner with us, if he really possessed nothing more than this nasty monkey and that screeching parrot. He is only playing a trick to put us to the test. We must immediately try if we cannot retrieve our fault. Full of these thoughts he ran to his mother and sister to communicate his surmise. They both hastened back to the room with smiling looks, and began to pay the uncle all sorts of kind attentions. The latter, gazing attentively upon Constance, who had taken a seat opposite to him, said in a pensive tone: "Ah, how much you are like my poor brother George. This is not my first acquaintance with you. Your name has often been mentioned in my hearing."

"By whom?" replied the astonished girl.

Before her uncle could answer, a voice was heard crying, "Constance!" She turned round in amazement, but saw no one. "Ah! you don't know who it is that is calling you," said her uncle.

"Constance! Constance!" repeated the strange voice.

"It is the parrot!" exclaimed Martin.

"The parrot!" answered his sister; "but who could have taught it my name?"

"Somebody who has not forgotten it," slyly rejoined her uncle, at the same time winking his eye in a very knowing way.

"Was it you, uncle?"

"No, my dear; but a young man born in this village."

"What, Mark?"

"I believe that is his name."

"Have you seen him, then, uncle?"

"Yes, I came home in the same vessel with him."

"And he has spoken——"

"Of you," said her uncle, divining her thoughts, "and often enough, as you see, for the parrot to remember your name."

Constance blushed with delight, and her mother could not conceal her satisfaction, for she had always favoured the proposed match between Mark and her daughter. They were still more gratified when they heard that the young lover was only detained at Liverpool by necessary formalities, and would, in all probability, be with them the next day. Constance could no longer restrain herself; she flew to her uncle's arms in a transport of joy.

"Well, now we are friends, I suppose," said he, smiling. "That you may not be tired of waiting for your beau, I will give you my parrot, which will talk to you about him."

She again kissed her uncle with a thousand thanks, and took the bird, which jumped upon her shoulder and said plainly: "How do you do, Constance?"

The whole family roared with merry laughter.

"You have made one happy, at any rate," said the widow.

"I should be glad to do the same for you," replied her brother-in-law, in a serious tone; "but I am afraid of awakening a painful recollection in your mind."

"You mean with regard to my son Walter," said she, with all a mother's promptitude and fondness.

"I do," he rejoined. "When he was shipwrecked, we were unfortunately separated. If we had happened to have been on board the same vessel, who knows but I might have saved him again, as I did once before?"

"It is true, you did once save him. I ought never to have forgotten it."

"Never mind about that; it was no more than my duty. But this time it was impossible to repeat the service. When our ship came up, Walter's had been wrecked a fortnight. All I was able to do for him was to find out where he was buried, and erect a frail memorial over his grave. I managed, however, to find out where his watch was; and here it is for your acceptance."

With these words he offered her a handsome silver watch,

"No," was the reply, "certainly not. I have brought him up and kept him ever since he was born. He is my servant and companion wherever I go. I would not sell him for ten times his value. But who wants to buy him?"

"A nobleman's son, who was passing just now, saw the animal, and was so pleased with it that he desired me to purchase it, and take it to him."

"Tell him I won't part with it for any money."

"But consider, uncle, what disappointment you are causing by this refusal. The nobleman has promised to make me his steward, and I should be very sorry to disoblige his son."

"Yes, indeed," said his mother; "if Martin can only obtain that situation, he is made for life."

"Then take him, and welcome; only be sure and say I hope they will use him well."



THE UNCLE'S RETURN FROM ABROAD.

which she seized with passionate eagerness, and kissed again and again. All the female members of the family wept. Martin himself was deeply moved, and his uncle was obliged to cough in order to conceal his emotion. The coldness and restraint which was before exhibited, completely melted away. He assured them he had come back as poor as he went out, and that, in telling his nephew they would one day repent of their coolness, he merely meant they would regret having unkindly treated a good-natured relative. Yet both mother and daughter continued to lavish upon him those attentions which they had previously paid from mere motives of interest. Just as he was about to bid them adieu, Martin, who had gone out for a minute or two, came back and asked him whether he would sell his monkey.

Martin ran off with his prize, and presented it to the young lord, who prevailed upon his father to make the appointment of which he had long spoken. The joy of the whole family, on hearing this intelligence, may be easily conceived. To atone for her fault, the widow candidly confessed the interested views by which she had been influenced when she first received her brother-in-law's letter. He laughed outright at the joke of their expecting so much from him, when he had brought only two useless animals.

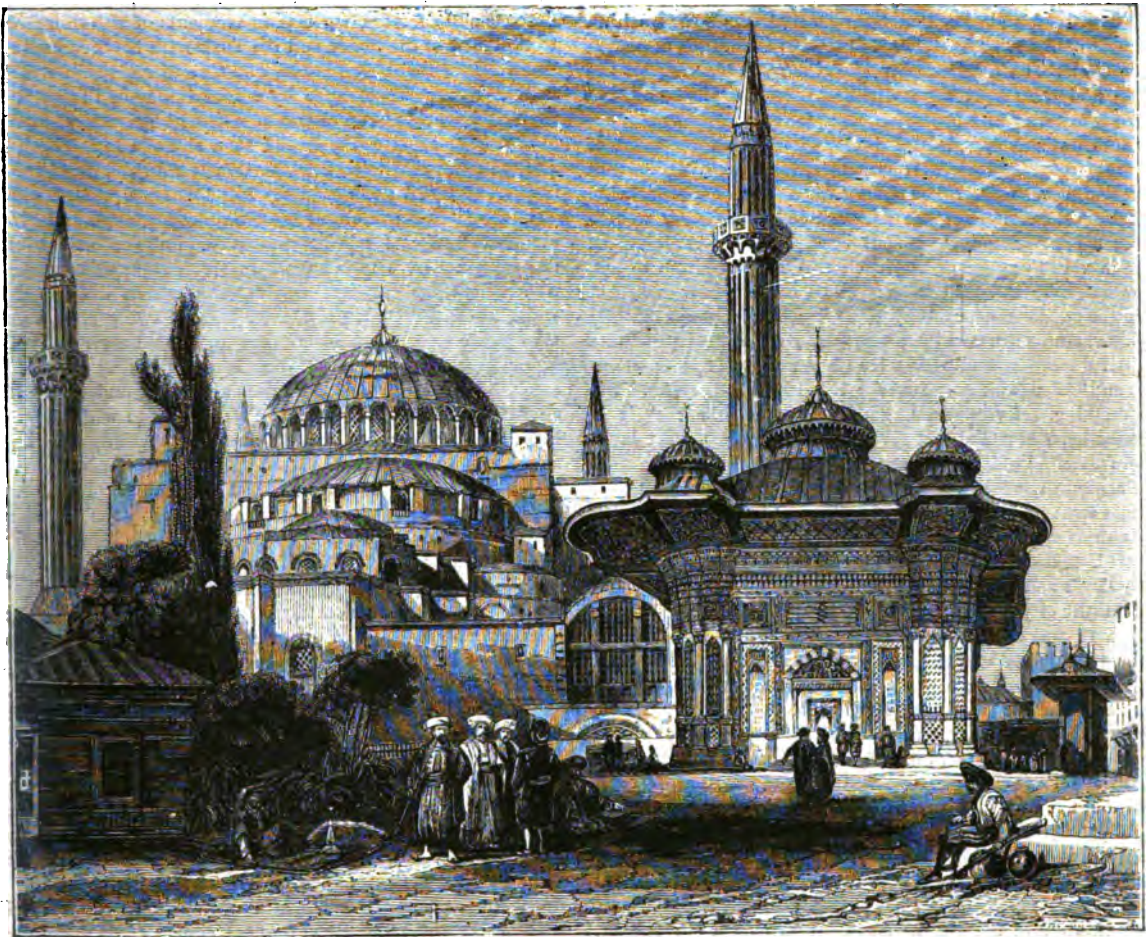
"You are mistaken," said Constance, mildly; "you have brought three invaluable treasures; for, thanks to you, my mother has now a memento of her lost son, my brother has a good situation, and I," she added, hesitating and blushing, "I have—hope."

THE MOSQUE OF SANTA SOPHIA.

ONE of the most celebrated buildings in the Turkish capital is the Mosque of St. Sophia. Everybody there goes to see it. Some are stricken with astonishment, and come away deeply impressed with the grandeur of the whole design, and the solemnity of the venerable place; some are disappointed—they have thought it greater and grander than it really is, have pictured to themselves a realisation of old Arabian stories, a building that seemed as if it had been erected at the spell of the wonderful lamp—and the reality being surpassed by the ideal, they come away to grumble, and to jest at white-washed walls and Moorish carpets. But whatever may be the result of the visit, the visit is sure to be made. St. Sophia's Mosque

again fell into neglect. There was more sedition, and another fire, and then came the terrible event of the circus, in which about thirty or forty thousand people perished.

The erection of a really splendid building—a building such as Constantine intended, Constantius contemplated, and Theodosius dreamt of—was reserved for the emperor Justinian, who determined, so say the chroniclers, to “erect the most magnificent monument that had been raised since the creation.” East and west, north and south, the emperor looked for help. Every country was to be put under tribute; every land was to send some decoration; the emperor would search the world for its treasures and have but one altar for the offer-



THE MOSQUE OF SANTA SOPHIA.

is the lion of the place, and really well deserves its proud position.

The original structure was built by the Greeks, and is the largest and most magnificent church ever erected by them. After the emperor Constantine had seen the blazing cross in the air, had shaken off his paganism, and adopted the creed of Christians, and had found that by the cross he conquered, he determined to build at the capital, which had been christened with his name, a splendid structure in honour of the new faith. So he erected a basilica, and dedicated it to the wisdom of God. After this, one or two emperors added to the edifice; but it fell into bad repair, as it was not properly cared for. When the Arians, in a riot about Chrysostom, set it on fire, it was suffered to remain in ruins, and even after Theodosius had begun to see to its restoration, the work

ing. The church of St. Sophia was to rival Solomon's temple; the satraps of Asia and the governors of provinces were to make careful search for marble for columns, and sculptures of every kind which might prove useful in the new building. “Art,” says Mr. Christie, in his paper on Mosaic work—to which we are indebted for some of these particulars—“was then at a low ebb; they had lost the art of design; they were obliged to steal their brooms ready made; and soon the spoils of temples, baths, and porticoes, which ornamented the Asian and European continents, and even isles in the sea, poured into Byzantium.” Ephesus sent the spoils of her beautiful temple of Diana; Baalbec surrendered the glories of its Sun temple; heathen magnificence poured out its treasures before the Christian temple; and along with the trophies of ancient art came workmen from all parts of the world, ten or twelve

thousand men were engaged, and two Greek architects set to work to build the last great wonder of the world—more marvellous than an Egyptian labyrinth, durable as Pharaoh's pyramids, gigantic as the walls of Babylon—more sacred than the tomb of Mausolus or the Jupiter Olympus, and more astonishing than the brazen Apollo—the colossus of Rhodes. It was said, an angel had communicated to the emperor the exact size of the building, had given him an actual, tangible, mathematical ground-plan; so he devoted himself to the work with great earnestness, pressed on the labour with becoming expedition, had a gallery especially erected, from which he might behold the busy scene at his ease. But not content with this, he took an active part in the erection. Peter the Great worked bravely in our dockyards—a timber for a throne, an adze for a sceptre—and in this Justinian somewhat resembled him. His royal hands were busy with the rest; his body clothed in a linen tunic, with a napkin round his head.

When the foundation had been cleared, there was a high and solemn feast. Thousands and tens of thousands of people assembled. The patriarch invoked a solemn blessing on the work, and the emperor put the first mortar to the stone, and so the work began.

There was to be a splendid dome, the final achievement of all architectural glory. It was to surpass everything that ever had been seen, to be for ever the one unapproachable model of all excellence; the admiration of the world was to be aroused, perhaps envy—but impotent envy—that might hope in vain to equal or approach this high triumph of art. How carefully every brick was to be made! how watchful were the emperor's confidants to be that nothing was omitted in their manufacture which could in any possibility contribute to their durability and beauty! This was why Troiloes, Basilus, and Coleoquintus started for Rhodes to superintend the brickmaking. Every brick bore this inscription:—"It is founded by God; God will give help." Between every layer of bricks sacred relics were placed; and at intervals the workmen ceased their labours, and prayer and praise were offered. All this went on for a long time; no expense was spared, enormous sums were spent, barbarians were spoiled, coffers were emptied, taxes vexatiously increased, salaries omitted to be paid, lands and houses sold, property seized, even the leaden pipes of the city fountains melted down. Money must be had, and there was a woful want of it. Tertullian, with respect to the prodigality of dress, says:—"A great estate is drawn out of a little pocket; a weak, slender neck can make shift to carry about whole woods and lordships; vast sums of money, borrowed of the banker, and noted in his account-book, to be repaid every month with interest, are weighed at the beam of a thin slender ear; so great is the strength of pride and ambition, that even the weak feeble body of one woman shall be able to carry the weight and substance of so many pounds taken up at usury." Something like this was the condition of the church of St. Sophia. The lamps that swung in the church, with their delicate golden chains, and the elaborate ornamentation of the six thousand candelabra of purest gold, all represented so much shameful pillage, so much fair land pledged, so many woods and palaces sold out and out. Every lavish expenditure was prodigally flung around the building, and £200,000 were paid before the walls were a yard high.

After sixteen years, the Basilica was finished. It was a high day in Byzantium. After the fashion of the "good piece of flesh," 2,000 oxen, 10,000 sheep, 600 deer, 1,000 pigs, 10,000 hens, 10,000 chickens, with 30,000 measures of wheat, were distributed to the people. In great pomp the emperor rode on his car of state to the Hippodrome, and then marched to the temple. As he drew near, the doors were thrown back, and as the long magnificent vista met his gaze, the walls and roof covered with gold and mosaics, and so many lamps and candelabra that the place seemed one vast sea of fire, he cried out: "Glory to God, who has thought me worthy of this work! I have conquered thee, O Solomon!"

As a specimen of the magnificence of the place, it may be mentioned that the holy table, or communion table, was, by the emperor's order, made of something which they esteemed

more precious than gold. It was a mixture made of pearls and diamonds, of gold and silver, of tin and copper, all of which were melted together. Cedrenus says, the altar was made of gold and silver and every sort of precious stone, of wood, of metal—in fact, of everything that could be produced by sea or land, and every material that the universe could furnish. The ground on which it rested was laid with plates of gold, and the table itself was supported by four golden columns. Forty large columns—a mysterious number, says Von Hammer (hence "The Forty Thieves")—separated the nave on the south and north from the aisles. The pulpit was of precious marble covered with gold and jewels.

When the Turks—so goes the legend—took possession of Constantinople, and the old streets of Byzantium echoed to the cry, "God is God!" the Sultan Mahomet II. entered the church of Santa Sophia on horseback. The Christians were at worship, a priest was celebrating mass, surrounded by deacons and acolytes, when the pavements of the church rang to the hoofs of the horse, and the Turk with his broad scimitar dashed into the holy place. The Christians, panic-stricken, fled, and the priest escaped by a door in one of the galleries; as he disappeared, there was a noise like thunder, and the door was supernaturally closed by a stone wall. The Turks add, when the Christians retake Constantinople, this gate will re-open of itself, and the priest will appear to finish his mass.

The modern condition of the building, although remarkable in general effect for beauty, is marred and spoiled by latter-day inventions. The beautiful marble pavement is concealed under immense carpets; the mosaics which decorated the walls are pitilessly whitewashed once in two years; a beautiful figure on the cupola is taken away, and a verse from the Koran put in its stead—"God is the light of heaven and earth." While the inside of the church has undergone these alterations, the exterior has been strengthened with enormous buttresses and piers. A crescent surmounts the cupola. In the mosque is the superb tomb of the emperor Constantine, for which the Turks have the highest veneration. The dome of the mosque is 113 feet in diameter, and is built in arches sustained by pillars of marble.

The mosques are the principal curiosities of Constantinople, and that of St. Sophia is the principal mosque. Franks are permitted to enter its stately walls on obtaining an order or licence for so doing—not otherwise. The traveller applies to his ambassador, the ambassador delivers the name of the applicant to the diplomatic agent, and a firman is granted, the required sum, varying from three to twelve pounds, has to be paid—this, of course, will be considered sufficient for a party of thirty or five-and-thirty persons—and in company with the deputed official you start for the mosques and the other sights of the city. The mosque of St. Sophia is in the form of a Greek cross. It is about the same length and breadth as St. Paul's Cathedral. The present dome did not form part of the original structure, that having been thrown down one-and-twenty years after its erection. Besides the chief dome there are two others of considerable dimensions, and six smaller ones. The principal dome is of an elliptical form, "much too flat to be externally beautiful, its height not exceeding one-sixth part of the diameter. Twenty-four windows are arranged around it, and it rests upon four strong arches." Four minarets, but each of a different shape, have been added by the Mahomedans. The building has been outwardly so patched and propped up in different ages that it has lost whatever beauty it may have originally possessed, and is now a heavy, unwieldy, and confused-looking mass. It is entered on the west side by a double vestibule about thirty-eight feet in breadth, which communicates with the interior by nine broad doors ornamented with bas-reliefs. The interior is spacious and imposing, not being broken by aisles or choirs—the building is said to contain 170 columns of marble, granite, *verd antique*, etc."

The mosque of the Sultan Achmet, and that of Solymán the Magnificent, are preferred by many travellers to the mosque of St. Sophia. Many of the mosques, like the latter, have formerly been Greek churches. Their incomes are very large.

THE TURKISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

THE Turks, it seems, have a copious literature of their own. It is one of great antiquity, and comprises a larger number of valuable works than those who have not studied it might be led to suppose. As far back as the reign of Osman, who ruled from A.D. 1288 to 1326, many translations from Arabic, Persian, Greek, and Latin were executed. Among the works translated during the reigns and under the direction of his successors, may be mentioned Plutarch's "Lives," Caesar's "Commentaries," Machiavel's "Principe," and a number of scientific treatises of modern times. More recently, numerous works on history, mathematics, chemistry, medicine, military science, and geography, have been translated from the English, French, and German. Aristotle and Euclid were translated at the very commencement of Turkish history. It is true the original portion of Turkish literature is inferior both in quantity and quality to that which is derived from foreign sources. Yet a people sufficiently advanced to take an interest in good works—even if they be not indigenous productions—must be capable of creating a literature of their own before long. And such we find to have been the case with the Turks, who possess a valuable original literature, though less so than that in the Arabic language. Most of their original works treat of morals, philosophy, and divinity.

M. Von Hammer enumerates 2,000 Turkish poets. Till lately, however, they have been almost unknown to the western nations. The most select Turkish poets, says Mr. Morell, are Achih Pasha, Cheikhi, Baki, Nefi, Meschiki, whose "Ode on Spring" was translated by Sir W. Jones, Kemal Pasha, Zadi, amongst the ancients; and the first moderns are, Nebi Effendi, Rhayhyh Pasha, Seed Reesef Effendi, Aini Effendi, Peitery Effendi, Kiahia Bei. Contemplation and mysticism are the characteristics of Turkish as of Persian poetry. It is almost always adorned with a gentle philosophy, resigned to destiny, and with a wise spirit calmly estimating the shortness of life, and admiring the wonders of creation. Before Constantinople was taken, the Turks had distinguished themselves in literature; and since that period, historians, astronomers, geographers, travellers, poets, moralists, and economists, have greatly enlarged the boundaries of their literature. There are even in Turkish many Ottoman histories, not written after the manner of our histories, but presenting a connected picture of events, rigorously observing a chronological order. One of the most valuable points in their histories is, that they preserve numerous specimens, in the speeches of their viziers and generals, of that manly eloquence whose inspirations once used to electrify the sultan's hosts. The Turkish tongue contains, besides, many valuable translations from the Persian and the Arabic; and some of the manuscripts are said to be much improved in the process, as many hold the "Wallenstein" of Coleridge better than that of Schiller himself. It must be admitted, however, that the Turks, as compared with the Arabians or the Persians, have but few distinguished authors—that they have not one poet comparable to Ferdousi, Saadi, or Hafiz—no philosopher to approach Averroes or Anicenna—that they can boast no discoveries or observations in the exact sciences—and that their literature is chiefly confined to theology, Ottoman history, geography, medicine, and

some romances in prose or verse, mostly translated or imitated from the Persian.

As regards the Turkish language, it may be here briefly stated to be a dialect of the Tartar imported to Constantinople by the Ottomans in 1453. Since that period it has become greatly enriched by a large number of expressions derived from the Arabic and Persian, introduced by the Mussulman religion, the necessities of commerce, or the frequent wars of the Turks in Asia. But, instead of modifying its new acquisitions, as the other European languages have done in similar cases, the Turks have received the foreign words without mutilating them. These acquisitions and additions are naturally more frequent amongst the educated than amongst the vulgar, and more common in the written than the spoken language. It is almost indispensable to have some slight acquaintance with Persian, and particularly with Arabic, in order to speak and especially to write Turkish correctly. The latter language is under great obligations to the Arabic. It has borrowed from that its alphabetical characters, system of numeration, and all words expressing religious and moral ideas, as also those relating to science, letters, and art. According to Kieffer and Bianchi, three-fourths of the ingredients of the present Turkish tongue are Persian or Arabic. Mr. J. R. Morell says:—"Regarded in itself, and in connexion with the origin of the nomades who first spoke it, it is clear that it has no greater affinity to Persian and Arabic than Hungarian has to French; but though we may admit that it is inferior in some respects to the noble tongue of Mohammed, yet it greatly surpasses the Persian in number, harmony, and elegance, and it is one of the most beautiful, and undeniably the most majestic, tongues in the East."

In its favour much may be urged. It is of the greatest moment in a diplomatic point of view, being the only diplomatic language used in the Levant—the only tongue used and spoken in the remotest parts of the empire by public officials—indispensable to all commercial enterprise in European and Asiatic Turkey, in the western provinces of Persia on the banks of the Caspian—even at the court of Teheran, where the shah, the ministers and agents of the Persian government, speak little save Turkish—and lastly, without oriental hyperbole, it may be safely asserted that the traveller can make himself understood in Turkish from Algiers to Candahar on the frontiers of India. A tongue so widely spread must be subject to variations of idioms; hence the Turkish spoken in Roumelia differs much from that of Anatolia, and especially from that spoken in the country watered by the Halys, in those provinces traversed by the Araxes, and near the sources of the Tigris and Euphrates. Yet this difference is incomparably less than that between the different idioms of France. It must also be observed that in Turkey, and in all the regions where these semi-barbarous conquerors penetrated, the language of the aborigines still lives. Thus the masses speak Arabic at Algiers and Tunis, in Egypt and in Syria—various dialects of the Slavonic in Bosnia, Illyria, Servia, and Bulgaria—Wallachian beyond the Danube—and lastly, Armenian and Kurdic in Asia; yet in all these countries you cannot meet a man with any pretensions to education who is unable to speak Turkish. But at Constantinople, the heart of the vast empire, and especially among the court ladies, the softest, purest, and most elegant Turkish is spoken. In England, this language now promises to be a fashionable study.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND JULIUS II.

PAINTERS have never wearied of subjects connected with the history of their own art, which the more they study, the more their minds are elevated and made capable of rendering their ideas with truthfulness. Sometimes the story selected is a great historical scene in the history of a great painter and of his great patron. In the present instance, however, the picture is an historical imagination, in which a real event,

in the life of Michael Angelo, is developed by the painter's ingenuity into an episode of romance. It has reference to the quarrel that took place between Pope Julius and the great artist, who afterwards wrought the sculpture at that pontiff's tomb. With regard to their reconciliation, a lively writer has added a story about his holiness ordering a prelate to be thrown out of the window for daring to

insinuate an animadversion on the conduct of the very man, who, until that moment, had been in disgrace. However, whether Julius did or did not permit himself to be hurried into this excess of anger, or whether his threat was not altogether an affectation, it is certain his method of patronising art was entirely peculiar to himself. If the artist of the picture we have engraved has not adhered to historical exactness—which, as an artist, who is a poet, or ought to be one, he was by no means bound to do—he has delineated faithfully the characteristic features of the pope, of the painter, of the holy Roman dignitaries assembled round the board, of the attendants, and even of the chamber in which the incident took place. There sits the vain Julius, the haughtiest, the most discontented, the most pretentious, and one of the least noble of the Medici family. Age has heightened the force of his passions; he is angry when any one expresses an opinion

ascertain their sentiments towards his own person, and treat them accordingly. In public dispensations, also, his conduct was animated by a similar spirit. One pope had given a gorgeous roof to a particular chapel; another had filled a gallery with rare and precious sculpture; another had added a splendid wing to the papal palace in Rome; some had employed artists to raise monuments and memorials of their reigns, on a scale of imperial magnificence, in the hope that their works would never be eclipsed; and it was a maxim with all the Medici, that they should never be eclipsed by the past or by the future. Accordingly, the chisel of the sculptor, the brushes and the colours of the painter, were encouraged lavishly to adorn the public edifices of the Italian capital with the triumphal trophies of art. But Julius II. and his successors were pre-eminently fortunate in having the command of such a painter as Michael Angelo. He was the star of their reigns;



POPE LEO. X. AND MICHAEL ANGLO.

before he has spoken, even though that opinion be consistent with his own; he reverses an unuttered determination, lest he should seem to be influenced by others. His large handsome face is lustrous with the fierceness of his mind, and he bends on Michael Angelo the look of an imperious master satisfied with his vassal's submission. At his feet we see the poorest spectacle that human nature can present—of genius kneeling at the feet of power; of a free, aspiring, generous man, humiliating himself, in a servile attitude, before a pretender to infallible authority. The ecclesiastics and statesmen who sit around gaze on the drama enacted before them.

It was the custom of Julius II., as of all his family, to be excessively patronising to men who consented to yield them complete submission. This, which has been called magnanimity, was, as it appears to us, the most ungenerous policy. He used to visit *incognito* the studios of various painters,

and we doubt if any victory, material or spiritual, obtained by Clement, bestowed such lustre on the period of his rule as the execution of "The Last Judgment." Julius was, perhaps, less sensible of his privilege than Clement, or, at least, was too vain to confess his appreciation of it; for he trifled with the painter, and wasted his heart by empty promises, when he might have been encouraging him to proceed with works that would have conferred immortal honour on the artist's and the patron's name. It is said that he once reproached him with the ambitious character of a painting, the design of which he had conceived. "I paint the portrait of my mind," replied Michael Angelo. He also doubted sometimes whether there was not too poetical a tinge in his delineation of sacred subjects; but this was not one of his serious thoughts, for, with all their errors, the Medici were never ignorant or tasteless enough to be bigots to mere mechanical reality.

ALEXANDER FRANCOIS DESPORTES.



Dogs and horses have always been the favourite animals selected by artists for delineation. This is natural, especially



in the case of the dog, which has been a kind of friend to man. The attachment and fidelity, the clever and surprising

instinct of this creature, and its usefulness in so many ways, create a sympathy for the canine race that can scarcely be experienced for any other. It would be a wondrous book which should tell all the tales of affection, of fidelity, of cunning, of instinct, which are true of this beast. Whether we look at the brute as a shepherd's companion, as the guard of the house, as the guide of the blind, or the saviour of the perishing traveller in the snow-drift; whether we admire the fleet hound, the beautiful Newfoundland, the magnificent Mont St. Bernard, or the faithful cur, there is always something to interest and captivate the attention. The quickness of comprehension, the patience under fatigue, the acute senses of the dog, are, on many occasions, wonderful. Is it a matter of surprise, then, that painters have been found to devote almost their whole energies, their entire capabilities as artists, to the history of the dog? This has been more the case in England than elsewhere.

François Desportes was the first French artist who painted animals and hunting scenes. The French school of painting, which had flourished about a hundred and fifty years, had never thought of descending to animals—at all events, as the principal personages of a composition; and after the Renaissance there was not, properly speaking, one painter of domestic subjects in the whole French school previous to the days of Desportes. It is true, that Sebastian Bourdon had dashed off in his leisure moments

some masterpieces, but it was simply to rest himself from his great historical works. The Lenains, though really fond of country scenes, had only obtained indulgence for such departure from high artistic notions by painting religious subjects. As for Baptiste, who was a flower-painter, he treated his subject in a showy style, and with so much nobility, that the gentlemen of the Academy did not think him unworthy of being one of their venerable body, which, as elsewhere, was generally made up of the second and third rates of art and literature; just as, in the Academy of Paris, Lamartine is not a member, Victor Hugo is not a member, and Alfred de Musset is not a member; while the Duke de Noailles and, with two or three exceptions, thirty and odd non-entities fill the academic chairs.

It is a fact worth noticing, that the public and posterity almost always give fame to men whom the learned cliques of the hour never would condescend to notice. Every one can tell of some genius of his own acquaintance, utterly neglected by the world, recognised only by a limited number of discerning friends. Learned associations and bodies never introduced to the world either a Milton, a Shakspeare, or a Byron. Even the literary fund of our own days does not fulfil its mission, since those relieved are generally but the outsiders of literature; while many of those doing battle, and desperately too, who might be saved from much pain and misery by timely-offered aid, never receive anything from its overflowing and bursting coffers.

But genius and talent have a much better means of appreciation than the favour of cliques. The man wholly neglected by the literary world, has but to appeal to the public, and if there be anything in him, he will be supported and appreciated. To return, however, to the particular subject of this article.

François Desportes was the first who imported into France the style which had been made illustrious and famous by the Sneyders in Flanders and the Benedettos in Italy. To form a painter of hunting scenes in France, it was necessary that he should live in the days of Louis XIV., that vain and proud monarch, and that he should have witnessed all the pompous importance which, induced by the cunning calculations of his intolerable pride, he gave to his own acts, his slightest gesture, his fancies, and his pleasures. It really did not appear too much in that day of courtly servility, that, because the king honoured the art of venery so far as to force a boar or hunt a stag, an eminent artist should come expressly to the hunt, follow with his eye the movements of the pack, watch the bounding leaps of the hounds, and paint the greyhounds and curs of his majesty.

"We lost in 1743," says D'Argenville, "an excellent painter in the person of François Desportes, born in 1661, at the village of Champigneulle, in Champagne. His father, who was a rich farmer, sent him at twelve years of age to Paris, to one of his uncles, who was established in business in that city. Poets and painters owe their extraction, not to any particular name or family, but to the beauty and fame of their works: that is their patent of nobility. During an interval of sickness, immediately on his arrival in town, his uncle gave him a drawing, which he copied in his bed. This trial and attempt, though crude and unfinished, demonstrated his taste for drawing, and he was put with Nicasius, a Flemish painter. This master was reputed to be a very good animal-painter."*

Nicasius was in reality a pupil of Sneyders, from whom he had learnt the secret of that bold and unerring touch, that art of distinguishing each animal by a dash of his paint-brush, that talent of displaying by contrasts the colours and variety of action, those terrible combats of wild beasts, and those hunts with roaring lions, with bounding and furious tigers, with wild boars defending themselves against a pack of panting and torn dogs, which characterised his master. What Nicasius learnt from Sneyders, he transmitted to François

Desportes; but the lessons of the Flemish painter, taken root in the Frenchman's mind, became less wild and far more temperate in their effects. What was the wild fire of genius in Sneyders was graceful motion in Desportes; the fury which the proud comrade of Rubens infused into his animal-painting was easily varied and changed into a composition quite as true, perhaps, but less warm and striking. The impulsive fire of the master became, on the canvas of the facile French artist, mere vivacity and quiet nature. Sneyders and Nicasius had painted the hunts of heroes and demi-gods; Desportes produced the hunting scenes of noblemen and country gentlemen.

Unfortunately, death removed Nicasius from the world ere he had quite formed his able and interesting pupil. Still it is easy to distinguish, in the freshness of colour of Desportes, and his free touch, in his decided tones, that he took immediate advantage of the advice and example of Nicasius. What is certain is, that Desportes, though very young, would never have another master. All that he did, when Nicasius died, was to devote himself with redoubled energy to his art. Resolved in his own mind to be a painter of hunting scenes, he devoted his whole attention to all that could serve to embellish his compositions; it was with this view that he drew the bas-reliefs from the antique which so often ornamented his pictures. He also studied figures from the model extensively; and when, at a later time, he painted portraits, he felt the impression of his severe early studies, in which he introduced, moreover, most of the objects which are furnished to the painter by the observation of real nature: plants, fruits, vegetables, animals of every kind, elephants, tortoises, serpents, living and dead, landscape, and even grotesque effects. He had not reached the age of thirty when his reputation was made. "He gave himself up first," says D'Argenville, "to all kinds of work undertaken by builders, whether roofs or stage scenery, ornaments, animals, etc.; and then he worked, in concert with Claude Audran, a clever ornamental painter, at the embellishment of the Chateau d'Anet and the Menagerie of Versailles. Everywhere we find a fertile and lively genius, full of truth and expression, a light touch, with an admirable tone."

His first appearance in the world—that is, in the world of fashion of the day—was not as a painter of hunting scenes. Some Polish noblemen, whose acquaintance he had made in Paris, and the Abbé de Polignac, ambassador of France at the court of king John Sobieski, persuaded Desportes to go to Poland. Presented to the king and queen, he painted their portraits, and from that moment became a great favourite at court. To be the king's painter, in the eyes of a courtier, is to be the king of painters. Men of the most distinguished character, and, amongst others, the Cardinal of Arquier wished to have their portraits painted by the hand of François Desportes. He was loaded with presents, above all, with flatteries—it is so easy to respond to them when one is a portrait-painter. This popularity lasted about two years, at the end of which time Desportes, who was a true Frenchman in character, was carried away by an irresistible desire to revisit Paris, which city, like all his countrymen, he believed to be the capital of civilisation and art—an opinion not merely entertained in his time, but still widely prevalent at the present day.

Hunting, in the time of Louis XIV., was an expensive pleasure, more expensive, indeed, than at any subsequent period, the subjects of that king seeking always to imitate the gorgeous luxury of their master. Many a chronicler of the time has alluded to the huge preparations made to kill a poor deer. The king's venery formed a perfect army, which cost millions per annum. The woods and forests in the neighbourhood of Paris were carefully preserved and stocked with deer, bucks, wolves, wild boars, and other animals. The customs of the middle ages were revived, and Louis XIV., in hunting, as in everything else, played the part of a heartless and haughty tyrant. In summer the court went to Versailles, to Meudon, to Compiegne; in winter to Rambouillet and to Fontainebleau. These last woods, silent, gloomy, and solitary

* "Abrégé de la Vie des plus fameux Peintres," vol. iv. p. 232. Paris, 1762.

uring nine months of the year, became suddenly full of life, activity, and noise. From every part of the forest came to the rendezvous, the outriders seeking the wild beasts, detachments of *gens d'armes*, of servants in many-coloured liveries, of elegant lords mounted upon foaming steeds, king's messengers, hawks for the officers of hunting, carriages for the fair ladies invited to witness the scene, pages on horseback, cross-bow men, and the van containing the unfortunate deer. Behind this came the pack of two or three hundred dogs, held in leash by the king's outriders. The king always appeared last, his presence being theatrically announced by some lord-in-waiting.

Desportes, having again given way to his taste for painting animals and hunting scenes, was created by Louis XIV. historiographer of the chase to the king, and with that magnificence which was so familiar to him, because it cost him nothing, Louis generously presented him with a pension and a free lodging in the Louvre. If any animals were sent from India to the menagerie of Versailles, if any rare birds were presented to the king, Desportes was immediately requested to paint them. Attending all the royal hunts in his official capacity, he followed every act of the drama on horseback. He caught at the most interesting moment the attitudes of the dogs, their motions, their bounds, the deer at bay, the hawk away, and the death scene. When he had thoroughly seized the whole realisation of his picture, he went to the kennel, and drew from nature the handsomest dogs of the pack, and when he had sketched four or five upon a sheet of paper, showed them to the king, who, recognising them, instantly took great delight in pointing them out by name. When he was satisfied with merely studying the structure of animals, their physiognomy, and the model of their forms, he contented himself with a charcoal drawing upon tinted paper without many shadows, the whole relieved with white chalk. Sometimes he caught them successfully with a pen and a little wash of India ink. But as most of his studies contained the elements of his picture, he took care to colour them, because he was thus able to prepare the exact tone as well as the outline. He then transferred his drawings to a coarse thick paper in oil—very excellent practice, if it is executed at one sitting. We have seen some very beautiful studies of dogs by Desportes in varied crayons of exquisite beauty; all amateurs have admired in these brilliancy, warmth, a careful and, at the same time, fanciful touch, as well as a close imitation of nature.*

When a painter is protected by a king, even should he be clever, he is always received into the Royal Academy of Painting. François Desportes was admitted as a member of this institution on the 1st of August, 1699; he was then thirty-two years of age. His reception-picture is a celebrated piece. It represents him standing nobly in the attitude and costume of a hunter; and he has availed himself of this opportunity to display in union all his versatile talents. We see a magnificent dog, of the pointer breed, with elastic and muscular limbs, who, looking up at his master, as if to examine his countenance, charms us like a creation in some far more interesting department of life. At the feet of the hunter lie quantities of game, hares, pheasants, toises, drawn with wonderful truth, in fine outline and clear relief, but all properly subordinated to the main figure of the composition, the hunter himself, a noble full-length portrait. He is leaning on his gun, which he holds in one hand, while with the other he impartially caresses a group of beautiful dogs. In the record of the Academy's proceedings we find a memorandum of Desportes' election, in 1704, as a member of the council—no inconsiderable honour, as it gave him a share in the power of distributing publicly the honours and rewards of the national art. His son, Claude François, also, at a later period, enjoyed a similar distinction.

That simplicity, that perfect interpretation of nature, which was the great virtue of Desportes' art, was not only characteristic of his small and more finished cabinet pieces; it is observable also in the large, elaborate, and more poetical productions. Yet there is never any conventionality in his works; never any trace of artistic dogmatism, by which we mean the pedantic insisting upon a set of stereotyped rules or canons, which form the technicalities by which inferior minds are trammelled. Intending to represent all the various incidents connected with the chase, from the figure of a sleeping dog to the animated tableau of the pack closing at full cry upon the victim, he allowed Nature, as it were, to preside over the design of his picture. He observed, and what he observed he reproduced on canvas, adding nothing from fancy, yet softening the crudities of the real scene by touches more truthful than imitation itself. In the beautiful specimens contained in the Louvre collection—"A Dog pointing at a Partridge," and "A Dog pointing at Pheasants"—we recognise details which tell at once that the artist was himself a sportsman. He paints dogs as our own illustrious Audubon, who did so much for the science of ornithology, painted birds—under the arches of the forest, in the natural studios where genuine art is most familiar and most at home. He seizes the sudden fixed expression of the creature's eye as it discovers the object of search, and as it is caught he paints it. A nervous contraction is visible in the animal's limbs, an eager anxiety expresses itself in its attitude; and to this menacing steadiness of the dog, with what subtle ingenuity does the painter oppose the trembling humility of its prey, crouching, and expecting vainly to escape its enemy by hiding low and quietly in the grass. Oudry, another painter of hunting scenes, was the successor, we may almost say the contemporary, of Desportes. It is not easy, at the first glance, to distinguish their works; for the peculiarities consist, not in deeply toned shades, or strongly marked outlines, but in those less perceptible tones, which mark the paintings of the two artists. Nor is it astonishing to find this general similarity, when we remember that the incidents of a chase are not in themselves very varied; the subjects of such a painter's representations are, indeed, nearly always the same. In addition to this, they had both derived their instructions and their inspiration from the same sources; they were pupils in the same school. Oudry derived from Largillière the principles of the Flemish masters, and Desportes, as we have already stated, was a disciple in the second degree of the celebrated Sneyders. Nevertheless, a closer examination reveals the difference between the works of these two painters. Desportes has an easy, free, abounding genius; he attentively remarked the aspects of nature, and he painted them as if by instinct; in fact, he diffuses over his pictures more of native grace and beauty than of scientific touches or reflection. Oudry, on the other hand, has an able pencil; he is a connoisseur who knows all the resources and varieties of his art; he is expert in the distribution of shadow and light; he combines his personages and objects into striking groups, and there is a unity, according to academical rules, in his productions for which we vainly seek in the works of Desportes, who was, as Montaigne would have said, an off-hand painter. He belonged to that generation of exuberant and glowing spirits, who, with a true spontaneous genius, appeared in the seventeenth century to invest its formal models with all the bright and rich drapery of the sixteenth. As a colourist he preserved, in a greater degree than Oudry, the traces of his Flemish teaching. The latter is often cold, gray, and monotonous; the former almost invariably fresh, vivid, and cheering, bringing out his tints most effectively through a transparent medium; and it is owing to this fact that his works, at first sight, seem to have more finish than they actually possess.

No doubt it is true, that Oudry, as an artist, possessed talents which did not belong to Desportes; he understood better the arrangement of a grand scene; he elevated into a more poetical creation the object he was painting. But how charming is Desportes in his naïve way! His very dogs are

* Description de l'Académie Royale, des arts de peinture et de sculpture, par feu M. Guérard, secrétaire perpétuel de la dite Académie. Paris, 1715.

graceful, lively, and elegant; his birds fly lightly and buoyantly through the air. There are in the Louvre two pieces, each representing a cock-fight; the one by Desportes, the other by Oudry; for they were barbarians enough to think these exhibitions, disgraceful to any but savages, worthy of the efforts of their pencils. Oudry has placed his beligerent birds with somewhat more skill than his rival; one of them lies on its back, endeavouring to strike with its powerful claws at the other, which has thrown it down. Its plumage is brilliant and dazzling; the motion of its wings, of which one is thrown upwards so as to assume a pyramidal shape, is full of grandeur and power. These striking qualities are not observable in the composition of Desportes. He was unable to give to his bellicose scene so fiery an aspect, such a fierce mimicry of passionate human war. But the introduction of a crowd of fowls, witnesses of the affray, terrified

Since he succeeded in carrying to such marvellous perfection the humble branch of art to which he dedicated all his energies, there is no reason to dispute the probability of his having attained high excellence had he selected another branch. We are ourselves of opinion, however, that he understood his own talents perfectly, and went the length of his genius in delineating the hunting-scenes peculiarly adapted to the disposition of his mind.

The number of Desportes' productions was immense. From the day on which the celebrity of his name had opened to him a fortunate career, in the decoration, in high art, of panels, sideboards, and designs for doors and walls, he continued to labour without ceasing until he attained the age of sixty years. He, with Claude Audran, ornamented the Chateau d'Anet, the menagerie of Versailles, and the palaces of Marly, Meudon, Ninette, and Fontainebleau. This last is one of the



THE WOLF HUNT.—FROM A PAINTING BY DESPORTES.

by the shocking combat which is taking place "in their honour," adds to the scene a piquancy, and a tone of delicate irony, similar to that which we discover in the exquisite fables of Lafontaine, and we cannot but give our preference to this, deficient as it is in the high science which marks the rival composition.

It has frequently been remarked, and not, we think, without some justice, that had not Desportes confined his efforts to the lowest department of art—such as dog and fowl-painting confessedly is—he might have ascended with success to the superior, devoted to the painting of fruits or flowers, and still nature. He did not find it difficult to mix upon his palette that rich vermillion, soft as velvet, required by fish, by the feathers of some birds, or the pale though glowing tints of gold, such as would have been needed had he taken the fruitage or the flowers of the East as objects for imitation.

most charming retreats in France; itself a picture, with the splendid forests sweeping round, the artificial lakes, the parks, the green and pleasant hills, the rocks heaped up in enchanting confusion, affording landscapes, from the midst of which we pass into the long quiet galleries in which Napoleon delighted, to find the most radiant spots in Italy, the palace-crowned isle of Isola Bella, the banks of the Arno and the Rhone, and the lakes of Como and Maggiore, interspersed amid snug Dutch interiors and hunting pieces, by Sneyder, Oudry, and Desportes. In 1735, this painter received a commission to execute eight large designs intended for the restoration of some of the Gobelins tapestries. Amid these we find one of his best productions, "A Stag at Bay." But it was not only in France that his pictures were appreciated and admired. He came to this country with the Duke d'Aumont, ambassador of Louis XIV., and left behind him many very agreeable and

nted compositions, amongst others "The Seasons," besides me which was soon familiar and popular all over Europe. pictures were, indeed, to be seen everywhere—in London, Poland, at Munich, at Vienna, at Turin; and not long ago, Viardot discovered some in the museum of the Hermitage at Petersburg.* This great and wonderful fertility is the surprising when we reflect that Desportes lived eighty-years, dying in 1743; and that he worked until an extreme age with perfectly juvenile ardour; for never in any one his productions does he show any falling off. The Abbé Fontaine calls him the Nestor of painting.

The able and talented painter was also a worthy and good man. He married at thirty, was a good husband, and retained, a profligate time and under the influence of a vicious court,

in France. They are no longer venerated or respected by the nation. They have vanished from popularity with the monarchy and the hunts. There is nothing of the old attachment to royalty now left in France. Men may call themselves monarchs, but they will never occupy the same place in the feeling of the nation as before the memorable year of 1789. Call a man emperor, king, president, he is still in reality only the ruler by the choice of the nation. The old solemn divine-right feeling has gone out with powder and paint, drawing-room abbés, and the Bastille. It cannot be revived. The admiration for Desportes, then, will be always in part simulated. But if we carry ourselves back to the days of Louis XIV., of royal pleasure and pomp, we can comprehend the vast importance of pictures which, blazoned



DOGS AND PARTRIDGES.—FROM A PAINTING BY DESPORTES.

the character of a man of honest and irreproachable life. He was extremely amiable, always lively, and perfectly simple in character. His physiognomy as seen in his portrait is that of an accomplished man, who was easy and pleasant in his manners. Delicate and proud, he had a great objection to the impertinent familiarity of fools. One day a moneyed man was boasting of his riches before many people, in an extremely offensive way. Desportes listened to him quietly for some time; but at last, irritated by his impertinence, cried out, "Sir, I could any day be what you are; but you can never be what I am."

The time, however, for the pictures of Desportes is past

on the entrance hall of the Muette, on the grand staircase of Meudon, or in the vestibule of the Castle of Compiègne, recalled every act of the hunting drama to old hunters, to the lively ladies who joined the chase, and to their gentlemen and pages.

It requires a considerable exercise of imagination to look on the wild boars, deers, and dogs of Desportes with the same eyes they were looked upon by Louis XIV. and the lords of his court, before old age in the king made it fashionable to despise mundane pleasures. We are actually compelled, when gazing at his pictures, to carry ourselves back a century, or to condemn them, especially in France, as out of place. It is a fact which artists would do well to ponder on, that many pictures lose much when they are seen in a time

* Les Musées d'Allemagne et de Russie, par Louis Viardot. 1844.

and at a place which are not suitable to their being properly comprehended. They want the "local colour," the inspiration of the time. Who but a turf-man admires the portrait of a race-horse? But these pictures, arranged in vast galleries, where they are preserved because of their origin and for the love of art, the works of many masters resemble some of the heathen gods, for whom the Roman Pantheon was opened, and which, when once they were within the temple, lost the same day their private altars, their worship, their followers, and were but a multitude of random divinities, no longer recognised, or, at all events, worshipped without being understood.

But if Desportes is no longer understood or appreciated in France, where great but hardly successful efforts have been made to revive the gorgeous hunts of the days of Louis XIV., it will be a long time before his dogs and scenes of venery will be without value in England, where all such sports and pastimes form a part of the existence of a large portion of the community. The chase, against which much may reasonably be said, has, at all events, preserved for the English much of that stalwart character which is their boast; and though justly denounced as barbarous in its character and tendency, is not without some advantages to counterbalance the grave objections to which it is liable.

But though the French people do not and cannot appreciate Desportes, the Museum of the Louvre is rich in his pictures. In the catalogue of 1847 there were but five of his pictures; but the active and admirable director, Teanson, is believed to have hunted up the rest in the garrets of the Museum, for now we have three-and-twenty.

The first of these is a full-length portrait of Desportes, in his costume of a hunter, resting at the foot of a tree, with a pointer, a hound, and several pieces of game.

After this we have:—

"A Duck, a Partridge, a Hare, a Snipe, a Cabbage, some Pomegranates, Thistles, Onions, and Beetroot."

"Two sporting Dogs guarding some Game."

"A fine white Pointer, beside a vase of white porcelain."

"A Dog lying down, a Powder-horn, a Game-bag, a Jay, some gray Partridges, a Melon, some Apricots, some Peaches, some Grapes," with a background of scenery.

"A Dog pointing at some gray Partridges."

"Shooting Pheasants."

"Dogs and Partridges" (p. 125).

"A Dog watching some aquatic Birds."

"A Dog pointing with Partridges."

"A Boar-hunt," imitated from Sneyders.

"A couple of Dogs pointing at Pheasants, of which one is flying away."

"Some Prunes, Peaches, a Hare, a Parrot, and a Cat."

"Two Cocks fighting, a Fowl, and some Chickens."

"A Fox-hunt."

"Two English Dogs"—that is to say, of the King Charles breed—"hunting a Hare in a Park."

"Dogs and Pheasants."

"Dogs and Partridges."

"Guns, Game-bags, and Powder-horns."

All these paintings are admirable, both in conception and design.

There are many of the compositions of Desportes to be found in the museums of the provinces; in that of Grenoble there is a "Stag at Bay, surrounded by a pack of Hounds." In that of Lyons, eight pictures, "A Bear-hunt," and some still-nature pieces. The catalogue of the Rouen museum mentions "A Stag-hunt."

In the royal palaces of Fontainebleau, Versailles, Trianon, Meudon, Marly, La Muette, La Menagerie, a vast number of paintings by Desportes are to be found.

The Print department of the Royal Library is less rich than usual. There is a full-length "Portrait of Desportes," engraved by Ferrarois; "A Boar-hunt," engraved by the same and a series of ten dogs in different attitudes, engraved by Le Bas.

The productions of Desportes in France are rarely met with in sales, and their price is generally from £12 to £30.

Desportes

JOHN BOTH.

IF the reader would imagine a rough, savage and somewhat theatrical Claude Lorraine, he would at once understand without further description what was the peculiar style of Both of Italy, as he was wont to be called by his contemporaries. Between the rural style of Ruysdael and the historic conception of Poussin and of Claude there was a style to be created, and John Both filled up the gap. The question has often been asked, Why do men born within the cold and foggy regions of the North feel much more deeply the beauty and grandeur of nature than the children of the South? Whenever a northern painter—a Fleming, like Paul Bril; a Dutchman, like Berghem or Poelenburg; a Norman, like Guaspre; a Lorrainese, like Claude—is introduced to Italian scenery, he appreciates and enjoys it quite as much as—French critics think more than—an Italian himself. Certainly, there are peculiarities and details of scenery which are more apt to strike the stranger than the man who has seen them from his birth. Warmed by novelty, the foreign painter feels and endeavours to convey all that poetry of landscape with which his mind is imbued.

A Dutch historian, whom we have often quoted, Arnold Houbraken, relates an anecdote of John Both, which is characteristic of this excellent painter.* Van Der Hulk, burgo-

master of the town of Dordrecht, proposed a prize, for which Berghem and John Both were alone to compete. The worthy citizen wished to try the talent of these two friends. Both competitors were to receive the sum of 800 florins; but the victor was to receive in addition a magnificent present. Berghem painted on this occasion his masterpiece. It was a mountainous landscape, with numerous oxen, sheep, and goats. The trees, the terraces, and the sky, were painted with so much richness of tone and finish, that none doubted his carrying away the prize. But the landscape of John Both was not less admirable. There was so much light, and so much of the lofty and heroic style mingling with the rural, that none could decide between Berghem and Both. A generous and just connoisseur, the burgomaster of Dordrecht, put an end to the difficulty in a way that is worthy of being recorded in any history of art. "Gentlemen," said he, "you have not given me an opportunity of choosing between you, Both of you have merited the prize, and both of you must have it."†

In the country scenes of John Both, the principal objects are not silent shepherds keeping their flocks, nor the peasant driving his ass before him—but great trees with their lofty summits and their verdant boughs. He does not paint them cut by the trim gardener, nor does he represent

* "Le Grand Théâtre des Peintres, et des Femmes Peintres des Pays Bas." The French translation of this work exists only in manuscript.

† Descamps relates this fact in his article on Berghem, in the second volume of his "Lives of Flemish and German Painters."

em wearing their leafy boughs with effeminate grace, as the pictures of Herman of Italy. Nor does he make them so wavy in their outlines. On the contrary, he loves to present them wild, with boughs blasted by lightning or broken by the storm. When we examine the magnificent oaks which are to be found in the pictures of John Both, believed with so much boldness, now against the warm light of the setting sun, and now against the dazzling and fresh rightness of an Italian morning, we seem to feel as if there were a life in these ever-moving objects, and we can scarcely separate the conception of the tree from something with more than vegetable existence. "To the pantheist painter of the North every tree is a hero," says a French critic; "the forest giant is wrapt in his cuirass, his ligneous muscles swell, his arms are contorted, sometimes he lies down in an attitude of madness, and then his torn bark, his broken branches give him all the appearance of a dying gladiator; but oftener in the landscapes of John Both the oak stands up triumphant, shakes his shaggy head, in which the vulture cradles its young, while larks play in the lower branches." The French critic was doubtless strongly imbued with the metamorphoses of Ovid, and dreamt of Hamadryads and Fauns when he indulged in this hyperbolic picture of Both. We quote it simply because, amongst our French brethren, it has been considered to convey a correct idea of the artist.

It is, however, by means of his trees, in the form, taste, and truth of his rocky scenery, by the imposing aspect of his mountains, and by the richness of his luminous back-grounds, that we always recognise a true Both. While seeking to be great, and when awakening in our minds a sentiment of poetry and light, he does not ask us to gaze on the gods in the woods, nor does he show us the beauteous forms of women bathing in rivers, like Poelemburg. He does not introduce us to demigods, as did Poussin. He is satisfied when he has given an imposing aspect to the oaks of his foreground; and nature, which he studied with such patience and devotion beyond the Alps, appeared poetical enough to him, without the assistance of gods and goddesses of more than doubtful morality. The plants, the lakes, the foaming waterfalls, and the rural scent of the bushes and flowers of Italy, their capricious profiles relieved against a fleecy sky, were enough for him. With the great Poussin, history, mythological and real—man in his more elevated actions—is all. With Both nature is everything; but it is a wild and savage nature, so picturesque, and at the same time so real, that it seems to awaken in our bosoms the wish to wander through such scenes, and to gaze upon such trees, mountains, and hills. The enthusiastic lover of art could scarcely gaze upon the warm southern landscapes of the Netherlands artist, without being seized with an irresistible desire—in far distant places, at all events—to whistle some tune familiar to the shepherd; and he is even tempted to believe that he hears the tinkling sound of the bells on the mules' necks, as they slowly ascend the mountain. There is nothing mean, nothing low, nothing common, nothing dirty, in Both. He views still nature in the same way that Albert Cuyp has studied the cow. His vegetation is vigorous, sombre, and real. The air is pure and pellucid; the sun shines upon every detail of the picture; and not one shadow of the agitated and active life of great cities ever troubles the calm and reflective beauty of the scenes which seem made for mute contemplation. He never introduces a sign of civilisation, except in the form of ruins. We see a broken column, a huge piece of a wall, nothing else to remind us of the mighty nation which once dwelt upon that historic soil, trodden once beneath the hoof of Scipio's cavalry, crushed beneath the weight of the chariots of Hannibal. And these signs of a life that is past are cast into the distant background, beneath the shadows of the trees. He speaks to us in his pictures only of youth—of the eternal youth of nature. What he seeks to interest us in, is a ray of light falling through a long vista of trees, or in a garden dotted with beautiful flowers. It is sufficient to remark that John Both was born in Munich, to enable the student of art to comprehend why, even when beneath the rich Italian sky, he

remained faithful to the purely rustic style; why he loved nature more than men, or, at all events, than demigods; and why he asked for no sweeter scent than the honey-suckle.

John Both and his brother Andrew, who painted him his figures in his pictures, studied together at Munich, under the learned guidance of Abraham Bloemaert. They started together for Italy, and resided some time in Rome. They attached themselves to two masters: John became the pupil of Claude Lorraine, and Andrew attached himself to the style of Bambocche. The former became necessarily a landscape-painter, the latter painted the human figure; but they divided their styles, the better to unite their talent; for Andrew studied rather to paint in the figures in his brother John's pictures, than to create for himself a distinct reputation. He succeeded at last in introducing them with so much ability, in working them up with so much finish, that if he had not compelled himself to sacrifice them to the general effect of the picture, he would have spoilt its unity; but, moved by a double feeling—great and tender affection for his brother, and by the good taste of an excellent artist—Andrew Both took care to make his figures subordinate to the general design, leaving the real and great triumph to the landscape. It was rare and beautiful to see how John Both, on the other hand, often sacrificed his landscape to bring up with more effect the figures painted by Andrew. The result was, that, by means of this friendship and by the full development of the two talents, pictures were produced so harmonious and so full of beauty, that it has been impossible for even the best judges to separate the work of one brother from the other.

The landscapes of John Both usually represent a mountainous country, great accidents of land, convulsed nature, a winding rocky path carried away by rains, or cut in the rock. Along this road, between two precipices, on the flanks of some mountain, itself a spur of the Apennine chain, we notice travellers, peasants, and mules, with steady foot, covered with bells, carrying little barrels of precious and rare wine. These mules have the shoe made especially for this traffic, and on they go without guide, their driver, perhaps, drinking afar off at a spring. In the distance we remark a rich plain, a pasture, with islands of trees waving in a flood of evening sunlight; or the scene, rough and full of startling effects, sinks away at last into the quiet hues of some still bay, such as Sorrento. All breathe soft gentle Italy. As the eye of the amateur, abandoning the background, lingers on the foreground, he feels all its freshness, while the warmth of day illumines and burns the distant scene. The shadow of the trees, deep and mysterious, allows but faint rays of the sun to reach the foreground of the picture. The spectator thus fancies himself more at ease, protected here by huge masses of rock, and there by the rich vegetation of that gifted country. He may even refresh his eyes with the spectacle of a pond, sleeping silently on the front of the picture, the transparency of which is shown by tufts of reeds and water lilies.

It appears from a passage in Sandrart, that even during their lifetime, the brothers Both were ranked among the first of living landscape-painters;* and it was even said by very eminent judges, speaking of the great Claude Lorraine, that he was less happy in his figures than in those marvellous creations of light, those rich landscapes, which we have already described; while the brothers Both, uniting their brushes, excelled in both styles.† It is perfectly certain that their style of art was exceedingly popular, and that their workshop was full of buyers, *emptoribus abundans*, though John Both always kept his pictures at a very high price. Joachim Sandrart is, therefore, exceedingly proud that the excellent painter of Utrecht was good enough to make him a present of two landscapes, representing "Night" and "Morning,"

* Ut juxta excellentissimos haud immerito locari possent artifices. *Academia artis pictoriae. Nuremberg, 1683. Folio.*

† *Lorrenius . . . subdialibus ingeniosior erat quam imaginibus humanis . . . fratres in utroque exercitissimè erant.*—Sandrart, *iii. c. xix.*

when so many amateurs were glad to obtain possession of such pictures almost for their weight in gold.

The great and crowning merit which has been noted in the landscapes of John Both, and indeed of both brothers, is the nicety, the care, the truth, with which they have always

finish—those boughs of trees, illumined and warmed by the sun. He was excellent in the contrast of his grounds, dashing off on a mass of sombre-verdure a projecting rock, some such accident of vegetation by means of those touches, or, if we may so speak, those theatrical effects of



JOHN BOTH.

succeeded in marking the different hours of the day. In fact, the play of the sun through the forest trees, of its silvery light in the morning, and its golden light in the evening;—these were things which the great landscape-painter studied and noted with as much love and artistic devotion as his master Claude Lorraine, and which he rendered with almost



as much success. We must not, however, pretend that he succeeded in rendering aerial perspective as his master did; nor do we find in his pictures that solemn tranquillity which appears to suit the gods of Virgil; but he expressed admirably, as we may see in "An Italian Sunset," which adorns the museum of the Louvre—he painted with truth and exquisite

light and shade, so familiar to Adam Pynaker. His ground is too rough, too rude; his foregrounds are covered by too many thorny plants; his roads are too rude and steep, for us to suppose such a landscape inhabited by divinities of fable or by the soft pastors of Arcadia. The nymph of Poelenberg would prick her beautiful legs amid those bushes, nor could her tender and soft feet run along those paths so rude and steep. And it is in this that John Both distinguishes himself in such a marked manner from Claude Lorraine. If there is in nature, as represented by John Both, an heroic point of view, certainly his personages are not aware of it; they tread with light and thoughtless step that soil sacred to the memory of great deeds, and every inch of which has had its tragedy or story. The sentiment which bubbles up from the artist's soul is felt only in the heart of the spectator. That is to say, the landscape is sublime, grand, sad, and wild; but that man in a red cap, who is urging his mules with many a cry and shriek, would never have noticed the fact.

Joachim Sandrart speaks of the brothers Both as having sometimes painted night-scenes:—"Nec non nocturnum lunasplendorem et similia proferebant." These night effects are not familiar to continental amateurs. None of them are found in any of the Dutch galleries, so rich in artistic productions. These moonlight and evening scenes are rather to be met with in England than elsewhere, as we have always been great admirers of John Both, from his resemblance to Claude Lorraine, the prince of landscape-painters, especially in English eyes. A very fine engraving, published in 1791, represents a picture in the possession of Sir Thomas Dundee, Bart.—a picture called "The Bandit Prisoners." In no other painting have the figures of Andrew assumed so much importance, and yet the beauty of the picture and of the landscape is by no means sacrificed to the human form. The prisoners are brought out upon the edge of the forest where

...y have been just captured; their fierce brigand physiognomies, the gestures of the soldiers, the officer, and the reflected light on the armour—all give dramatic interest to the scene, completed in the distance by the appearance of a fortress; but the eye turns with pleasure to the majesty, the grandeur of the foliage, to the irregular beauty of the knotty trunks, broken

tempted to Venice to study the masculine landscapes of Titian, so fiery in touch, so robust, and so free. They remained some time in that city. But one day Andrew Both, having supped with some friends, was coming home along the silent highway of Venice in a gondola, when he fell overboard into the canal, and, for want of assistance, was drowned.* From that fatal



THE WOMAN MOUNTED ON A MULE.—FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN BOTH.

and contorted, and the lofty mass of underwood that skirts the forest and dies away on the borders of the streams.

During the life of the brothers Both, most of their pictures were owned in Venice; and though their appearance in Rome was exceedingly successful, though their life was enlivened, ennobled; and honoured by the acquaintance and friendship of Bamboche, of Herman Swanevelt, of Claude, of the two Poussins, and Elzheimer, the two artists were doubtless

and unhappy hour, a residence in Venice became impossible to the surviving brother, who had lost his best friend. He accordingly returned to his native country, and established himself at Utrecht. There he again found his countryman Poelenberg, who had also been, before Both, the pupil of

* "Donec alter istorum fratrum qui imaginibus ditabit tabulas, noctu, dum e sodalitie domum abiret, ex improvise in canalem illapsus defectu auxilii, undis miserrime suffocaretur."—*Sandrart*.

Abraham Bloemaert. On many occasions the painter of sylvan beings and ancient dryads embellished with his little figures the rustic scenes of Both; but the softness of Cornelius' pencil did not suit the spiky bushes, the rough plants and rocks of Jean Both, as did the myleteers of his unfortunate brother. Berghem, in his turn, who was very much attached to this painter, whom he could neither compete with nor envy, was delighted to put out to grass, in the landscapes of Both of Italy, some of those black-streaked bulls which he painted under the walls of the castle of Benthem.

But John Both did not, could not, long survive his brother. He resisted the feeling; but he never painted anything great after his fatal loss. Houbraken does not fix the date of the death of John; but he informs us that Andrew died in 1650; and as he adds that the landscape-painter died soon after, we are able pretty well to fix the date from this expression. Sandrart also affirms, that John Both died in 1650.

We may truly say with the celebrated amateur Le Brun, that John Both is one of the greatest landscape-painters in the world, though his reputation is less vast and world-wide than that of Claude Lorraine.* We may add, that he engraved several landscapes with a fine free point, in exquisite taste. Upon copper, as upon canvas, the great talent of John Both was to enable the eye at once to catch the truthfulness of every species, to notice not only the character of the leaves, but whether they are attached to their branches in bunches, or in regular order. He was so minute, so careful, and so true, that we cannot say of him what Lairess has said of so many others, that he placed the leaf of an elm on a willow, an ash or an oak. What also distinctly marks this luminous landscape-painter is, that he seems to have selected, to make his task the more difficult, trees which have no heavy and solid

This landscape, so tranquil, so full of light, is also remarkable for strict observation of the rules of art in all their nicety.

Henri Verschuur and Guillaume de Heuss were the pupils of John Both. The first devoted himself to the scenes, and those robber subjects so familiar to Barthelemy; but the second imitated the manner of his master perfectly—his touch, his light foliage, his warm and luminous skies—that an unaccustomed eye would easily compare his works with those of Both of Italy. Though free and bold in the touch of this admirable painter—we are speaking of the master and not of the pupil—is apt to catch its tone in a marked manner from the object rendered. It is rough when he paints the rugged trunk of the huge oak; it is tender when representing bushes; it becomes soft over the sleeping pool. It is lively when he has to convey, without servile minuteness, thorny little bushes, small grounds, reeds, roots, and light plants. "John Both has been reproached," says Le Brun, "with tanning his colour, by touching the leaves of trees with a somewhat saffron yellow." This reproach is unfounded sometimes; but from the testimony of Descamps rather than that of our own observation—we must add—that the fault of which this historian, and after him the amateur Le Brun, speak is not general. John Both cured himself of it, and many of his pictures are wholly exempt from it. We may truly say of these, that they are masterpieces, worthy of being placed alongside the greatest works of the great masters.

For picturesqueness, for the variety and richness of the compositions, for the exactness of the foreground, and for vigour and form, Both of Italy is a perfect model. The profound and strong sentiment of rural beauty, in a nature of heroic character—this is what, above all, marks the originality

Both Both Jan Both 1650

mass, those whose branches let in the light, and allow the sky to sparkle between the smallest intervals of their boughs, and even the smallest bunches of leaves.† If he wishes to vary his compositions, he throws in some great wooden bridges flanked with towers and fortified. He likes the country where a chain of rocks ends in a precipitous cliff, where cascades bound off and fall in froth and rain upon a cluster of bushes below. At the foot of these rocks start up some stiff pines. A tuft of chestnut trees have fixed their roots below upon a hillock which springs from the mountain, and a little spout of water comes bounding along amid the rocks in front of the picture, while some peasants with two mules cross a wooden bridge.

The finest picture by John Both, and undoubtedly his masterpiece in his own estimation, as he has made so many copies of it, is his "Italian View at Sunset" (p. 133). A boatman is passing some oxen over in his ferry-boat which already touches the shore. A gentleman appears to be waiting for the animals to land to take his turn. We are at the foot of a steep rock, which rises to the left and dies away at the edge of the water. Two fine masses of trees rise in the fore and background; between the two passes a ray of the sun, which paints on the ground the long shadow of the legs of two horses which are about to cross the river. An old unfinished bridge, or one-half carried away by the tempest, stops in the middle of the water. To the left is a large demi-tint, created by the shadow of the mountain, and which is softened by the reflected light of the sun; a peasant leads his ass along by its halter. Two or three fleecy clouds fill the right of the picture.

* "Galerie des Peintres Flamands et Hollandais." Par Le Brun.

† See Deperthe's "History of Landscape Painting."

of Both of Italy—this is what distinguishes him from all his rivals. Sometimes, it is true, his buildings are in a style so noble that they appear to elevate the thought of the painter above a purely Dutch intention—that is to say, above the rustic style which De Piles has so well defined. A temple, with a façade and columns, or an Italian abbey, adorned with pilasters and surmounted by a campanile, sometimes gives to the compositions of Both a purely historical character, quite à la Poussin. We feel a kind of inexpressible charm in gazing on this shelter, which a community of Italian monks has raised at the foot of the mountains, but ten steps off from a river, which flows silently across a scene of mingled majesty, solemnity, and silence.

But nevertheless, on all occasions, the artist shows his love for the rural and the beauties of nature, even in his moss-clad ruins.

Good Boths are dear and rare. In 1792, when the pictures of this school were not valued at anything like their present prices, Le Brun paid 500 louis (about £475) for a fine picture by this admirable artist.

The merit of Both was recognised by all his great contemporary artists, countrymen and others; while Berghem, Poelemborg, Wouvermans, and Karel Dujardin were always eager, after the death of his brother, to paint in his figures for him.

If we may judge from the engravings of Daudet, De la Barthe, Bovinet, Niquet, Duttener, Dequevailliers, Fortier, etc., from Both, without counting his own ten admirable copper-plates, he must have painted numerous works, though he died at an age when many men have only just begun to gather renown.

There were originally a great many pictures by Both in

er, before English amateurs began to buy them up. Few series now are without one or two pictures by this artist. There are two in the Louvre. There are several in Munich, specially "Mercury setting Argus to sleep." The Dresden gallery possesses two pictures by this master.

THE DAUGHTER OF MIGNARD.

On a fine June morning, three men and a young girl were gathered in the Castle of St. Cloud, in the great Salon de la Reine. One of these men was Louis XIV., who was advanced in age and infirmity. The second was Bloin, first valet-de-chambre of the king, whom the Duke of St. Simon has thus named:—"Witty, gallant, particular, cold, indifferent, unapproachable, conceited, self-sufficient, and sometimes obstinate, always rather wicked, but not to be offended with impunity; a real personage, who had good cheer at home, who was courted by the greatest, even by members of state, who could serve his friends but rarely, and who never served any one else, and was, in fact, rather dangerous than otherwise."

The third was the celebrated artist, Pierre Mignard, the only rival of Lebrun who did not bend beneath his yoke. The young girl was Mademoiselle Mignard, an admirable model of the young beauties and goddesses painted by her father.

At this moment, Madlle. Mignard, who was in all the rightness of her youth and beauty, was sitting for Spring in the picture of "Apollo on his Car, surrounded by the Four Seasons"—a painting sketched by the artist in the hall it was to adorn.

Louis XIV. and Bloin were watching the work of Mignard, and were talking as familiarly as royal etiquette allowed. Suddenly the king interrupted the painter, and handed him a parchment with a large royal seal on it. It was a *brevet* of membership of the Academy of Painting, founded under the auspices of Lebrun.

Louis XIV. expected Mignard to fall on his knees and pour forth enthusiastic thanks.

His surprise, and that of the courtier-valet was great, when the artist, after having read the brevet attentively, returned it to the monarch with a low bow, saying, however, these words, which, to the ear of the haughty king, were all but new:—

"I thank your majesty from the bottom of my soul, and I shall always feel deep gratitude to him; but I cannot sit in the academy presided over by Monsieur Lebrun."

Louis XIV. frowned, Mademoiselle Mignard turned pale, and Bloin thought his protégé lost for ever.

"And what academy do you intend to honour with your presence?" said the king, in that pompous tone which by his courtiers was called crushing.

"The Academy of St. Luke, which to-morrow will elect me president, and the next day will submit that election to your majesty."

Louis XIV. understood Mignard, and his pride checked the king's anger.

"Altar against altar," said the king, with an ironical smile.

"Brush against brush," replied Mignard.

"We shall see," replied the king, flattered at the rivalry of two reputations, which he considered owed their very being to his glory.

"Pardieu, my master," said he, rising to leave the room, "I admire your disdain for royal parchments; it is rare among people of your class."

This insolent remark caused the cheeks of Mademoiselle Mignard to crimson. Her beauty was now so dazzling, that the king, about to leave the room, stopped to gaze on her.

Encouraged by his admiration she spoke:—

"Sire! People of our class have shed their blood on the battle-field, and we merited the notice of your most illustrious ancestor."

"How was that?" said the king, coming back.

"Sire! my grandfather's name was Pierre More. He was

in the service of Henry IV., with his six brothers, all as brave as he was, and all handsome."

"Beauty is an inheritance in your family," said the king, smiling.

"One day, when our seven ancestors had fought like men, Henry IV. saw them together, and cried '*Ventre-Saint-Gris*, these are not *Moors*, but *Mignards*!' They have preserved the name, and it is nobility of which your majesty will allow us to be proud."

"I will allow you, and it depends on your father, whether or no I one day remember his ancestors. We will speak again of my academy and of yours. I will sit for my tenth portrait one of these days, if I am not too old!"

"Sire!" replied the painter, "I shall only have to add some more victories to the glorious list!"

The king said no more of the Academy, approved his election to that of St. Luke, and it was only at the death of Lebrun that Mignard became, the same day, academician, professor, rector, director, and chancellor of the Academy in which he had refused to sit beneath his rival. It was but two days after the scene above referred to that the king sent letters of nobility to the artist.

MODERN BRITISH ART—THE HANGING COMMITTEE.

WHEN Turner was a rising man, and was exciting some of that notice which his eccentricities no less than his talents demanded, he sent a picture full of brilliancy and colour to the exhibition of the Royal Academy. As chance, or ignorance of the Hanging Committee, would have it—(or it might be, to be very charitable, that the size absolutely required it)—it was hung side-by-side with a very dark and sombre painting by Northcote. The latter artist, when he came to his own, upon the private view, found it literally "put out." "You might," said he to the hangers, when he indignantly remonstrated with them, "you might as well have opened a window under my picture."

The force of this remark—and Northcote was celebrated for his happy expressions,—the majority of art-students must at once perceive. The light and brilliant picture naturally attracts more than its sombre and dull pendant. The one is termed "high," and the other "low," in tone or colour, and the effect produced by hanging one by the side of the other, is termed technically "killing."

Now, for "killing" other people's pictures, some artists—and Turner was amongst the number—have a genius. His were so bright, that some one said that they were like holes cut in the wall; and Sir Francis Chantrey, on a varnishing day, which happened to be excessively cold, stopped before one of that artist's pictures, blazing with vermillion and chrome, and rubbing his hands, as if warming them at the glow, said, "Hang it, Turner, this is the most comfortable place in the room!" But even this brilliant artist could himself be killed; and in 1827, at an exhibition had the misfortune to have his "Rembrandt's Daughter," a very vivid picture, hung close to a portrait of a member of Dublin University in a scarlet gown, the effect of which was, that the Turner was "killed;" and a passer-by found that artist very busy adding red lead and vermillion to his picture, and trying to outblaze his neighbour. "Why, what are you at, Turner?" was the question. "The hangers have checkmated me," was the reply; and the artist's pencil pointed significantly to the scarlet gown of the university man.

These anecdotes we have quoted to illustrate the remarks which we are about to make concerning exhibitions. No one can have failed to observe that some pictures, carefully painted and well finished, have a weak appearance when in a gallery of newly-painted pictures, which they have not when looked at alone. They are hung, it is very possible, near a picture which is high in tone, and which boasts a very brilliant colour. The picture which kills its rival is painted, doubtless, by an "income-seeking" artist, who knows very well that a bril-

liant prettiness is sure to attract. It may not attract judges. Unfortunately the great majority, even of picture-buyers, and much more so of gallery or exhibition visitors, are not judges, and the picture attracts them, excites an undue attention, and effectually prevents its more modest neighbour from being seen and appreciated. True worth, the public may urge, is sure to find its place some day; and the saying is to a great extent true; but in addition to the evils with which genius has to struggle, and we have Johnson's authority for the line—

"Slow rises worth by poverty oppress'd,"

we need not load it with unfairness, and by that unfairness vitiate the taste of the public. Pictures of a very high tone, and of great brilliancy, should be hung in a room by themselves. Then the artists who sought, by meretricious ways, or by eccentricity, to jump into notice, would have the battle all to themselves; but it is obviously unfair, when a small historical picture of the time of the Puritans, whose chief

of being the nursing mothers of art, become but cruel step-mothers, who oppress it. Their true province is

"To foster talent young and shy,
To tender those, which else unfriended die."

And so far from doing it, most of these societies seem to exist for the purpose of affording excellent opportunities of display to those who are lucky enough to be members or associates of them.

The other causes of complaint against exhibitions, and things to be observed by those who frequent them, are of minor importance; but the complaints against the Hanging Committee are loud, long, and unceasing, and in every instance with which we are acquainted, most perfectly founded. The effect of their ignorance, or unfairness, is to negative the value of an exhibition both to the public and to the artist, and the sooner they take the advice which is solemnly written over the gates of the Dublin House of Correction, and "cease to do evil and learn to do well," the better for art.



ITALIAN MULETEERS.—FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN BORTH.

merit lies in its sombre and sober hue, is hung by the side of a brilliant sunset, set off by a red cloak, as bright as the robes of a cardinal. The one is no more to be seen than is a violet hid behind a peony. The eye is attracted by the brighter colour, which has a greater effect on the retina; the sombre picture is passed over; and the artist, who might deservedly have sold his performance, and have been cheered on his way by success, finds that he has nothing left but to paint so brilliantly as to outblaze his rival. It is certain that the hangers have as much to learn as the public on this subject. There is little doubt but that the numbers of pictures and the various sizes of the frames, must to a certain extent determine them, and they have also to reserve, which is most unfair both to the rising artist and to the public, all the best places on the line of sight for the pictures of the members of the academy, or the associates of the other exhibitions. Under these circumstances, meritorious artists rise but slowly. The exceptions to the rule, and Mr. Millais is the most brilliant of these, owe their happy fortune rather to an extravagant eccentricity or to some lucky chance, than to anything else. The Royal Academy, also, and the other bodies, chartered or not, instead

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE successes of the Pre-Raphaelites and the strictures of the higher class of critics, and also, let us add, the very great prices now given, not to picture-dealers, but to the painters themselves, have given an impulse to artists which presses on one as a thing "not to be put by." There is now no doubt about the success of the English school; each year marks its course by some triumphant work; and not an exhibition opens, but has within it some picture of talent, sufficient, thirty years ago, to have made a reputation. That of the Royal Academy of this year, with which we have at present to do, is so much superior to those of the few years lately passed, that in academic history it is decidedly worthy to be marked with a white stone. It was heralded with a note of praise both long and loud; for somehow the performances of artists creep out into artistic circles, and are known and criticised before they are exhibited. Long ago we had heard of the great picture by Maclise, of the wonderful and quaint scene by Frith, and of the *hiatus* to be made by the absence of Millais. Long ago we had been told that the exhibition of

year was to exceed its predecessors; but certainly we not expect that in this case rumour would lag so far behind the truth.

Notwithstanding the brilliancy of the exhibition, some of the most brilliant exhibitors—to use a term of expression very much amounting to a Hibernicism—are absent. There is Mulready, no Dyce, no Herbert, no Millais, who may all be termed brilliant exceptions; and besides these absentees, there is also an absence of familiar names which cannot be regretted—we allude to the fact of the wholesale desertion of those books which “Mr. Punch” declared to constitute the artist’s library. “The History of England” is sparingly noted from, “The Vicar of Wakefield” is laid by, and even “Gil Blas” and “The Percy Reliques” seem to have been passed over. From this arises a freshness of subject which is quite delightful. But we will no longer perform the office of button-holder, and keep the reader waiting; but, after having indulged in a private view, we will enter with him amongst the crowd of fashionables, artists, literati, and no-dies, who throng the rooms on the first day.

yard,” by Mr. Uwins, are two very indifferent pictures, which would never have made a reputation. Royal academicians sometimes exhibit very indifferent pictures. If Mr. Uwins had paid more attention to the painting and drawing of the mother in the latter picture, and had not given us the verbose and unnecessary quotation in the catalogue, it would have been more satisfactory, the subject being quite capable of telling its own tale. The dog is well painted, and the children very fairly executed; the flesh in the “Cottage Toilette” has a very disagreeable hue. There are several good portraits in this room. (No. 33) “My two Boys,” by Knight; “Martha, daughter of E. H. Baily” (No. 44), by Mogford; a picture which would be better in effect if the background had been cooler. Mr. Grant has some beautiful portraits, of which we think (No. 69) “The Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay,” and (No. 74) “Viscount Gough,” the best of the male, and (No. 353) “Mrs. Percival Heywood,” of the female portraits; the latter is very life-like and forcible, and the black silk dress is carefully finished. Sir J. Watson Gordon and J. P. Knight also do credit to their previously earned reputations;



AN ITALIAN VIEW AT SUNSET.—FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN BOTH.

In criticising so vast an array of pictures—and, by the way, we may mention that between four and five hundred were, after being accepted, not hung for want of room; therefore let young artists take courage—we may as well begin numerically, noticing those pictures which are most interesting, premising that we do not intend, like Mr. Ruskin, to abuse any of the public into an intense admiration of any pictures which they neither like nor understand.

In the East room we find (No. 9) “Cinderella,” a very clever and fanciful little picture, by George Cruikshank; the figure of Cinderella is not so good as the other parts of the picture. (No. 20) “Death of Francesco Foscari, Doge of Venice,” by Pickersgill, is in some respects a fine picture, but we imagine we have seen it before, there is such a sameness in the figures; the yellow-haired lady and the white dress we are sure are old acquaintances; besides this, the lady’s head is much too small. These are grave faults of carelessness in an artist of such evident talent as Mr. F. Pickersgill. (No. 26) “The Cottage Toilette,” and (No. 79) “A Cabin in a Vine-

yard,” by Mr. Uwins, are two very indifferent pictures, which would never have made a reputation. Royal academicians sometimes exhibit very indifferent pictures. If Mr. Uwins had paid more attention to the painting and drawing of the mother in the latter picture, and had not given us the verbose and unnecessary quotation in the catalogue, it would have been more satisfactory, the subject being quite capable of telling its own tale. The dog is well painted, and the children very fairly executed; the flesh in the “Cottage Toilette” has a very disagreeable hue. There are several good portraits in this room. (No. 33) “My two Boys,” by Knight; “Martha, daughter of E. H. Baily” (No. 44), by Mogford; a picture which would be better in effect if the background had been cooler. Mr. Grant has some beautiful portraits, of which we think (No. 69) “The Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay,” and (No. 74) “Viscount Gough,” the best of the male, and (No. 353) “Mrs. Percival Heywood,” of the female portraits; the latter is very life-like and forcible, and the black silk dress is carefully finished. Sir J. Watson Gordon and J. P. Knight also do credit to their previously earned reputations;

but Mr. Dicksee’s portrait of “A Lady and her Child” (No. 96) is decidedly the best female portrait in the room; the lady dances her child naturally and gracefully, and the silk dress is perfection. This is certainly the best picture Mr. Dicksee has as yet exhibited. “The Swing” (No. 50), by F. Goodall, cannot be too highly praised; for grace, action, and beauty of colouring, it is almost unequalled. The boy whispering to the little girl at the foot of the tree is quite a miniature cavalier. The park and distant country seen through the trees, prove Mr. Goodall to be a first-class landscape painter, and renders his picture one of the gems of the exhibition. The productions of Mr. Gale deserve honourable mention for their care, brilliancy, and finish, although their general effect is somewhat injured by an adhesion to the missal-like style of the Præ-Raphaelites. Thus in the “Wounded Knight” (No. 55), the ferns and wild flowers, amongst which he is lying, are of equal importance with the figure, and render the general effect glaring and confused: besides this, such minute finish is untrue to

nature, small objects being toned down, and the mind exercised upon the larger objects, prevents the retina from attending to the *minutiae* before it. No. 492, by the same artist, though in another room, represents a scene from "Cymbeline." This is equal in execution to No. 55, while more prominence being given to the figures, the picture is thereby the better of the two. The face of Imogen is refined, natural, and beautiful. "The Last of the Crew" (No. 57), C. Stanfield, R.A., is painted with this artist's usual brilliancy, and is the most touching and poetical sea-piece we ever saw. (No. 63), "Royal Sports on Loch and Hill;" the Queen, Prince Consort, and the Prince of Wales, the Viscountess Jocelyn, etc. —Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A. Of this picture it is difficult to speak, as it is unfinished, with the exception of the game, which is finely painted. In our opinion it ought not to have been exhibited in such a state. The Queen's face has a most extraordinary flush on it. Prince Albert's figure is most effeminate, while the Viscountess Jocelyn's large unnatural eyes have the appearance of blindness. (No. 360), "Dandie Dinmont," the Queen's favourite Skye terrier, is certainly not equal to Sir Edwin's earlier efforts. Mr. Webster has an approaching rival in a young artist of the happy name of Smith, who has two excellently-painted works of children (No. 70) "Blackberrying," and (No. 142) "Bob-cherry." In these, colour, execution, and drawing, are all excellent. War, about which every head in the nation is either turned at the present moment, or violently affected, has two illustrations, termed "Fuentes d'Onor, May, 1810, and August, 1811" (Nos. 71 and 210). Both of these are well painted, and tell a very common but sad tale; the hanging committee having, unfortunately, spoilt the narrative by hanging the pictures,

which are evidently pendants to each other, in different rooms. No. 85 a "Villager's Offering," and No. 104 a "Brake Party," are two highly finished pictures by Webster. We mention, *en passant*, that only the other day, a picture by the same artist, which had cost a connoisseur only forty pounds a few years ago, sold at his sale for *three hundred*!

Mr. Leslie has three pictures, none of which can be classed as more than sketches, the execution being altogether slovenly, the drawing careless, and the colour crude. The principal of these is from Pope's polished court pastoral of "The Rape of the Lock," of which it cannot be called an illustration. Few have, indeed, to complain of such pictures being foisted on their works. Who, for instance, would dream of the coquette Belinda, surrounded by gnomes and fairies to do her bidding when looking at the awkward and somewhat melancholy sketch in the picture of Mr. Leslie? The last picture which we shall notice at present, leaving for our next number a still greater treat, is a curious and beautiful illustration of modern "Life at the Sea-side," by Frith. A multitude of figures are seen upon the sea-shore, following all sorts of methods to kill time, which people at the sea-side generally indulge in. All classes are here represented, from children who use their toy-shop spades to dig in the sand, to the vagabond Ethiopian serenader who kicks and flourishes in the background of the picture. There is a great deal of the treatment of Hogarth about this painting—the same life, bustle, and vivacity; and if there is less force and knowledge, there is yet more prettiness. Few will easily tire of the present work of art. Amongst the crowd may be recognised the artist, his wife, and child. It has, we hear, been already twice sold, the last price given for it being one thousand pounds.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

WE have already alluded to this great artist, one of those who has done so much credit to this country, and whose productions are of such value to the connoisseur.* It is as much for what he did to elevate and spur on others to the noble emulation of fame and success, that we admire and love the great English painter. Before his time art was at a low ebb in England. We had taste to admire the productions of the Italian, Spanish, and Flemish schools, but we were not productive in art. It is a fallacy very deeply rooted in the minds of continental nations, that we are a very fine race of shopkeepers, very excellent sailors, very good at constitutional government, first-rate merchants, and deeply cunning diplomats, but that of fancy and imagination we have nothing. It is in vain that an Englishman, indignant at such an aspersion, points to the greatest poets and dramatists in the world, English born, whose works show fancy at its very highest point—it is in vain that we explain that romance writing, as an art, owes its very existence to this island. Though Frenchmen have sometimes heard of Shakespeare, possess a vague notion that one John Milton did exist, and are familiar with Byron—whom they claim as a Frenchman, Biron!—and Scott, yet still they stick to their old text, and deny us any taste, any fancy, any imagination.

Slowly and vaguely the idea is working itself into continental minds, that England is great in everything. Sir Joshua Reynolds is but one instance of the universality of our genius. It is difficult to explain the slow growth of art in this country, unless we seek for the cause in those religious and political troubles which absorbed every mind in the days of the first Charles and the great Cromwell, while under Charles II. the universal depravity of morals, the degeneration of king and people, and the narrow escape of moral extinction which we had at that time, must have prevented anything great or noble from making way above the surface of disorganised society.

The study of Vandyck, and the appearance in England of Lely and Kneller, two foreign artists, paved the way for the

higher art, which soon was to be developed in Sir Joshua. Great indeed were the deficiencies of the British school when he arose. Its members seem to have been groping in the dark, conscious of power, of vigour, of energy; but, from want of artistic education, ignorant how to use it. Sir Joshua went the right way to work. He studied hard, gained a thorough knowledge of the elements of his art, and then went to the classic soil of Italy to complete his studies, and drink inspiration at the true fount of art. It was beneath the eye, as it were, of Michael Angelo and Raphael—at all events breathing the atmosphere in which they once lived, and gazing on their matchless works—that he gained such perfect mastery over his pencil.

High art is a phrase which is often used, never very accurately defined. Everything appears entitled to that epithet which elevates the standard of nature to sublimity. Reynolds did this with portrait-painting. He made it something superior, something greater than it had ever been before. It is probable, that had Sir Joshua enjoyed the advantages of a sound early education, he would have been as great in historical as in portrait painting. Here lies the weakness of most British artists. Generally speaking, they study nothing but the elements of their own art. While the foreign artist, especially the French painter, imbues his mind with general knowledge, studies history, anatomy, the intricate history of costume, too many of our own countrymen either cram for the occasion or fall into strange and painful errors.

This is notoriously the case with many living men, who, did they not wholly confine themselves to outline and colour, who, did they but elevate their minds by grasping that which expands and ennobles the intellect, might rise to original conception, instead of being eternal mannerists and copyists. A man will never paint well that which he does not understand. If he seeks to produce a Scripture subject, he must be familiar with all that learning and research has laid bare in reference to the age gone by. He must comprehend the climate, natural productions, costume, and *couleur locale* of his subject, or he never will be great. How admirable, how perfect, are

* ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. i. p. 146.

ry English artists, when they paint English scenery. It is because they paint what they thoroughly understand. As speaking and writing, so in art, a thorough conception of the subject is half the battle. The artist attacks his canvas with a boldness and courage which he can never feel, when he is in doubt as to details. Imagine a novelist, who knew nothing of the reign of Charles II. but a few leading traits, writing a novel laid in that day. His production would be something ludicrous. Paintings, meant to be sublime, are often ridiculous from this great error. The tragedians, representing Brutus in a bag-wig and red heels, were not more absurd than an artist who, painting a scene in British India, dressed his natives like Syrians; nor at all more out of character than the painter who, representing an event in Virginia, painted Peruvian Indians instead of Sioux or Choctaws. Such errors strike not the vulgar, but they utterly destroy the effect of a picture in the eyes of a man of taste and education.

The severe taste generated by the change from Romanism to Protestantism checked for a time the progress of art, which, owing its birth to lands imbued with popery, could not fit itself at once to the more chaste and pure ideas of a purified religion.

It was not until the days of Reynolds, when Hogarth and Hainsborough also flourished, that British art took an impetus, and became a firm plant in a rich soil. They were men worthy any age and time, and as long as the English language endures—and what mind is there vast enough to grasp the fact of what the English language has yet to do?—will these men be admired and venerated as the leaders and masters of a school, that will yet in all probability rival any that has existed. Reynolds matured what the less cultivated genius of the others prepared.

Devonshire has been peculiarly rich in painters. It produced Reynolds; it has since given us Hudson, Hayman, Cosway, Humphry, Haydon, Northcote, Prout, and many others. Reynolds was originally intended for the church; but fortunately for posterity he changed his vocation. Many a good tailor and shoemaker has been spoiled in the effort to create a painter; but many a man of genius has been kept from his proper sphere in the effort to make him a clergyman. The ministry is a vocation to which a man should rather turn from choice than be brought up to it. It would have been well for Reynolds, perhaps, had he acquired the knowledge which a university education would have given him. But his father, good easy man, taught him little, and he began the world with a very small stock of knowledge.

It was in the society of literary men, from frequent intercourse with the wits and poets and historians and divines, who assembled round his table, rather than from any early habits, that Reynolds acquired a taste for literary composition. Johnson and Goldsmith were his friends. The following from Farrington is high praise. He is speaking of his intellectual evenings:—"Such an example at the head of the arts, had the happiest effect upon the members of the profession. At this time, a change in the habits and manners of the people of this country was beginning to take place. Public taste was improving. The coarse familiarity, so common in personal intercourse, was laid aside, and respectful attention and civility in address gradually gave a new and better aspect to society. The profane habit of using oaths in conversation no longer offended the ear; and Bacchanalian intemperance at the dinner-table was succeeded by rational cheerfulness and sober forbearance. No class of society manifested more speedy improvement than the body of artists. In the example set by Sir Joshua Reynolds, he was supported by some of his contemporaries, who were highly respected for the propriety of their conduct and gentlemanly deportment. So striking was the change, that a much-esteemed artist, far advanced in life, being a few years since at a dinner-table surrounded by men of his own profession, recollecting those of former times, remarked the great difference in their manners, adding, 'I now see only gentlemen before me. Such is the influence of good example.'"

But it is in his pictures that Sir Joshua will live. It is by them that the world knows him; and that which we represent in this number (p. 188) is not one of the least deserving.

Here is the young street-wanderer, holding out one hand to solicit a gift, but offering in the other a few old-fashioned matches for sale. This is his last compromise with shame, the last prudent act of the mendicant-boy. By this he half-conceals from himself the idea that he is a beggar, and eludes the letter of the law, which declares it criminal for the hungry to ask for bread of the passer-by.

But the painter's touch imprints on the figure and countenance of this boy the unmistakeable characteristics of mendicancy. The humble and patient attitude, the sorrowful expression of face, the extended hand, all claim our pity; a compassionate tenderness must be roused by the sight of this poor suppliant. In nothing has the painter exaggerated his subject. Even in the beggar's clothing there is a decent propriety observed; he is not a vagrant in uncouth tatters, a creature repulsive in his dirt and rage, but one who, though possessing nothing of value, still keeps himself above abject and degrading destitution. On the other hand, however, he is no softly-clad beggar, picturesquely ragged. In his countenance there is nobility and feeling; we think, when looking at him, that he is the best object of sympathy, as one who, in other circumstances, would have been sympathising himself. Thus it is not by the externals of misery, or by tears, or by distorted features that Reynolds moves our pity for this poor boy; his appeal is not to our senses; it speaks directly to the soul. The moral sympathies of our nature are touched and awakened far more completely by this sad, quiet, manly countenance, than by an aggregate of terrible details of suffering, of want, wretchedness, and privation.

It is in this, if our theory be not altogether erroneous, that we find the true solution of that problem, so long disputed—What is art? Art idealises form and colour, so as to clothe a sentiment or an idea in truth and beauty. The artist who describes an object in painting or sculpture, as a poet would depict it in an epic or an ode, possesses the real genius to which chisel and pencil should belong. The most skillful imitator of nature is not the true painter; he stands to him in the same relation that a mason holds to an architect. Otherwise an exact copyist would be equal to the original painter.

The artists who have adopted this as their principle, have usually selected, for the subject of their compositions, the high and noble emotions of human nature—sorrow, enthusiasm, devotion, and meditation; while those of the more material school delight chiefly in scenes of earthly joy, in dances such as made Boccaccio's gardens happy, in festivals such as Cagliari painted, in fêtes like those of Velasquez, in flowery and radiant landscapes, or laughing, blooming groups of beauty. The Flemish school is made up almost entirely of such painters. Why is this? Is it because joy has less power over the deepest emotions of man? Is it more accidental and external to him? Is it less bound to him by roots striking far into his innermost nature? It seems difficult not to believe at least something like this. The appearance of felicity, no doubt, is pleasing to us; it inclines us to agreeable thoughts, and, perhaps, communicates such thoughts to our minds; but it does not assume that control of all our emotions which belongs to the sight of moral suffering. We are fascinated by the smiling Hebe; but we are riveted by the Niobe, with upturned eyes, speechless and stricken, without even a prayer or a cry upon her lips. That seems to command all the feelings which live in us; it pierces through our human materialism; it troubles, it softens us, and makes us yearn for power to assuage those pains of the soul which we witness; and it is by this invisible bond, linking all humanity into one, that, unless evil passions completely away our hearts, we are made to weep with those who weep; so that it is among the gracious dispensations of Providence, that to console others is consolation to ourselves.

It results from this, that every work which awakens, by the representation of sorrow, such a remembrance of our better

nature, tends to elevate the sentiments and to dignify the moral sympathies. It teaches what is noblest in humanity; for it inspires the heart with a desire to accomplish those duties which the divine precepts and the laws of society have established as relations between man and man.

The spectacle of a bright image or a joyous scene awakens

particular class of painters. There are two things to be considered in a question of art—the perfection of the work, and its influence on men—and the latter is by no means invariably proportionate to the former. A work may be a finished masterpiece without exercising any appreciable influence on the beholder's mind, or its influence may be far from good.



THE BEGGAR-BOY.—FROM A PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

by no means such great emotions. It pleases, it diverts, but it does not improve us; it is addressed to the inclinations, but it does not penetrate to the heart. Even if its influence be powerful, the effect stops with us, and is of no value to others.

This is not said in order to create a prejudice against any school, or to stamp with inferiority the productions of any

while a statue or a picture or considerably less excellence may attract or excite a crowd. It is rarely, indeed, that the art of one painter is so perfect as to combine the highest purpose with the highest power of execution, to make the work admirable in spirit, taste, and beauty. When the artist does this, he is indeed a poet.



FOREST SCENE IN MORVAN.

THE FOREST OF MORVAN, IN FRANCE.

THE forest of Morvan is a district extending over the three departments of Nièvre, Yonne, and Saône-et-Loire. The subterranean revolutions to which it has been subject have impressed a marked character upon its soil. Abrupt rocks, which have been forced up by an enormous power, seem to dart their sharp-pointed tops towards heaven. Amid these rocks are enclosed meadows which, like the surrounding hills, are thickly overgrown with wood. In all these parts nature presents a bold and solemn aspect. The villages are arranged in a picturesque manner on the sides of the hills or in the depths of valleys. Numerous paths, though but little frequented, winding round the hills and through the country, give it an air of modern life which was altogether unknown to it thirty years ago. Still, it is only the great centres of population that have profited by the change which has taken place in the state of society within that period. The Morvan rustic still drives the old antiquated chariot with its four wheels without tire. His oxen, with their long horns, as represented in the accompanying engraving, remind one of those of ancient Rome. He still sings his old laments in a slow and measured strain, just as his ancestors did for ages before him. If he meets a stranger, he salutes him in an inquisitive way with his large hat; and if the latter asks him the way, he tells him with a saucy look, that he knows it as well as himself.

The Morvan women wear short and scanty petticoats. They have their hair twisted behind, and covered with flying ribands of lively colours; which gives them a certain coquettish air that is by no means unpleasing. When the young villagers dance one of those boree dances which have delighted generations long gone by, accompanied by the monotonous moaning of the bagpipe, it is surprising what enthusiasm they display.

On leaving the road from Lyons to Avallon, a pretty town in the department of Yonne, as you enter the district of Morvan, you come to the market-town of Quarré-les-Tombes, formerly the barony of the illustrious knights of Chastellux, whose castle stands not many miles off, like an eagle's nest on the hill, surrounded with thick woods, carrying the observer's thoughts back to the stormy times of the feudal wars. Quarré owes its name to a collection of stone tombs, destined, according to some authors, for the uses of the rich Gallic Romans of the district. The cemetery is still covered with

these tombs, many of which are empty. Every grave recently filled is ornamented with a stone monument, of which there are more than a hundred and fifty altogether.

The most important places in Morvan Proper are Lormes, Corbigny, Montsauche, and Château Chinon, small towns in the department of Nièvre. From the top of the mountain upon which the church of Lormes stands, the view extends over a distance of more than thirty miles all round. The waters of the stream at Lormes, issuing from a large pond, or, we might almost say, lake, are precipitated with great force in foaming cascades from the higher level.

Château Chinon, which was known to the Romans, still exhibits the ruins of a feudal castle. Mount Beuvray, celebrated in the legends of this district, was one of the central points of the ancient Ædui. Vestiges of a camp may still be seen there, and several Roman roads meet at this point. The warm springs at St. Honoré, which were highly esteemed by the Roman conquerors of the Gauls, enjoy no mean reputation in the present day.

The principal occupation of the inhabitants of this part of France now consists of breeding cattle and working in the woods. Buckwheat, rye, and barley, form their chief supplies of food, from which they manufacture black bread. But in some parts, which are more favoured by nature, fine wheat is produced in abundance. There is an old proverb which says, that from Morvan comes neither a good wind nor good people. The latter part of the proverb is probably owing to the destructive ravages formerly committed by the warlike Ædui, who, issuing from their mountainous abodes, massacred all whom they encountered without any touch of pity or remorse. The civilisation of Christian times has, in a great measure, softened the ancient ferocity of their character; but the rudeness which is inherent, so to speak, in mountainous districts, still remains in the villages. The peasantry are obstinate and quarrelsome. Rather than yield a single iota of a disputed claim, they will make a sacrifice of ten times the value. As to the wind from Morvan, that is, of course, pretty much the same as it always was; and when, in the early part of the year, it blows from the south-west over the mountains covered with three feet of snow, it comes upon the valleys of Yonne and Cote-d'Or with a cutting and destructive keenness.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CONCLUSION.

It was one of those delicious days in autumn, when the heat of the sun is tempered by the fresh breeze and the gray clouds that steal athwart the blue of the heavens. In the balcony of the palazzo upon the Adriatic, of which we have already made mention in our tale, two persons were sitting enjoying the cool sea-air, and conversing.

"How tranquilly yon bright water alunders in the sunlight," said one of the two to his companion. "Who would ever think that not long since it was tossing to and fro in troublous billows? And just such is life. Ah, may ours, after the sorrows and trials which we have so lately endured, be henceforth peaceful and filled with sunshine, dearest Bianca."

The girl looked up tenderly at her lover. The traces of sickness had not yet altogether departed from her face, for her cheek was pale and her eye somewhat languid, but these enhanced rather than impaired her loveliness.

"Heaven grant that it may be so, dear Giulio. Heaven has been very merciful to me, first in saving me from a union that would have been worse than death, and next in preserving me through that terrible malady, which was fatal to my poor maiden Giovanna. Do you know, Giulio, it is a very singular fact that we were both born on the same day and hour."

Giulio remained silent for a time, as in deep thought; at length he said:—

"Dost thou remember the prophecy of the man with the rebeck in the gondola, that thou told'st me of?"

"Oh, yes! I have never forgotten it. How strangely true, in words, has it proved; yet how different in sense to what I feared. The bridegroom came indeed, and death entered in with him—but thou wert not the bridegroom, nor I the victim!"

"Well, thou must know that I too have encountered this diviner, and he has spoken strange and terrible things to me—a part of it still weighs painfully on my heart—that which he predicted when first I saw him. Yet do I hope that what I applied to myself was addressed to my companion; the rest has, I now perceive, received its fulfilment, for it related, not to thee, as I supposed, but to the poor girl thy attendant."

And Giulio then related his interview with the astrologer upon the evening of Giovanna's death.

"And now, dearest Bianca," continued he, "I have come to advertise thee that thou art to have an unwonted visitor to-day."

"Who may it be, Giulio? Thou knowest, that since my illness, I have received no one save thy father."

"Well, he comes by my father's permission, who will be

here to receive him in person, and entreats that you will not refuse to see him."

"No more suitors, I trust," said the girl, with a frightened look.

"No, in faith," replied Giulio smiling; "on the contrary, he comes for the purpose of relinquishing all claim to thy hand. You must know that, upon my father's recovery from the plague, he informed Pietro Molo, the old goldsmith, that he still held himself his debtor, and proposed such arrangement to him as he is able to make. In return, the banker has requested permission to attend here, and formally resign all claim to thy hand on the part of his nephew. Thou wilt not, I trust, feel any disinclination to be released from the addresses of the wealthy plebeian, even though thou shouldst have to put up with a poor noble instead. But here comes Giuletta; I warrant she hath some news for us, she looks so important."

"Ah! dear children," said the old woman, looking lovingly upon them, for she had at length discovered their secret, "here is the count, fresh-arrived from the city; he has sent me forward with his greetings to my young lady, and he requests that she will receive him in her boudoir."

"Come then, dearest," said Giulio, "let me lead thee in. My father will rejoice to see the bloom again returning to thy cheeks."

The two young people passed in from the balcony to the apartment into which we formerly introduced our readers; Giuletta, with the privilege of a favoured servant, following them.

The Count Polani embraced his ward tenderly, and then seating himself beside her, he said,—

"My dear Bianca, I crave your indulgence for pressing this interview upon you. I would have gladly spared your feelings the recollection of a scene which this meeting cannot fail to revive. But the request was made so urgently by Messer Molo that I could not venture to refuse it, considering the position in which I stand in relation to him. You have, however, nothing to fear from his importunity."

Punctual to the appointed time, the banker reached the Palazzo Morosini, and was conducted to the boudoir where the count and his ward awaited him. Giulio rose to retire, but his father said, "I should wish you to be present as a witness, Giulio, unless Bianca object."

The girl bowed a ready assent, and added, "I, too, should desire that Giuletta stay near me; you know, dear signore, I may need the presence of one of my own sex."

"Be it as you will, then. Ah! here comes the goldsmith."

The old man walked up the apartment with the calm, self-possessed deportment which was habitual to him, and bowing with an air of deference, not unmixed with pride, he said:

"Count Polani, I am come to hear the terms you propose in relation to certain moneys which I had the honour to lend your excellency, upon conditions which have not been fulfilled. Be pleased to state your intentions."

"Messer Molo, I again offer you the same terms which I offered on the day the obligation became due: I am ready to pay three thousand ducats now, and to secure you the residue upon my palazzo in Venice, provided you cancel the bond."

"To that proposal, signor count, I reply now, as I did before, that I shall abide strictly by the terms of the obligation."

The Count Polani was about to interrupt him passionately, but the banker, raising his hand, said quietly—

"I pray your lordship to hear me out. I was saying that I shall abide by the terms of the obligation. You, signor Polani, failed to pay me the moneys on the day specified, and thereupon I was entitled to demand from you the hand of your ward in the name of my nephew. That hand was not refused by you; but, on the contrary, I voluntarily relinquished it and withdrew my nephew. Therefore, sir count, I now release you from all obligation, and do here destroy the bond which you gave me." Saying which, he tore the

instrument in two and handed it to the count. "And I formally acknowledge that I have no claim on the part of my nephew."

The count seized the hand of the banker with emotion.

"Nay, nay, good Messer Molo—thou art too generous—must not be so."

"Your pardon, my good lord," said the banker proudly. "You once said that I was a just man, and I affirmed that you spoke truly; suffer me still to be so. I must not forfeit my own self-respect. I will now take my leave; but I will crave permission first to touch the hand of this fair maiden whom I would have been proud to call niece, had not Heaven visibly interposed to forbid it."

The old man advanced to where Bianca sat, and, taking her hand, raised it respectfully to his lips, and then placing a jewel of great price upon her finger, he laid his hand upon her fair head, and uttering a fervent benediction, he turned to depart. At this moment the door was opened, and a young man entered. All eyes were turned upon the stranger.

"Ah, nephew Girolamo," said Molo, who met him near the door, "this is indeed unexpected. I did not know thou wert in Venice; but I have arranged all matters with the Count Polani, even as thou didst desire."

"Thanks, dear uncle," said the young man; and then, passing by him, he flung off his travelling cloak and walked up the room. In a moment he was pressed in the arms of Giulio.

"Jacques! my dearest and best of friends. Welcome, a thousand times welcome!"

"What do I hear?" exclaimed the banker, who had hastened back after the young man.

"There is some mistake here; this youth is not called Jacques, but Girolamo—Girolamo Molo, the son of my brother Jacopo."

"Ay, truly, dear uncle, and yet my good Giulio here will not, you see, deny his old friend Jacques de la Mole."

"How is this?" asked the count in amazement. "Be so good as to solve this riddle for us."

But no sooner had old Giuletta heard the voice of the young man, than she hurried forward and cried:

"Santissima Madre! I swear by my hopes of salvation that this is none other than the learned Greek doctor, Demetrius, who brought the count and my young lady through the plague, and then disappeared so suddenly—ay, indeed, though he has lost his white hair and beard."

"The same, the same, good Giuletta. Suffer me to congratulate my patients on their thorough convalescence. Fair lady, you will not refuse your hand once again to your physician. My lord, the friend of your son seeks your acquaintance."

While the young man thus passed from one to another of the party, with the unembarrassed freedom of one of courtly breeding, all remained silent with wonder and perplexity.

"Count Polani," he continued, "you asked me to solve this riddle. I will do so, if you give me a few minutes' hearing;" and seating himself in the chair to which the count pointed, he said: "My good uncle here will tell you that the liberality and love of my father denied me no advantage which his wealth could procure. Thus I travelled much, visited most of the courts of Europe, and found that the son of the great banker of Milan was a welcome guest wherever he went. It so chanced that an affair connected with the loan of a large sum of money, which required great secrecy and caution, led me to the capital of France for the first time some two years since—"

"I remember it well, nephew Girolamo," said the banker, interrupting him. "Thou didst acquit thyself very creditably in the affair. I warrant me your young ruffling gallants, who affect to look down upon us merchants, could not do as much."

The young man looked at Giulio with a smile full of meaning, and continued: "Well, I found it desirable to adopt an incognito; I assumed another name, gave myself out to be a Frenchman, and, that I might sustain the character appropriately, I did, my dear uncle, dress myself somewhat

the fashion of the young gallants of whom you have just spoken, and Jacques de la Mole had the happiness of making the acquaintance of Giulio Polani."

"Ay, faith, dear friend," said Giulio laughing; "and at the same time Jacques de la Mole was the most fashionable valier, the best swordsman, the luckiest gambler, and the most fortunate——"

"Hush! hush! Giulio," said Girolamo, interrupting any further disclosures; "you will make me blush if you praise me thus. Remember I had a part to play, and I tried to play to the best of my poor ability. Besides, you know I was not always successful. Dost forget our gay wager on the banks of the Seine, and how I lost it to thee?"

Giulio smiled, and held up his finger admonishingly to his friend.

"Well, well, I shall not speak of it, at least just now. We did not long part when I learned of thy strange compact, my dear uncle; and though I knew that thy love and thy ambition would select none for me but a most worthy object, it was I determined to judge for myself; and so I visited Venice without thy knowledge, and again assumed my character of the *Sieur de la Mole*."

"It was well that I did not meet thee, Girolamo; I should have rated thee soundly for going about in thy mumming French frippery."

"Nay, but thou didst meet me, dear uncle. My first visit was to the *Corso degli Orifici*, where thou didst very civilly give me gold for one of my own bills on thee."

"Truly," said the old man, "I do now bethink me of an *opinjay* in a slashed velvet doublet and perfumed gloves, who wore a hat and feathers; I did not see his face, for he was masked; but he spoke only French, except one or two words of vile Italian."

"Precisely, dear uncle; you would not expect a French gallant to speak good Italian. Well, Giulio, thou rememberest our wager, and how thou didst often boast to me when in France that thou wouldst show me, if I ever came to Venice, a maiden fairer than those on the northern side of the Alps; and so thou didst keep thy word, and I lost my wager, and would have lost my heart too—pardon me, dear lady, if I am too bold of speech—but that I quickly discovered that one very dear to me (and he looked at Giulio) had already lost his to thee, and, as I believed, had stolen thine in return."

The Count Polani looked at Bianca and then at Giulio: the confusion of both betrayed a secret which a more vigilant guardian than the count would have long since discovered.

"By Saint Mark," said he, "pretty one, I have been but lim-sighted after all; I must have good old Father Chrysosom to confess thee; or perhaps thou hast made thy confession already to a younger ear, and we must reserve the good father for another office. Well, Ser Girolamo, or Jacques, or Demetrius, whichever it is your good pleasure to be called, we would hear the rest of your story."

"Ah, signore, it is well nigh told. As I said, I feared for my own heart, and had the good sense to fly.—Thou got'st a note from me, Giulio?"

"Yes, and I marvelled much at thy sudden departure, and still more at thy continued silence."

"Upon the day before the appointed day, I returned to Venice, determined to supply the money to liquidate the bond, in case the count should not be in a condition to pay. How I arranged the matter, Giulio, thou knowest; but why thou didst not make use of the bills I gave thee I know not."

Giulio informed his friend of the casualty that had befallen him, and detained him in delirium till the day was past.

"I will not dwell on the painful scene at the Palazzo Polani further than to say that, at the moment your lordship had appealed to me, and that I was about to disclose my friendship with your son and to decline the honour of a hand which, even were I worthy of it, would not have conferred on me a heart, the sudden illness of the signora rendered it unnecessary. We hurried from the palazzo; but not before I had satisfied myself, notwithstanding my uncle's precautions, that it was indeed the plague with which the young lady was

seized. I had been long in the East, and had seen that terrible scourge, and learned of a celebrated physician in Damascus the best mode of treating it. Speedily procuring the dress of a Greek physician, I presented myself at once, and had little difficulty in procuring admission in the emergency. Heaven be praised, I was enabled to save the lives of two of the three; the other——"

"Ah! yes," interposed Giudetta; "the other my poor Giovanna. But see, Signor Demetrius, I have the amulet which you gave me, and it preserved me through the whole time of the plague—though I did not understand all the learned things you said to me."

Girolamo laughed gaily.

"Why, yes, I flatter myself I spoke with due professional unintelligibility. To-day I returned by chance to Venice, and finding that my good uncle had come hither, I determined to be present at the last act of a drama in which I had been playing more parts than my friends knew of. And now my tale is told."

And so, dear reader, may I say with Girolamo, "My tale is told." Yet, ere we take our leave for ever of those whose fortunes we have been following through many scenes, and for whom, I trust, you feel an interest, let us follow those fortunes to a close. As one who, from the cliffs, watches a bark buffeting with wind and waves, now mounting on the top of the billows, now plunged in the trough of the sea, till it disappears from his view—as such a one watches with anxious heart and strained eyes, till at length he sees the vessel enter the harbour—then his spirit is glad, and he breathes freely—nevertheless, he will surely hurry down to the water's edge and see the poor, storm and sea-tossed voyagers landed safely, and entering their happy homes;—just so do I hope that you, dear reader, would see those with whom we have had to do safe at their destination. Know, then, that ere a month had passed, Giulio and Bianca were wedded—the count gradually retrieved his fortunes and rose in the state, and finally became one of the Council of Ten. By a strange fatality, one of the last victims of the plague was Michael Morosini who succeeded Contarini as doge. His immense wealth, which was amassed by the most sordid and heartless means, was divided between his relatives, and a considerable portion came to his kinswoman Bianca. Old Pietro Molo still dwelt in the *Corso degli Orifici*, to the end a wealthy and an honourable banker, who ever performed and enforced a contract with unflinching scrupulosity; and he had at length the happiness to see his dear nephew mated with a noble lady of Milan, and perpetuating the name of Molo, which he adorned not less by his magnificence and liberality than he did by the nobleness of his nature.

Three others there are, to whom our thoughts may revert with a pleasant interest. Of Carlo Zeno we need not say anything: his long, active, and most adventurous life; his peaceful death; his obsequies—magnificent and pompous as became a great state honouring the remains of her greatest son, and a mourning people paying the last tribute to their bravest general—all these are matters of history, to be found on its brightest and broadest pages. The chronicler who turns aside to ramble through the byways of history, will now and then meet with the name of Sir William Cheke, and find him still the soldier of fortune, ever gallant and true-hearted, till at last he sank down in his harness upon the battle-field, and brave companions in arms gave him sepulture in a foreign land. And, last of all, stout Roger Harrington failed not of his hoped-for future. He won his way back to his own Britain; and beside the waters of his beloved Trent, even in that pleasant valley, through whose once sylvan solitudes the steam-train now thunders along upon its iron way—even there the smoke rose once again from his father's cottage; and, sitting near to him in the chimney-nook of a winter's evening, a blooming matron with mild blue eyes smoothed down the yellow curls of their infant boy, while she listened to the happy yeoman recounting his soldier's life and the feats of the memorable WAR OF THE CHIRONIA.

PRIZE FIGHTING IN CHILI.

A TRAVELLER, who has seen a good deal of southern manners, thus writes:—If in Chili you have the misfortune to encounter an adversary, who comes against you with a *lazo* in his hand, kill him, or, at least, wound him dangerously; otherwise your case is hopeless. Do not fancy you will have time to load your piece before the fatal thong is fastened round your body; it comes quickly and reaches far. It is the boa-constrictor darting forth at its victim; the hangman's rope by which the culprit is launched into eternity; the lightning which in a moment wraps round the body and scorches it to death. The boa-constrictor may have a moment of generosity, the tiger and the hyena certainly have theirs; the reptile, before devouring its prey, may abandon it after having covered it with its venomous saliva; but the *lazo* is inexorable, and when once it grasps you in its folds, in vain will be all your tears, cries, and entreaties.

hung; and one would almost think the marvels of old time were revived in Chili, for as soon as the children can run alone, they begin to practise the use of the *lazo* with untiring assiduity. When they grow up to be men, they engage in frequent contests for a stated sum. Our engraving represents one of these. The reader will perceive that one of the combatants is armed with a *cuchillo*, or sharp steel blade set in a handle—in fact, a sort of dagger—and the other with a *lazo*. He may imagine there is likely to be some desperate work—the breast stabbed, the heart pierced, the shoulder maimed, or a hand gashed. But he need be under no apprehension. It is altogether a rose-water affair, a delicate sort of duel, such as sometimes takes place among young ladies at school. Whichever of the two combatants first grazes the skin of his opponent, even in the slightest degree, is considered the conqueror and wins the stakes. Accordingly, the one takes



TWO CHILIANS FIGHTING WITH "LAZO" AND "CUCHILLO."

The Chilian on horseback, with his *puncho* over his shoulder, his felt over his forehead, and his *lazo* in his hand, is safe against all opposition from man or beast. The bull, the jaguar, and the pumas, may come against him; but bull, jaguar, and pumas, must all be vanquished. The one he takes by the horns, the next by the neck, and the third by the leg. Wielded by a skilful hand, the *lazo* falls with unerring precision upon the part desired. The victim may twist and turn, coil itself up, or stretch itself out; but it is all in vain; by a slight movement of the hand, the *lazo* changes its direction, slackens or increases its rapidity, and, like an eagle or a hawk after its prey, it soon winds its remorseless folds round the body of the victim with inextricable tenacity.

The historians of the middle ages tell us that in the Balearic Islands a child was not allowed to have any breakfast till he had knocked it down with his sling from the trees upon which it was

good care not to wound the other with his *cuchillo*, if he can possibly help it, while the latter does his best to get a scratch, but nothing more. The agility and skill which they display in this singular sort of contest is quite surprising.

These prize-fights do not always, however, terminate without mischief. The Chilian heart is not exempt from passion. It is irritated by defeat, and when once it is possessed with the thought of vengeance, the *lazo* and the *cuchillo* do their work very effectually, and a neck is strangled or a breast pierced. In case of death, there is no mercy for the survivor; he is either executed, or sent to the galleys for life. But the *lazo* confers special privileges. It is an honourable, a patrician weapon, although only the people make use of it. The murderer who strangles with its thong is rarely pursued; for he has shed no blood, and it is blood alone that constitutes a crime in Chili.

HERNAN CORTES AND JOHN SMITH

AMERICAN history abounds with subjects adapted alike for the artist's pencil and the poet's pen. There is not a more romantic story in the world than the discovery of this vast continent and its

artistic idealities. Scarcely conscious of it, our dreamer pursued his course homeward, but he entered his "happy home," hurriedly and having dashed off a reminiscence of the faith had ceased, strength and power of morning's vision, threw himself into a state of feelings of a man who has involved himself beyond the means of extrication; he gave such a depiction as would be true, he had long resolved to exert his power to rise above the rank of a mediocre artist, to produce a picture that might raise him out of poverty and obscurity, by gaining a reputation, and winning the favourable notice of the public, even after he had commenced the work, there were moments when a distrust of his own faithful depiction of the beauty of the scene to represent as the young bride, that he was almost inclined to give up the work, as was in one of these moods that our narrative—suffering under the weight of almost to a fit of despondency, some one knocking at the door

turning round, beheld the fat lady, standing before him. "Come in, madam," said Reuben; "sit down, the lady, panting with fatigue, sat in a dilapidated chair which, in the room, and broken-legged bedstead, in the attic.

"I," muttered Mrs. Sniggins. "Oh, Reuben, in a tone of sympathy, wishing that they were at

"Mr. Jessop," con-
nector threatening to

claimed Reuben,
and so daring a

rs, you know,
think you will

s finished, I

for people
u've got



CORTES AND HIS ARMY APPROACHING THE CITY OF MEXICO.



POCAHONTAS INTERCEDING FOR JOHN SMITH.

first colonisation by the Spanish settlers; and the record of the pilgrim fathers, so touching in its quaint simplicity, never lacks interest; and further on still, when martial music of European

which rent from English control the great and glorious land and established the republic of the United States.

How strange it seems that this vast continent should have

THE EXHIBITION PICTURE.

Artists and authors have ever been prone to make their last efforts for the attainment of fame and fortune in attitudes; a choice which not only offers the advantage of seapiness, but precludes all annoyance from lodgers overhead, say nothing of unpleasant visits from the landlady underneath, especially where the house happens to be three or four stories high, and the proprietress suffers under the affliction either of asthma or rheumatism. Doubtless, it was for the purpose of securing either one or other of these advantages, that our young artist, Reuben Jessop, took up his abode in the free-pair-front of a house in the retired locality of Pentonville, London. Waiving all ceremony, let us introduce him at breakfast, seated before a scanty fire, suffering his toast and coffee to grow cold while absorbed in scrutinising the merits and imperfections of a half-finished painting that rests on his easel, near the window. It is a fancy sketch, portraying a young female of exquisite beauty, standing at a window pen down to the floor, looking out upon a lawn from an apartment elegantly furnished, and displaying a breakfast-table laid in a style that exhibits the most exquisite taste and refinement. It forms a picturesque and fascinating little scene of domestic comfort, rendered doubly interesting by the charming attitude and expression of the female, in whose countenance the artist has happily and strikingly depicted the fond and anxious gaze of a young bride, looking for the return of her loved companion from his morning's ramble. What a contrast to the discomfort and desolation of the poor artist's attic! But such evils were almost entirely overlooked or forgotten by Reuben, whose soul was absorbed in the pursuit of his profession. With this intense devotion, the young artist combined an anxious yearning for fame that impelled him to unwearied study of the rules of his art, which he pursued with an ardour so unrelenting as scarcely to allow himself sufficient time for rest; and as "the labour we delight in physics pain," he never felt the want of relaxation.

The following is the incident that had impelled our artist to his present labour. It was on a beautiful day in autumn, when the lingering sunshine, like the farewell of an old friend, seems to console us with the assurance of only temporary absence, that a group of gazers, who had been drawn together by the arrival of a wedding *cortège* at Marylebone church, were clustered together on the pavement waiting to see the bridal party return to their carriages. Twelve o'clock struck, and the number of idlers had increased to such a crowd that many respectable persons stopped also; some because they did not choose to be jostled among a mob, and others in the hope of beholding one or more of those glowing impersonations of female beauty, commonly to be found among the daughters of our gentry and aristocracy. The expectant crowd, among whom was Reuben, had not to wait long ere the wedding party made their appearance. First came the bride and bridegroom, the former so heavily veiled that not only her face but the greater portion of her dress was completely hidden. She was leaning on the arm of her husband, a fine, noble, handsome young man, attired in full military uniform, and accompanied by a veteran officer, the bride's father, a bluff, hearty, jovial-looking old gentleman, whose countenance evinced such delight as fully showed how completely the marriage met with his approval. And now came a troop of bridesmaids, all, not only elegantly attired, but more or less possessed of personal attractions; one especially, the last of the train, a dark, bright-eyed damsel, displaying a countenance so strikingly beautiful as to excite the intense admiration of all the by-standers, and particularly of our artist, who, the instant he beheld the maiden, involuntarily expressed his delight by exclaiming rapturously, "What a perfect Hebe!" There he stood, his eyes intently fixed upon her, as she took her seat in the bridesmaids' carriage, and still he remained rudely staring, and endeavouring to get a parting glance at his idol as the vehicle drove off, a rudeness for which the offender was to be excused by his having found, in that enchanting face and figure, almost a perfect specimen of the style of beauty which constituted one of the most

delightful of his artistic idealities. Scarcely conscious of anything around him, our dreamer pursued his course homewards, and the instant he entered his "eyry home," hurriedly snatched up his sketch-book, and having dashed off a reminiscent outline of the morning's vision, threw himself into a chair, with the dissatisfied feelings of a man who has involved himself in a difficulty beyond the means of extrication; he distrusted his ability to give such a depiction as would be worthy of the original. True, he had long resolved to exert his utmost skill, and endeavour to rise above the rank of a mere portrait-painter; to produce a picture that might raise him above his present poverty and obscurity, by gaining a purchaser among the *virtuosi*, and winning the favourable opinion of the public. Yet even after he had commenced the work we have described, there were moments when a distrust of his ability to give a full and faithful depiction of the beauty of the original he intended to represent as the young bride, came so strongly upon him that he was almost inclined to abandon his attempt; and it was in one of these moods that we find him at the opening of our narrative—suffering under a sad misgiving, amounting almost to a fit of despondency, from which he was aroused by some one knocking at the door of his apartment.

"Come in!" cried he, and, on turning round, beheld the fat figure of Mrs. Sniggins, his landlady, standing before him.

"Have the goodness to take a seat, madam," said Reuben; in compliance with which invitation, the lady, panting with exhaustion, sank into one of the dilapidated chairs which, in conjunction with a rickety table, and broken-legged bedstead, constituted the chief furniture of the attic.

"Them stairs is such a height!" muttered Mrs. Sniggins.

"They are, madam," replied Reuben, in a tone of sympathy, though at the very moment he was wishing that they were at least a story higher.

"And your rent is a running up so, Mr. Jessop," continued his visitor, "and there's the collector threatening to seize upon me for taxes."

"Dear me! what, seize upon you!" exclaimed Reuben, scarcely able to suppress a smile at the idea of so daring a capture.

"Yes; such an exposure to the neighbours, you know, sir," continued Mrs. Sniggins; "when do you think you will be able to let me have some money, sir?"

"Soon after that painting you see yonder is finished, I hope, madam."

"That's a very uncertain chance, I'm afraid, sir; for people has no money to lay out on pictures. But maybe you've got a customer for it already?"

"I wish I could say I had, madam; but I hope to procure one."

"Well, I hope you will, I'm sure, and soon too, though I really cannot wait for that; you must let me have some money this week—you must indeed, if it's only a trifle."

"I'll endeavour, madam."

"Pray do; if you can get me half-a-sovereign, it will materially help me in making up the man's money."

Reuben promised; and saying she should fully rely upon his word, Mrs. Sniggins took her departure. Here was the pressure of poverty, of which he was too prone to be unmindful, stimulating him to the completion of his task; for, in order to keep his promise to Mrs. Sniggins, he would be compelled to borrow from a friend who had kindly offered to assist him with his purse, that he might not be harassed while the picture was in progress.

It was intended for the Royal Academy's ensuing exhibition; and, by slightly availing himself of his friend's generosity, he was enabled to devote so much time to the work, and bestow such great pains upon it, that it was not only completed before the required time, but received the highest encomiums from several first-rate judges of art to whom he submitted it for inspection. Within the time appointed for receiving the contributions of exhibitors it was sent in, and shortly afterwards Reuben received an official communication from the Academy, informing him that it had been accepted.

SCENERY ON THE NILE.

THERE are several circumstances connected with the river Nile, which render it one of the most remarkable rivers in the world. Its magnitude and unknown extent ; the mystery which, in spite of all the guesses of ancient writers and all the explorations of modern travellers, still hangs over its origin ; its periodical inundations, to which Egypt owes its fertility, and the inhabitants their very existence ; the extraordinary changes that take place at these times, in its colour, taste, and effects upon the health of those who drink it ; the singular animals that frequent its waters, such as the crocodile, hippopotamus, etc ; the great cities which in olden time lined its banks ; and the majestic remains of temples,

gators. This branch of the Nile rises from two fountains in Abyssinia, whence it flows on with many changes of direction, and many interruptions and cataracts. The White River, so called from the quantity of fine white clay usually colouring its waters, is deeper and broader than the other stream, and its sources have never yet been discovered, though they are with great probability supposed to be somewhere in the mountains of the Moon. After the union of these two branches, the river flows northward with many windings, until at last it enters the boundaries of Egypt at Philæ, 501 miles from what was formerly called Syene, but now bears the name of Assouan.



SCENE ON THE NILE NEAR PHILÆ.

tombs, pyramids, and other monuments, which are still to be seen there—all these things give a degree of interest to the river, far exceeding that which attaches to any other. It is formed by the union of two long arms, which come from the south-east and south-west, the former called the Blue and the latter the White River. The Blue River, which derives its name from its dark colour, was traced to its origin and described by Pæz in 1618, and was afterwards explored by Bruce, who had the foolish presumption to pretend that he had by so doing solved the problem which had for ages baffled the skill of all investi-

It is at this point that the beautiful sketch, of which we here give an engraving, was made by a distinguished traveller. The island of Philæ is one of the smallest of those which are interspersed along the course of the Nile, but it is very remarkable for beauty of aspect. It also possesses some interest, as having been the spot where the French army desisted from their pursuit of the Mamelukes during Bonaparte's expedition to Egypt. The soldiers engraved upon one of those massive square stones found at the entrance to Egyptian edifices and called *pylones*, the dates of the landing of the army and the names of the generals and *sarants* with them.

COBLENZ.

COBLENZ owes its name to its position. It is situated at the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle, and the Romans, who built a fortress there thirteen years before the Christian era, called it *Confluentia*, or *Confluentes*. From this Latin appellation, slightly Germanised, is derived Coblenz; the name by which the town

Verdun, A.D. 843, were discussed at an imperial diet in the cathedral at Coblenz. After having formed part of the kingdom of Lorraine, in pursuance of this treaty, Coblenz was re-united to the empire of Germany in 978, by Otto the Great. During the next two centuries, though the town nominally passed into the



VIEW OF COBLENZ.—TAKEN FROM THE HEIGHT OF EHRENBREITSTEIN.

occupying the same site is now known. At the time when Antoninus wrote his "Itinerarium," the fortress contained about a thousand inhabitants. After the Romans came the Franks, whose kings built a palace at *Confluentia*, called *Cophelnuci*. When the three sons of Louis the Debonnaire divided among themselves the empire of Charlemagne, the preliminaries of the famous treaty of

hands of several possessors, the inhabitants gradually advanced in wealth and freedom, until at length they succeeded in completely throwing off the yoke of subjection, and made Coblenz one of the chief centres of commerce in Germany. It extended, not merely below Ehrenbreitstein, but along the left bank of the Moselle, where may now be traced the remains of the ancient town.

Towards the end of the thirteenth century, the archbishops of Treves wished to fortify Coblenz, nominally to protect it against foreign attack, but, really, to increase their power and recover the liberties which the people had extorted from them. At first, the people were rather favourable to the project, and voted funds for the construction of an outer wall; but afterwards, seeing the snare that was laid for them, they opposed it with equal zeal. The result was, a violent insurrection, followed by a bloody war which lasted two years, and ended in the capture of the town by the archbishop, under whose successors it remained till the middle of the fourteenth century. Baudouin of Luxembourg, the last of these, gained absolute authority over the town, but was also its great benefactor. He surrounded it with fortifications; enlarged Ehrenbreitstein, then called Hermannstein; built the old bridge over the Moselle; destroyed all the castles within his territory from which the barons and knights emerged to waylay and plunder the defenceless traveller, and established peace and order throughout the district; leaving Coblenz a flourishing, if not a free town. After his death, in 1367, Coblenz experienced great alternations of fortune. During the Thirty Years' War, it was thrice taken by the Swedes, the French, and the Imperialist forces. In 1688, Boufflers, having failed to take it, reduced it to ashes. During the revolutionary war at the close of the last century, it was the chief asylum for French emigrants. In 1794 it was taken by Marceau, and made the chief town of a French department.

Since the conclusion of the peace in 1815, Coblenz, has belonged to Prussia, and it now forms the capital of the Rhenish provinces, upon which France is perhaps not unfairly suspected of looking with an evil eye. The population amounts to 20,000, or, if we include Ehrenbreitstein and the garrison, 28,000. In a military point of view, Coblenz is not without importance. Since it has been united to Prussia, much has been done to render it proof against attack, and it is now considered one of the strongest defences of that side of the Prussian dominions. The fortifications, which are constructed on the most improved principles, extend over a large space, and are capable of containing as many as 100,000 men. Ehrenbreitstein, on the other side of the Rhine, which is connected with Coblenz by a bridge of boats, being also strongly fortified, adds still further to the strength of its position as a bulwark of the Prussian kingdom.

The interior of the town presents few objects of interest. The old town—that is, the part nearer the Moselle—is rather animated; but the streets are narrow, crooked, and dirty. Though the new town, which extends behind the Royal Castle—a building raised by Clement Wenceslas, the last bishop-elect of Treves—has regular and straight streets, the number of persons to be seen there is so small that it appears at first sight uninhabited. But, to see Coblenz fairly, it is necessary to disembark from the steam-boat, and go behind a frightful wall, which, without answering any useful purpose, completely hides from view the quay, the Royal Castle, the government palace, splendid hotels, and fine private houses. One must also go across the bridge of boats—more than a quarter of a mile in length—and ascend the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, or the neighbouring heights of Pfaffendorf, from either of which positions may be obtained one of the most beautiful views on the borders of the Rhine. At your feet you have the Rhine, which has only just issued from the mountains, and, joined by the Moselle, rolls along the waters of the latter unmingled at first with its own, with graceful meanderings at the foot of smiling hills, which skirt its right bank as far as the distant chain of mountains lost in the horizon. At the junction of the two rivers Coblenz, enriched by her commerce, which is increasing every year, seems already too much confined by the limits of the fortifications. Every quarter of an hour the bridge, over which an incessant crowd of people are passing, opens, to let either a steamer or a number of towing-vessels go through. On the left you see Fort Alexander and Fort Constantine; on the right Fort Francis, which is on the left bank of the Moselle; and beyond the Moselle and the Rhine a vast plain, interspersed with villages, extending westward and northward as far as the volcanic mountains of Maifeld and Eifel. While beholding the cultivated richness of this undulating plain, one cannot help calling to mind the numerous battles which have been fought there, from the time when Cæsar marched triumphantly over it to the day when Marceau and Hoche were buried there. Byron, in his "Childe Harold," thus alludes to Coblenz:—

"By Coblenz, on a rise of gentle ground
There is a small and simple pyramid,
Crowning the summit of the verdant mound;
Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid—
Our enemy's—but let not that forbid
Honour to Marceau! o'er whose early tomb,
Tears, big tears, gush'd from the rough soldier's lid,
Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,
Falling for France, whose rights he battled to resume.

Brief, brave, and glorious, was his young career,
His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes,
And fitly may the stranger lingering here
Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose;
For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,
The few in number, who had not o'erstept
The charter to chastise, which she bestows
On such as wield her weapons; he had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept."

THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

Recent and current events have once more given temporary interest to the Greek islands of the Mediterranean, where the weak game of revolution and piracy is being played. Much has been said of the Ionian Islands, which would fain take part with Russia at this moment. Some account of the history, etc., of the protectorate may not be out of place.

The origin of the word *Ionian* is doubtful. We find *Iogiving* the name, according to *Æschylus* and *Hyginus*; and *Ionios* according to *Strabo*. The ancient names of *Corfu* were many, while the modern is derived from *Koruphoi*. *Boccaccio* calls it *Gurfo*. The ancient capital—where *Nausithoos* dwelt—is supposed to have been situated on the promontory opposite *Epirus*. There are now no remains save a few pillars. It is now called *Palacopolo*, and has many more recent antiquities. There are also remains of a fort erected by *Michael Comnenus*.

The early history of *Coreyra* is veiled in uncertainty; but we have some evidence that a colony of *Colchians* settled there 1349 years before our era. In time it became a powerful nation through its maritime supremacy. Seven hundred and three years before Christ, the *Corinthians* sent a colony, and four hundred and fifteen years afterwards, *Agathocles*, of *Syracuse*, captured it. After being occupied by the *Illyrian* queen, *Tenta*, it fell into the hands of the *Romans*.

In the twelfth century it passed from *Manuel Comnenus*, emperor of *Byzance*, to *Roger Normannus*, king of *Sicily*, from whom it was taken by *Leon Vitrano*, a *Genoese* pirate. The pirate was subsequently captured and hanged by *Pietro Zane*, doge of *Venice*.

Corfu remained in the hands of the *Venetians* until the end of the eighteenth century, despite repeated attacks of the *Turks*, who in 1714 besieged *Corfu* with 30,000 men, but were beaten back by *General Schomburg*. The island became French in the early days of *Bonaparte*; but was wrested from them in 1799 by a Russian and Turkish force. It became a republic protected by *Russia* and the *Porte*, but was restored to France, and then finally became again a republic under the protection of *England*, whose commissioner resides at *Corfu*; "and," says *Dodwell*, "its little rebellions, murders, and intrigues are now at an end." The *Turks* called the island *Franconesia*.

The surface of the island of *Corfu* is 227 square miles, and is chiefly mountainous. Speaking of the forts, *Dodwell* says: "There were two forts in *Coreyra*, one of which was called *Hyllaihos* by *Thucydides*; and the other, the great fort, designated by the same author as *πρὸς ἀγορὰν*, before the *Agora*. The mouth of the former opens towards the east; at the entrance is a pointed rocky island called *ρονδρεο νησι*, or the Island of *Rats*. The fort must have been formerly capacious and good, and sheltered from every wind; but it is at present so filled up with sand and mud that even small boats enter it with difficulty. The surrounding country is the most delightful that can be imagined; it is encircled by hills of varied forms, which are richly shaded by the deep verdure of the olive, intermingled with the foliage of the orange, the pomegranate, the fig, the almond, and the cypress. Thus it has the soft aspect of a freshwater lake, environed by every rural charm. The village of *Chrynda* is situated in the immediate vicinity. There a limpid

sing, gushing from under the spreading shade of a large fig-tree, runs a rapid stream and turns some mills at a few paces from its source."

With the exception of the southern side, the island blooms withuberant fertility. Oranges, lemons, pomegranates, almonds, and figs, grow to a great size and are seen in each direction; and all kinds of fruit-trees are dispersed through the extensive olive-groves, mixed with the richest vineyards. Wheat, barley, oats, and all kinds of useful grain and vegetables, are produced. The mountains are rich in wood. There is the oak—(*Balanis* and *Kermes*); there is the cypress, too, in the plains, with palm-trees and myrtles, sesame, etc. Near the streams are the rhododaphne and tamarisk.

The church of Saint Spereion is celebrated. It is extremely rich in the inside, ornamented with a profusion of lamps, some of old and some of silver. The body of the saint, clothed in splendid robes, is preserved under the altar; and being one of the principal Greek saints, his shrine is said by travellers to be visited with great veneration.

There has been much talk of a story told by Homer, how a ship was converted into stone by Neptune, and antiquaries have not been above learnedly discussing which was the particular rock that Homer alluded to. Gibbon says that Procopius, about the year 549, was shown "the petrified ship of Ulysses; but he found it to be a recent fabric of many stones, dedicated by a merchant to Jupiter Cassius."

The island is divided into seven cantons. The first is Corfu, with a town of the same name, capital of the Ionian Islands. The town is divided into citadel, town, and suburbs. The citadel is divided from the town by wet ditches and an esplanade. It has within it many private houses and several churches, the palace of the Lord High Commissioner, and the arsenal and barracks. It is commanded by two strong castles. The town is fortified. It has a university, first opened by Lord Guilford in 1824. The lectures are delivered in modern Greek. The population of the town and suburbs is 15,000, of whom 4,000 are Jews. The rest of the island is dotted with towns of various size.

The constitution of the island was proclaimed in 1818. The parliament contained forty members, eleven of whom sat *de jure*, while twenty-nine were elected by the electoral bodies of the different islands. They sit for five years. Electors and elected are of the noble class. The island has three classes—the nobles, the burghers, and the peasants. The burghers and peasants have not even a vote. This part of the constitution was copied from the constitution given in 1803 by the Russians.

The senate has five members and a president, the latter appointed by the English government, the others elected by the parliament, which passes laws in the same way as in the mother country, the Lord High Commissioner standing in the place of the crown. The whole population of the seven islands is 225,000 or thereabout, and yet this restless little nation wants to be independent, which is simply impossible. The trade is considerable for the number of the inhabitants.

In the early days of the present century the place was greatly infested by pirates, particularly the canal of St. Maura, but British rule soon put a stop to this nuisance. Parja is a rocky place with a considerable town, where very fine oranges are to be found. It is curiously built. It stands on so steep a rock that the houses are seen rising one above the other. The streets are narrow

and dirty, but the inhabitants are remarkable for personal beauty. A small stream, five yards broad, enters the fort, coming down from bold and savage hills, above gloomy and wild, below mottled with verdure and cultivation. Cottages, vineyards, and orange-groves, together form a perfectly enchanting scene.

Santa Maura was formerly joined to the shore of the continent, but is believed to have been artificially separated. It is an unhealthy place, though the plague has not appeared since 1742. Near here is the Leucadian promontory. The island of Santa Maura is inhabited by Greeks and descendants of the Venetian conquerors. The two languages are spoken in the upper circles. It produces grain enough for half the year, and wine, oil, salt, and dye are exported. The inhabitants consume their own butter, honey, wool, wax, oranges, lemons, figs, pomegranates, apples, and other fruits. The red dye, which is animal, is valuable.

Ithaca is one of the most interesting of the islands from our early classic studies. It was the birthplace of Ulysses, and how admirably does he paint the description of the approach to the island.

"Far from the town a spacious fort appears,
Sacred to Phorce's town, whose name it bears:
Two craggy rocks projecting to the main,
The roaring wind's tempestuous rage restrain;
Within, the waves in softer murmurs glide,
And ships secure without their hawesers ride."

In the time of Homer the island was covered by trees, but, as elsewhere in Greece, these have disappeared, and reduced rivers to rivulets, the connexion between wood and water being well known.

Who has not heard of the Fountain of Arethusa? It is on the southern part of the island. The water, which is clear and good, trickles gently from a small cave in the rock covered with smooth and fenny moss. It has formed a pool four feet deep, against which a modern wall has been built to prevent its overflowing; after oozing through an orifice in the wall, it falls into a wooden trough, placed there for cattle.

Zante, or Zaphonothos, contains 40,000 inhabitants. It produces the Corinth grape, or currant, so much prized in this country. It is also celebrated for its pitch-springs, mentioned by Herodotus. The well whence the bitumen is now drawn is near the sea. It is five feet in diameter, and three or four deep. This does not correspond with the description given by Herodotus; "but," says a traveller, "two furlongs from the shore is a spot with which his description corresponds. This space is surrounded by the remains of a circular wall about seventy feet in diameter; it is indeed for the most part filled up with earth; but three or four small pits of considerable depth are encircled by the enclosure, within which the ground is far more tremulous than that which surrounds the first-mentioned fountain. These indications lead me to believe that this must have been the situation of the pit described by the historian; and it is singular that on this spot the tedious process of extracting the bitumen is still in some measure the same as that which he has described; and the same kind of instrument is employed. In both these springs the bitumen is produced in a pure and perfect state, rising in large bubbles under the surface of the water, which is so impregnated with it, that it reflects a most beautiful variety of colours."

The people of the Ionian Islands, chiefly Greeks, bear a very low character in the East. They are wanting in education, and are said to be cunning, revengeful, and discontented.

SKETCHES OF DOGS BY LANDSEER.

THE JEALOUS DOG.

"O beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth make
The meat it feeds on."

Iago was right for once. Nothing makes a man more wretched, feel more unutterable terror, and do more absurd or abominable things, than jealousy. When it once takes possession of the mind, all happiness is for ever gone; the world becomes accursed, life a burden too bitter to be borne. Man delights not, nor woman either. Jealousy plays strange pranks with mortals. You go to tea

with the friend of your bosom, merely to talk a little scandal and eat a few muffins, when, somehow or other, the green-eyed monster steps in uninvited, and you hurry from the room with an indignant step and an aching heart. You take your adored Julia—to whom you have written so many sonnets, for whom you have gone to so much expense—to the Falls or Saratoga, for a day's fresh air, and in

the same carriage sits a fine gentlemanly young fellow with the clear skin and handsome features which all women love to see; and because he pays your adored some few attentions, which she receives with the mild coquetry that is part and parcel of female human nature, you sit fuming all the while, execrating the trip, wishing you had stopped at home, thinking your charmer the most heartless of her sex, and all the while consigning the innocent cause of offence to a locality unmentionable to ears polite. Can our readers forget the little tea-party at Dotheboys Hall, in the absence of the respected proprietor thereof? It is a fine specimen of jealousy. Nicholas Nickleby, Miss Squeers, Miss Price, and her betrothed, John Brodie, sit down to a game at cards. Miss Price becomes the partner of Nicholas. The immortal Box shall tell the rest:—

“The deal fell to Nicholas and the hand prospered.

“‘We intend to win everything,’ said he.

clenched fist, as if to keep his hand in till he had an opportunity of exercising it upon the features of some other gentleman. And Miss Squeers tossed her head with such indignation, that the gust of wind raised by the multitudinous curls in motion nearly blew the candle out.

“‘I never had such luck, really!’ exclaimed, coquettishly, Miss Price, after another hand or two. ‘It is all along of you, Mr. Nickleby, I think. I should like to have you for a partner always!’

“‘I wish you had.’

“‘You’ll have a bad wife, though, if you always win at cards,’ said Miss Price.

“‘Not if your wish is gratified,’ replied Nicholas; ‘I am sure I shall have a good one in that case.’

“To see how Miss Squeers tossed her head and the curl-facts flattened his nose while this conversation was carrying on. It well



THE JEALOUS DOG.

“‘Tilda has won something she didn’t expect, I think; haven’t you, dear?’ said Miss Squeers, maliciously.

“‘Only a dozen and eight, love,’ replied Miss Price, affecting to take the question in a literal sense.

“‘How dull you are to-night!’ sneered Miss Squeers.

“‘No, indeed,’ replied Miss Price; ‘I am in excellent spirits. I was thinking you seemed out of sorts.’

“‘Me!’ cried Miss Squeers, biting her lips, and trembling with very jealousy. ‘Oh, no!’

“‘That’s well,’ remarked Miss Price. ‘Your hair’s coming out of curl, dear.’

“‘Never mind me,’ tittered Miss Squeers; ‘you had better attend to your partner.’

“‘Thank you for reminding her,’ said Nicholas; ‘so she had.’

“The Yorkshireman flattened his nose once or twice with his

have been worth a small annuity to have beheld that, let alone Miss Price’s evident joy at making them jealous, and Nicholas Nickleby’s happy unconsciousness of making anybody uncomfortable.”

So much for jealousy in the human animal. The jealousy of Othello takes a grander form; the jealousy of Miss Squeers is that of common every-day life. The one is tragedy, the other is a farce. This ends in a cry, that in blood. The one is a summer cloud, the other a thunderstorm with death and desolation in its track. Little natures can feel the one, only colossal ones the other. But in its mildest form it is an unpleasant companion. It makes your tea sour and your muffin indigestible. It spoils your good looks and the amusements of the evening. Oh, reader, beware of jealousy—we must quote Shakespeare again—“it is the green-eyed monster which makes the meat it feeds on.”

low for jealousy in dogs. In general it is as irrational as that the Smiths and Jones's of real life. Can we say more? For a once, as our artist has put it. A young girl, innocent of more generous objects of attraction at present, or, as Macaulay sings, h

"Fair young face that had not learned
To blush at gaze of man,"

surrounded by her darling pets: a kitten full of liveliness and y; a cat all maternal affection; a monkey disposed, as monkeys generally are, to make themselves as agreeable as they possibly can, this respect, at least, showing how different they are to men. Why should they not all be happy—happy as the family of birds and beasts exhibited daily to an admiring public in Trafalgar-square, London? Happy as we are all to be in Mr. Robert Owen's New Moral World! Why not? we repeat. The answer is soon given, we look at the picture. There is a dog—certainly not the sort of

angry and jealous as he is, has no cause for it. The maiden will not pet him the less nor love him the less. She would be glad if, instead of snarling and showing his teeth and making the monkey uncomfortable, he would join them in their play, and be happy whilst he can, and make the best of the little span of time he calls his life. But he will not do so, absurd jealousy prevents him. Why the dog is almost as foolish as many men. Let us now turn to our second engraving, which represents

THE LIFE PRESERVER.

"Oh, whither are we driven o'er the waters so free,
With the vapours all around and the breakers on our lee?
Not a light is in the sky, not a light is on the sea:

Ah me! ah me!

We are hurried to our doom. Oh, how wild and how strong
Are the billows on whose bosom we are beating along!
And the tempest he is calling (hark, how terrible his song!)

For thee, for me.



THE LIFE PRESERVER.

dog a girl should love, but ladies do take strange things to their bosoms at times—a dog of ill-breeding and sadly degenerate, that gets jealous because every one else is happy, and that cannot forgive its little mistress her unintentional neglect, and he shows his ill-nature by venting it on Jacko, who has done nothing to deserve it beyond, perhaps, playing off—as monkeys are wont to do—a harmless practical joke. It is a sad thing such dogs exist. It is a pity that dogs cannot rise superior to such petty feelings, and take more comprehensive views of life. "Love to beings," said Edwards—and Godwin repeated it in his "Political Justice," a book which was to have upset the world, but which now sells for waste paper—"is virtue." Evidently the dog of our picture does not think so. He takes a very different view of virtue. It simply consists in love to himself. We fear the idea is too common. That it is not confined to dogs, but extends to men as well. Yet the dog,

The thunder is awakened—he is talking to the night;
And see what cometh flooding down in cataracts of light:
'Tis his paramour, the lightning—she withereth my sight.
Ah me! ah me!"

So sings Barry Cornwall. We can almost realise the scene. The stout strong ship drifting away without rudder, dismantled, robbed of all her finery, an utter wreck; despair in the faces of her crew, some of whom curse, some of whom pray, and some of whom seek in intoxication to forget the terror of the hour and to face the destroyer Death. When that good ship was launched, it was on a bright summer day. Thousands came to see the sight. Beauty, in the shape of woman, named her; and cannons roared, and flags waved, and drums beat, and the people cheered, as she made her way to the element on which for a time she seemed so proudly and so securely to float. And then, with a cargo rich and rare, and

with seamen known for experience and skill, and with passengers hopefully leaving the old land, where competition is rife and everything valuable but man, for more congenial climes, she gaily left the port as if danger was an idle dream. But the storm came, and the giant waves arose in their fury, and nearer and nearer came the black, iron-bound coast, to touch which was death, and the gallant bark became a hideous wreck.

"Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell;
Then shriek'd the timid and stood still the brave;
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawned around them as a hell."

It is the hour of the power of death. There is no hope. Heaven and earth alike seem to refuse their pity and their aid. The only answer to the prayer of the dying, as one after another they are swept away, is the roar of the everlasting sea, as sullenly and relentlessly—sparing neither sex nor age, neither the tenderness of woman, man in his prime, nor the gray hairs of age—it vents its irresistible rage. Like death, you can never satiate the sea. Its cry is still, "More!" Down in its deep lie the loved, the beautiful, the young—the great, the pure, the good. It has gathered to itself, and holds with a miser's clutch, the gems of art, the treasures of nations, the jewels of imperial diadems. Oh, what a revelation will that be, when the command shall go forth, and the sea shall give up its dead!

But the wreck to which we have referred shall yet have its chronicler. One victim is snatched from the jaws of death. The sacrifice of life is not complete. One escapes the common lot. The dog, faithful to his master when all other ties are broken, when all other obligations are torn asunder, rescues him from a watery grave. Possibly just as he was sinking, just as he had become helpless and weary, his faithful companion bears him to safety and life once more. Such cases are not isolated: we have heard of them times without number. They teach us that, if man be but little lower than the angels, many of the animals in faithfulness and courage are but little below man.

And so our hero is once more restored to life. He lies there all consciousness and seemingly dead. But life will come back to him; the red blood will dance in his veins as of old; he will wake up as from a fearful dream. Once more he will rejoice himself in the light of the sun and in the society of his fellows; the world, with its charms, will appear to him as attractive as ever. In a short time, it may be that all the terrors of the scene through which he has passed may be completely erased from his mind. Such is human nature. "What a piece of work is man!"

Men who have been on the point of drowning, and have been saved just before the silver cord was loosened and life became extinct, have told us that in the last moments, before consciousness was gone, all the buried past rose before them in all the reality and majesty of life. Then came back to them childhood with its innocence, the mother with her love, the father with his manly care, the brotherly companionship, the sisterly caress. Then came back to them the passionate love of early youth, the very smiles and words perhaps of one long sleeping in her quiet grave. All that they had ever thought, or felt, or done, or said, seemed at that moment to come back to them at once. If we remember aright, De Quincy states that this was the case with him, in his "Confessions." One moment seems sufficient for the review of a life. With what a lightning glance must the mind review the past! We don't forget things; we only bury them. They lie in our hearts awaiting a resurrection morn. And that body snatched from death has just passed through such a crisis. Out in that roaring sea, with angry winds singing in his ears, or the shrieks of the dying borne onward on the gale, he may have heard the village bells of his boyhood sounding for Christian worship; or he may have listened to his mother's voice; or it may be that his own little ones, sleeping safe on shore, may have come and whispered in his ears; or that in fancy he may have clasped once more to his bosom the wife of his youth, and he may have sunk down pleasantly, with peace in his heart and a smile upon his lip, forgetful all the while of the death following in his wake. Drowning men, we are told, *ave Elysian dreams.*

Well, it is to be hoped that the seemingly lifeless corpse may find the waking up equally pleasant, and that he will have the noble animal to whom he is indebted for his life in a fitting manner. That dog should be kept in clover for the rest of his days; he should wear a brass collar; he should be introduced to the best company; he should become an honorary member of the Royal Humane Society; his portrait should appear in the *Lynx* Exhibition. Why not? Every dog has his day.

In conclusion, our engraving suggests two remarks. Our first is that Horace was right when he says, that he was a *homo* who first trusted himself at sea. Our second is more practical. When you do go to sea, be sure and take a Life Preserver with you. If it be possible, let it be a fine powerful dog, such as we have engraved.

PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD.

Of all the interesting sights in and about Portsmouth, perhaps there is none so interesting as this immense establishment; and perhaps none is so difficult to describe or to convey an idea of in print as this same dock-yard. Wherever we turn there is something to strike us with wonder. The great dimensions of everything around; the yard itself seeming like a manufacturing town; the immense ships upon the stocks in course of building; the anchors lying along in a continuous line of five or six abreast, and of 400 or 500 feet in length, and some of them weighing upwards of five tons; cables to match these anchors, some of them the thickness of a man's waist; the masts lying along the floor of the Mast-house, showing themselves in their true size, no longer looking like the slender rods we fancy them when seen in the ships; while in the "tops," those small (!) platforms placed at the junction of the lower mast and the top-mast, upon which it has often made us giddy to see sailors standing, we now find to be large enough for a very comfortable quadrille. Everything seems magnified. "Measuring the yards," too, we had always looked upon as a species of tight-rope performance; to see the sailors standing upright on these mere bits of stick, as they appear, and never falling off, seemed wonderful. But that is over now. We saw at the dock-yard several of these yards lying about. Wonderful to stand upright on those great beams of timber! Nonsense!—we could trot a horse along a considerable portion of their length, and think no great things of our horsemanship after all.

But let us proceed with our inspection of the different departments of this truly wonderful establishment.

Close to the entrance gate is situated the Mast-house. Here, as its name implies, the immense masts of which we have spoken above are made, and also the yards, bowsprits, etc., for ships. These yards and masts are of necessity made of several separate pieces of timber, which are accurately joined together and then hooped with iron, the hoops being put on while hot, so that the contraction of the metal on cooling compresses the whole firmly together. Hanging up in the Mast-house, the lovers of relics may feast their eyes upon what, with this official guarantee, we suppose we must consider to be a genuine piece of the wreck of the *Royal George*, sunk at Spithead on the 29th August, 1782. We say we suppose this to be genuine, and as such must look upon it as a rarity; for it is a pretty well-established fact, that enough walking-sticks, snuff-boxes, and other articles have been manufactured from "genuine pieces of the wreck of the *Royal George*" to build two or three ships of the size of that vessel. However, whether this be genuine or not matters, we suspect, but little; there are things awaiting our inspection far more interesting than any old weather-beaten log of wood, though it were proved to be a genuine relic of the *Argo* itself, with a bit of the *Golden Fleece* to be seen adhering to it.

Leaving the Mast-house and proceeding to the left—or, if our readers prefer our speaking geographically—to the west, we see an extensive pile of buildings, upon the top of which is a lofty round tower, surmounted by a semaphore. This instrument—a really interesting relic now—something to show us what telegraphs were before the very lightning was made to carry our thoughts along the magic wire; this instrument, we say, still may be seen throwing

rins out in the strangest forms, as if declaiming fiercely against cricity for taking away its business, while it telegraphs messages re shipping in the harbour and at Spithead (for which purpose it w employed), and defies the electric wire to interfere with that. pile of buildings beneath the semaphore consists chiefly of the ring-house and the Sail-maker's loft.

At the former of these we see the workmen busily engaged in rigging together the various ropes, blocks, and all the infinite varieties of articles comprised under the name of rigging. There are also, stores here, where the "fitted rigging" is kept, to be taken away when required.

In the Sail-maker's loft we see the canvas cut out, sewn together, bound, the ropes sewn around the edge of the sail; and, in fact, the whole business of sail-making. Here, too, the same thing of bigness seizes the mind, and the men sitting down sewing these immense masses of canvas with a needle and thick twine, look us as being in most admirable keeping with the rest of the establishment. Here, as everywhere else, we might fancy the workmen a race of Gullivers who had fallen somehow amongst the Lilliputian workshops, and the group before us seemed to have picked up some fair lady's needlework, on which they were engaged with all their might. In one room we saw a lot of boys sitting away—these, we were informed, were naval apprentices, who were sent there to learn to sew and to mend sails—a very curious accomplishment sometimes. In this same building there are also stores of sails, each ship's canvas being stowed away by itself, with the name of the ship to which it belongs painted on it.

Near to this building is the "testing machine"—a powerful hydraulic press used for testing the chain-cables, mooring-chains, &c. The chain-cable store is also close by. Here we witnessed the process by which chains, which have become rusty, are cleaned. It consists simply in putting them into a revolving cylinder, together with several small pieces of iron of different shapes; the cylinder being then set in motion by a steam-engine, the chain and the bits of iron so rub over and over against each other that the rust is rubbed off, and falls through small holes in the cylinder. The noise made by the immense chain rolling about in the hollow cylinder is absolutely deafening, and let any one wearing a good hat beware how he goes within some yards of it—unless he wishes to be covered with the rust.

Leaving this corner of the dock-yard, we pass on between some more storehouses, until we come out not far from the Mast-house: we have before visited, then walking onward towards the interior of the yard we see on our right a long building, along the side of which are arranged the gigantic anchors, of which we have spoken. This building is the rope-house. It measures 1,097 feet in length, and the floors being very low, the perspective, as we look from one end to the other, seems absolutely interminable. Here, in different series, we see the hemp spun into yarn, and the yarn again twisted to ropes or strands, and these again into cables of all sizes. The effect of these ropes, with the men at work on them at the extreme end of this long building, is very strange.

Before, however, the yarn is twisted into ropes, it has to be thickly coated with tar. This is effected in the tarring-house close by. On entering here the smell of the tar is almost overpowering to the visitor. The workmen, however, who are breathing that atmosphere for several hours in the course of the day, seem not at all to mind it; one, indeed, assured us that he liked it very much. The yarn is brought from the rope-house wound on reels, from which it is unwound on to other reels by steam-power, passing on a way through a large cistern of boiling tar. Each workman manages two reels at a time; holding some hemp in each of his hands he grasps the yarn, and thus wipes off the superfluous tar, and at the same time guides the yarn properly on the reel.

Still proceeding in a northerly direction from the tarring-house we pass the docks, where we see the ships which are in course of repair. These docks are provided with immense flood-gates, which are closed when the ship is brought into dock, and the water is then pumped out by means of large chain-pumps worked by steam. The ship while in dock is kept in an upright position by propping it in every part with large pieces of timber against the sides of the dock, which follow the outline of the ship.

Just beyond these docks we come to a department of peculiar

interest, from the beautiful machinery to be seen working there. We allude to the block-making machinery. Here we see the numerous blocks, or pulleys, used in the rigging of a ship, made in all their parts, from the rough-hewn timber to the finished block. The whole of the varied and intricate processes by which the peculiar shape of each block is given to it, are effected by the different machines in this building. A seventy-four-gun ship requires no less than 1,430 blocks of various sizes, the whole of which can be made at this establishment if necessary in one day, by the aid of the machinery we have mentioned, with the superintendence of only four men. In one part of the building we see circular saws driven at an immense velocity; a solid piece of timber is presented to the saw, and is almost instantly cut up into square pieces the size required for the block. Another machine then turns this square piece into the shape required. Others again make the groove in the block for the reception of the rope by which it is to be fastened to the rigging; cut out the space or spaces in the centre of the block for the "sheaves" (the wheels of the pulley); bore holes for the pins of the sheaves to go through; and, in fact, as we have said before, from the rough wood turn out a finished block. Several of these machines are in principle the same as the lathe, but the peculiar shapes required to be given to the different parts of the block, of course necessitate the application of apparatus very different from that employed in ordinary turning. It is this which makes the machinery so beautiful. We see the great blocks whirling round with such velocity, the splinters and dust flying away in all directions, and the cutting tools eating their way into the very heart of the block, as though nothing but the absolute cutting away of the whole mass could stay their progress. We feel that another moment and the block must be cut completely through; but at the instant we see the operation stopped as if by magic, and the block turned out with exactly the amount, to a hair's breadth, out from it that was requisite. In another part of the building are the different lathes for turning and shaping the sheaves. These are made of *lignum vite*, the hardest wood that can be procured, and they are turned, grooved, and polished, with a precision which only machinery could attain. In the centre of the sheaves, where the pin goes through, a socket of brass is let in. The machine for cutting the groove for this socket is very beautiful; so perfectly and exactly does it cut it to fit the brass. When the brass socket is fitted to it, the whole is placed in a kind of lathe to be planed and polished. Here the same tool cuts away both the wood and the brass, never exerting too much force, so as to cut too deeply in the softer part, and never lacking force to cut quite deep enough when operating upon the metal. Then there are machines for smoothing and polishing the iron pins which form the axes of the pulleys. All these different machines are driven by a steam-engine of thirty-two horse power. Close to the block-making machinery is a large sawing-house, where circular and vertical saws may be seen constantly at work, cutting up large pieces of timber into planks of any thickness required, and with an almost surprising rapidity. These saws, like all the rest of the machinery, are worked by steam, and with such precision do they work that the planks seem scarcely to require the carpenter's plane.

From this department we walk on and view the building slips. Here we see the vessels in course of construction and in every stage of their progress. We went inside of one of these—a vessel of 120 guns. She had only her principal timbers laid down, the decks not having been put in nor any of the framework lined. To describe this sight—or rather the feeling it inspired—when we were standing, as it were, within the skeleton of this mighty monster of the deep, would be no easy task. It seemed indeed to us more like the skeleton of some great animal than anything else we could compare it to. The keel, running right along the centre, made of so many pieces of timber, formed a very fair representative of some gigantic *vertebræ*; while on both sides, throughout its whole extent, sprang out the timbers of its sides—the ribs of the great creature.

Further on we come to the Anchor-smiths' shop. Here is a new scene of wonder: the dark, grimy, smoky atmosphere of the place, relieved every here and there by the fierce glowing of the forge fires, as they are acted upon by the enormous bellows; then the dim outlines of the workmen, as they are seen moving about through the mist and smoke that hangs over the whole; the immense masses of iron heated almost to incandescence; and the sounds of

the ponderous hammers striking these masses, and shooting off thousands of brilliant sparks in every direction—a perfect pyrotechnic display. The steam hammer is well worthy of notice, as an instance of the perfect subjection under which the giant steam is held by man. This enormous hammer can be made to descend upon the iron placed beneath it with a force of *ten tons* at every stroke; and yet so docile is it, that it can be made to crack a nut without injuring the kernel. And from these two extremes it can be regulated to strike with any amount of force required to the most exact nicety. Anchors, bolts, and other wrought-iron work are forged in this department; and the visitor is shown how the old scrap iron is tied up in bundles, placed in the furnace, and then forged at the hammer for new uses.

Near to the Anchor-smiths' shop is the New Steam basin, a very large basin used for the repairing of steam-vessels, of which it is capable of containing a very great number. It is a handsomely constructed basin, faced with granite, and having dry docks attached to it, in which steamers undergo repairs that could not be done in the basin. Some very large steamers are often to be seen in course of repairing.

Not far off is a very handsome new range of buildings devoted to the Steam Engine Factory. Here, as the name implies, the various parts of steam-engines are constructed. It is a curious sight. Large masses of iron are turned in lathes, as if they were the softest wood; holes are drilled in immense plates of the same metal with the most perfect facility; and a piece of iron is smoothed by means of a plane, the shavings curling up and falling off, just as we see them at the carpenter's bench. In fact, we see in this factory iron, copper, brass—anything, in short—cut up, bored through, smoothed, and planed, as though the hardness or softness of the material worked upon were immaterial to the mighty agent which sets the machines in motion.

And well might it be so, when we look at this agent itself. A large steam-engine works in an engine-house near to the factory, and gives motion to all the various machinery within it. This engine, which is the largest in the dock-yard, is one of Boulton and Watts' construction. It is of eighty-horse power, has a seven-foot

stroke, and the fly-wheel measures twenty-one feet six inches in diameter and weighs twenty-five tons.

Some very extensive smiths' shops are erected close to the engine-house by Messrs. Fox, Henderson, and Co., the well-known contractors for the Exhibition building of 1851. The roof is supported by iron columns, in which we see the same principle carried out as that employed in the Crystal Palace, the columns being hollow, so as to carry off the drainage from the roof.

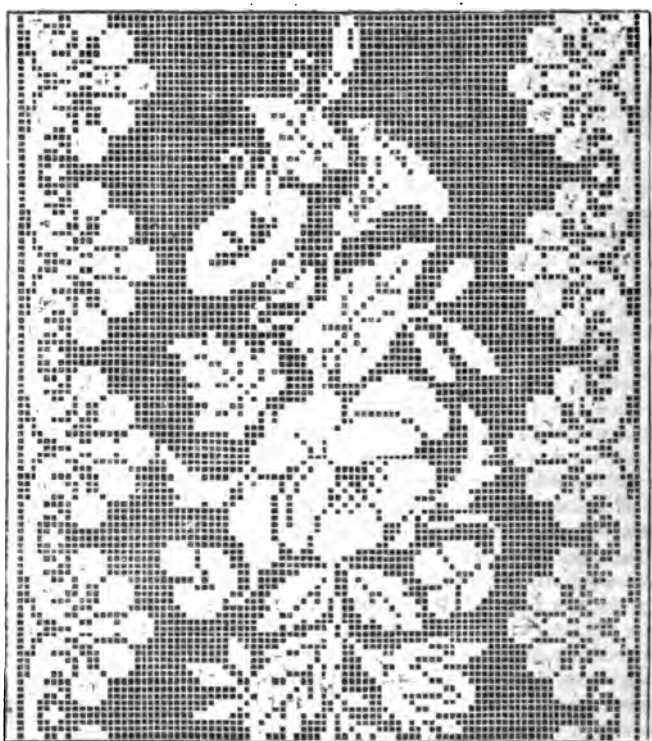
The foundry is an interesting sight. Some of the metal castings are of great size, as they must be to be employed in the iron ships for which they are designed.

Returning from the northern part of the yard, and observing the new battery recently erected, where guns are mounted for the defence of that portion of the establishment, we pass the residence of the principal officers of the establishment. There is, also, an extensive pile of buildings used as a school of naval architecture: a chapel, a surgery, etc.

In addition to the varied objects we have thus endeavoured to point out, there are innumerable storehouses filled with the various stores required for the naval service; large cisterns, in which the timber is boiled or steamed before using it; immense stacks of timber in course of seasoning, all marked with the description of the wood, and the date when stacked; joiners' shops, carver's shops, blacksmiths' shops; a canvas shed, where the canvas of hatchway-cloths, hammocks, etc. is painted; boat-houses and boat-ponds, where boats are kept in constant readiness for use. And at almost every corner of the yard are those most important articles—fire-engines and buckets.

Our space, however, warns us that we must quit the dockyard. We have done our best to convey an idea of the numerous and varied processes carried on there. We have felt the difficulty of describing these processes with anything like completeness; still, if we have conveyed any notion of how matters are managed in this great national establishment—if we have imparted to the article any portion of the interest which an inspection of the place cannot fail to afford—our visit to the Portsmouth Dock-yard has not been quite in vain.

OUTSIDE STRIPE FOR BED QUILT.



Use Brooks's Prize Goat's-head Crochet Cotton, No. 0. No. 2, Penelope Hook.

LORD ABERDEEN.

STATSMANSHIP and longevity seem quite compatible—at any rate, they are so in Lord Aberdeen's case. He was born in Edinburgh in 1784, educated at Harrow and at St. John's College, Cambridge, where, in 1804, he took the degree of M.A. It was not before then, his lordship had tasted the pleasures of foreign travel. Having succeeded to the title by the death of his father while yet a minor, the young earl, in 1801, proceeded on a tour through the classic lands of Greece. That he drank deeply of the inspiration by which he was surrounded is clear from the fact, that when he returned, he founded the Bionian Society, the fundamental condition of which was, that no one should be a member who had not visited Greece. His lordship did more than this, he wrote a review in the *Edinburgh* of "Gell's Topography of Troy," creditable alike

to sixteen representative peers which Scotland, by the Articles of Union, is entitled to send to Parliament. This honour he held till, in 1814, he was called to the British peerage by the title of Viscount Gordon.

Lord Aberdeen's *début* in public life was not a very brilliant one. For five years he was a silent supporter of Mr. Percival. It was not till 1811 that he ventured to address their lordships, when he made his maiden-speech, by moving the address in the House of Lords, in answer to the Prince Regent's speech. Two years after we find him engaged in diplomacy. England was then at war with France. It was desirable, if possible, to get Austria on her side. This was a task of some difficulty, and Aberdeen was sent to Vienna to negotiate; for a long time Austria hesitated, but at length the councils of



THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.

to his learning, to his power of observation, and his taste. This was enough for Byron, who was preparing to avenge himself, in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," for the wrong he had received from the *Edinburgh Review*, and was doubly delighted thus to have a chance of gibbeting a rival author and a brother peer. Accordingly in his burning satire we read:—

"First in the oat-fed phalanx shall be seen
The travelled Thane, Athenian Aberdeen!"

Aberdeen, however, did not take much harm from the ill-considered couplet, for in 1806 we find him elected as one of the

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Aberdeen and Metternich prevailed. The former remained with the Austrian emperor till the conclusion of the war, and accompanied the advance of the Austrian army to Paris, where he signed the Treaty of Peace on behalf of England, on the first of June, 1814. Nor was this the only negotiation in which he was engaged. It was thought that Murat, whom Napoleon had seated on the throne of Naples, could be weaned from the man to whom he owed so much. Aberdeen was employed to detach him, and succeeded. We have already mentioned the diplomatist's reward—he was made a peer of the realm.

Peace accomplished, his lordship retired from the stage. For this absence from public life two reasons may be assigned—

his retiring disposition and his attachment to domestic society. Soon after he became of age he married the daughter of the first Marquis of Abercorn. That lady died in 1812. It may be, that to dissipate his grief and to obtain change of scene he entered upon public life. In 1816 he again became a married man, the object of his choice, this time, being the widow of Viscount Hamilton, and mother of the present Marquis of Abercorn; and possibly he may have preferred the language of the domestic hearth to the applause of listening senates. It was quite as well that his lordship thought so. Liberal principles were abroad, and his lordship was not prepared to support them. The English people demanded—justly and respectfully demanded—reform, but his lordship was not prepared to grant it. An accursed alliance—blasphemously calling itself “holy”—had been established by Austria, Russia, and Prussia, for the purpose of keeping down their respective peoples by brute force, and it was understood that his lordship heartily supported it. Canning, as it was, had sufficient foes to contend against in that bitter struggle which ended in his death; and when Canning was deserted by the Tories, Aberdeen went into opposition with the rest. When the Iron Duke took office, with “No surrender to the liberal tendencies of the age” for his motto, Lord Aberdeen entered upon official life. This was in 1828. At first he was made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; but that office he did not hold long. He soon became Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

At that time considerable interest attached to foreign affairs. The battle of Navarino, “an untoward event,” as the ministry termed it, had just been won, and the Turkish fleet, for a time, completely destroyed. Don Miguel had seized upon the throne of Portugal, and when appealed to by the friends of Donna Maria, Lord Aberdeen refused to avenge her wrongs. More to his credit, however, was his non-interference, when the three days of July swept the Bourbons from the throne of France to place whom there England had so lavishly poured out her treasure and her blood. This was right enough. But it was felt that the English foreign minister was too closely connected with the promoters of the Holy Alliance to sympathise with the people of the continent in their onward struggle for right and might. Whatever might have been his prejudices as regards the continent, his lordship, however, was compelled to bow to the spirit of the age at home. As a Presbyterian, we can imagine he shed no bitter tears over the abolition of the Test and Corporation acts; and though a Scotchman, he supported Catholic Emancipation, when it was found dangerous longer to refuse the boon. So far he deserved well of his country; but the time was coming when that country was about to refuse confidence in him. The question of Parliamentary reform had reached its maturity. Men were clamorous for it from one end of England to the other; a House of Commons pledged to it had been returned. The Duke of Wellington quailed, and Earl Grey became premier in his stead; of course, Lord Aberdeen went into opposition, but his opposition was not of a very active character. However, when the question of foreign policy was discussed, Lord Aberdeen was a severe critic of Palmerston and the Whigs. It is not clear that his lordship was altogether wrong. It is not clear that the non-interference in the affairs of other states, for which he contended, was not the proper course to pursue. It is not clear that Palmerstonian policy always shines when contrasted with his own. These matters, however, must be reserved for graver pages than ours.

In the meanwhile Lord Aberdeen had again resumed official life. In 1841 a vote of want of confidence in the Whigs—the Whigs never seem to have confidence reposed in them—was carried by a majority of about ninety. Sir Robert Peel came into office, and Lord Aberdeen again became foreign minister. The result was a good understanding with France, with which country we had been on the eve of war, and the memorable visit to Eu, where Louis Philippe bestowed upon our foreign minister the flattering epithet of “*Ce bon Aberdeen*”—a phrase afterwards applied in irony to its object, when it became manifest that the wily old monarch, in marry-

ing his son to the sister of the Queen of Spain, had overreached the English cabinet. While Lord Aberdeen was in office, i.e. was also successful in bringing the Chinese war to a close, though he had disapproved of the steps which had led to the rupture. Another question, more important, was the definition of the boundary line between the British possessions in North America and our own States, both on the north-east and the north-west. To settle the first, Lord Ashburton—better known as Alexander Baring, of the house of Baring and Co.—was despatched to our government, with full power to conclude a treaty, by which it is to be hoped this question has been set at rest for ever. The north-west boundary, or Oregon question, was settled in an equally satisfactory manner. After some discussion, a treaty fairly providing for the rights of all parties was happily negotiated, the ratification of which arrived in this country in 1846, just as Sir Robert Peel's ministry were quitting office.

From 1846 to 1853 we seldom read his name in the entertaining columns of Hansard. Lord Aberdeen rarely spoke except when foreign affairs were debated. In 1850, on the Don Pacifico affair, he delivered a powerful speech against Lord Palmerston's intermeddling and mischievous and exasperating policy. The next year, when all England grew delirious with the fear of the Pope—when old ladies thought St. Paul's would be used for the celebration of the mass, and the fires of Smithfield would be again relit—he objected to legislative interference, and strongly opposed the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. When, in consequence of their conduct on this matter, the Whig cabinet was in *articulo mortis*, Lord Aberdeen was sent for, with a view to the formation of a new one. In his speech in the House of Lords, February 28th he stated that, in obedience to the commands of her Majesty he had met Lord John Russell and Sir James Graham, and had discussed the basis of the proposed cabinet. On some questions they agreed entirely; on others, there was a probability of their accommodating their sentiments to each other but there was one to which he had an invincible repugnance, namely, any penal legislation against the Roman Catholic subjects of her Majesty in respect to the prohibition of ecclesiastical titles. To any legislation of that kind he was opposed. No doubt the noble lord had proposed certain modifications, but all legislation of such kind must necessarily be inefficient. For two hundred years they had tried by persecution to limit the numbers of the Roman Catholics, and the only effect had been to increase them. But while deprecating legislation on the subject, he had not been the less sensible of the arrogant assumption of the pope and cardinals, though he did not think that afforded any grounds for legislative interference with the religious liberties of our Roman Catholic fellow subjects; and, therefore, he and Sir James Graham had declined to join Lord John Russell in the reconstruction of the ministry. Her Majesty had then requested him to form an administration; but when he considered that the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was before the other House of Parliament, and had been approved of by a large majority, and that it would most likely meet with the approbation of a majority of their lordships, he felt that he must decline the task which her Majesty had been graciously pleased to impose on him, but to which he had never felt himself equal. Perhaps his lordship felt that the pear was not ripe, and that he could bide his time. At any rate he was wise in doing so. Lord John soon went out of office. Lord Derby then came in, and after his administration was utterly broken up, Lord Aberdeen became the head of the new cabinet.

We may add here in conclusion, that Lord Aberdeen has never been unmindful of the claims of science and art. In 1812, he was elected president of the Society of Antiquaries, which office he resigned in 1846. In 1823, he appeared before the world as the author of a work on “*Grecian Architecture*,” in which he criticises Burke's theory of the association of ideas in his celebrated “*Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*.” As lords are but rarely authors or critics, this of itself is something in his favour, though Burke still retains possession of the place of honour.

THE GIRAFFE.

THE specimens of the giraffe now comparatively easy of access must have rendered the appearance of this animal so familiar to most of our readers, that they will probably be surprised to learn, that at one period the very existence of such a creature was doubted, and the accounts given of its size, form, and hours were regarded as mere travellers' tales. This surprise, however, is considerably lessened when we consider the amount and quality of the information extant, respecting this animal, at a comparatively recent period. Purchas tells his readers, that the *carleopard* was "a beast not often seen, yet very tame, and of a range composition, mixed of libard, harte, buffe, and camel; and reason of his long legs before, and shorter behind, not able to raise without difficulty." In another passage, he says it was "so large, that a man on horseback may pass upright under him, feeding on leaves from the tops of trees, and formed like a camel." The fore legs were said to be twice as long as the hind legs, "so that one who was not acquainted with it, would think it was sitting, though it was standing. Such was the length of the neck, and the animal raised his head so high when he chose, that he could eat with facility from the top of a lofty wall; and from the top of a high tree he could reach to eat the leaves, of which he devoured great quantities." These palpable exaggerations are contained in a description, otherwise tolerably accurate, of a giraffe seen by some Spanish travellers, in the year 1403; so that we need not be much astonished if sober people treated the whole matter as fabulous, and assigned the giraffe to the same tomb as the unicorns, satyrs, ruffins, and other monsters, in the existence of which the ancient naturalists placed such implicit faith.

It was not, in fact, until the end of the last century that Europeans obtained any precise and credible information as to the form and habits of the giraffe, an animal which must have been well known to the Romans of the empire, as we find that it was exhibited on many occasions in their amphitheatres, and one of the emperors (Gordian III.) had as many as ten giraffes living at one time.

The giraffe is undoubtedly the tallest of all living quadrupeds; the male, when full grown, sometimes measuring seventeen feet from the top of the head to the fore feet. Nearly half this height is due to the length of the neck, which, however, contains only the same number of vertebrae (seven), as the neck of any other quadruped. Hence, although the movements of the neck are sometimes not devoid of grace, there is generally a degree of stiffness about them, and we never get the elegant curves which the neck of the swan and of many other birds present to our view. This structure, however, may well excite our admiration in another way—it exhibits in a striking manner the wonderful resources of the Creator, who can form by a simple modification of the same plan, and without the addition of any new parts, the short, thick neck of the elephant, and the long, slender, tapering column which supports the elegant head of the giraffe. And our admiration is increased when we consider how perfectly this structure fits the creature for its mode of life, and enables it to play the part assigned to it in nature. An inhabitant of the arid regions of tropical Africa—from Nubia almost to the Cape of Good Hope—where the amount of herbage would scarcely suffice for the sustenance of the smallest herbivorous animal, the stately giraffe is enabled by means of his long neck to browse peacefully upon the tender twigs and foliage of the trees scattered here and there in the desert, which derive their moisture from far below the parched and dusty surface of the ground. And in this respect, even the small number and large size of the vertebrae of the neck are found to be not without their object; for if the number of these bones were increased sufficiently to give this part of the animal greater flexibility, the labour of maintaining it in the erect position would be vastly increased, and the creature would be, to a certain extent, unfitted for the peculiar conditions in which it is placed. The giraffe is assisted in reaching down his food by the singular prehensile power of his tongue, which is capable of being protruded from the mouth to a considerable distance and by an admirable arrangement of the muscles of which it is composed can then seize upon any object within its reach. In this way, the tongue of the giraffe serves him as an organ of prehension almost like the trunk of the

elephant, although by no means capable of performing the same variety of offices as the proboscis of that unwieldy quadruped.

The head is undoubtedly the most beautiful part of the giraffe. The delicacy of its form, the gentleness of its aspect, and the softness of its full, lustrous eyes, render the head of the giraffe one of the most charming objects to be found in the animal creation. Like most other ruminant animals (the ox, deer, etc.), the giraffe possesses two horns; but these differ remarkably from those of any other quadruped with which we are acquainted. In the deer tribe we find the horns forming branched antlers, often of great size, but always falling off annually, and giving place to a new pair. In the ox and antelope, on the contrary, the horns consist of a permanent bony core, covered by a sheath of the substance commonly known as horn, and these weapons are never shed, but continue growing during the whole life of the animal. The horns of the giraffe present the characters of neither of these groups, and, to a certain extent, may be said to exhibit a combination of both. Like the latter, they consist of permanent bony processes of the skull, but, instead of a horny covering, they are clothed with the same skin that covers the rest of the head; a circumstance which also occurs with the deciduous antlers of the deer during the period of their rapid growth, although the skin dies and peels off as soon as the horns have attained their full size. The horns of the giraffe are three or four inches in length, and terminate in a singular tuft of hair, which gives them an appearance altogether different from those of any other animal. It is generally supposed that these appendages to the head, which occur in both sexes of the animal, are rather intended for ornament than use; but this does not appear to be the case, for the males have been observed to use them with great violence in their combats, and one of the females in the Zoological Gardens is said to have driven her horns through an inch board.

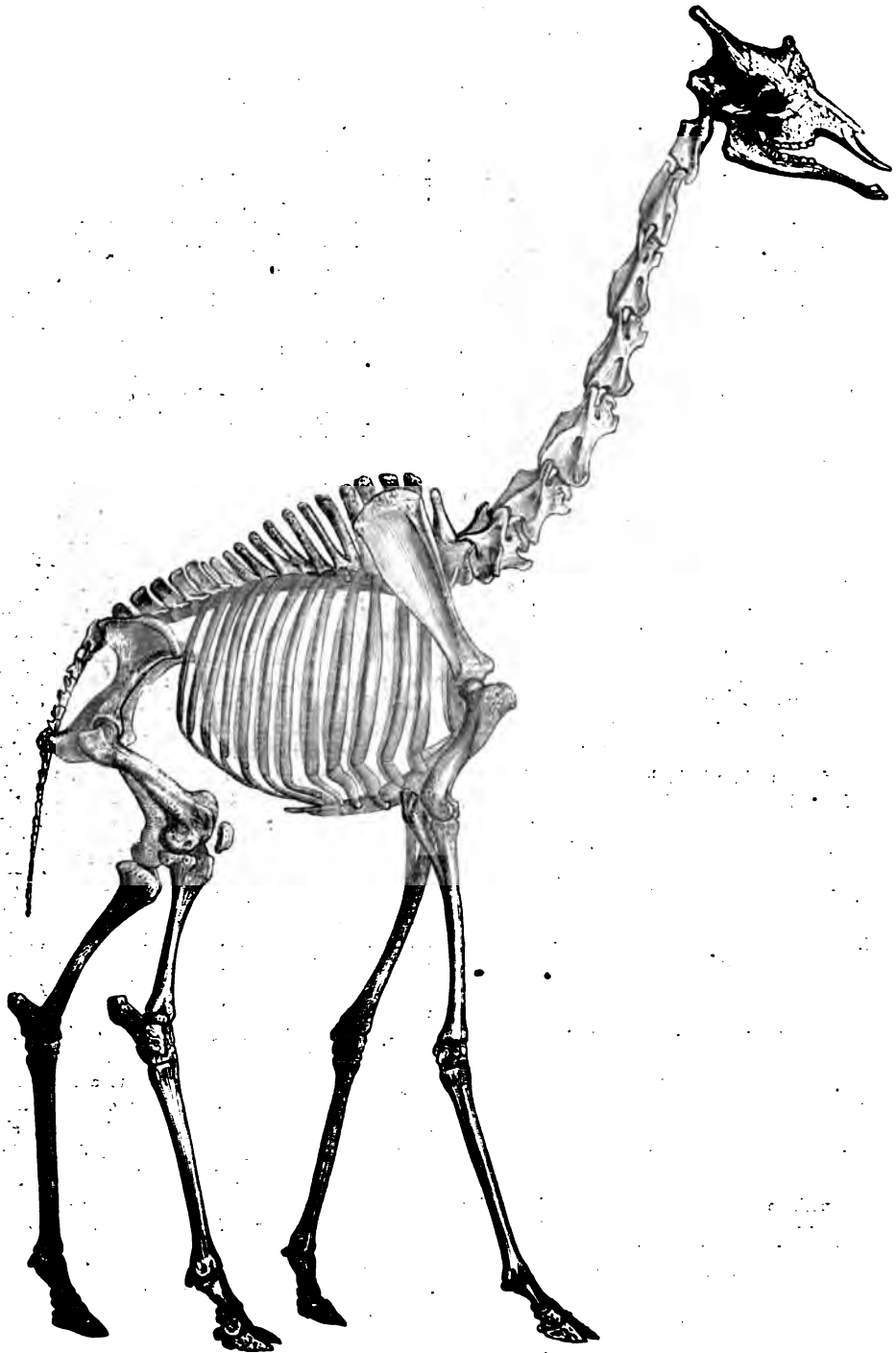
The most formidable weapons of the giraffe are, however, his hinder hoofs, with which he kicks out with such tremendous force that even the lion is sometimes repelled and disabled by the wounds thus ignobly inflicted upon him. His powers of defending himself against his enemies are wonderfully increased by the position of the eyes. These are situated quite on the sides of the head, and are remarkably prominent, so that the giraffe, when browsing on the twigs of his favourite trees, can still keep a good look-out on all sides of him, and be prepared for any coming danger.

Another error which has been induced by the singular appearance of the animal, and which has been copied from one natural history into another for many years, is the statement that the fore legs of the giraffe are twice as long as his hinder extremities. The fact is, that all the legs are nearly of the same length, but the shoulders and fore part of the body are very much elevated, giving the hinder quarters a very low appearance, and rendering it very easy on a cursory glance to suppose that the fore legs are much longer than the hinder. It has also been often stated and often denied that the giraffe has great difficulty in reaching the ground with his mouth, and succeeds only by stretching out his fore legs to a considerable extent so as to bring the fore part of his body nearer to the ground. This appears really to be the case in most instances, although scarcely to the extent that has sometimes been described; and when we consider the powerful mechanism of ligaments required to maintain the neck in its customary erect position, we shall be able easily to understand the cause of the difficulty, without lengthening the animal's legs to any inordinate extent.

The skin of the giraffe is of a light fawn-colour, covered with large brownish spots, which give the animal a very elegant appearance. The skin, when taken from the animal and dressed, is so large, that the natives of the countries which it inhabits sometimes cover their huts with a single skin; and Le Vaillant, the French traveller in Africa, mentions this as the first indication of the existence of the animal that he met with. "I was struck," he says, "by a sort of distinction which I perceived on one of the huts; it was entirely covered with the skin of a giraffe. I had never seen this quadruped, the tallest of the inhabitants of the earth; I knew it only by false descriptions and figures, and could therefore scarcely recognise its robe. And yet this was the skin of the giraffe. I was in the country inhabited by this creature; I might, perhaps,

see some of them alive ; I looked forward to the moment when I should be thus recompensed, at least in part, for all the sufferings and annoyances of my expedition." The thickness of the hide, however, occasions its application to another and less picturesque use. It is considered by the natives to be the best material for sandals ; and in this form, although the sight of it may never again produce

down on horseback. Mr. Gordon Cumming, however, in his book "South African Field Sports," relates several instances of its having done this ; and Mr. Methuen, in his "Life in the Wilderness," says, that any person of light weight, mounted on a pretty good horse, can easily overtake a herd of giraffes, and cut off the one he wishes to shoot. He gives the following description of it



SKELETON OF THE GIRAFFE.

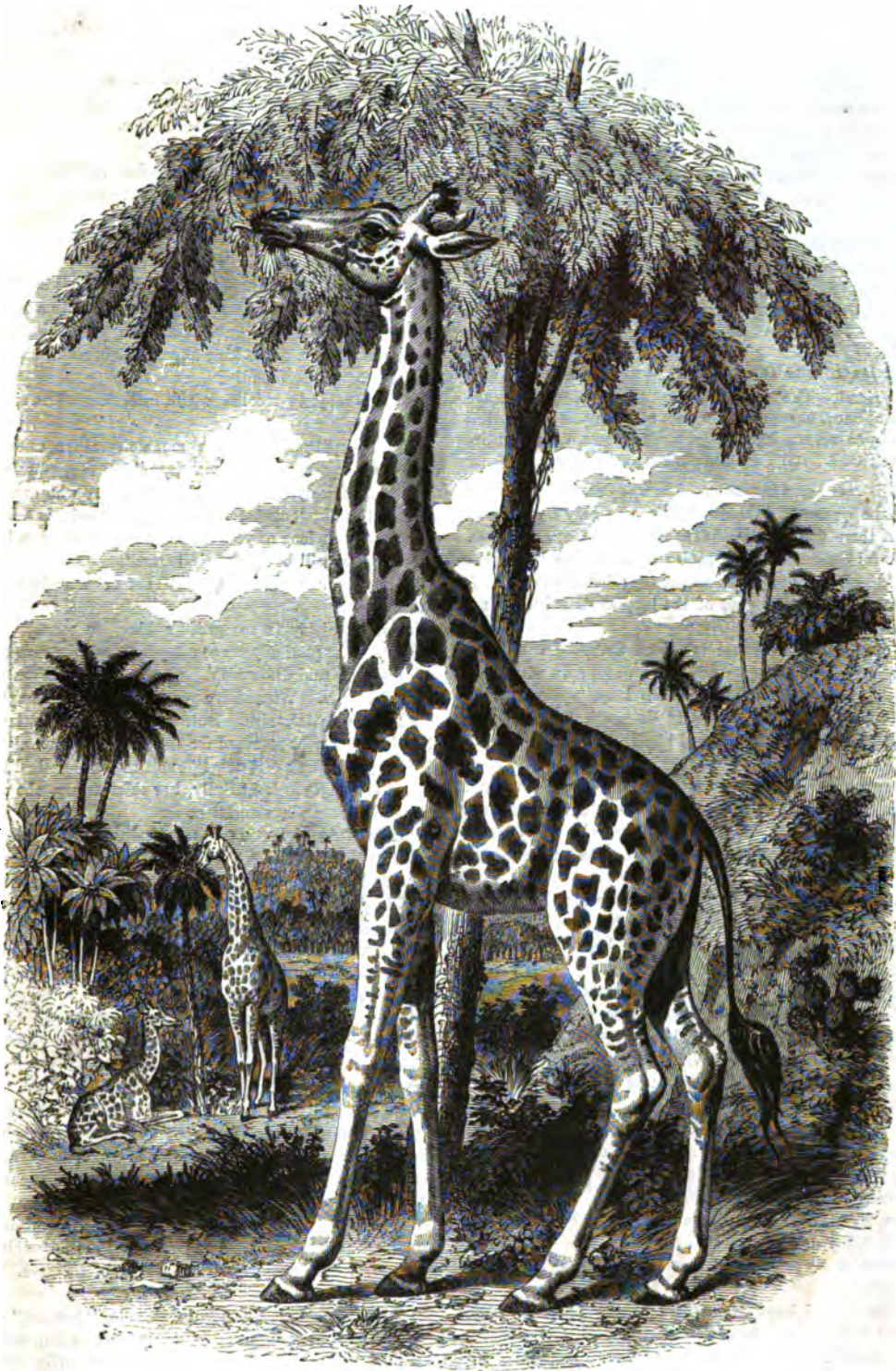
the same feelings in the mind of any future naturalist as those so eloquently expressed by Le Vaillant in the passage just quoted, it may certainly greatly assist him in his search after the many other wonderful things still to be discovered in the vast continent of Africa.

It is generally supposed that the giraffe is an exceedingly swift beast, and that it is difficult, if not almost impossible, to run him

process, with which we will conclude this article : "We espied some giraffes quietly cropping the high boughs of the mokalo-tree : their long taper necks stretched to the full length, twisting their long prehensile tongues round the leaves and young shoots. . . . The animals soon perceived us, and took to flight, charging through some bushes, and striding clear over others with their Brobdignagian legs, and cantering in the most ludicrous manner possible ; the

under legs at each spring coming before the fore ones, and seeming to work outside them by at least two feet; their tails were curled, and they proceeded with a peculiar jumping motion, their long taper necks and lofty heads overtopping the tallest shrubs. I was quickly

have annihilated;—truly is 'the fear of man on all creatures.' Thorns scratched and tore my clothes to ribbons; all my companions vanished, though reports on all sides proclaimed the work of death in progress; and my giraffe amusing itself by throwing dirt and



THE GIRAFFE.

alongside the largest, and contrived to separate it from the herd, when, though strongly excited, I could not help remarking the strange sight which these colossal brutes exhibited, each followed by such comparatively insignificant dwarfish men and horses, whom, had the fugitives possessed courage to make resistance, one of their kicks must

sticks behind it in my face, I galloped a-head, and, dismounting, fired my favourite two-ounce Pinday's rifle behind its shoulder, when, to my great joy, the animal stopped, after running twenty yards—reeled—tottered, and laid its steeple-neck prostrate on the earth."

THE OAK OF HENRY IV. AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

HENRY IV. of France, the lucky prince who escaped the massacre of St. Bartholomew, when so many thousands became the victims of the savage revenge of Catherine—because they had not upheld her against the Guises—was almost the greatest patron the castle and wood of Fontainebleau ever had. Catherine and the ferocious Charles IX. had previously made it a scene of pleasure, and had here successfully cajoled some of the Huguenots, who were then making efforts, which, if successful, would have raised France to a pinnacle of extraordinary prosperity, and would effectually have prevented the subsequent revolution.

But things were ordained otherwise; and Henry IV. was himself obliged to recant his religion ere he could secure the throne of his beloved France, of which he was, undoubtedly, one of the best kings.

In the manuscript department of the king's library of Paris is a letter, by which the monarch announces to the celebrated Gabrielle d'Estrees his arrival at Fontainebleau. It is very characteristic of the king, who, in some particulars, rather resembled Henry VIII. of this country.

FROM OUR DELICIOUS DESERT OF FONTAINE-BELLE-EAU.

"My dear Friend,—The courier arrived this evening. I have sent him back at once, because he informs me that you have given him instructions to return immediately with news of me. I am very well, thank God. All I desire is to see you.—HENRI."

Gabrielle d'Estrees loved the king. She was determined, in her own mind, to be queen of France. There was easy morality in those days, but there was also inordinate ambition in many minds. That the beautiful Gabrielle should aspire to be the spouse of the king, who loved her, was not at all surprising; but the task, with every good disposition on the part of the king towards her, was a difficult one.

There was a minister in France to whom the king was, with justice and reason, very much attached. He was a man who loved his country, and he was well aware that a king, who owed his throne to a successful revolution, would do much wiser to ally himself to some of the princesses of royal blood, than to any private individual.

Gabrielle knew that she had to contend with this powerful and firm opposition. But she did not despair. She played for a throne, and that was a prize worthy in her mind of every risk. She, therefore, on the receipt of the king's letter, came in all haste with other ladies to Fontainebleau.

She saw at once that Rosny de Sully was aware of her design and prepared to oppose it by every means in his power. He received her with great respect, and showed a degree of humility which was surprising.

But Gabrielle was not to be deceived. The next morning, as a party of ladies and courtiers were promenading in the beautiful park, she contrived to be alone with the king under the great oak-tree, of which we have given an engraving.

The king was as usual gallant, and spoke of her beauty and his affection in no measured terms.

"Your majesty is very good," said the beautiful favourite with much emotion; "but, sire, do you remember a certain promise made at St. Germain, which —"

"What promise?" asked the king.

"A promise, sire, which was to have been carried out there, but which a certain Rosny de Sully —"

"Do you speak of my friend and first adviser?" said the king with a slight frown.

"Your friend, sire, I know; but not mine," replied the lady. "He hates me; but I return the compliment."

"Beautiful Gabrielle!" said the king, who loved a little mischief; "I do not think Sully could hate a woman: he cares too little about them."

"Sire!" exclaimed Gabrielle d'Estrees, blushing with anger, "you mean that we women are beneath the notice of so great a man."

"I am afraid he is sufficiently ungallant to consider the heart of a woman not a very valuable commodity."

"Sire, it matters little what Rosny de Sully thinks, if the memory of Henry IV. of France be good. I remind your majesty once more of your promise at St. Germain."

"Tut! tut! *ma mie*, what promise?"

"You said, sire, that you loved me, and were sufficiently of a peasant—those were your majesty's words—to think that a good wife was a thing which a king should covet above everything."

"A good wife is an excellent thing," said Henry IV. gravely.

"Then your majesty recollects your promise at St. Germain," said the lady, whose eyes flashed fire. Ambition now overcame every other feeling.

"Faith, Gabrielle, and thou wouldst make a rare queen. Few would equal you, if any. None would surpass you in loveliness," continued the king, musing.

"When, then, will you announce it to the court?" exclaimed Gabrielle, seizing the king's hand.

"Tut! tut!" said the king laughing; "*ma mie* is in a hurry. Rosny de Sully is not a man to be gained over in a minute."

At this moment the grave minister appeared before them only a few yards distant. The king affectionately nodded to him, and the minister bowed profoundly.

"Your majesty recollects the interview at twelve?" he said inquiringly.

"Ah! yes," exclaimed the monarch rather uneasily, "about that eternal question of my marriage."

"Your majesty," said the grave minister, who saw the king was inclined to talk, "marriage, in crowned heads, is a duty they owe to society. As long as your majesty is without due heirs and successors, there will be fear of civil war."

"Sully, you mean well, but I fear marriage is too great a tie."

"Your majesty is too great a king, to consult your personal feelings. The good of your country will be your first thought."

"Rosny," said Henry IV., with a laugh; "you usually condemn flatterers. Where have you been taking such apt lessons?"

"I never flatter, sire. But, perhaps, this question of the marriage had better be reserved for the council-chamber."

"Why not speak of it now?" exclaimed Gabrielle d'Estrees, with a fierce and angry look at Sully, her chief enemy, she well knew, as regarded the marriage question.

"Gabrielle is right, in truth. Under this oak-tree is pleasanter on such a day than in my cabinet. Seat yourself there, my trusty councillor, on that wooden seat, and let us talk of affairs of state."

"The presence of a lady," said the minister gravely, "is somewhat against the usual custom of councils."

"Sully," replied the king, "you forget Jeanne d'Albret, her whose courage saved me from early death; you forget Catherine, of evil repute."

"I forget nothing, sire," said the minister, with a look of meekness, which made Gabrielle d'Estrees wince; "and if the Lady d'Estrees takes an interest in the subject, I see no reason why your majesty may not combine pleasure and business."

"Take an interest in the subject!" exclaimed the king, laughing, and roughly bringing on the question, like a school-boy who fears the consequence, "why, as she is probably the fair dame who will grace my crown, it can scarcely be supposed the subject is not interesting to her."

Gabrielle d'Estrees looked triumphantly at the minister.

"Sire," said the minister coldly, "that is impossible."

"Ventre St. Gris," said the ex-king of Navarre. "How impossible? Why impossible?"

"Rosny de Sully," whispered Gabrielle, "beware!"

"Sire," said the minister solemnly, "it is impossible. In the first place, it is quite out of the question, that under present circumstances your majesty should marry a subject. Spain is awake and alive. The son of the Marquise de Verneil aims at supplanting you on the throne. Every mistake must be avoided by your majesty. Besides, the negotiations for the hand of Marie de' Medici, though not officially commenced, are in train—"

"How in train?" asked the king frowning.

Gabrielle smiled. It was clear the king was on her side.

"Your majesty will please to recollect that you doubted my ability to bring about this marriage, and said you feared less to risk, than to risk a refusal."

"Yes, yes, I recollect," exclaimed the king rather uneasily.

"Your majesty, I have this morning received a private intimation, that an official demand will be met with a warm consent."

"Sire, do you allow this?" said Gabrielle, who began to be alarmed, the influence of the minister over the king being undoubted, and the quiet way in which he had acted proving his determination, and at the same time his great confidence.

"But, Rosny de Sully," exclaimed Henry the Fourth, "I have given my word."

"Sire, your majesty will pardon me. You never gave your word unconditionally. The Lady Gabrielle d'Estrees must see that the interest of the state is above all private considerations. Your majesty then, I hope, will make the formal demand for the hand of Marie de' Medici this day."

"Tut! tut! man, there is no such hurry," said the king, who now deeply regretted the presence of the fair charmer, to whose hopes he had given so much encouragement.

"Sire," exclaimed Gabrielle, "your royal word is given. I have as good as your bond. The promise made at St. Germain your majesty ratified but ten minutes since."

"Nay, *ma mie!*" said the king; "I only said you would look a queen indeed."

"Of that," interposed Sully, "no man will doubt. Did beauty and grace and elegance decide royal marriages, there can be no doubt that the Lady Gabrielle d'Estrees would carry all before her."

"And pray, most learned expounder of the royal matrimonial theory, why may not a king direct his choice where beauty, grace, and elegance lead him?" asked the monarch.

"Because, sire, a king has more duties than rights, more of policy to think of than privileges to enjoy," replied the minister.

"Sophistry!" cried Gabrielle d'Estrees, now losing her temper, and allowing her fine eyes to be suffused with tears; "this is all mere idle talk, to move his majesty to break his royal word. 'Tis treachery, rank treachery!"

"Madam, were there no treachery to his majesty in France, save in the heart of Rosny de Sully, Henry IV. might marry safely where he loved. But there is danger, and treachery, and doubt, and tribulation; and a great king must yield to state policy."

The king mused deeply, Gabrielle d'Estrees began a scene of mingled tears, supplications, threats, reproaches, and fainting, to which Sully offered only the calm reasons which, in truth, did guide the mind of one of the best and greatest politicians France has ever produced. The contest was long and alarming. The lady was alternately a terrible Juno, and a melting, yielding Danaë. The king wavered, but at last, as was natural with one of his character, the woman appeared clearly about to gain the day. He could not resist the "*tears as big as little peas*" that fell from her beautiful eyes, and the minister began to fear that the day was lost. He determined to make, therefore, one last and bold stroke.

He rose.

"Your majesty," said he, bowing respectfully, "appears to have decided. You have determined to do that which I believe to be ruinous to the prospects of the country, fatal to the peace of France. I have but one duty—a solemn and unpleasant duty—and that is, to request your majesty to appoint my successor."

"You desert me, Sully," exclaimed the king in a reproachful tone.

"Sire, I cannot, loving my country, and desiring an honest fame, incur the odium of having connived at an unpopular and unwise act. I must resign, to save my honour and my reputation."

"Your majesty will find many as faithful and attached ministers," exclaimed Gabrielle d'Estrees, beginning to recover her hopes.

"And so, Rosny," said the king affectionately, "you have made up your mind, in this case, to leave me."

"I say it, your majesty, with deep regret; but it is my duty —"

"Then, Rosny, it must be that you are right. You would never leave me, were you not persuaded of the justness of your cause. This afternoon send the demand for the hand of Marie de' Medici. Go, my friend."

The minister bowed, without a word, and retired.

"Your majesty," exclaimed the alarmed Lady Gabrielle, who had not yet learned to understand the king's fickleness, "your majesty prefers that Rosny to your beloved Gabrielle."

"That Rosny, Gabrielle," said the king gravely, "is the guardian of my crown."

Gabrielle tried every art to persuade the king to disgrace the minister, and take one more compliant. Then it was that Henry made his historical reply to the fair dame.

"Pardi, madame! this is too much. You have been incited to this by some enemies of mine. In order, then, that you may be quite at ease on the subject, let me tell you, that I would rather lose one hundred women, as beautiful as you, than one man like Sully."

Gabrielle d'Estrees was silenced. After dinner she renewed the conflict in Sully's pavilion, but in vain.

The hand of Marie de' Medici was formally asked by the king, and Gabrielle d'Estrees returned to Paris, after begging the monarch's pardon on her bended knees.

She retired to her apartments in the Hotel Zamet, where a few days later she died, after eating a meal which had been all poisoned. It was never known, nor even suspected, by whom this poison was administered, as the object could not very well be discovered. It has even been suggested that she ate only some mushrooms which were of a poisonous tribe, and was thus accidentally killed.

King Henry IV. was a little hurt in heart at the disappointment of which the great oak had been the theatre, and visited it for several days with considerable gravity.

But soon all Fontainebleau was in activity. The marriage ceremony was settled, and Henry IV. became the husband in a few days of Marie de' Medici, who, on the 21st of September, 1601, presented him with a dauphin. The king was delighted, placed his own sword in the infant's hand, and addressed the queen thus:

"*Ma mie!*" he exclaimed; "rejoice! Heaven has granted our wish. We have a handsome son."

And he ran in such a hurry to hear a *Te Deum* in the church of the Holy Trinity, that he lost his hat in the crowd. He was as ardent a Romanist as he had, at one time, been a firm Huguenot.

Many of the plans and designs of Henry IV. were conceived and debated under that spreading oak, which is only one of the many magnificent trees that adorn that delightful forest.

One day, in the sixteenth century, St. Louis was hunting in the forest of Bieve, in the Gatinais. He lost a dog he was very fond of, and which answered to the name of 'Bleau. The king was very much vexed at his loss, and all the court exerted themselves to recover it. Saints as well as other beings have their flatterers. The flatterers of St. Louis hurried so swiftly about the forest, that they found the dog drinking at a spring. The spring was made into a fountain, which was called Fontainebleau.

Such is the legend which Francis I. and the Primatice have consecrated by a painting. But Mabillon tells us that it was an old domain named Breau; while Philander and De Thou, without showing any respect for old stories, tell us that it is derived from Fontaine-belle-eau, corrupted into Fontainebleau. Here the French kings built a residence.

Old Guillaume Moriss, an ancient chronicler of France, says: "The Gatinais, diversified by woods, rivers, plains, and mountains, is very healthy and agreeable, which is the reason of its being much peopled, and of our seeing that those who inhabit it generally live to a good old age, and die full of years and in a healthy old age, not so common anywhere else in France. This induced our kings to construct a pleasure-palace in this locality. The most beautiful and royal house in Europe is Fontainebleau. Our kings not only made it a residence with a view to pleasure and health, but here were chiefly born and brought up the young princes of the crown."

Montargis and Melun had previously enjoyed the honour of being the nursery of France. The forest was peopled in the days of St. Louis by robbers. The following is related as having happened under the great oak. The king had lost his way, and was seeking his suite, when he fell into the midst of a band of robbers.

"You are the king," said the chief.

"Leave me my life, and you shall have king Louis," replied the saint.

At the same time he sounded his horn, and the suite came up.

"Well, where is the king?" said the robber chief.

"I am the king, and you are an audacious brigand." As he spoke, the thieves were overpowered.

"Hunger, sire."

"Very good," said the prince; "you shall expiate your sin



THE OAK OF HENRY IV. AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

"How long have you carried on this trade?"

"Since yesterday."

"What drove you to it?"

by fighting the infidels. In future you shall eat the king's bread."

It is reported that the robbers became very good soldiers.

PÆSTUM.

The ancient town of Pæstum or Poseidonia was situated in Lucania, near the south-west coast of Italy, on the Gulf of Pæstum, or the Gulf of Salerno. The celebrated ruins, consisting of the remains of two temples, an amphitheatre, and another building, as well as the town, are about twenty-five miles south-east of Salerno. According to the reports of most travellers, the surrounding district is barren and deserted, owing to the unwholesomeness of the atmosphere, which is infested by exhalations from the stagnant marshes that abound in the lowlands. Others, on the contrary, maintain that there is more exaggeration than truth in these statements,—that the plain, though uncultivated, is naturally fertile, and that the neighbouring hills are covered with corn-fields and vineyards. But even these persons regret that measures are not adopted for getting rid of the reeds and brushwood which encumber the soil, and drying the marshes which fill the air with pestilential miasma.

feature in the scene represented in our engraving. The artist has there depicted the temple as, we have every reason to suppose, it appeared in its original state, and introduced various accessories which add to the general effect of the picture, without at all violating probability. The temple—as may be seen from our illustration—was one of the most magnificent in ancient times. The three steps, which form its pedestal, are well proportioned; the peristyle consists of six columns in front, six at the back, and fourteen on each side. The columns, like those of other temples, are very low, being only five times their diameter in height; but their arrangement at distances scarcely greater than the thickness of each, produces the happiest effect. There are two porticoes, one in the front and another at the back. In other respects the form of construction is exactly like that of all Greek temples. The columns, which are all fluted, have no base, and belong to the ancient Doric order. Hence it is, not without reason, conjectured that the temples of



THE TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE AT PÆSTUM.

What remains of the ancient Poseidonia is sufficient to give a good idea of the form of the town, which was an irregular square, from four to five miles round, on a perfectly level platform. The walls, which are almost entirely preserved in certain parts, were about twenty feet high and six feet in thickness. At regular intervals it was flanked with towers, and, like many Roman edifices, built of large masses of stone well fitted together, but without any kind of cement. The town had four gates opposite one another on the four sides. The principal one on the east side, now called the Gate of the Siren, on account of a small figure rudely sculptured above, looks towards Capaccio and the mountains. It is in perfect preservation and arched, but without any ornament. Close by was the aqueduct which conveyed water from the mountains to the town, and traces of which may yet be discerned.

The most interesting remains are those of the temples of Ceres and Neptune, especially the latter, which is both beautiful in architecture and well preserved. It is this which forms the principal

Pæstum were built at the period when the Greeks began to approach the perfection of architecture, and were preparing to give it that lightness and beauty of proportion which are not to be found in their heavy Egyptian models.

We will conclude with a few words on the history of Pæstum. It is full of obscurity, uncertainty, and conjecture, but the following facts may be safely admitted. Founded by a colony of the Greeks, Pæstum was near the famous Greek city of Sybaris, with which it was closely allied by many ties, and shared in those habits of luxury that have been ever since proverbial. The Romans took possession of it about 273 B.C., when they changed its Greek name Poseidonia to the Roman Pæstum, and made it a municipal town. From that time to the age of Augustus, when poets celebrated the beauty of its roses, which bloomed twice a year, it is rarely mentioned in ancient writings. It re-appears in history eight centuries after, when the Saracens, having conquered Sicily, wished to establish themselves in southern Italy; but the sons of Mahomet,

finding it impossible at the commencement of the tenth century to overcome the Christians, determined to retire from the country, and signalled their departure by pillaging and destroying Pæstum. In 1080, Robert Guiscard completed the work of destruction by conveying most of the remaining columns and ornaments to Salerno to build a church.

POLITICAL ASPECT OF CHINA.

BY WILLIAM KNIGHTON, M.A.

THE system of government, prevalent for ages in China, is based upon that of a family. The Chinese constitute the vast family of which the emperor is the father; and, as absolute filial obedience is required by their faith, as the father has absolute power over his children, even so has the emperor absolute authority in the state, the most implicit obedience being required from his officers and subjects. Such a system is often misnamed the patriarchal, but it is quite a misnomer—the foundation of both may be alike, but the practice is quite different. The emperor is styled “the sacred son of heaven,” “the sole ruler of the earth,” “the great father;” offerings are made to his image and to his throne; his person is adored; his people prostrate themselves in his presence. When he goes abroad, all the people take care to shut themselves up in their houses; whoever is found in the monarch’s way is liable to instant execution unless he turns his back, or lies flat with his face upon the ground. The children have evidently no reason to rejoice, under such circumstances, in the visits of their father; his journeys must be rather alarming to travellers. Everything about him partakes of the idolatrous homage paid to himself, whilst the mandarins, who are his delegates in distant provinces, have authority as absolute as his own.

No despotism was ever more unalloyed, no power more absolutely without control than that of this “son of heaven;” and yet it was all based upon a mistaken view of the domestic relationship. The language, spoken and written, of China, is an admirably-concocted supporter of this state of things; each sign representing an idea, often without any corresponding word, so that a piece of writing, although intelligible to the learned reader, cannot be read aloud to others; and hence the information acquired by the privileged classes has no means of becoming diffused amongst the bulk of the people. Reflection and memory are the only powers called into exercise by this dumb language—the imagination can never be appealed to by it. Even in a Chinese poem, which cannot, of course, be read aloud, the beauty consists in the adaptation of symbol to symbol; it excites no feeling in the breast, it affords no culture to the imagination. “Not a hundredth part of the Chinese characters,” says Remusat, “has any vocal expression, and it is no uncommon thing for the literati of that country to conduct their disputes by describing in the air, with their fans, characters which do not correspond to any word in the language which they speak.” (*Essai sur la Langue Chinoise*, p. 33.) Eminently absurd, we are inclined to call such symbolic argument, and to us it does certainly appear so; but it is eminently note-worthy, by reason of the deductions that may be drawn from the fact, that, if appeals are thus made to the reason and to the memory only, all the fervour of eloquence must be quite thrown away and all the aid of the imagination lost in religious or political addresses.

In the earliest ages of authentic Chinese history, that is, about five hundred years before the Christian era, the country was divided into nine sovereignties, all subsequently united under an enterprising prince named Lo, the Chinese Egbert. For centuries the country, thus united, enjoyed peace and prosperity under its native lords. The intestine tumults were few and far between, and the military art became almost unknown, for there was no foreign aggression to repel. Ghenghis Khan, the great Asiatic conqueror, swept over the country like a whirlwind, carrying everything before him in the thirteenth century; but the Ming or native dynasty was restored subsequently. About a century and a half ago, however, the Ming dynasty was again displaced by the Manchoo invaders from the north-east, whose monarchs have ever since sat upon the Chinese throne. The paternal rod by which China had previously been governed, was heavy and severe enough; but, since then, the whip of the Tartar has been added to the domestic tyranny, until subserviency has superseded obedience. “The despotism of the

Manchoo sovereign,” says Balbi, “keeps that of the grandest order, and obliges them to remain united. There is no resistance on the part of the people; they have much cunning but little courage, and find it safer to preserve a part of their property grovelling at the feet of their masters, than to risk the loss of the whole in order to obtain their liberty.” Had Balbi lived in those days, he might have learnt that, however bound down by a foreign yoke, however tyrannised over by foreign rulers, the Chinese had not yet lost their nationality entirely, and were certainly disposed to make a violent effort, and able to make it, to regain their liberty and to shake off the Manchoo rule. Whether they be successful or not remains to be seen—probably they will not be so; yet it must always be remembered, to their honour, that the attempt was made, and that they exhibited in it courage, constancy, and perseverance, not unalloyed, it is true, with cruelty and intolerance. For these are always the vices of the fallen; long-continued slavery produces them naturally in the mind; long-continued, pent-up indignation feeds itself upon blood when it gets the opportunity.

The various civil and military appointments are filled by two classes of officers, called originally *mandarins*, by the Portuguese from the Latin verb *mandare*, to command. The power of these officers is, as I have said, absolute, when they are sent by the emperor as his viceroys into the various provinces of the empire. An officer of this description entering a city, can order any person he suspects to be arrested and executed, without giving any further reason for the summary procedure than that noted in his despatch to the High Court of Peking, in which he announces the fact. He is unquestionably a formidable officer. A hundred lictors go before him; announcing his mission with discordant yells. Should any one be found in the way, notwithstanding this announcement, he is mauled with bamboo rods or castigated with heavy whips. In some consolation to know that the officer himself, who thus has the power of tyrannising at his will, is liable to the same summary punishment he inflicts on others. If tales to his discredit are whispered by influential men in Peking, and come at length to the emperor’s ears, an imperial mandate may, at any moment, arrive, which orders the inferior officers to seize the viceroy, of whom they have been standing so heartily in dread, and to bastinado him soundly. It is likely, under such circumstances, that they would lay it to with hearty good-will.

The redeeming point of all this Chinese government must be mentioned, however. It is this, that these mandarins are not hereditary nobles, born to rule, and brought up in supercilious contempt of all around them, but men who have passed examinations in the classical literature of their country—men versed in such religion, in such mathematics, in such science, in such philosophy, as Chinese wisdom has attained to. Learning is the ladder of nobility, and he has a chance of climbing highest—other things being equal—who has learnt most. From their peculiar system of symbols, this learning, however, is not so powerfully operative for good as it might otherwise be. It is cold and heartless, cultivating the head much, but leaving the warm impulses of the heart unregulated, unenriched, and unenriched from the stores of the imagination. The human mind has many faculties, all of which require simultaneous development to constitute a superior being, ultimately. No one of these faculties can be neglected without evil being induced.

The insurrection which has been threatening for the last year or two to overturn the Manchoo dynasty, and once more place the native line of princes on the throne, excited little attention in England until the intelligence was brought by one of the Indian mails, last autumn, that Nankin had been taken by the rebels. Indistinct rumours of troubles in the southern provinces of the empire had been heard and canvassed in Canton months before. At first, the disturbers were *robbers*, and numerous imperial decrees declared that the leaders of these robbers had been seized, and quartered at Peking, their dismembered limbs being affixed on the gates, and elsewhere, as a warning to evil-doers. But still, all the imperial decrees notwithstanding, the troubles continued, and it was further rumoured, that the descendant of the old Ming family was the head of the insurgents. At length Nankin was taken, and the robbers became, forthwith, *rebels*. Nankin, the centre of the arts, fashions, and literature of China—Nankin, the old capital of the country, was taken. Europeans began then to doubt whether the

erial proclamations were always to be credited—it was evident, indeed, that they were not. The insurgents advanced; they seized the southern basins of the Great Canal; they commanded the mouths of the Yang-tse-kiang. One imperial army after another was defeated; they threatened Peking itself. They became forthwith patriots. Who shall say, after this, that there is nothing in a name? Nothing in a name! robbers and patriots convertible terms! Surely there is much in a name. Success will afford a healing balm for many wounded consciences; success will blind the eyes of the st lookers-on. A man makes a great leap to attain a distant thing—he fails, and people laugh at his temerity; he succeeds, and they applaud his heroism. Had the Chinese insurrection succeeded in its first efforts in the South, we should have heard of it as the troubles caused by a few paltry robbers.

Hien-foung, which, being interpreted, means Complete Abundance, is the present emperor of China, the Mantchoo sovereign who reigns in Peking. He is but twenty-two years of age, "a young man," says M. Callery, "of middle height, his form indicating great aptitude for bodily exercises. He is slender and muscular, with a high forehead, and a defective obliquity of the eyes;" which, in plain English, means, in plain English, that his majesty squints. "His cheek-bones are very prominent, and strongly marked. The space between his eyes is broad and flat, like the forehead of a buffalo."

no means a flattering simile, M. Callery! for, although Juno is called the ox-eyed, that is no reason why Complete Abundance could be likened to a buffalo. There is little to be added to this sketch of Complete Abundance, save this, that he appears to be very rich in want of money.

Hien-te, the head of the insurrection, and the representative of the Ming dynasty, is also a young man, only a year or so older than

Complete Abundance. "Study and want of rest," says M. Callery, "have made him prematurely old. He is grave and melancholy, leads a very retired life, and only communicates with those about him when he gives his orders." Tien-te means Celestial Virtue; and the cunning Chinese, anxious to obtain the favour of the western barbarians, assured them that this Celestial Virtue was really a Christian at heart, and intended establishing Christianity when he became emperor. The fact of his having thirty wives, however, when it became known, made the Europeans look with suspicion on Celestial Virtue's Christianity, as well they might. So they have left Complete Abundance and him to fight it out, their sympathies, perhaps, being with the insurgents, their diplomatic communication still, however, with the Mantchoo and his officers. Certain it is, that the insurgents have shown no favour whatever to Buddhism, which is the religion of the Mantchoo court, since they have invariably destroyed its temples and images as they have advanced. Whether they intend to restore the system of Confucius, or to amalgamate it with some of the truths of Christianity, does not yet sufficiently appear. They seem to have correct ideas on the subject of the Deity and of his nature, ideas probably obtained from Christian sources. It is almost certain, however, that if they do succeed, the insurgents will settle down into the old political forms; all their sympathies and tendencies seem to point in that direction. Recent accounts leave it doubtful whether they will succeed at all. They have got to within a hundred miles of Peking, having traversed a district of country as extensive as the whole of European Russia. They have been almost uniformly successful hitherto; but the fierce Tartar tribes may possibly be too much for them, if the latest intelligence on the subject is to be credited.

A VISIT TO THE EAST.

a recent entertaining work, entitled "Scenes in Eastern Life," contains the following amusing episode, which we give without attempting for the strict accuracy of every particular:—

Stanislas Duhamel was a blasé Parisian. He had exhausted the enjoyments of life, and wasted all his energies in the feverish pursuit of pleasure. As a student, a man of fashion, a politician, a mercantile man, and a lieutenant in the National Guards, he had been foremost in all sorts of exciting scenes, till at last, having run his whole round of worldly activity, he sat down like Alexander the Great, and mourned that he had not another career open to him. In his vexation and embarrassment for want of yet one more role to play, one additional scene in the drama of life, he suddenly thought him of an expedient which promised to answer his purpose admirably. He would go to Constantinople, assume the Albanian, and become a thorough Mahomedan. He would get a harem with beautiful fountains, a palanquin, with a procession of eunuchs, etc. etc. As he dwelt upon the bright visions of enjoyment opening up before his mind's eye, his heart throbbed with delight, and his jaded emotions once more resumed their intensity, and the exclamation—*La Alla ila Alla!* burst forth from his lips.

Without delay he was off to Marseilles, and in the course of a week or two landed safely at Constantinople, where he hired a splendid palace, of which the reader may form some conception from our engraving (p. 164). It was surrounded by a court, a garden, fine colonnades, and shady avenues, and had a marble pavement, fountains, arabesques, and whatever else could contribute to elegance or use. The Parisian was delighted with his new abode, which appeared quite a Mahomedan paradise. But before an hour had passed in self-congratulations, he began to feel painfully conscious of some serious defects. In the first place, he did not like the solitude in which he found himself. Then the windows, though artistically formed, were none of them glazed, so that he was heat by day and damp by night had free admission, bringing with it ophthalmia and rheumatism in their train. "We must remedy this," said he to his dragoman, "by getting some splendid furniture and a company of dancing-girls." Accordingly, the dragoman went to the nearest bazaar, and the furniture was supplied the same evening. It consisted of sofas made of palm-wood, stuffed with cotton and covered with Persian silk, divans and beds, a small

round table, curtains, mats, caps, pipes and narguilehs. Highly delighted with the way in which he had fulfilled his commission, the dragoman exclaimed: "Here you have furniture fit for the reception of a pasha himself."

Our hero had also a numerous suite of personal attendants, including a secretary, a treasurer, two cooks, three pipe-bearers, four coffee-servers, five interpreters, and six ass-drivers, not to mention an armour-bearer, a groom to hold his horse, and several extra hands to assist the others. "At any rate," said he himself, "I shall be well waited on." Next day, however, his cooks brought him lean chickens hatched in the oven, dog's flesh dressed up as mutton, and dried locusts from Egypt, the whole seasoned to a fiery heat with pepper and mustard. He soon began to find out what it is to be the slave of slaves. Each of his servants being professedly about his appropriate work, and most of them taking their *siesta* in the middle of the day, he could never get their attention when he wanted. If he had occasion for the ass-driver, he stumbled upon the secretary, and *vice versa*. The extra hands were indignant when he asked them to shut the door, or do anything else so far beneath their dignity. His horse was never saddled except for his groom to have a ride. The pipe-bearers and coffee-servers brought him a hundred pipes and as many cups of coffee a-day, that they might regale themselves at his expense. All the neighbours and passers-by came in to squat upon his divans, smoke his tobacco, and taste his mocha coffee. To crown all; the *entente cordiale*, which subsisted between the tradespeople and his servants, was productive of ruinous results.

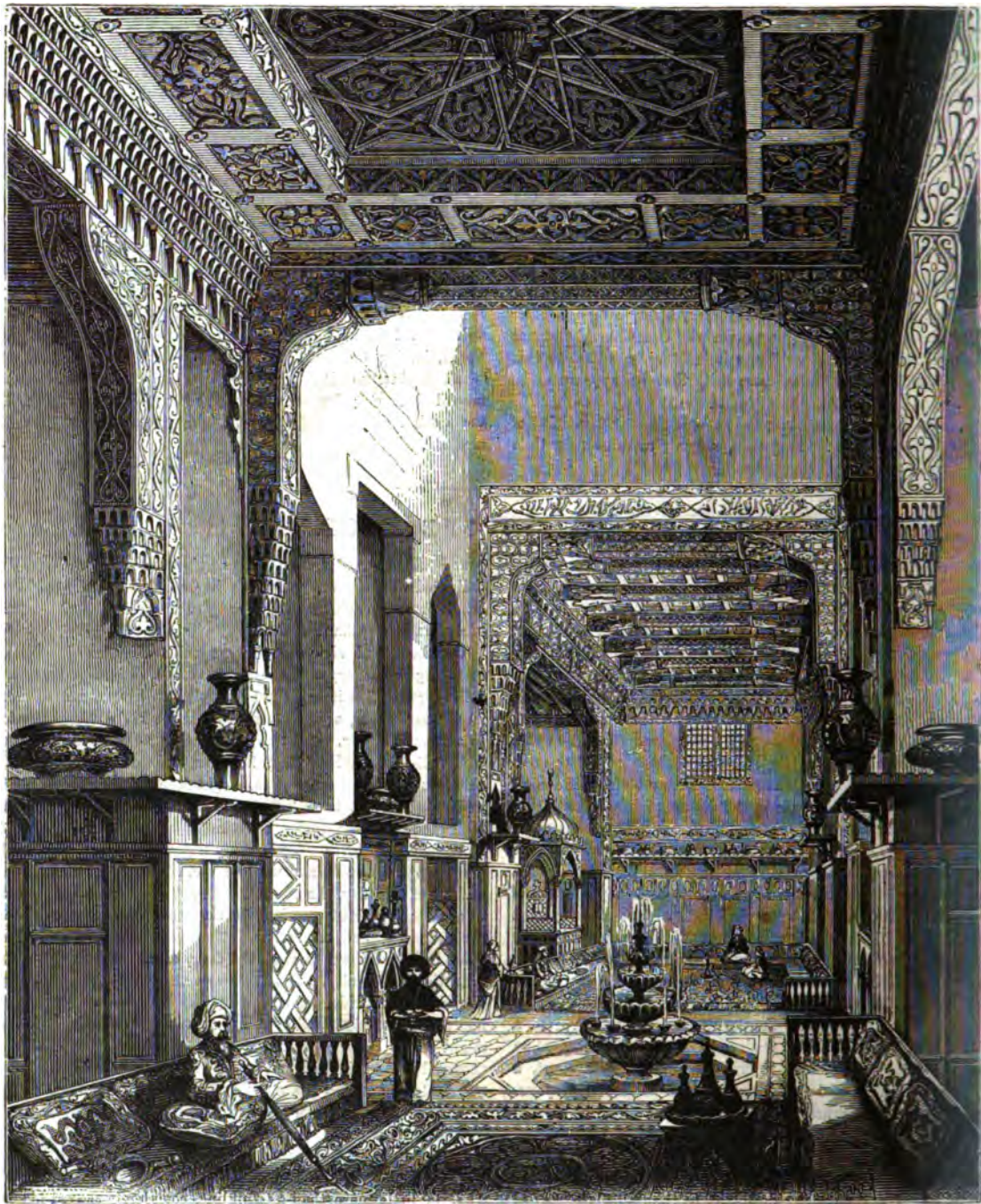
Unable to endure this any longer, Stanislas determined to put an end to it by turning Turk in real earnest. Off he ran to a barber, who, in little more than a twinkling, completely shaved his head, with the exception of one small tuft of hair on the top of his cranium.

"But why leave this tuft?" he asked.

"For the day when you have your head cut off," replied the barber. "Every good Mussulman ought to be prepared for that operation, particularly those who were originally Christians, as they rarely escape this fate. Without this tuft for the executioner to lay hold of when he shows your head to the crowd, he would have to take you by the nose—an indignity past all bearing." The

poor Frenchman shuddered and shrugged his shoulders, but had not the heart to attempt any reply, and therefore made the best of his way home. As soon as he arrived, he ordered the *almehs* or dancing-girls to be sent for to soothe his perturbed spirit. Several were introduced, most brilliantly attired, and promising to delight him with a fine display of their art. They danced awkwardly and sang badly, but he tried to persuade himself they were adorable.

after a comely show of reluctance, to accept his hand. The wedding-day arrived, on which he was at length to realise the happiness of which he had so long vainly dreamt. His bride had always kept her face most sacredly veiled until the ceremony was completed. When there was no longer any reason for further reserve, she suffered him to lift her veil, and he had the felicity of discovering that she was an old Parisian dressmaker! On making application



INTERIOR OF A TURKISH PALACE.

When, however, after continuing their evolutions for some time, they came and bowed themselves before him and he approached them to give each a handsome gratuity, according to eastern custom, what was his horror and dismay to find that these pretended *danceuses* were men in women's dress!

To replenish his purse and solace his heart, he resolved, as a last resource, to take to himself a rich wife. He was not long in meeting with a lady said to be possessed of an ample fortune, and willing,

for the dowry, he was informed that in the East it was the husband who furnished that. This was more than he could bear. His constitution gave way under such repeated blows. He was attacked with brain-fever, from which, however, he at last recovered, in spite of the remedies prescribed by the physicians; and then, after encountering many serious obstacles in succession, he managed to make his escape to Paris, where he was now reconciled to a mode of life which had before been a source of constant dissatisfaction.

HARVEST IN ITALY.

A PORT of the sixteenth century has left us a pretty song, supposed to be sung by a girl to her companions as she is winnowing corn. It is such a character that the artist has portrayed in the lovely picture from which our engraving is taken. As we gaze upon her beautiful features and graceful form, it is easy to fancy her fanning the flame of her admirer's affection by singing, in merry mood, snatches of some popular ballad to a well-known air. But, if we may believe the accounts given of an Italian harvest by well-informed and trustworthy travellers, there is nothing in that country corresponding to this pleasing illusion. It is true, the poor

in troops of several hundreds, each under the command of a sort of corporal, armed with a staff, they present almost the appearance of an army. If a poor girl, exhausted by fatigue, panting, and fainting with thirst, rests for a moment, she is immediately goaded on to work by some harsh word, some threatening movement of the corporal's staff, or even a blow from his brutal hand. A melancholy silence pervades this laborious multitude. Nothing is heard but the sound of the sickle as it cuts, and the corn as it falls. The sickles and billhooks glitter in the sun like weapons of war, and, to complete the comparison, death reigns among the reapers as on the



AN ITALIAN WINNOWER.

girls who, with their brothers and their betrothed lovers, go down from the Abruzzi, and the mountains of Lucca, and the Sabine district, to get in the harvest about Rome, are not unfrequently as beautiful as the one depicted in our engraving; but they are rarely cheerful enough to give vent to their feelings in songs. It is not on their father's fields that they reap the corn, bind the sheaves, and winnow the grain. For a miserable pittance of hire they go, much against their inclination, to expose themselves to the malignant influence of the atmosphere, and work laboriously for several months under very strict discipline. As they move along the vast plains

field of battle. "Exposed," says a traveller, "to severe toil, passing speedily without transition from the temperate climate and pure air of their mountains to a burning plain which sends forth pestilential miasma, these unhappy creatures are often the victims of dreadful fevers. The season of harvest is most dangerous. The mortality is then sometimes frightful, and it is not uncommon to see ten or a dozen victims carried every evening from the fields to the hospital, their sufferings being aggravated by the coldness of the night and the hardness of the vehicle in which they are conveyed."

THE WALLACHIAN ROBBER.

THE valley through which the river Temes rolls its rapid waters serves as a road through the mountains from Lugos to Mehadia and Old-Orsova. Not far from the commencement of this valley lies the town of Karansebes. Farther up are the scattered farm-houses which form the village of Salatina, and the traveller who goes against the strong current of the river sees on the left bank a small church which, situated on a rocky eminence, is visible a long way off. This little church is not particularly ancient. Its present form dates from the year 1771, and its origin does not go back more than about three centuries. But with this origin is connected a recollection which is dear to the hearts of the people, and, though scarcely a hundred and twenty years old, combines the poetical interest of an ancient tradition with the reality of an historical event. As all eyes are now turned towards this part of Europe, our readers will, we doubt not, be pleased to be made acquainted with the story, which is in substance as follows.

It was in the year 1738. Prince Eugene, the noble knight, lay wrapped in that dark, cold slumber, from which none awake till the judgment-day. The death of the old hero had inspired the sons of the prophet with courage. They now considered they had no longer any reason to fear the arms of Christendom. The expedition of 1737, which was at first successful, had been brought to an inglorious conclusion through the incapacity of Seckendorf Pasha. But of what avail was it that Seckendorf was now in prison, and that the timid Dorat Pasha had been beheaded? The Turks had, nevertheless, pressed forward as far as Mehadia, and the apostate Bonneval was celebrating a new triumph.

In the neighbourhood of Karansebes lay an imperial army, in which were the two dukes of Lorraine, Francis and Charles, the sons of the liberator of Vienna. The elder of these two princes, afterwards known as the German emperor Francis the First, had been married in the year 1736 to the Archduchess Maria Theresa, daughter of Charles the Sixth.

The Turks were at Mehadia. This place, which is known to many on account of the medicinal springs in its neighbourhood, lies about six hours' journey above Orsova, in a narrow defile which extends sideways from the valley of the Danube. The position of the Turks was covered in the rear by the fortified town of New-Orsova. Their outposts had pushed forward up to the river, and their marauding parties went on the road to the upper part of the pass, which is called the key to Teregova and Salatina. There skirmishes frequently took place with the imperial marauders, but only at a distance. Sabre and scimitar remained in the scabbard, and the shots came for the most part from such a distance that they appeared destined for no other purpose than to awaken the echoes of the woods, and thus give intimation of the prevalence of war in the land—a fact which otherwise there might have been some danger of forgetting.

On the flanks of both armies crowds of desperadoes collected from the surrounding mountains and woods, but they were at this time more anxious for their own security than eager in the pursuit of their usual vocation. The interruption of intercourse injured their calling, but they hoped for a full compensation for all their privations and dangers as soon as the armies had withdrawn. They had at this time powerful opponents in the Turkish soldiers, whose envy they awakened; while on the other hand, the imperialists treated them with all the severity of military vengeance. Whenever they caught an unlucky votary of St. Nicholas, they hung him upon the nearest tree, for the wild beasts of the wood to feast upon his flesh, and the birds to prey upon his head, shoulders, and breast.

The evening sun was shining upon such a poor sinner, who a few hours before had been thus summarily despatched. He was hanging upon the branch of an oak on the edge of the wood near the village Salatina, clothed in a short shirt and loose linen trousers full of folds, which presented the appearance of a woman's dress. His weapons, his hat, and his upper garment had doubtless been carried off by those who had rendered these articles superfluous to him. In other respects the body was uninjured.

About a hundred paces off, a woman might be seen gazing at the unfortunate creature, peeping out of some thick bushes in which she was anxiously endeavouring to conceal herself. Her desire to avoid observation arose principally from a dread of the marauding

dragoons, who appeared here and there almost always in parties, sometimes on horseback with their muskets across the saddle, and sometimes on foot with their weapon over the shoulder, and the bridle slung round their arm. The woman, though not very young—being rather more than thirty—was handsome and stately in appearance, with a good figure and large powerful frame indicative of robust health. A pair of bright grey eyes sparkled in her round, chubby face. Her short neck, broad shoulders, and well-developed breast, were covered with clean white linen. From her slender waist a pretty sort of gown descended to her ankles, and her feet were encased in a pair of high boots, such as are elsewhere worn by men. A broad-brimmed man's hat overshadowed her brown face. Over her shoulders was thrown a gaudy-coloured coarse woollen cloth, which the Wallachians make use of as a cloak or bed coverlet. In the scarf, which served as a girdle round her waist, were stuck a sabre and two horse-pistols. The Amazon carried in her hand a Janissary's gun, with long barrel and short stock, and provided with a French percussion lock.

From her hiding-place the armed woman kept anxiously looking round at the river, the wood, the mountain, and the dragoons in succession; but ever and anon she returned to gaze with still deeper attention upon the corpse that was dangling in the air. And when at last she began to move off, she muttered to herself, as she clenched her fist and held it up towards the troop in the valley:

"Maruschka will yet find means to avenge poor Dobru, his faithful messenger. Hadst thou no pity for his youth, thou executioner! Scarcely twenty times had his bright eyes beheld the return of spring. His lip was covered with the first light dew which betokened a manly heart. What can I say to his mother when she asks me what I have done with her youngest and dearest son? I must reply that the Imperialists have murdered him out of mere wanton caprice and violence. He had done nothing to deserve such a fate. He had simply gone out in a friendly country to get me some powder and shot, which we cannot dispense with here. He carried armour and weapons, as became a brave man. A consciousness of his innocence alone could have thrown the wary and active youth sufficiently off his guard to be thus overtaken. He must have thoughtlessly gone and asked the hirelings for a pipe of tobacco. This is what I must tell his aged mother; yet before I have well finished the sad tale, I will add, 'Be comforted, afflicted mother, your Dobru is avenged.'"

Maruschka cast yet one more indescribably fierce glance at the hated foes, then shouldered her long gun, and bounded off nimbly and safely as a chamois through the gathering darkness of the night. It was pitch dark before she reached the cleft in the rock on the other side of the first hill, on descending which she heard a loud long whistle. A double whistle gave the expected answer. Maruschka hastened on her way, and soon reached the spot where she was expected. She found there a square-built man, who was enjoying a comfortable doze on a moss-covered stone, upon which he stretched himself out like a great bear.

"You have kept me waiting a long time," said he, gaping, "and had almost fallen asleep. But where is the young fellow?"

"He is not come yet," replied Maruschka, in a melancholy tone. "Ask me no more questions, Dachurdschu, you will learn all at the proper time."

The old man refrained from urging her any further, for he was plainly enough by her manner of speaking that she had not with some mishap, and he had no wish to excite her temper, which was already not a little ruffled. He could not, however, help saying, after a while: "I suppose you will soon expect me to light the fire, and get you a comfortable bed ready. You must be tired and hungry after the toils of the day, I should think."

"Don't you know yet, that I am never tired," was Maruschka's reply. "We must only stay here long enough for me to eat a morsel of food and swallow a draught of something to slake my thirst. It is no use waiting any longer for Dobru. We must go up towards Mlakaberg as quickly as we can."

"You command, mistress, and I obey," muttered Dachurdschu in a scarcely intelligible tone. Maruschka laughed heartily, and said: "You don't like to go to Mlakaberg then? you have not made up matters with the beautiful Wantacha. She has set your old heart all in a flame, and instead of soothing your pain, she takes delight in irritating it to the utmost of her ability."

"You are quite right in what you say, only you forget one thing. The lass will not give me her consent, it is true, although her parents are willing, yet she will not let me go free. As often as I see her at a distance, she smiles at me, and when she comes up, she asks me how I do in a most winning, affectionate way, and keeps on flattering me, till at last all my displeasure changes into a perfect sunshine of delight. Yet, no sooner am I warmed with a pleasurable emotion, than she suddenly becomes cold, and her smile of affection is exchanged for a bitter laugh of scorn. Hence, I am glad to get out of her way as quickly as I can."

"It is for that very reason," interrupted Maruschka, "that I like you to her."

"I don't understand you. What pleasure can it afford you to see me pain?"

"I will put an end to your pain then. The old one must overcome the resistance of the young lass."

The rough fellow jumped up from his seat more astonished than lighted, great as his joy was. Unable to refrain from expressing his wonder in words, he said: "You don't like to see your folks married. It is a common saying with you, that whenever a fool is to be born, a young girl is married to an old man. Now I am not young, nor am I the greatest favourite with you. Whence, then, is this sudden change of feeling towards me? Do you wish to get rid of me?"

"Your head is turned with delight," said Maruschka, smiling. "Just think, a little soberly if you can, for a moment, and you will need no answer from me. Don't you know why I dislike to see my people get married? Simply, because the first year after a robber has taken a wife, he loses all interest in his occupation. His thoughts are at home as often as he goes out, and if he is wanted for a long expedition, he is no use at all. But with you the case is very different. You are no longer young enough to be flirting and cooing with your mate from morning to night."

"But what is wanting in youthfulness," interrupted Dachurdschu, "may, perhaps, be made up in ardour."

"Wantscha is a good lass," continued Maruschka, "as any in the neighbourhood. Besides, she is the only child, and will inherit the farm. Young, beautiful, prudent, and rich, is the bride you have in view. Already your heart longs for her, and yet you are afraid to take her. One scarcely knows what to think. Do you tremble at your unexpected good fortune?"

Dachurdschu reflected a while before he ventured to reply. "When the fox sees a hen lying with its legs tied, he is in no hurry to touch it. Easy prey is often only a bait. If I am to follow your advice, you must tell me plainly why you wish me to marry to once. You have some particular reason, and I must know it before I advance a single step."

"If you don't like Wantscha," said Maruschka, "you may remain single for what I care."

"I have only one more question to ask you," rejoined Dachurdschu. "Against whom is the blow directed?"

"You shall know that too, you old chatterbox," was the reply. "The blow is aimed at the man whom I call mine. I can't agree with him, I don't like him; he may bestow his heart upon whom he likes, but not in my domains. Let him keep within his own limits, as I do in mine. I am jealous, it is true, but not of Petru so much as of my territory. Mlakaberg lies in my dominions, the sources of the Temes are mine, Czerna and Motru are unquestionably my brooks. It was so settled when I withdrew with my companions from connexion with him. He may hunt where he likes, only not in my grounds."

Dachurdschu asked no further question. He had heard enough to understand that Maruschka was more jealous of her husband than she chose to admit in words. The imperious woman had separated from the harampashah, or robber-chief, because he neither would nor could submit to her overbearing conduct.

As the two wanderers descended quickly and silently into the valley which serves as a channel for the waters that spring from the south-west side of the hill, they came to a sudden stand. A glimmer of light shone upon them from the depth of the valley. The yellow spot of light seemed no larger than a lamp behind the window of a hut. But the travellers well knew that there was no human dwelling there; consequently the light must come from a fire in the open air.

"Who can it be," asked Dachurdschu, "that is encamped there? Surely it is not Petru's company."

"A company of gipsies, perhaps," replied Maruschka; "we shall soon see."

"Shall we go down to them?"

"As if we had any choice in the matter. We have no other means of crossing the water. Let us approach cautiously."

Maruschka felt in her girdle, to be quite sure her pistols were there ready for use. She took her gun, loaded it, and primed it. Her companion also prepared his weapons for immediate use. Thus armed for whatever exigency might occur, they cautiously went towards the fire.

This caution was, for once, needless. By the fire lay a single man, who was neither a gipsy nor one of Petru's company, but an able-bodied Turk, apparently about five-and-thirty years of age, in a small waistcoat and large trousers, with his hair cut close and his beard long. He was sitting cross-legged, after the Turkish fashion, on the ground near the fire, smoking his chibouk as comfortably as if he were seated in a tavern at the Golden Horn, where, even at the present day, the sons of the prophet are in the habit of drinking the dark waters of wisdom. Yet he was not so completely confident of peace as he would have felt in the coffee-house of a roguish Greek or a contemptible Armenian. He had his weapons pretty near him, not excepting even his gun, which was leaning against a stone close by. Near the gun lay a deer stretched out, a tender piece of which, rolled up in fat and put upon a spit to the fire, diffused a savoury smell around. The part which the brave Turk was cooking for his solitary meal was the liver. Among his companions he would not have ventured to eat this forbidden part. With his right hand he turned the spit, while he held his chibouk with the left. He seemed to be dreaming over the job, if not asleep; but he was still all on the alert. He heard the footsteps of the two who were approaching. In an instant he exchanged the spit and chibouk for his gun, and, nimble as a weasel, he darted into a bush close by, from which he could look out in concealment. But before he had time to see who it was that startled him, a clear voice said, "Fear nothing, Fortunatus; I am alone with old Dachurdschu." The voice sounded familiar to him, and the speaker went close to the fire, that the light falling upon her might remove all suspicion from his mind. "Come forth," said Dachurdschu; "if we had been disposed to do you any harm, you would have had a bullet in you before you were aware of us."

The Turk came out to greet the new-comers, and resume as quickly as possible his two-fold occupation. Directly he had lighted his chibouk and begun to turn the spit again, he said, "Welcome, friends of old times. I invite you to my meal. I am glad to see you once more. Above all, I beg you not to call me Fortunatus—a name I no longer bear—but Selim, in future."

Maruschka and her companion had taken their seats on moss-grown stones. The warlike woman took a short pipe from her girdle and filled it out of a leather pouch. After she had lighted it, she thus replied: "What I have heard several times without believing it, is true, then, after all! You have forsworn the true faith of a Christian; you have denied the Saviour of your immortal soul, and changed your auspicious name for an ill-boding one."

"We won't quarrel about that, fair Maruschka," said he; "I think I have made a good exchange. The prophet's paradise is a happier place than your heaven."

"If one were only sure of it," rejoined Maruschka.

"Faith is better than knowledge," continued the Turk; "I believe in the glory Mahomet promises me as firmly as I formerly believed in heaven with its angels and saints. I am, therefore, delighted with bright visions of the future, while I thoroughly enjoy the present. What was I before? A miserable robber, under Petru's stern command. What am I now? A prosperous chief of fifty men, with the prospect of something still better."

"Yet you did wrong in running away," said Maruschka in a subdued tone; "had you remained, I might, perhaps, have preferred you to the present harampashah."

"If I had known that," replied Selim, "I might have invited you to go with me."

"Are you in earnest?" asked Maruschka, with strangely flashing eyes, whose glance the Turk could not face.

"Yesterday is past," said he, "and to-morrow is not yet come."

RAISED ROSE CROCHET COLLAR.

MATERIALS.—Brook's Great Exhibition Prize Goat's-head Crochet Thread, No 40, and Penelope Crochet Hook, No. 5. This collar is made in portions, and joined together with needle and thread, or worked together with one plain at the option of the worker.

To form the Rose: Make a chain of 8 loops, plain, 1 to form a round, fasten off.

2nd round: Work 1 treble, chain 3, repeat round, plain 1, and fasten off; you should have seven treble in the round.

3rd: Plain 1 at the top of the 1 treble of last round, work 8 treble in the 3 chain of last round, plain 1 at the top of the next 1 treble of last round, repeat in the same 1 treble all round, fasten off.

4th: Work 1 treble at the top of the 1 plain of last round, chain 6, repeat round, plain 1 at the top of the 1 treble to form the round, fasten off.

5th: Plain 1 at the top of the 1 treble of last round, work 8 treble in the 6 chain of last round, plain 1 at the top of the next 1 treble of last round, repeat in the same loop as before, repeat round, fasten off.

6th: Chain 4, plain 1 in the centre of the 5 chain of last round, repeat round.

7th: Chain 3, plain 1 in the centre of the 4 chain of last round, repeat round, fasten off, which completes the round; you then work 74 of the following.

SMALL ROUNDS.

Make a round loop, the size of this O, and work 21 double in the round loop.

2nd round: Chain 9, miss 2, plain 1; repeat round; you should have 7 lots of the 9 chain in the round.

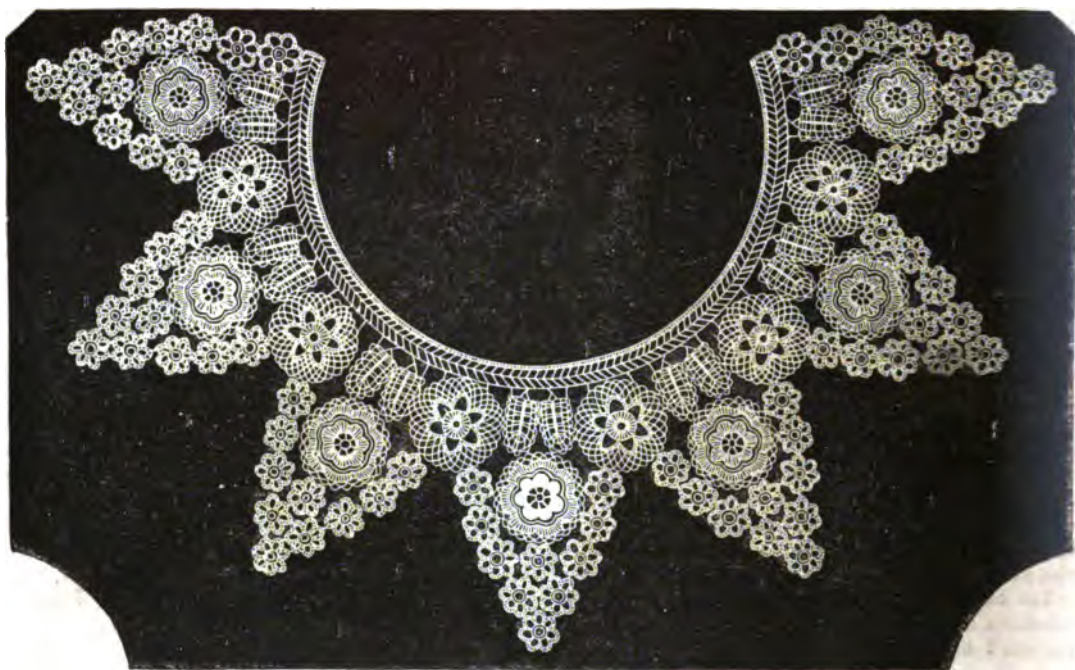
3rd: Work double crochet in each loop all round, which completes the round; you now require 14 of the following.

PATTERN FOR LEAF.

Make a chain of 12 loops, turn back, and work the 12 loop double crochet.

2nd round: Chain 3, miss 2, work two treble in 1 loop, repeat to the end, and in the end loop chain 3, work 2 treble, work the other side the same, with the treble opposite, the treble and 3 chain at the end, plain 1 in the end loop, fasten off.

3rd: Plain 1 in the centre of the first 3 chain of last round, chain 3, work 1 treble at the top of the first treble of last round,



RAISED ROSE CROCHET COLLAR.

6th: Work 1 treble at the top of the 1 plain of last round, chain 9, repeat round, plain 1, fasten off.

7th: Plain 1 at the top of the 1 treble of last round, work 10 treble in the 9 chain of last round, plain 1 at the top of the next 1 treble of last round, repeat in the same loop as before all round.

8th: Work 1 treble at the top of the 1 plain of last round, chain 12, repeat round, plain 1, fasten off.

9th: Plain 1 at the top of the 1 treble of last round, work 13 treble in the 12 chain of last round, plain 1 in the 1 treble of last round, repeat round.

10th: Chain 5, miss 2, plain 1, repeat round each fold of the rose.

11th: Chain 5, plain 1 in the centre of the 5 chain of last round, repeat round, fasten off, which completes the rose; you require 7 of these flowers to form the collar, and six of the following.

LARGE ROUNDS.

Make a round loop, the size of this O, and work 30 treble in the round loop.

2nd round: Chain 19, miss 5, plain 1, repeat round.

3rd: Work double crochet in each loop all round.

4th: Chain 5, miss 2, plain 1, repeat round.

5th: Chain 5, plain 1 in the centre of the 5 chain of last round, repeat round.

chain 2, work 1 treble at the top of the next treble of last round; you repeat all round the leaf with 3 chain, opposite the 3 chain of last round, and 2 treble at the top of the 2 treble of last round, with 2 chain between them, working both sides to correspond, turn back.

4th: Chain 4 and plain 1 in each lot of the chain of last round, fasten off, which completes the leaf; you then work a stalk to each leaf as follows: chain 5, work 1 treble in the centre of the chain round between the edge and the centre, work 1 treble on the other side, the same turn back, and work the 5 chains plain, fasten off, which completes the stalk; after working the number of each portion required and joining them together, as shown in the illustration, you work a band for the neck-part of the collar as follows.

Work a few plain at the end, then chain 10, and work 1 treble where it requires a treble, and a double where it requires a double, and a plain in the centre of the stalks and rounds as you see the stitches in the engraving, so as to make it lie to the shape of the neck.

2nd row: Chain 2, miss 2, work 1 treble, repeat to the end, turn back.

3rd: Chain 2, work 1 treble at the top of the treble of last row, repeat to the end, turn back.

4th: Double crochet, fasten off, which completes the collar.

SIR CUSACK RONEY.

the course of a memoir of Mr. William Dargan, which appeared our pages in September, 1853, and more especially in reference that gentleman's promotion of the Dublin Exhibition, which has been met with a recognition so universal and so eulogistic at the hands alike of royalty and of the multitude, there occurred, in allusion to the individual whose name heads this notice, some remarks which we take the liberty of repeating, as the best introduction to the observations that are about to follow. Having given some details of Mr. Dargan's early life and subsequent railway

prizes. Mr. Peto, having had long experience of Mr. Roney's peculiar aptitude of the kind referred to, embraced the suggestions offered, with a promptitude alike flattering to the discernment of the one and confidence of the other, as the issue proved. Forthwith Mr. Roney developed the highly-complicated but most simply-executed scheme, known as the 'Tourist Traffic System,' whereby the requirements of the travelling public were met with a completeness which, all things considered, would have been declared wholly impossible three months before the machinery was in full operation



SIR CUSACK RONEY.

proceedings, the biography continued:—"Towards the end of 1851, the prescient eye of Mr. Roney—well known in England, and whose capacity for administering the affairs of great mercantile companies and associations had long been established—foresaw that there was about to be an 'exodus,' as the saying is, of the British travelling public into Ireland. This idea he soon made apparent to the chairman of the Chester and Holyhead Railway, Mr. S. M. Peto, the affluent and enlightened member for Norwich, whose name is scarcely less known in any country in Europe than his own, owing to the vastness and general diffusion of his railway enter-

and which *would* have been utterly impossible in any other hands. According to the *Times* of the 18th of November, in its review of Sir Francis Head's 'Fortnight in Ireland,' upwards of 200,000 English tourists visited that country in 1852. This enormous crowd, equal to the entire population of a German principality, or South American republic, made their acquaintance with the island at probably, on an average cost per head, one-fifth what they would have been able to do but for the suggestion of Mr. Roney's system while the country and all the railway companies were immensely benefited, and the foundation laid for the illimitable future exten-

sion of the same plan. Ireland was full of English visitors, who expressed their admiration of what they saw, and their delight with the civility and attention lavished upon them by a people whose natural disposition was pronounced to be worthy of their scenery and their soil—and the force of flattery could no further go. The common topic of conversation was, of course, the wonders of the World's Fair the previous summer in Hyde-park, where every one had been, and whence every one had carried some idea to interchange for a neighbour's. A Lilliputian reproduction of the Brobdignag structure had been got up at Cork, and with very great success, though confined only to the contributions of the neighbourhood. The *sentiment* of the desirability of a Great Irish Exhibition, doubtless, occurred simultaneously to numbers all over the country; but, as the poet defines wit to be, what was

'Oft thought before, but ne'er so well expressed'—

so these vague, dreamy, and as yet voiceless predilections had to be reduced to form and substance and tangibility; and they were, by Messrs. Dargan and Roney. When, where, or under what circumstances these gentlemen originally came together, we have not heard. But certain it is there ensued from this meeting a mutual recognition of capacity, ingenueness, and determination, which has resulted in a conviction that the two individuals were essential to the completion of the purpose which then germinated, perhaps unconsciously, in the mind of either. Probably the merit, if it be one, of priority, belonged to neither; and spontaneously the conception came forth. There were two Frankensteins at work on the same materials; but such 'faultless monster as the world ne'er saw,' at least in Ireland (the land of phenomena), will, we believe, be the result of the double parentage. Wholly devoid of jealousy, superior to the littleness that would seek the gratification of a paltry vanity by enforcing obscurity on others, as shown by his rejection of a titular honour proffered by the late Lord Lieutenant, Mr. Dargan not only insisted on keeping altogether in the background, but that Mr. Roney, as his representative on the committee, should become the secretary of the undertaking. This Mr. Roney did, stipulating only that his position should be honorary, his services gratuitous, and immediately he proceeded to justify in Ireland the expectations which his English antecedents had already created.

"The unparalleled act of Mr. Dargan in placing £20,000 at the disposal of the committee, would in itself have been sufficient to stamp any project with abundant *éclat* in any part of the world, and to ensure the donor an universal celebrity. But what lent it the prestige of assured success in the eyes of persons who were to be called upon to send to it those articles which alone could make it what it ought to be, was the knowledge that a practical man like Mr. Roney had pledged himself to realise Mr. Dargan's aspirations, by achieving for Ireland an eminent industrial status among nations, and thus, by one effort, obliterate the odium of ages. Accordingly, his reception on the continent, with many of the languages of which he is well acquainted (he was partly educated in France), was in the highest degree gratifying. The letters he took from our Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs secured him, of course, the co-operation of the whole British *corps diplomatique* abroad, and procured him admission to circles that would have been otherwise impervious to all private efforts. But in the countenance personally extended to him by the Emperor of the French, the King of the Belgians and of Prussia, and by the various Dutch, Austrian, and other continental authorities, and all the great manufacturing and artistic interests of every kind, in the course of his extensive tours, there was a heartiness and cordiality far more impressive and significant than what any formal introduction, however exalted, could have commanded."

"Mr. Roney, well knowing on whom he had to rely, instead of circumscribing his scope and concentrating his efforts when he saw how brilliantly the scheme was being taken up, put forth fresh feelers, and derived fresh strength and daring from each response. Mr. Dargan added another £6,000 to the original sum. Again the work proceeded; and again Mr. Dargan seconded the efforts of his ally by still another advance of £14,000—making a total of £40,000! Here it has been necessary to stop, not from the exhaustion of Mr. Dargan's liberality, and still less, if that be possible, by a cessation of the consequences we have been particu-

rising; but because of the pressure of inexorable time, the necessity of now seeking to mature and perfect what had been so successfully initiated. On that object the energies of the Dublin executive are now being brought to bear. The erection of the building is keeping pace precisely with the calculations on which it has been erected. We do not wish to encumber this paper with details of its dimensions and peculiarities, and shall content ourselves with saying that it is after the design of Mr. Benson, C.E., who erected the Cork Exhibition already alluded to. Selected from among twenty-nine competing designs,—the rivalry being provoked less by the proffered prize of £50, than by the desire to participate in the fame redounding from a prominent association in such a work—it is uniquely beautiful; and though it has necessarily much in common with the Crystal Palace, it is in no respect a plagiarism of that conception, and abounds in merits of its own that stamp it as thoroughly original. Be the result of the Exhibition what it may—and it is impossible to believe it can fail to be all and every thing its projector and creator can expect—the remembrance of 1853 will at least confer an enviable immortality on William Dargan, and for ever 'keep his memory green' with a grateful and admiring posterity."

It is with no inconsiderable satisfaction that the writer of the foregoing, after the lapse of eleven months, quotes his then anticipations now, and appeals for their confirmation to what has since become matter of history. If the magnanimity of Mr. Dargan was remarkable in refusing at the hands of the Irish viceroy the bestowal of a knighthood, how much greater must it have been in declining a still higher dignity when proffered personally by the English monarch herself! But the favour of his sovereign raised him to a far more exalted eminence than his acceptance of any mere titular appellation could have done. Her Majesty, with a truly royal graciousness, worthy of all panegyric, on the occasion of her visit to Dublin last year, proceeded, accompanied by the Prince Consort, to the private residence of Mr. Dargan, at a short distance from the Irish metropolis, and expressed to him and his amiable wife her sense of the admiration with which she had been filled by a contemplation of the superb fabric his truly patriotic munificence had erected on the lawn of Leinster House. Not only did her Majesty do this, but she took care to manifest her feelings towards him in the most conspicuous manner possible within the area of the beautiful building he had created, and repeated inspections of whose varied and extraordinary contents she made in company with him. The success of the Exhibition was great, though it resulted in a loss of not less than £20,000 to the projector—a loss which he estimated as light indeed compared to the enduring good it was calculated to confer, and which it has conferred, on his country.

The main-spring of the *éclat* that attended the memorable Dublin Exhibition of 1853, was admitted on all hands to be in the secretary. Through his exertions it was invested with its thoroughly cosmopolitan character throughout Europe, contributions from nearly all parts of which were forwarded, principally by his instigation and personal solicitation, to the value of nearly three quarters of a million sterling. There never was a question raised in any quarter as to the paramount credit due to him, not only for his indefatigable exertions in connexion with this great work, but for the tact and discrimination that gave efficacy to those exertions, and imparted to his colleagues a reliance that everything he undertook would be carried out to the letter. So emphatic was this feeling on the part of the executive staff, not only during the continuance of the Exhibition, but after its close, when the mere temporary value of his presence and counsels might be supposed to have passed away, that the "Official Record" of the undertaking was dedicated to him by the chief financial officer of the committee, in terms whose warmth and deservedness were abundantly justified by the facts we have enumerated with readily suggest.

Acting in conformity with the voice of public approval, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Earl of St. Germans, on the opening day of the Dublin Exhibition, intimated that, at its close, he proposed conferring on Mr. Roney the honour of knighthood—a piece of intelligence that was received with unqualified approval, not only among his countrymen, but in England, where he had formed a large circle of friends than almost any private individual not moving in political life or commanding high social station could boast of.

one of the more influential of these friends having, about the time speak of, imatured plans of immense magnitude in connexion with development of the resources of Canada and British North America generally, by means of railways, naturally turned their attention to the gentleman who, by common accord, was regarded in every way the most competent to carry these plans into execution with the utmost promptitude and discretion. Accordingly negotiations were opened with Mr. Roney, by the directorate of the magnificent system of railways, of which the main artery is the Canadian Grand Trunk, extending upwards of 1,400 miles, and connecting the Atlantic seaboard on the English side with the network of the States' railways and the chain of lakes on the west, and requiring no less than eleven millions sterling for its formation. The Exhibition being now in the full tide of its popularity, Mr. Roney closed with these overtures, and in June proceeded to Canada, where his faculty of railway organisation in creating an executive staff and simplifying the arrangements for traffic that was at non-existent, though certain to be enormous as soon as the requisite facilities should be forthcoming, speedily made itself felt in a mode as satisfactory as circumstances would possibly permit. Having made repeated inspections of every portion of the country and its vicinage about to be embraced in the sphere of the British North American railways, he returned to Europe, and on the closing day of the Dublin Exhibition had conferred upon him, by the Earl of St. Germans, the honour of knighthood, when, to quote the "Official Record" already alluded to, "12,500 of his assembled fellow-citizens manifested their approval of the action by their hearty cheers, which rang through the entire building."

Had Sir Cusack Roney remained in Europe during the entire period the Dublin Exhibition was open, it is believed by those most competent to form an opinion of such matters, that the pecuniary result would have been a considerable gain, instead of a heavy loss to Mr. Dargan. It would be useless now to analyse the probability on which this conjecture was based; but, however we might have rejoiced for Mr. Dargan's sake, had such really been the case, the absence of Sir Cusack Roney from Canada, at the precise period when he visited that most flourishing dependency of the British crown, would have retarded events pregnant with material consequences that are not to be measured by gains or losses of a private nature, however large. His personal acquaintance with Canada and its wonderful resources as a field for his countrymen, and the confidence with which the latter looked up to his judgment, enabled him to direct to the shores of the British North American colonies a considerable portion of that tide of Irish emigration which had hitherto flowed almost exclusively to our States, even when flowing through the Canadas. Hence, every mail from our shores bears news of a constantly-increasing proportionate influx of Irish, and not only of Irish, but of English and Scotch immigrants into Canada, the powerful previous attractions of which for labourers of every class, and especially farmers and men of small means, more particularly with large families, have been infinitely enhanced by those stupendous railway works of which Sir Cusack is the director, and the progressive benefits of which to the mother-country and the colony must be inestimable. He remained some months in England, actively employed in the promotion of the onerous duties entrusted to him, and with such success, making so apparent the solidity and self-sustaining nature of Canadian prosperity, that the war, which

annihilated so many other schemes of great promise by disorganising the money-market and scaring capitalists from investing, failed to prevent the necessary funds from being raised for the construction of the various sections of the Grand Trunk as rapidly as was desirable.

During his stay in England he was mainly instrumental in getting up one of the most imposing demonstrations of respect and esteem ever shown in the city of London to any individual subject in this realm, with the single exception of the Duke of Wellington. It was a dinner at the London Tavern to Lord Elgin, Governor-general of Canada, who happened to be in that country at the time on leave of absence from the post to which he has since returned with renewed *éclat*, and where he has just established fresh claims on the gratitude of the Canadians and admiration of the English community. The price of the tickets to the dinner was three guineas and a half per head—a circumstance which we mention, simply for the purpose of showing that the inducement to be present must have been something more than ordinary, when such a cost did not prevent the great room from being crowded to its utmost capacity, with men of the highest station in the metropolis, Lord John Russell being in the chair, supported by nearly one-half the present cabinet, and by several ex-secretaries of state for the colonies, who came forward to testify their concurrence in the conduct of the noble guest of the evening, at the instance of the committee, to whom Sir Cusack Roney acted as honorary secretary—a position anything but a sinecure in his hands. He soon afterwards returned to Canada, in company with Lord Elgin, and accompanied his lordship to Washington, where the noble earl succeeded in effecting a commercial treaty with the our States, that has not only for ever put an end to the perilous disputes which so long endangered the peace and good feeling of the two countries, in respect to the right of fishing within certain debateable limits, but has made free-trade and genuine reciprocity the basis of all future commercial relations, whereby each nation will be a most substantial gainer, Canada, in a pre-eminent degree, profiting by the new and never-failing markets thus opened for her teeming and varied produce at her own doors.

It only remains for us to say, in the words of "Dod's Knightage" for the current year, that Sir Cusack Roney, whom we introduce into our gallery as an evidence of what energy, industry, and exemplary conduct will achieve in England, even when not exercised in the ordinary professional, commercial, or political walks of life, is the "son of the late Cusack Roney, Esq., an eminent surgeon in Dublin, who was twice president of the Royal College of Surgeons there. Born in Dublin, 1810; married, 1837, daughter of Jas. Whitcombe, Esq.; educated in France and at the University of Dublin, where he graduated B.A., 1829, and in the same year passed the College of Surgeons in Ireland; but shortly afterwards abandoned the medical profession. Was secretary to the Royal Literary Fund from 1835 to 1837; subsequently became private secretary to the Right Hon. R. More O'Ferrall (late Governor of Malta), when he was secretary to the Admiralty and the Treasury; was next, for some years, a clerk in the Admiralty at Whitehall; became secretary to the Eastern Counties Railway in 1845; and managing director of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada in 1853; was knighted by Earl St. Germans, Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, for his eminent services as secretary to the Great Industrial Exhibition in Dublin in 1853."

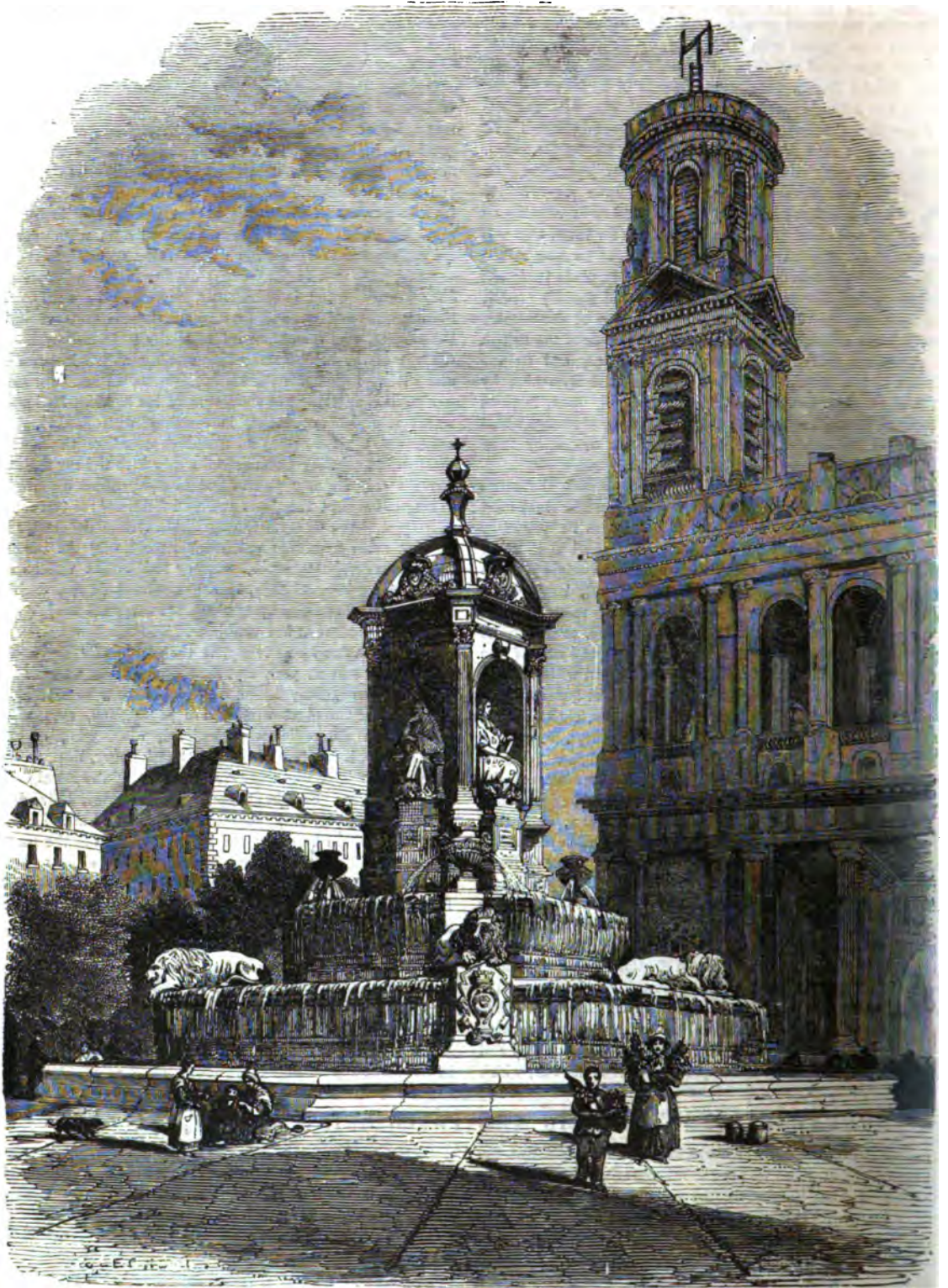
MONUMENTAL FOUNTAIN, IN THE PLACE SAINT SULPICE, AT PARIS.

THIS beautiful work of art, which was raised at the expense of the city of Paris, and of which we present an engraving, stands close to the Church of Saint Sulpice, in the middle of the great square before the doorway. It is of stone, in the form of a quadrangular pavilion, surmounted by a hip roof, which terminates in a flower and a cross. At the foot of the pavilion are three basins one above the other, the two uppermost of which are connected by four pedestals with two steps. The upper step of each supports a vase with two handles, from which flows a jet of water; on the lower step is a lion couchant with a cartouche in its claws, representing the arms of Paris. The water which escapes from the vases falls in cascades into the lowest basin, which is octagonal in form.

In the niches on the four sides of the pavilion, which are separated by Corinthian pilasters, have been placed the statues of four great pulpit orators—Bossuet, Fenelon, Flechier, and Massillon. The niches are surmounted by escutcheons crowned with caps of ecclesiastical dignitaries, and bearing the arms of the dioceses of Meaux, Cambrai, Nîmes, and Clermont.

The monument was constructed according to the plans and under the direction of M. Visconti, by whose recent death France has lost a great artist, of whom she may well be proud. It has been charged with being a little too heavy in general appearance, and there is certainly some truth in this; but the excuse of the artist is supposed to be, that he felt it necessary to conform to the type set before him in the doorway of the Church of Saint Sulpice. There

is less room for any such excuse in the case of the statues of Fenelon, Massillon, and Flechier, which are far too heavy. It is standing instead of sitting? Had this been done, the artistic effect would have been greatly improved in several respects. But if the



MONUMENTAL FOUNTAIN IN THE PLACE ST. SULPICE, AT PARIS.

true that, as each figure is in a sitting posture and above the level of vision, they cannot but appear subject to this defect; but the question is, why should not the bishops have been represented

proportions adopted by the architect prevented that course, why could not the same lightness and animation have been given to these three figures as are visible in that of Bossuet?

THE SOLDIER RETURNING FROM WAR.

s a touching scene, and unhappily one that is very opportune at present time, which our artist has depicted in the work before

We there see the broken warrior coming back to his native age after long and hard service abroad. His strength is

his having his arm still in a sling. He sighs as he contrasts his present exhausted and almost hopeless condition with the cheerful light-heartedness with which he first enlisted in the army. He looks back with a feeling of melancholy upon the day when he first



THE SOLDIER RETURNING FROM WAR.

exhausted, his brow is wrinkled, and his look pensive. The stripes upon his arm, which are honourable proofs of his good conduct, unhappily cannot cure his wounds or replace the mutilated hand, from the loss of which he has not yet recovered, as appears from

set out from home in all the buoyancy of youth, pleased with his uniform, and full of hopeful aspirations. He remembers the looks of admiration which flashed upon him from gentle eyes as he passed along, the expressions of good-will poured forth by kind neighbours,

and the affectionate embraces of dear relatives. Here it was that he parted with his fond mother, who, like all his fascinating illusions, is now no more.

His limbs totter, and yet he hastens on to keep up with the two young guides who go before him. They are his sister's children, who have come out to meet him. The eldest has, with some difficulty, prevailed upon him to let her carry his luggage, and he has scarcely been able to refuse the youngest his gun. They both knew him at once; his uniform was familiar to them; they even knew the number of his regiment. As the girl looks round at him, he is forcibly reminded of her mother, whom he has not seen for years, but to whom he is strongly attached. A thousand emotions are stirred within his breast as he hears the village church-clock strike, and sees the field in which he used to work, the well-known road, and the old house. Scenes long forgotten rush in rapid succession before his mind's eye—the hay-making, the harvest, and all the various occasions of merriment which enliven rural life. Arrived at the home of his youth, he is received with open arms. The children play with his sword and his gun, and amuse themselves by putting on his soldier's clothes; while all the neighbours come to listen to the story of his adventures.

PAUL SCARRON.*

A LITTLE more than a hundred years ago, there was a grand carnival at Mans. It was not such a carnival as we see now-a-days. All was open and above board; there was no concealment. One of the madcaps of the hour was a youth of seven-and-twenty, who desired to be, however, quite disguised. He accordingly plastered himself with oil and then rolled himself in a feather-bed, which certainly gave him a very grotesque and absurd appearance. The whole carnival was taken by surprise at this original mask. People ran after him in crowds; at last, however, the boys became unpleasant in their conduct, and the young man and his three companions plunged into the Sarthe, which was full of ice. A few days later his three companions were dead, and he was attacked by hopeless paralysis of his limbs.

The hero of this scene was Paul Scarron, the most uproarious comic poet and writer of France, author of the "Comic Romance" and other productions of the same class.

Born in Paris in 1610, his father being a counsellor of parliament, Scarron would have had nearly a thousand a year, English money, if the annoyances of a step-mother had not driven him to commit the greatest follies. The above adventure was the last of a series of extravagancies and wild conduct that were leading him to ruin. At his father's death, he pleaded against his stepmother, amused his judges, and lost his case. He was now doomed to

obscurity and poverty, but he took it with extreme good humour. He took refuge in a house in the Marais, living in a chair "having no motion left but that of his tongue and fingers." His deformity was increased by a fall from a horse. He began to live as a poet, and was patronised by nobility. The Duke of Longueville, Gaston d'Orleans, Madame de Hautefort, successively gave him employment. At last, he was presented to Anne of Austria, who offered him a place.

"Madam," said he, "the only post I can fill, is that of a sick man of the crown."

The office was created and a pension attached to it.

"I promise to fulfil my functions admirably," he said.

He wrote away, however, and lampooned everybody. Unfortunately, he did not spare Cardinal Mazarin, who suppressed his pension. The princes, the rebels, and their coadjutors made it up to him in popularity. He asked in vain for the smallest living—living, even without any parishioners. He could not obtain it.

One evening, a young lady of great beauty came to one of his evening parties. She was very poor. Daughter of a Calvinist, her existence had been a miserable one. Her youth had been spent in prisons and in huts. She became a Catholic to save herself; and when once converted, was abandoned by her patrons. She was driven forth to die without a hope. Scarron saw her, heard her story, and was much moved.

"You must go into a convent or marry," said he. "Do you want to be a nun? If so, I will write poetry until I can pay you dowry. Do you prefer a husband? I can offer you half my bread and the ugliest face in France."

Françoise d'Aubignac preferred the poor cripple to the convent. She married him; and never was there a tenderer wife. In the marriage-contract Scarron described her dowry as "four pitipoies, two fine eyes, a splendid figure, beautiful hands, and much wit."

"What a dowry!" said those who were present.

"It is immortality," said the poet; "the name of Madame Scarron will live for ever."

Nine years of devotion rewarded Scarron. In his house she became acquainted with Turenne, Mignard, and Levisse. A widow at five-and-twenty, she had reputation, beauty, and every accomplishment; but she refused every offer.

Some years later, there took place in the chapel of Versailles, in presence of the Archbishop of Paris and many witnesses, a marriage ceremony, which reasons of state rendered it necessary should be kept secret. The contracting parties were Louis XIV., king of France, and Madame de Maintenon, the widow of Scarron, who from this hour governed France, and was generally esteemed to be as great an enemy of her early faith, as any of those who persecuted her when a child.

Scarron is recollected as a coarse rhymester. His widow holds the position of a queen of one of the greatest of French kings, legally, though not avowedly so.

* Some account of this writer was given in vol. iii. p. 61.

THE HYÆNA.

ALL the warmer parts of the eastern continent, from India to the Senegal, in Western Africa, are inhabited by great numbers of a singular animal, which appears in some respects to unite the characters of several distinct creatures. This is the common Striped Hyæna (*Hyæna Vulgaris*), a creature of the most repulsive aspect, and to the full as disgusting in his habits as in his external appearance. At first-sight he has a good deal of the appearance of a large, and very ugly dog, and agrees so closely in some of his characters with the dogs, that Linnaeus, the great Swedish naturalist, associated the hyæna with these animals (dogs, wolves, and foxes), under the name of *Canis Hyæna*. Later naturalists, however, have found distinctions which warrant the complete removal of the hyæna from this locality. These are derived partly from the structure and arrangement of the teeth, which somewhat approach those of the cats, and the tongue of the hyæna is furnished, like that of the larger cats (the lion, tiger, etc.), with a number of prickles, serving

to rasp the last particles of flesh from the bones of its prey. Unlike the cats, however, their claws are not retractile; and they possess beneath the tail a little pouch, like that which we meet with in the civet, and which, as in that animal, serves as a receptacle for an odorous secretion. The jaws and teeth of the hyæna are exceedingly solid and powerful; and the former are moved by muscles of prodigious strength, enabling the animal to crack bones which one would have thought beyond his power; so firmly does he bite, and so tenacious is he of his hold upon anything that he has once seized, that it is almost impossible to make him let it go. The Moors are said to avail themselves of their knowledge of this circumstance to capture the hyæna. They throw him the end of a long sack, made on purpose, and, when he has seized it, they may drag him wherever they please, without any fear of his losing his hold. Cuvier tells us, also, that the Arabs employ the name of the hyæna as expressive of obstinacy; and the term "stiff-

sked" may certainly be applied to this animal in more senses than one; for it not unfrequently happens that the vertebrae of his short, thick neck, become fixed together by a bony secretion, in consequence of the violent muscular action to which they are constantly exposed, so that, in some cases, the whole of these bones are at last united into a single piece. Hence, the older writers, to whom this fact appears to have been well known, were induced to assert that the hyena, unlike other animals, had but a single bone in his neck. The whole fore-part of the body in the hyena is muscular, and well-developed—a structure enabling the creature to dig into the earth with great facility, which, as we shall see hereafter, is of no small importance to him; but the hinder quarters are pressed, the legs being thrown out behind very much, so as to give a very awkward appearance of weakness to this part of the animal. The head is short and thick; the nose broad and black; the eyes prominent; the ears very large, upright, nearly naked, and of a dull purplish colour. The general colour of the animal is a brownish-gray, marked with irregular dark brown or blackish spots on the body and limbs; the tail is rather short and bushy; and along the back runs a strong, bristly mane, which the creature erects when irritated.

The hyena generally lives in caves, where it sleeps during the day, being a strictly nocturnal animal in its wild state. It feeds principally upon the dead bodies of men and animals which it may meet with in those inhospitable solitudes; but, in many cases, venturing nearer to the habitations of man, it seeks its food in a manner which tends more than anything to excite our abhorrence. The creatures prowl into the cemeteries during the night, and tear open the graves in search of newly-buried bodies, which they mangle and devour with insatiable voracity. It is not surprising that these acts, perhaps imperfectly observed, and embellished with the warmth of Oriental imagination, should have given rise to an infinity of superstitious tales; one instance of which will, probably, be well known to the majority of our readers—for there is no doubt the hour, in whose company the lady in the "Arabian Nights" indulged her taste for human flesh, is merely the hyena in a supernatural dress. Mr. Bruce, also, the Abyssinian traveller, says that the streets of Gondar were "full of them from the time it turned dark till the dawn of day, seeking the different pieces of slaughtered carcases which this cruel and unclean people expose in the streets without burial; and who firmly believe that these animals are *salasha* from the neighbouring mountains, transformed by magic, and come down to eat human flesh in the dark in safety." It is singular, in this case, to mark the close coincidence of superstitious belief in all countries; by merely substituting the wolf for the hyena, and making allowance for the difference in the habits of the two animals, we get at a superstition which was long prevalent in our own land. Disgusting as the carrion-eating habits of the hyena appear to us, especially when manifested in the way last mentioned, we must not forget that, in common with the vultures and many other creatures equally offensive to fastidious minds, he is performing his part in the economy of nature. And this part is by no means one of the least important; for, in the hot climates inhabited by these creatures, none can render more effectual service to their fellows, than those which, undeterred by abominations which would probably turn the stomach of any of the more aristocratic carnivora, clear away dead animal matter, which, if left to the gradual process of decomposition, would poison all the atmosphere in its neighbourhood.

The hyena, however, by no means confines himself entirely to animal food in a state of decomposition—*Agha*, as our epicures would, doubtless, term it—on the contrary, he appears not to let slip any opportunity of supplying himself with fresh meat when it falls in his way. Bruce tells us that the hyena was "the destruction of their asses and mules, which, above all others, are his favourite food;" and this traveller had considerable experience as to the habits of the animal. He appears rarely to attack man unless provoked, but then knows how to defend himself with courage, as the following extract from Bruce's work will show. It is also interesting as showing the great variety of objects to which the appetite of the creature can adapt itself. "One night in Matiba," says Mr. Bruce, "being very intent on observation, I heard something pass behind me towards the bed, but upon looking

round could perceive nothing. Having finished what I was then about, I went out of my tent, intending directly to return, which I immediately did, when I perceived large blue eyes glaring at me in the dark. I called upon my servant with a light, and there was the hyena standing nigh the head of the bed, with two or three large bunches of candles in his mouth. To have fired at him I was in danger of breaking my quadrant or other furniture, and he seemed, by keeping the candles steadily in his mouth, to wish for no other prey at that time. As his mouth was full, and he had no claws to tear with, I was not afraid of him, but with a pike struck him as near the heart as I could judge. It was not till then he showed any sign of fierceness; but upon feeling his wound, he let drop the candles, and endeavoured to run up the shaft of the spear to arrive at me, so that, in self-defence, I was obliged to draw a pistol from my girdle and shoot him, and nearly at the same time my servant cleft his skull with a battle-axe."

There is a very general opinion that the hyena is quite untamable, arising, probably, to a great extent from the ferocity and even malignity of his aspect, and this and the opinion acting together, have, no doubt, often prevented the experiment from being made, for the animal, although not much uglier than many bull-dogs, is certainly not one that would be very generally attractive as a pet. Nevertheless, it appears that the hyena is capable of being tamed, and will even exhibit a good deal of the affection of a dog; for Bishop Heber states, that he saw one in India, which followed his master about, and fawned upon him and his friends exactly in the manner of our more amiable-looking canine friends. Another characteristic of the beast, which no doubt is not without its effect in producing the general feeling of dislike towards it, is its singular voice. This sounds like a very harsh imitation of a human laugh, rather, perhaps, of that quality known to theatrical managers as "fiendish," a horrible, unearthly cackinnation, which may be heard in almost any menagerie at feeding time. Ill-adapted as the noise is to produce any impression of jollity on the minds of the hearers, so as to attract them into its neighbourhood to see what is going on, there is no doubt that it was this that led the ancients to believe that the hyena possessed the power of imitating the human voice, and that by this means he lured unwary travellers to his den, with many other particulars, which are related by Pliny with becoming gravity. Still more extraordinary was the belief entertained by the ancients that these animals annually changed their sex, being males one year, females the next, and so forth.

Although the form of the hyena does not give promise of much activity, he runs very swiftly when fairly in motion; for some time after starting, however, he is said to halt in his gait to such an extent, as to produce an impression that one of his legs is broken, and it is not until this wears off that he gets to his full speed.

Two other species of hyena are found at the Cape of Good Hope, where they are known to our colonists by the name of *wolves*. One of these, called the Strand-wolf (*Hyena villosa*), is of a dark grayish-brown colour, with only a few blackish stripes on the legs; the other, the Tiger-wolf (*Hyena crocata*), which appears to be the commoner species, is of a grayish colour, like the striped hyena, but instead of stripes, is covered with black spots. In most of their habits they greatly resemble the striped hyena, but appear to depend for food more upon their own exertions. They pursue and destroy even the larger domestic animals. Dr. Andrew Smith says that the hyena never ventures to attack any animal unless it is running from him: "So anxious is he for the flight of the animals, as a preliminary to his attack, that he uses all the grimace and threatening he can command, to induce them to run." And the Rev. Henry Methuen informs us that the hyenas "seem invariably to seize their prey in the flank, where neither horns nor heels can be of much avail; and deep scars are often to be seen on oxen and horses that have been caught by them and escaped." Both the authors here quoted, agree that animals which from sickness or other causes are unable to run from the hyena, and are consequently forced to defend themselves, are rarely injured by him. Such a formidable enemy is he to the Cape farmers that every means are adopted for his destruction, and in the neighbourhood of Cape Town, where hyenas were formerly very plentiful, coming in great numbers even into the town during the night, their numbers are now greatly reduced. His cunning, however, often renders him

more than a match for his enemies; no ordinary snare will do for the hyæna; during his nocturnal prowlings he carefully examines every unusual object, and if guns are set with cords or leather thongs attached to their triggers, and crossing the hyæna's path, his investigations generally lead to his avoiding the danger by taking a different path. "The farmers," says Mr. Methuen, "have so often observed this result, that they now very rarely attempt his destruction by this means, but occasionally succeed by substituting for cords the delicate stems of creeping plants, which are regarded by him without suspicion, until he has actually suffered by them."

young children of the family. "Scars and marks on the various parts of the body," says the doctor, "often testify to the travels how dangerous a foe the natives have in this animal." Notwithstanding this ferocity of natural disposition, the Spotted Hyæna is often domesticated by the natives and colonists of South Africa, amongst whom he is said to be even preferred to the dog "for attachment to his master, for general sagacity, and even, it is said, for his qualifications for the chase."

We may add, in conclusion, that, prior to the last geological changes undergone by that part of the world, England itself was



THE STRIPED HYÆNA (*HYÆNA VULGARIS*).

Although diminished in number in the more populous parts of the Cape colony, hyænas are still very numerous in the Caffre country, where, from their being exposed to so much less danger, they exhibit an unusual degree of boldness. Here, Dr. Smith tells us, they frequently endeavour at night to get within the wattles with which the houses are defended. If they succeed in this object, they next endeavour to enter the houses, where they will devour anything they can find, and not unfrequently carry off some of the

inhabited by a gigantic species of hyænas, bearing a considerable resemblance to the Cape species, but attaining nearly the size of the Brown Bear. The bones of this animal have been found in caves both in England and on the continent, associated with the bones of herbivorous animals, which had served him for nourishment, actually bearing, in many instances, the marks of his teeth; while an additional proof that the caves were really the residence of the hyæna, is derived from the presence of his excrements.

THE MURDER OF THE YOUNG PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

No man happy till he is dead, says an ancient proverb, and there is wisdom in it. When the babe is born, none can tell what will be its course or when its life will end. The day may break fine, but rain and clouds and storms may come before night.

These facts are less seldom witnessed, these truths seem almost less true in these days of monotonous civilisation, of railways, of reading and writing and the electric telegraph. But all history abounds with them. In the past they seem to be but common-



TYRELL VIEWING THE BODIES OF THE MURDERED PRINCES.

Everywhere around us are change, decay, and death. None can boast, for none know what a day may bring forth. Shame may come to honour and honour to shame. Lazarus and Dives may change places. A turn in the wheel may exalt the peasant into a prince. Another turn, and the prince may be a peasant or a lifeless lump of

place maxims. In the past, to be was to be great in peril; to be born to a crown was often a sure road to death; to be in a position that all would envy, was the sure and certain prelude to being in a position from which even the poorest and vulgarest would shrink. Let us take an illustration from the national chronicles of England.

On a bright May morning—it was May 4th, 1483—there was a royal procession wending its way from the great north road along the ancient streets of London. From far and near, from crowded balcony and quaint housetop, looked down admiring eyes. London had come forth to greet her young king, though there was terror in its walls nevertheless. The queen and her son the Duke of York and her five daughters were trembling all the while in the sanctuary at Westminster. They trembled, as well they might; for they knew the man who had now placed himself at the head of power, and who, under a mask of seeming loyalty, had but one object in view—the aggrandisement of himself. Richard, Duke of Gloucester, the Protector, has always been considered one of the worst characters in English history. In childhood we learn his loathsome crimes, and in after-life Shakespeare perpetuates the impressions of childhood. If we believe many of the historians, Richard III. was a monster in body as well as in mind. “The tyrant king Richard,” says John Ross of Warwick, his contemporary, “was born at Fotheringhay, in Northamptonshire. Having remained two years in his mother’s womb, he came into the world with teeth and long hair down to his shoulders.” What he adds is, perhaps, more strictly true. “He was of a low stature, having a short face with his right shoulder a little higher than his left,” a picture which was wrought up into absolute deformity by subsequent historians, but contradicted by the testimony of a witness of undoubted credit—a picture which Shakespeare has made popular in the speech of the Duke himself, where he says—

“I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamped, and want love’s majesty
To strut before a wanton, ambitious nymph;
I, that am curtained off this fair proportion—
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature;
Deformed, unfinished; sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them.”

But, in reality, it seems that Richard’s defects were more moral than personal. It was his mind that was so marred. It was the soul, and not the carcase in which it was set, that was so defective. His enemies reluctantly confessed that Richard possessed personal courage. If I may venture to say anything to his honour, though he was a little man, yet he was a noble and valiant soldier, says one. He was much admired for his eloquence and powers of persuasion, which were almost irresistible; especially when aided by his bounty, which was sometimes excessive. His understanding was good; but he seems to have been a cunning man rather than a great one—impenetrably secret, and a perfect master of all the arts of dissimulation. Ambition was his ruling passion. It was this which prompted him to supplant his hapless nephew, in order to obtain his crown: and, when he had formed that design, he seems to have stuck at nothing in order to secure its success. Coolly and deliberately he murdered the Earl of Rivers, Lords Grey and Hastings, because they stood between him and the crown. His ambition led him to still darker deeds. Between him and the object of his guilty and unscrupulous ambition, were two young princes—chargeable with no crime—innocent of all wrong—the children of his brother and wards of his own. But it was necessary, or it seemed to him such, that they should die, and their fate has ever been the one flagrant enormity—the one damning crime with which all generations of men have associated his memory, and for which they have for ever abhorred his very name. If great men knew in what light history would paint them, or how cold and impartial would be the verdict of posterity, they would less frequently venture to go wrong. But, for Richard, as for every man, there was some excuse in the circumstances by which he was surrounded, and in the character of his age. Most men would have done as he did to obtain power. All men had to wade through seas of blood; yet no one would have suspected, as he rode through the streets of London, bare-headed, before his nephew, calling to the people, “Behold your king!” that to him that youthful king would have to owe not merely the loss of his crown, but of his very life. Many might have envied that young boy, as he was the object of every eye, and as the public vented its acclamations in his

praise. To many, such a life must have seemed full of promise—all that the world desires—the dawn of a day that would know no cloud.

In a little more than a month, that power and splendour had passed away. By the Protector’s authority, a sermon had been preached in St. Paul’s Cross by a time-serving clergyman—and such men are always to be had when they are wanted—to proclaim the young king and his brother bastards. The Duke of Buckingham made an eloquent harangue on the same subject to the mayor and citizens of London; and in August the crown had been placed on Richard’s head. But the young princes, where were they? Beneath the stone steps of the Tower, sleeping the sleep of death after life’s little fever of greatness and glory. The murder has been denied; but there seems no reason for doubting it. It has come down to us on the authority of Sir Thomas More, who only wrote five-and-twenty years after its occurrence, when a variety of sources, that he might not be enabled to acknowledge publicly, were open to him for the acquisition of materials. The following is his version:—“King Richard, after his coronation, taking his way to Gloucester to visit in his new honour the town of which he bore the name, old, devised, as he rode, to fulfil that thing which he had before intended. And forasmuch as his mind misgave him, that his nephews living then would not reckon that he could have right to the realm, he therefore thought without delay to rid them, as though killing of his kinsmen might aid his cause, and make him kindly king. Whereupon he sent John Greene, whom he especially trusted, unto Sir Robert Brakenbury, constable of the Tower, with a letter and credence also, that the same Sir Robert should in anywise put the two children to death. This John Greene did his errand to Brakenbury, kneeling before our Lady in the Tower, who plainly answered, that he would never put them to death to die therefore. With which answer Greene returned, recounting the same to King Richard at Warwick, yet on his journey; wherewith he took such displeasure and thought, that the same night he said to a secret page of his: ‘Oh! whom shall a man trust? They that I have brought up myself—they that I thought would have mostly served me—even those fail, and at my commandment will do nothing for me.’ ‘Sir,’ quoth the page, ‘there lieth one in the pallet-chamber without that I dare well say to do your grace’s pleasure—the thing were right hard that he would refuse;’ meaning by this Sir James Tyrrell.” Accordingly, Tyrrell was sent for, and became compliant. It was a villany from which he had not the grace to shrink, and it was devised that the two young princes should be murdered in their beds, “to the execution whereof he appointed Miles Forrest, one of the four that before kept them; and to him he joined one John Dighton, his own horse-keeper, a big, broad, square, and strong knave.” And when the time came, More tells us, “all the others being removed from them, this Miles Forrest and John Dighton, about midnight, came into the chamber, and suddenly wrapped them among the clothes, keeping down by force the feather-bed and pillows hard upon their mouths, that within a while they smothered and stifled them, and their breaths failing, they gave up to God their innocent souls, into the joys of heaven, leaving to their tormentors their bodies dead in bed; after which, the wretches laid them out upon the bed and fetched Tyrrell to see them; and when he was satisfied of their death, he caused the murderers to bury them at the stair-foot, mostly deep in the ground, under a great heap of stones.” The stranger who now visits the chapel of the White Tower will see, at the end of the passage which leads from the outer door to the foot of the circular staircase winding upwards to the sacred edifice, the old trunk of a mulberry-tree, reared against the wall in the corner. There stood the stairs; and beneath those stairs, in 1674, were found bones “answerable to the ages of the royal youths,” which were accordingly, by Charles the Second’s orders, honourably interred in Henry the Seventh’s chapel at Westminster. The spot was marked by the erection of the above mulberry-tree, which was cut down a few years ago, when the present passage was opened. Thus the tale was confirmed—if confirmation was required—and when the evidence for the universal belief was of the most convincing kind. Richard waded through seas of blood to the throne. Between him and it stood the royal princes; the way of getting rid of those princes would soon be clear. Once wrong, for Richard there was

alternative but to continue wrong. It was his necessity. The le was even denied; there seems no reason, however, to doubt truth. Shakspeare—who, as all the world knows, was a better storian than many a man who would deem play-writing a profane t, and Shakspeare himself little better than one of the wicked—may have set down Tyrrell's very words as he narrated the nder:—

"The tyrannous and bloody act is done,
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this ruthless deed of butchery,
Albeit they were fleshed villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children in their death's sad story.
'Oh thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay the gentle babes.'
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms;
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kissed each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my mind.
But oh! the devil'—Here the villain stopped;
But Dighton thus told on:—'We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature
That from the prime creation ere she framed.
Hence both are gone, with conscience and remorse.
They could not speak, and so I left them both
To bear thus tidings to the bloody king.'"

But the crime failed to answer its end. Richard had to pay the penalty of his crime by the forfeit of his life, and thus Nemesis was avenged. In the shame attached to Richard's name ever since—in the horror with which all have regarded it—she has had a still deeper and more enduring revenge, and the two young princes murdered in the Tower still live in the page of history and in the sympathies of men.

THE AUTHOR AND THE FRENCH PUBLISHER.

In 1838, a young author, quite unknown to fame, called one morning early upon the worthy Ambrose Dupont, the celebrated publisher of the Rue Vivienne. The lord of the book-trade was very much in the humour, on that occasion, of a wild boar after a day's chase by fierce dogs. He received the young author literally with a growl, enough to have terrified a timid man out of the house. He coolly pulled out his manuscript, and begged the publisher to read it. Ambrose Dupont, a worthy man, though rough, refused even to look at it. The author insisted. The publisher told him to take it and himself away together. The young man politely declined; and Dupont at last, to get rid of his importunities, told him to leave his book and go.

A week later he called again, and so on for about three months, once every week, to ask the fate of his novel, which, at last, he did hear. It was not a very flattering opinion that was communicated

to him. But he only smiled, and went away. About a fortnight later he presented himself again in the ante-chamber of M. Dupont.

"What, sir," exclaimed he, "again! Methinks I told you my mind last time sufficiently clearly."

"Sir, you convinced me," said the young Jesuit; "and I have called to say that, acquiescing in your opinion, I have burnt my manuscript."

"Ah!" replied the publisher, somewhat surprised, "then I scarcely comprehend the present object of your visit."

"I have not come on my own account, but if you will spare me a few minutes—"

"Walk into my private room, sir," said Dupont.

"Sir," began the other (our readers will recollect the scene is laid in France), "you have heard of Manzoni?"

"Sir, his reputation is European. I would have given him any price for a book."

"Then, sir, allow me to say that—it is a great secret—I bring you the first volume of a translation of a new work by him."

"A whole volume?" exclaimed Dupont eagerly.

"Yes, a whole volume," said the young author.

"Will you leave it a day or two?" asked the publisher.

"No; I can only hand it to you, if sold."

"But you can read a few chapters?"

"With pleasure."

"Excuse me a moment," said Dupont; and he went out and brought a gentleman from an inner room.

The young author read a chapter; the publisher and his friend looked at each other; they smiled. Presently Ambrose Dupont interrupted the reader.

"What do you want for the book?"

"Twenty-five copies, and forty pounds a volume."

"You agree to that."

"With pleasure."

The treaty was made, an agreement drawn up and signed. The publisher was full of admiration. He addressed Soulié, the author, whom he had brought in to listen, in no hesitating language. He declared to him that it was better than any of the celebrated author's previous works; the warm atmosphere of Italy breathed forth in every page. The translator bowed and smiled.

The work went to press, the publisher read the sheets with real interest. At last the eventful day came, when the title-page was placed in his hands. He read with amazement the name of a popular French novel, "Bertrand de Born."

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed angrily; "this is the title of the book I refused."

"Exactly," said the young man.

"And why have you put it to the translation?"

"It is not a translation. This is the book you refused without reading it."

Ambrose Dupont burst into a loud laugh, shook hands with the cunning fellow, and published his book, which was very successful. Such a trick would scarcely have been appreciated in this country, but as French ideas are, it was considered very natural and was generally admired, as what may be called a shrewd and clever *ruse*.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

THE intercourse between Japan and China is an interesting feature in the history of these two remarkable countries. They were at one time intimate and active, though not always friendly. The Central Empire, as Japanese writers call China, looked down upon Dai Nippon with great contempt, claiming a sovereignty over it; while, on the other hand, the Japanese looked upon the Chinese as inferior animals, below them in morals, in physical formation, and everything. They are ready to own that in letters the Chinese were beforehand with them, because they actually did receive their literary knowledge from the Celestial Nation. According to Chinese historians, civilisation was conveyed to Japan in a very curious way, by a kind of colony. We are told that, in the second century of our era, the lord of the Central Empire, having

been informed by certain learned and worthy philosophers that the herb which gave immortality grew in Japan in abundance, sent over to the island some three thousand boys and girls, who were to discover and bring back the inestimable plant. It appears, however, that the said three thousand boys and girls, being unable to find the valuable vegetable in question, and being all familiar with the summary methods of punishment in vogue in China, remained in Japan and settled there; thus, they all being fresh from school, gave the Japanese the benefit of their learning and letters. Japanese writers, however, contemptuously reject this learned explanation, and say that letters and science came *via* the Korean peninsula; an explanation neither so romantic nor so striking as the former, but, apparently, having the advantage of truth.

The claim of China to sovereignty, something like the claim of early popes to jurisdiction over all America, dates from very

Islands a patent, appointing him Wang of Nippon. It appears that in those days there were civil wars in the land, and that the ca-



JAPANESE ARCHERS.



JAPANESE ARCHERS.

remote periods, from the conquest of Dai Nippon by Zin-mu-tan-wu. But we have it recorded that, previously to the Christian era, the great Son of the Moon and Stars sent to the Emperor of the

ning head of the Celestial Empire wished to gain a footing by taking one side. It was not, however, until the time of the Mongols, who had conquered China, that any serious attempt was made on Japan.

re had been fighting, it is true, in the Corea; but rather in form of squabbles than wars.

That there was trade and commerce between the two nations, we know; but the vulgarity of the subject having terrified the grave scribes of ancient days, who condescended to nothing less than a

the rich; and their expenditure contributed largely to keep up the 750 tea-shops in a town of 750,000 inhabitants.

The study of Japanese literature is rather curious than useful; and yet, as we become more connected with the race, we shall get interested in their history. In the present day, no nation can keep



A BUDDHIST HIGH PRIEST.

battle, or an embassy, or the death of kings, we have little details; though we do learn, incidentally, that many Chinese came to Japan, because of the free-and-easy life to be led in the tea-houses of the island—so much more at liberty than those of China, which were under severe regulations. These travelled Chinese were, of course,

wholly apart; and we have little doubt that the time will come, when it will be considered a part of polite education to be intimately acquainted with the geography and history of all those nations which steam is bringing so close to us.

The earliest specimen of Japanese literature is an account of an

embassy to China, in the year 659. It is written by a learned Korean, a professed literary man. It is called "The Journal of Yukino Murazi of Petai," and comes down to us in a chronicle of the local history from 661 A.C. to A.D. 696, called "Nipponki," and published A.D. 720. It will be seen that the Japanese were before us in learning in those days, for this work is in thirty volumes. If we judged a book as a Dutchman did, by size, it would, indeed, be a great work. The only pity is, that the Japanese have allowed us to go so far ahead of them since. This work, and an historical survey, in seven volumes, published at Ohosaka, in 1795, bring down Japanese history to 1611.

One of the ambassadors was lost at sea; but Kisa and Yukino Murazi, after a nine weeks' voyage, made the coast of China, stopped there as prisoners some time, and returned to Japan, having done as much business as many other ambassadors in times past. In the year 716, two students went to China; and one, Simo-mitsi-no-Mabi, went home, after a residence of nineteen years, and, taking the name of Kibino Daiji, became a most celebrated literary character. The other was induced to remain in China, as Archive Keeper, and kept the office sixty-one years, when he resigned, and, returning to Japan, was drowned, at the age of eighty-seven.

In 1607, the Chinese sent an embassy to Japan. Relations had been broken off in consequence of the patent sent to the Ziogoon Hideyosi, or Tayko-sama. This potent prince was so indignant at being appointed Wang of Nippon by the Emperor of China, that he replied—"Sovereign of Nippon I have already made myself, and, if it comes to this, I will turn over a new leaf, and make Tai Ming my vassal." A terrible war ensued between the two sovereigns. It appears, as far as we can judge the politics of China and Japan, that the emperor of the former country wanted to play the Czar, and, like that potentate in Turkey, caught a Tartar.

The death of the ziogoon ended the war, which must have been rather a personal affair between two kings; for no sooner was the death announced, than the Chinese embassy came to treat of peace and commerce, all the while, however, keeping up a skirmishing little war in the Korean peninsula. There is, further, a very interesting narrative, in Japanese, of the disasters and adventures of a band of Japanese traders, who were made prisoners by the Tartar subjects of the Manchoo Emperor of China. It is kept at Yedo, and is contained in a history of Chao-señ. It commences with great gravity. "From the earliest times," says the adventurer, "the inhabitants of the coast towns Sinbo and Mikuni-ura, in the province of Yetsizen, have been wont, at the close of winter, to pass over to the dependencies of Japan, there to trade." But then it seems that there was a doubt if the so-called dependencies were, indeed, dependencies; the fact being, that Chao-señ, like a refractory daughter, had thrown off all allegiance, and claimed liberty from vassalage. It appears that the traders lit upon a

desert place instead of Chao-señ, and at once gave up their commercial speculation. A terrible storm arising, the Japanese made a vow that, if they were preserved, they would throw away—sacrifice to the deities—all their defensive weapons. It immediately happened, that they were attacked by a horde of enemies, and all the famous Japanese bows and arrows being at the bottom of the sea, the adventurers had, of course, no means of resistance, and but fifteen out of fifty-eight were slain. But, for this reason, the Tartars, a kind of Bashi Bazouks, were well bastinadoed. There is a curious passage illustrative of Japanese manners. When the governor "questioned us by signs; whereupon Fiomayem taking out his nose papers, blew away a leaf to indicate that we were driven to this coast by the wind. He then sat down in a peaceful attitude, to intimate that we were merchants."

Japan is known as the empire of 3,850 islands, and takes its name from the Chinese form of Nippon, *Jih-pun*, origin of the name according to the learned Klaproth. Marco Polo calls it Zipang, a corruption of *Jih-pun-kwō*, kingdom of the origin of the name. Authentic records give Zim-mu-ten-woo as the first mortal monarch, who founded the rule of the mikados. He appears to have been a Chinese conqueror, or invader; but as he lived 660 A.C., we have not very detailed accounts of his parentage, which some ascribe to the terrestrial god who preceded him, the last of a long line of divine monarchs.

The mikados, relying on their divine right—which notion has pervaded every savage nation in early times—were despotic, then abdicating young. At last, one mikado abdicated in favour of his son, three years old, whose mother was daughter of a powerful prince. This father-in-law usurped authority until Yoritomo appeared, and after a time restored the old mikado, who appointed him ziogoon. In future, the mikado was only supposed to rule, the ziogoon holding all the power in his hands. The ziogoon, as well as the mikado, became at last an hereditary office.

Hence followed all the elaborate military, civil, and religious orders, which make Japan one of the most oddly-governed countries in the world, though always remaining a semi-religious, semi-military monarchy, upheld by the bows and arrows of the soldier on one hand, and the priests on the other. The priestly influence in Japan, however, appears to have been even above the military. In savage countries, where the two influences appear to mingle in general the religious will be found to predominate. The particular priest, of whom an engraving is given (p. 181), is one of the high priests of the sect of Buddah, called by the Dutch travellers "Buddadienst, Secte see-sjū," or of the sect Senju. This sect have made great way in Japan without having gained any political power. The surrounding features of the cut are ornaments worn by the high priest of this religion. The chair occupied by the worthy father is curious.

BURIED ALIVE.

THERE was not a better young fellow in the Canton de Vaud than Louis Fischer; perhaps there were handsomer, wiser, and more polished striplings—doubtless there were; but when we say better, we mean more thoroughly honest, straightforward, and good-hearted. You could not beat Louis at this. You might equal him perhaps; let us hope, for the sake of the canton, that this could be done over and over and over again; but you could not go beyond him.

And the same thing might be said of Lucy, the herdsman's pretty daughter, for Lucy was as pretty as she was good, which is saying a great deal—for sincerity and kindness and thrifty homely ways she could not be surpassed. In many respects she was better than Louis, and in her own sweet comely person was a realisation of the Alpine proverb—the hen is the better bird all over Switzerland.

Why do we talk about Louis and Lucy in the same paragraph, and bring them thus so closely together; why? They loved one another. You are not surprised at that; at all events you would not have been surprised if you had known them—nobody was who did. They lived in the same village, met every day, and many times a day since they were little children wondering at the snow mountains. They had played together, worked together, learnt

together, worshipped together, and they loved each other and their friendship had ripened into love; the playfellows had become warm friends, and the friends lovers. Who could blame them? Within a circuit of ten miles, measuring from the little village church, there was only one who harboured anything but love towards them for their love to one another. This was Pierre Joseph.

A young man, maybe three years older than Louis, was Pierre Joseph. Some people thought he was better looking, and, perhaps, they were right. He had a higher forehead and a more symmetrical figure; he wore a smarter doublet, and had gold in his pouch, he had received a better education and had seen more society; people said he knew the world better. Perhaps he did. But fine feathers do not always make fine birds. There was not that open-hearted honesty in Pierre that was always to be found in Louis; and as to his acquaintance with society and knowledge of mankind, we are apt to say men know the world when they only know the worst part of it, and this, or report spake falsely, was the case of Pierre Joseph.

However other people liked him, supposing that there were any who did, and giving Pierre Joseph the full benefit of the doubt, Lucy had no love for him. He had turned his attention towards her

long time, had come over to the village—for he lived further in the mountain—many and many a time, had brought herers in the summer time, and gossiped by the roaring fire in winter; had laid himself out, as it were, to please, even to his une—like Malvolio with his cross garters; had talked and s, and, to do him justice, he could sing very fairly; had related his own strange adventures, described Milan and the city he sea, and done all that he fancied would win her admiration esteem. But it did not answer his expectations. Whatever lid or said, it centred in himself. He appeared to labour under idea that he was behaving very handsomely and with consider- condescension, and appeared to intimate that a match with self would be a decidedly good thing.

Well, it is an old story; here was a rich lover, and there was a r one. Blind love holds the balance, and ducats, dollars, rears kick the beam. Lucy plighted her faith to Louis, and the kling-day was fixed. Pierre Joseph withdrew in high disdain. was heard to threaten mischief on the blithesome couple, and to frown that horseshoe frown of his, which made him look Scott's "Red Gauntlet." But what of that? words are but ath; let him threaten—let him frown; the sun will shine as ghtly, and days and nights will come and go, as if he had no ng. So the wedding-day came. It was a busy day in the vil- e, and a happy day. Preceded by an old musician and the desmaids, the young people walked to church, followed by a man with a basket of flowers—a bit of nature for the festal day. en they entered the church, they were all surprised by noticing re Joseph. There he sat, in a dusky part of the church—quite ay from the sunshine—moodily watching all that took place. Never mind—Pierre Joseph cannot stop the way; he can only tch with his dark frown and his bright eyes; he can only follow e a dark shadow, as the company go back, and the flowers are ttered in their way. When all is over, he turns away to the untain-road and goes moodily homeward, plucking a flower to ces, leaf by leaf, as if he were going through the old charm of love me, love me not," which Marguerite tries in the play of Faust."

So time went on; and the young bride became a thrifty housewife, bouring with her husband bravely at all the duties of a peasant's e, and never flinching from work for a moment. While the ung man's axe rang in the forest, and here and there a stately ee wavered and tottered and fell; while his bright scythe glided er the rich greensward, and with right good will he delved the rth, till the perspiration, in great drops—labour's bright jewels stood on his brow, his busy, bustling, thrifty wife was binding p the vine to the poles on which it grew, twitching off superfluous aves and tendrils, gathering in the orchard fruit, and making, in er cleanly dairy, the finest cheese that was ever placed on table.

They were very happy; still happier when a little one was born—"a well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of joy and peace." hey heard no more of Pierre Joseph—they almost forgot him; rhaps, indeed, they sometimes recollected—but always kindly—ow friendly he had once appeared. As to his later conduct, his breacening, his visit to the church, and the rest of it, no reference as ever made. But trouble came. Lucy's father died; and with heir grief on this account came the discovery that he was much oorer than they thought for; that he was in debt—deeply in debt and, worst of all, in debt to Pierre Joseph. What could be done? hey saw that at any moment all that was owing could be emanded; they saw that what little property the old man poss-essed would not meet a tithe of the sum due; they felt that to llow matters to take their course, would be to dishonour the nemory of one whom they dearly loved. So Louis resolved to ride ver to Pierre Joseph and attempt to make some arrangement with him.

He was received coldly, but with respect. Pierre professed to leeply regret the death of the old man. The money, he said, had een owing a long, long time—long before the marriage; that, of course, he could have no demand on Louis or his young wife. After talking a long time, Louis made the proposal which he had come to make. Would Pierre allow the matter to stand over for a year, if he became answerable for its payment? Pierre would advise him not to do that. Better think of it again. Better not, for

the sake of a foolish pride, involve himself in other people's diffi- culties; especially when those other people were under the sod. Dead men tell no tales, and, doubtless, are heedless of all tales told. What if the villagers lost somewhat of their old respect for him; he would still sleep soundly under the daisy-quilt? No. Louis was resolved. Would the other grant him the time required? No. Yet, stop; for old acquaintance sake, he would. They parted more cheerfully than they had met; and, as the young man rode away, he did not observe the horseshoe frown that came upon the other's forehead, or how he muttered to himself, that it would work bravely yet.

Spring, summer, autumn, winter, the year was over and past, but it was a year full of disaster. On the anniversary of the agreement, Louis stood once more in the best room of Pierre's residence. There was a deep flush, a red spot on his otherwise pale cheeks as he bowed to the other when they met. He told in a few words the story of his disaster. Not a sentence from Pierre. He mentioned how sickness had been in his house, and his wife and child were but slowly recovering even then. Not a word. He told of bad crops, bad vintage, accident and disaster. Not a syllable. He begged for time. Time! not a day, not an hour. Time! no; he had waited long enough. The tide had ebbed. Let Louis be pre- pared for the worst. Pierre did not raise his voice, but he spoke in a calm, measured strain, without lifting his eyes, and without betraying any emotion; except that the horseshoe frown was on his face, he was the same quiet man as he had been that day twelvemonth.

And the worst came. Louis and his family were turned adrift. They had to leave their old home, give up all they held dear, resign everything into the hands of their inexorable creditor. It was not for nothing he tore the flower leaf from leaf long ago. It is a hard thing to quit a place that we love, a place that is asso- ciated with our earliest recollections, where every leaf and flower, every blade of grass and creeping plant is eloquent, and tells the story of our early life. There is a sacredness in home, a first home. To the earliest places of human worship there clings—so goes the Arab legend—a guardian sanctity; there the wild bird rests not; there the wild beast may not wander; it is the hallowed spot on which the eye of God dwells, and which man's best memories preserve. There is some such feeling clinging to a first home, and to quit such a home after long years of happiness is sometimes sad and bitter.

As a hired labourer Louis obtained employment far up in the mountains. His home was now a poor rough place, but very dear to him. He had a good heart and hoped—hoped on; hoped ever! One evening he was returning from his daily labour, singing softly to himself an old stave that he had often sung in happier days. The sun was sinking fast, and flung its red rays on the ice moun- tains, and as Louis turned a corner of the circuitous path, he noticed a stranger mounted on a mule, and riding slowly along.

He had scarcely perceived this figure, when a sort of rushing sound, not very loud, but steadily increasing in its strength, was heard. Louis stopped; he knew too well what it meant. The stranger in advance stopped also, and as they glanced around their eyes met—it was Pierre Joseph.

"Stop! stop!" cried Louis, "the avalanche is upon us!"

Steadily, but with tremendous velocity the snow-drift was advancing. At first, a narrow line of blue upon the white surface of the snow, it gradually assumed a more terrible appearance, there was no time to move or to attempt any escape; it was upon them. Man and mule rolled over, the feet of Louis slid from beneath him, amid the mass of drifting snow they were hurried forward, till some projecting rock became a barrier, and they were cast against its rugged side. After a few moments of terror, Louis aroused himself and found, although bruised severely, he was otherwise uninjured. He looked about him for Pierre, and discovered him not far off. His first movement was towards him, and he found he lay there quite senseless. Aware that this drift of snow was in all probability but the forerunner of another, and perhaps more disastrous one, he endeavoured to restore the fallen man, in order that they might, if possible, seek some shelter. That shelter was not far off. There was a rough cabin or chalet, built in the rock, which was thought to be a safe retreat in such circumstances.

Unable to restore Pierre, Louis made a vigorous effort and supported him to the place of security. Having gained this refuge, he attempted to restore the unconscious man, but as he did so, the same rushing sound was heard again, louder, and louder still, with the crashing of pine trees, the wild cry of the mountain birds; the sound came nearer, it passed by; but was soon again renewed with even greater violence.

Presently Pierre recovered. He was greatly injured, and full of alarm. Even Louis had upon him an undefined dread, a dread which took a defined character when he perceived that the ice and snow, the fallen trees and masses of rock, had settled all about the chalet, blocking them in as effectually as though bolts and bars had

Pierre forgot his old grudge, saw the folly of his old enmity in new light, and, touched by the tender kindness of Louis, began that the past might be forgiven. Of course, it was not in the heart of Louis at any time to resist such an appeal. He wrote injuries as wise men always write them, in the dust. Now they talked together of poor Lucy—both called her by that name—and of the child who would be her only support now. But relief came. Brave hearts and willing hands found out the chalet, and the buried ones were rescued.

Where was Lucy? Driven almost to distraction, she had wandered over the most dangerous snow-passes, climbed where the eagle builds its nest and the chamois seeks its home; at last

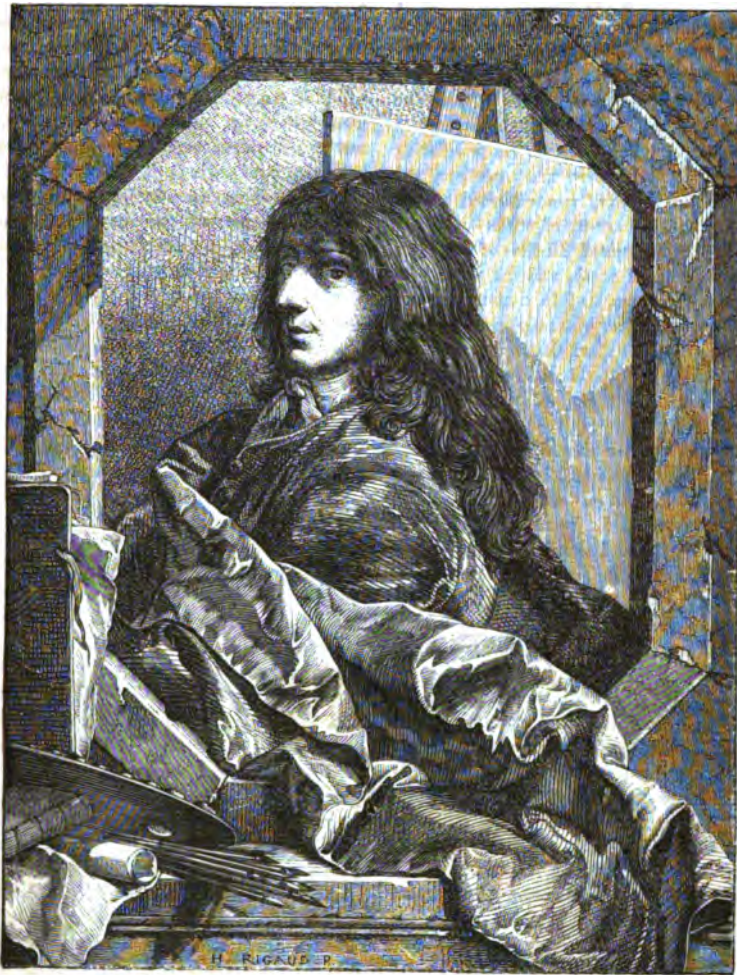


THE MEETING OF LUCY AND LOUIS.

been drawn upon them. There was no means of escape. The horror of their position presented itself to both. It fell most heavily on Pierre. There he was, with a man whom he hated, and whom he had deeply injured—alone—without food—buried alive. It is unnecessary to dwell upon what followed. For more than five days they saw no hope of rescue. The little food which Louis had with him was carefully portioned out and shared between them; but what were they to do when that was gone? And gone it was, all gone, at the end of the third day. For two days they tasted no food at all. During this time Louis had made every effort to effect some means of escape, but altogether without success; he had talked with Pierre when Pierre was rational; but his mind wandered very often—and they had become friends. Buried alive,

turned her face homewards—not her new home—but her past, her old home. So they sought her there, and found her in the churchyard, the quiet resting-place of those whom she had loved. There they found her, kneeling at her father's grave, with her little child beside her. She heard her husband's voice, and, with a wild cry, ran to meet him. And what more need be said? The lost were found—the dead were raised—the clouds which were about them rolled away—and henceforth happiness was theirs. They always had one constant friend, who grew to be a gray-haired man, and whose delight it was to sit beneath their cottage porch on a summer eve, or by their blazing fire on a winter's night, and tell to an anxiously-listening group of bright-eyed children, the oft-repeated story of Buried Alive.

SEBASTIEN BOURDON.



HEN we turn from a picturesque and cattle-loving Dutchman, such as Paul Potter—the painter of animal life and scenery—to a

istics, whose subjects are, indeed, quite of another order, and owe their being to a very different taste and inspiration. The former is fitted, indeed, to represent the hour when

“Day dwindles to a span,
And silence spreads her meditative wing
Before the glimmering light:—no straggling sound
Breaks o’er the deep uninterrupted gloom,
Save in the distant fold where cattle graze,
The sheep-bell breathes a moment through the calm;
Then all is hush’d in slumber soft again.
The evening zephyrs glide along the air,
Spreading their gauzy wings in playful sport,
And catch against these lofty elms below
Which tremble at the touch, so soft and pure.”

But the poetic and versatile, and, we must say it, rather fickle mind we have now to deal with was of another order. The above suggests calm home-scenery, the scenery of England or Holland; but now we are about to enter on that land

“Where the citron-trees are growing,
—— and the sunlight glowing
O’er a land of balm discloses
Its gardens and its beds of roses;
Where the palm-tree’s solemn shade
Spreads along the sultry plain,
Ere the clouds of evening fade,
Which shall never come again.”

The author of these picturesque lines could scarcely have indicated better the subjects chosen by two men of such different schools as Paul Potter and Sebastien Bourdon.

• “Hours of Recreation,” by Charles S. Middleton.



...ive of the French school, like Bourdon, we soon find
...e communication with one of very different character-
...IV.—No. XXI.

A man of easy and universal talent, Bourdon had his day of glory and fame, and, more fortunate than many equally clever men, he has preserved the reputation of the past, and descended with approbation and smiles to posterity. His southern impetuosity, the vivacity of his mind—which, however, penetrated no deeper than the surface of art—the suppleness, the liveliness, and the unprecedented good fortune of his pencil—all these characteristics are, in him, curious, eccentric, and as erratic as his wandering life; for this painter, who was to emulate so many masters, and reflect so many styles in his productions, was educated on the highway, and remained all his life a picker-up of trifles—a sifter from other men's brains. Like the celebrated *Gil Blas* of our early reading, he wandered much in search of truth, and did not appear ever to approach it very nearly. He, too, had to contend against many difficulties, like most men of genius, who only win fame and distinction at the price at which man has been destined to earn his bread. This, though inconvenient for the individual, has been useful to the world, which has owed its literary masterpieces to the humble in position, if not in spirit.

The career of many a poet and painter should well stir up the earnest spirit of youth to fight the battle of life, whatever their position, with energy and vigour. Milton was a schoolmaster, Shakspeare a player; Goldsmith wrote for bread at a guinea a letter—his "*Citizen*" was thus published—and it is needless to remind our readers of the lowly origin from which our great Franklin rose by dint of industry and talent to the highest eminence. And if we come down to the present day, which is not our province, we might tell of the humble walks from which rose many noted men of the hour.

Indeed, genius is seldom hereditary. Few instances are known of talent descending—except, as some think, in aristocratic circles. There have been few sons of artists great painters; and, with rare exceptions indeed, no family has been distinguished for literary attainments, if we except the Roscoes, sons of the Roscoe, and one or two more such instances. But generally we have seen an Oliver Cromwell give us a Richard, a Milton but unknown children, artists imitators unknown to fame. Let, then, those who really feel the sacred fire, have courage; the road is all before them, where to choose.

Bourdon had not much encouragement in early life to continue the profession of an artist. He was born at Montpellier in 1616,* in the house of an artist. His father was one of those painters on glass, that were still found in those days in the remote provinces of France; patient and laborious defenders of the *Renaissance*, that is, the style of the sixteenth century. The honest glazier and painter was himself his son's first master, until the day when he was taken away to Paris by one of his uncles. He worked in the capital under the guidance of an obscure artist, whose name has not descended to posterity, though he is very generally supposed to be an imitator of Simon Vouet. Soon, however, led away by the extreme fickleness and versatility of his nature, Sebastien Bourdon left Paris to run after dame Fortune in the southern provinces of France.

His biographers inform us that he was at Bordeaux in 1630, in the employment of a new master, and painting in fresco—it is the Abbé Lambert who gives us this minute detail†—the roof of a great *salon* in a chateau in the neighbourhood of that town. Then we find him starting for Toulouse, where, not finding it so easy to succeed as to daub, he became thoroughly disgusted with his profession, and threw up painting. Led away by the impetuosity of his character to adopt the profession of all others least suited to his capricious, volatile, and feeble nature, he became a soldier. The king's army gained by this freak but a poor, ill-disciplined soldier; while art lost an ardent mind, an impatient but clever hand; and Bourdon lost what he loved above everything—his personal liberty. Regrets soon began to assail him; and the young painter shouldered his musket with such a very ill grace, that his captain took pity

on him, and granted him some hours of relaxation and leave. Powerful friends now interposed, and, after some difficulties and delays, they succeeded in liberating the soldier who had enlisted imprudently.

Once free, Sebastien Bourdon never stopped until he found himself in Rome. At this moment he was but eighteen years of age. The sentiment of art, which for a moment had been deadened, not killed within him, revived with fresh ardour and new energy. He was, indeed, destined to finish at Rome an education which had commenced under such strange auspices and in so turbulent a manner. It was in this city of art, where are piled the monuments of gigantic men, men of old, men of renown, that the genius of the young disciple of painting was to make itself known to himself and to the world. At this early period, it may be said, Bourdon was guided by ill-regulated instincts, by impulsive and somewhat foolish and inexcusable bursts of enthusiasm for some particular style. All kinds of paintings attracted him, every style pleased him alike. We may at once, however, remark, that the hesitation and fickleness of his early days continued all his life, it being, in fact, based on his character's instincts. It was, indeed, from this inconsistency, which sometimes descended to weakness, that Sebastien Bourdon, instead of becoming a grave and original painter, condemned himself all to be the brilliant reflection of contemporary styles.

Sebastien Bourdon was poor. His first duty was to find a means of existence, and, led away by the success then obtained in Italy, and soon to be obtained in France, by military scenes, picturesque groups of Bohemians and beggars, by the interior of guard-rooms and tap-rooms, which Pierre de Laer had made the fashion, he executed some of those pictures called *Bamboches*, and though his pencil was as yet inexperienced, and had not the true humour and coarse wit required by these somewhat eccentric scenes, still Bourdon had begun to succeed, and in the place of poverty saw a more golden and promising future before him, when an unfortunate adventure compelled him to leave Rome in all haste.

Sebastien Bourdon, as we should have intimated before, was a Protestant. This was quite sufficient for him to be viewed with an unfavourable eye in the land of intolerance. After a somewhat fierce quarrel with a French painter named Rieux, whose name for this anecdote would be utterly unknown, the latter menaced him with his vengeance, and threatened to denounce him to the Holy Inquisition as a heretic. Very likely the danger was not so great as he apprehended; but Bourdon, who was seriously alarmed, thought proper to escape from the tortures of the castle of St. Angelo, and he took flight. Having escaped from the Papal territory, he took refuge in a more hospitable land, at Venice. He visited also several other Italian towns, and at length returned to France, after an absence of about three years.

It was a profitable voyage to the young artist in an artistic point of view. Bourdon had at all events learnt in Italy the rapid process of fashionable painting. He had watched the magic results of the labours of the great *improvisatore*, Andre Sacchi, and returned to his native land with an ardent desire to do much, and that quickly, if even not well. The French school of painting of the time when Bourdon once more saw his home, was ruled by the powerful and brilliant influence of Simon Vouet. The young painter was, therefore, without being quite prepared for it, perfect in the fashion, and his successful productions soon proved this to be a fact. He halted first at Montpellier, where the chapter of the cathedral confided to him the execution of a vast picture, "*The Fall of Simon the Magician*." Bourdon painted on this canvas more than thirty figures, and only took three months to carry out his somewhat stupendous design. It was scarcely finished when it was publicly exhibited in the church of St. Peter, and gave occasion to a very violent and somewhat disgraceful scene. Being severely criticised by a painter of Montpellier, whose name was Samuel Boissiere, Bourdon flew into a passion and boxed the critic's ears. The affair having assumed a very serious aspect, Bourdon, faithful to his habits of prudence, suddenly, and without warning, left the city of Montpellier.

He now came to Paris, where a more fortunate career was opened to him. He was scarcely twenty-seven years of age when the incorporation of goldsmiths, who had adopted the custom of offering

* Bryan, a good authority, says: "The French writers differ in their account of this artist. They place his birth in 1606, 1608, and 1619; and his death in 1662, 1671, and 1673."

† L'Abbé Lambert, "*Histoire Littéraire du Règne de Louis XIV.*," vol. iii. p. 167.

re to Notre Dame every year, employed our artist to execute for a painting of "The Martyrdom of St. Peter." The opportunity offered was grasped manfully by Sebastien Bourdon, who now stands a masterpiece, or to speak more correctly, *his* masterpiece. The picture, which is now to be seen in the inimitable gallery of the Louvre—a place of itself worthy of a visit to Paris—is painted, generally allowed by all critics, with great care, freedom, and facility of pencil. The touch is broad, fully developed, full of spirit; but the drawing is somewhat more loose than is desirable in a serious subject, while the colouring is, unfortunately, made up of warm and fiery tones, the excessive vulgarity of which rises everybody. We are compelled to add that the scene is crowded up, and while the secondary actors in the drama encroach much on the foreground, the chief actor is kept back in undue privacy. The *furie*, or dash, and boldness of the brush caused work to succeed immediately. We are told of a strange specimen of painting where Bourdon is represented "Mercury killing Argos," in relation to which a writer, who was seldom in the habit of inditing anything serious, wrote the following lines:—

"O, Bourdon ! sur la peinture,
Dont tu charmes l'univers,
On voit autant d'yeux ouverts
Comme en a fermé Mercure."

they were in the original packing-cases, and a fancy striking her, the queen requested the French artist to open the boxes and make a report as to their contents. Bourdon came back to her majesty with a very warm report of the pictures, particularly of one of Correggio. The good-natured princess requested him at once to accept this as a present from her. But the artist, more generous even than the queen, represented to her the fact that they were some of the finest paintings in Europe, and that she should not part with one of them. The queen, accordingly, acting on his advice, kept the pictures, and when she abdicated the throne took them with her to Rome, where she increased the value of the collection by judicious purchases. After her death, the heirs of Don Livio Odescalchi, who had bought them, sold them again to the Duke of Orleans, the profligate regent of France, in whose house they remained until the Revolution. Most of them are now in London, in the Bridgewater Gallery, in the possession of the Earl of Ellesmere.

Felibien, already quoted, who was the intimate friend of Sebastien Bourdon, assures us that at Stockholm the worthy painter confined himself chiefly to the painting of portraits; and he mentions, among his most successful works, that of the Count Palatine, Charles Gustavus, cousin-german of the queen, the very prince in whose favour she afterwards abdicated. The naïf and simple author of "*Entretiens sur la Vie et les Ouvrages des plus excellents*"



SECURITY.—FROM A PAINTING BY BOURDON.

artist who should attempt to elevate the mind to profound meditations would fail in his object, because the very existence of this elevated train of thought in the spectator, would draw his attention from the general magnificence of the whole. A painter, who is able, in a simple group of three figures, to concentrate the expression of the most elevated thoughts, the most secret impulses of the heart, and epitomise the human mind in a picture, is not the man to execute those paintings which are destined to dazzle the imagination and the eyes. Nicolas Poussin was gifted with too serious a genius to employ his time in decorating roofs and walls. Sebastien Bourdon, on the other hand, was sure to excel in it. The one only glided over the soul, the other dug to its very deepest foundations.

It is extremely fortunate for the glory and fame of the painter of Montpellier that his paintings in the Hotel of Bretonvilliers have been handed down to us in the admirable engravings of some of his

lyre, and thus attracted a dolphin, which took him on his back, and escaped with him to Cape Tenarus. This is the way that Sebastien Bourdon celebrates the magic power of harmony, by means of an anecdote familiar to every student of that apocryphal lore of gods and goddesses which the ancients have handed down to us in such very beautiful forms, that we forgive the absurdity within for the outward loveliness. A French critic says: "Always occupied with the idea that he must make a picture, and being above everything—a painter, he substitutes for the monotony of traditional emblems a drama full of life, colour, and poetry. Borne upon the back of the wondering dolphin, as upon a living bark, the musician of Lesbos smiles at death, which has been overcome by his songs, and seems to listen to the sound of the murmuring waves more harmonious than his lyre. Afar off we see the ship, whence the poet has been cast into the waves, and we cannot help admiring

how ably the artist has managed to give an antique and noble character to the imaginary construction of the distant ship, which, without this heroic physiognomy, would at once have vulgarised the picture."

Again, he has to paint "Geometry." Instead of remaining chained to conventional tradition, he recalls the history of Archimedes, and seizes the occasion to represent a town on fire, and soldiers, whose unbridled ferocity and wild intoxication contrast in a most effective manner with the sublime tranquillity of the philosopher. All the heroes of classical antiquity are called upon to figure in person, in place of their wearisome attributes and emblematical nonentities, which were so repugnant to the boiling southern genius of our artist. We are indeed led to observe, that the more metaphysical his subject is, the more does he show his ingenuity in giving a striking and energetic form to his ideas. "Astronomy" serves as a pretext to Bourdon to tell us the story of the emperor Hadrian, who, preparing a sacrifice, is astounded to see the lightning strike the altar and cast to the ground the priest and the victim. It would have been hardly possible to invent better materials, to have found more happy and successful outlines, or to unite in a composition of such small size more life and a grander character. The proud, quick, and noble gesture of the emperor, the bull struck by the lightning, the foreshortened figure of the sacrificer—all this is in a savage style, and executed with a vigour which is not far short of genius.

The triumph of Pompey, drawn by Olympian horses, the liberalities of Augustus, casting heaps of sesterces to the Roman people, the celebrated act of Scævola burning the hand that had killed the guard of Porsena instead of Porsena himself, represent "Magnanimity," "Liberality," and "Constancy." All the active and familiar figures in fable and history are presented to us in the place of insipid abstractions, and most amateurs will allow, with considerable success. The allegorical subject of "Painting" is celebrated in a picture which reminds us of the story of Alexander presenting his favourite Campaspe to the great painter Apelles, who, while painting her for the king, has fallen in love with her. It will readily be allowed that the king, the artist, and the lovely heroine of the tale, whose beauty enhances the generosity of Alexander, satisfactorily replace the usual dry mementos (p. 197). In everything we find the subject speaking, animated, alive. Even the cold subject of "Grammar" is clothed in the form of a young woman watering plants, according to an ancient tradition of the imaginative Greeks.

The learned collectors of anecdotes pretend that the authorities of the Church of St. Gervais ordered from Bourdon six pictures destined for the ornament of the nave, which were to recount the history of the "blessed patron of the church and of its friend St. Protais." Bourdon accordingly set to work. But unfortunately for him, as regards the execution of this order, he could not get rid of his Calvinistic feelings; and not being able to abjure his religion, like the accommodating queen of Sweden, he was led, with regard to the pious martyrs whose apotheosis he was painting, to perpetrate certain jokes on their history, which were very offensive to the churchwardens. Bourdon was thanked, and dismissed, the more that his first picture, the "Beheading of St. Protais," did not receive the approbation of the chapter. This picture, which is to be found in the Louvre, is generally considered by Roman Catholics to be worthy of the blame which it received from the worshipful chapter of St. Gervais. The labours of Bourdon were continued by Philippe de Champaigne, Lesueur, and Goulay; and on a candid examination of "St. Gervais refusing to sacrifice to False Gods," we are not led to regret the change from Bourdon to Lesueur, however much we may sympathise with, and comprehend, the very natural feelings of the Calvinist.

The landscapes of Bourdon are not the least important parts of his works. Everybody is familiar with them; everybody has seen a hundred times, in old books and albums, in shop windows and collections, his favourite subject, "The Flight into Egypt" (see p. 196), a landscape in which the grandeur of nature is almost on a par with the elevation of the subject. When we say *nature*, in the strict and philosophical sense of the word, we are wrong; nature certainly does not hold a very high place in these strange and savage compositions, which awaken in us neither the sentiment of

reality nor the image of the ideal. Sebastien Bourdon unfortunately lived at a time when the sentiment of nature had not developed itself in France, at all events in the arts, though it was soon to become the rage in painting, poetry, and prose—on the canvas the fashionable artist, and in the pages of Florian and others, &c. in the end, made nature appear ridiculous. The country, in the eyes of the artists of those days, was but accessory to the figure, the mere amusement of man, the frame in which their thoughts were developed. In those artificial times, certainly no member of the Academy, Le Nain excepted, would have ever thought it possible for a painter's landscape could be anything else but a scene wholly invented, composed to serve as the theatre of one of those fabulous or vulgar dramas which fill up the history of humanity. Less than any one else, could Bourdon escape the universal tendency of the school—he, whose fancy always overpowered every other feeling. His landscapes are, therefore, wholly drawn from his extravagant and sombre imagination. There is none of that warmth which the subject demands, none of that golden eastern glow, which is so essential to successful landscape painting, but which can only be acquired by a visit to southern climes. We find violent and savage horses galloping along a vast plain; brigands dragging along the body of a man whom they have just slaughtered; warriors on the watch, travellers alarmed; or cavaliers galloping away from some startling danger. Sometimes we have Spanish muleteers making their way along difficult roads; but his favourite subject is the "Holy Family," Joseph and Mary flying with their precious burden from the wild rage of His enemies to the land distantly seen beyond the flowing waters. Moreover, despite the introduction of these figures, the landscapes of Sebastien Bourdon always represent uninhabited or uninhabitable countries, dotted here and there with ruins whose presence would be difficult to explain, did we not know what existed in European Turkey, where vast plains, deserted, uncultivated, and abandoned, yet teem with the ruined habitations, often with the crumbling tombs of the millions who once dwelt there. Thus such scenes Bourdon loved to paint—scenes which might once have been beautiful,

"Till, when the ruthless conqueror came
With vengeful sword and eyes of flame,
"Twas from its stately basis hurled,
Where the bulbul all day long
Charms the valley with her song;
And at evening's silent gloom
Sighs above Saadi's tomb.
Now he wanders wide and far,
Along the plains of Istakar,
Whose ruined temples and whose shrines
No longer give the voice of prayer,
But while the Day God brightly shines
His altars lie in ruins there!
Where palaces and tombs are spread,
Sad relics of the mighty dead!
And while he gazes on each scene,
Where pomp and power and wealth have been;
Where costly pearls and rubies shone
Upon the steps of Jemsheed's throne;
The owl within her lonely cell
Sits brooding o'er the pride of kings,
And watches like a sentinel
Above the wreck of human things."

He paints solitary scenes, it is true; but not the melancholy and silent and solemn solitudes of the tender Lesueur, but, on the contrary, savage, broken, terrible solitudes, teeming with all the noises of creation, the fall of heavy waters, the roaring of the bleak wind, the shuddering of the trees, as in the tempests of Guaspere, and now and then the unexpected rolling of chariot wheels over stony roads. And even when agricultural occupations, the labour of the fields, the harvest, and hay-making, became the subject-matter of his landscapes, the rustic figures introduced have a quaint gait, which carries us back to the rudeness of the middle ages, and reminds us neither of what we have seen in real nature, nor even what was painted in this style by the Venetian, Jacques Bassan.

Another remark, which it is essential to make with regard to the somewhat disorderly flights of Sebastien Bourdon's fancy is, that he often forgets the geographical fitness of the scenery, the peculiar

scale—as our friends over the water say—as well as that strict delity to costume to which an artist should adhere when painting historical personages. He was not at all particular or careful in these things, would collect in the same country trees of widely different orders, introduce genuine Egyptian palm-trees amid Italian instructions, and even paint and engrave impossible trees, imaginary bushes, and absurd dwellings.

There are individuals to whom this eccentricity is a charm; it leases certain artists, too, affording them novel and picturesque leas; but it will only seriously seduce and captivate those who refer the scenery of the stage to unadorned and real nature, the oetry of the reign of Charles II. to that of Milton and Shakspeare; he Minerva press to the healthy writings of Scott, Cooper, and Dickens; the ravings of a Reynolds to the truth and satire of a erold; the false, untrue, and theatrical, to the beauty and loveliness f eternal truth.

Supple and varied in the style of his painting, seeking to imitate, now the colours of Lombard artists, now the grave rules of Poussin, now the pomp of Paul Veronese, or the easy elegance of Simon Vouet—doing over again, in fact, for a crowd of masters what, in the beginning, he had done for Claude Lorraine and Benedetto—Sebastien Bourdon naturally applied to various subjects the great liversity of his aptitudes and his characteristics. We find him descending with satisfaction to the interiors of guard-houses in the style of Michael Angelo des Batailles or of John Miel, and to wild gipay scenes in the style of the brothers Le Nain and de Callot. It is quite useless to disguise a fact which any picture-dealer will be able to prove. These little pictures are much more sought after than many of his more ambitious works. The real fact is, that in these pretty and agreeable trifles—delicious little treasures at times—Bourdon is marvellously successful, without, however, having any of that style which, in the Dutch, is *softheid*. He introduced an agreeable mode of colouring into them, a piquancy of style, the general base of which was that fine gray tone which colourists are so fond of—Velasques, for instance, Simeon Chardin, and Dandré Bardon, whose manner no one, according to a critic of the eighteenth century, understood better than Bourdon.

Upon this neutral and soft ground is admirably relieved the brilliant and gaudy rags of his Bohemians, the bright adjustments of his cavaliers, the yellow vests of his old soldiers, or the red feather of a beaver cast carelessly on the ground. The wide-topped boots, the chamois leather gloves, and the buff jerkins also play their part, with drums which serve the soldiers to gamble on with dice. He is also very fond of introducing an old lean horse with outstretched neck, his dirty white crupper brought up by a warm ray of the sun. After carefully studying for so long a time, in antique bas-reliefs, that type of race-horses with swan-like necks that drew the triumphal chariots in ancient Rome, Bourdon suddenly catches a glimpse of a caravan of ragamuffins, and, forgetting all the sublimities of style, caught for a moment by a genuine bit of nature, he paints with energy the lean Roisinante mounted by a knight of sad and rueful countenance, or the injured steed of the company of comedians in the “Comie Romance” of Scarron.

Much is said in the books of art-critics of the engravings of Sebastien Bourdon; and some even go so far as to assert, that they are fit to rank alongside the productions of the best masters in the cabinets of amateurs. Thus carelessly is history written, above all, the history of art, which being on a subject with regard to which few understand much, every attempt at guiding men's minds in the right direction should be strictly correct and impartial. The error arises from the critics of one era copying word for word the ideas and thoughts of those who have preceded them, without ever taking the trouble to think or reflect for themselves in anything like an independent manner. The truth is, that the engravings of the artist of Montpellier are only worthy of being collected and preserved by artists, because they are able to draw from them happy ideas, inspirations, and thoughts; but as works of art to be kept in the portfolios of amateurs, they are very inferior. They are executed with extreme negligence, and could never please men whose taste had been formed by a study of beautiful Italian line engravings, particularly those of the Barocci, the Carracci, and the Benedette. The coarseness of execution which is particularly remarked in the numerous compositions called “The Flight into

Egypt,” is not admissible in pieces of such dimensions. Scratchy lines, when they are done with proper spirit, are tolerable, and are even charming, in little pieces; but plates of the size of a large quarto become dull and heavy when they appear to be scratched as with a sabre, crudely, roughly, inartistically. The roughness, too, is not in keeping with the intention of the style which is visible in the figures. In a picture where the artist takes the trouble to select elegant form, a graceful gait and mien, it is not reasonable for the execution to be so much behind the thought. This is exactly the error of Bourdon. His heads are graceful and pleasing; his Madonnas are extremely pretty, a little in the taste of Parmesan; but their costume and other details display unpardonable negligence. His draperies seem to convey the idea of his having studied them on a stiff lay figure. They never clothed a human form—let it be here remembered that we are speaking of his engravings—and it must be apparent that, without falling into the exaggerated seeking after effect which gives to drapery the appearance of wet linen, sticking here and there on the body, it is well that the form of the human figure be seen, and that the folds should have some object in view. With Bourdon the drapery is in general greatly of that metallic look, that stiff unwieldy conception so often found in the engravings of Albert Durer, without possessing at the same time any of his learned precision. His Virgins are clothed in stiff rags, or in angular cloaks which are exceedingly displeasing to the eye, and which mar the effect of his general picture. His best effects in this line are his trees and his backgrounds, which at times are touched off with considerable delicacy and lightness.

The fine works of Bourdon are not, therefore, these hasty engravings, but rather those which he has touched up with the burin, or some few which he has devoted himself to with more attention, earnestness, and determination to do justice to his subject. His “Halt of the Holy Family” (p. 193) is one of the richest and noblest compositions of the French school. We find in it some of the sublimity of Nicolas Poussin. How admirably the verdure agrees with the buildings, and what an august character does the scene assume from the very solemnity of the landscape! We remark also the ineffable sadness of the Virgin, surrounded by the childish games over which she presides with so much grace; and we take the more notice of this, as it is not common in the work of the painter. The action of the washerwoman, so ardent at work, forms a great contrast with the tranquillity of the maternal group. Even the details of the donkey engaged in eating his thistles, and the ducks playing in the water, add happily and harmoniously to the beauty of the picture, which is a mingling of sacred history with ordinary nature.*

One characteristic feature in Bourdon, another of those things in which he resembles Poussin, is his taste for architecture. With him, as with the Norman painter, the buildings introduced into his compositions hold a very important place. But while, on the one hand, Poussin uses them soberly, and when it is fit they should be used, Bourdon, on the other, abuses this love, and goes so far as to make it an habitual source of composition. Taillasson† has said, with considerable truth, “that one of the things which chiefly characterise the pictures of this master is—the same may be said of his engravings—the habit he has of placing in the foreground architectural remains, and always round forms opposed to square ones. We will suppose that he has too many straight lines in a picture: the broken remains of a column come to his assistance. If he wants to bend or seat one of his figures, to make it assume an attitude at variance with those which are upright, immediately a piece of an old wall, a happy pedestal, starts from the ground at his command. He makes a very picturesque use of the variety of these forms. But besides that the repetition is fatiguing, it takes away the illusion, because it is improbable.”‡

When gazing at the architectural productions of Bourdon, we fancy him an ardent student of antiquity. In his classical subjects may be recognised much, though irregular knowledge of his subject; and especially in his “Seven Charities” are we led to believe him cognizant of much that is described in the following

* This beautiful composition, engraved p. 193, is called by Robert Dumeauil the “Sainte Famille au Lavoir.”

† “Observations sur quelques Grands Peintres.” Paris: 1807.

passage from Heeren : — "The houses of the heroes were large and spacious, and, at the same time, suited to the climate. The court was surrounded by a gallery, about which the bed-chambers were built. There was a direct entrance from the court to the hall, which was the common place of resort; moveable seats stood along the sides of the walls. Everything glistened with brass. On one side was a place of deposit, where the arms were kept. In the background was the hearth, and the seat for the lady of the mansion, when she made her appearance below. Several steps conducted from thence to a higher gallery, near which were the chambers of the women, where they were employed in household labours, especially in weaving. Several outhouses, for the purpose of grinding and baking, were connected with the house; others for the common habitations of the male and female slaves;

all they used from that country.' In his picture of "The Plague," much of this is visible.

There are occasions, however, when architecture is not simply in the pictures of Bourdon, an expedient to produce contrast in line, to balance the masses of colour, or to make the square parts appear less square by opposing them to round ones, and *vice versa*. When this is not the case, his palaces, almost wholly invented of a new and original style of architecture, have all the grand eccentricity of his landscapes and historical subjects. There is a composition by this master, one of those which perished with the Hotel de Bretonvilliers, and which the burin of Bourdon and his pupils has preserved, in which architecture is the object. It bears a singular title, "Magnificencia." Artemisia, surrounded by her women, contemplates the monument which she has erected to



WORKS OF MERCY (HEALING THE SICK).—FROM A PAINTING BY BOURDON.

and also stables for the horses. The stalls for cattle were commonly in the fields. Astonishment is excited by the abundance of metals, both of the precious and baser ones, with which the mansions were adorned, and of which the household utensils were made. The walls glittered with them; the seats were made of them. Water for washing was presented in golden ewers on silver salvers; the benches, arms, utensils, were ornamented with them. Even if we suppose that much, called golden, was only gilded, we still have reason to ask, whence this wealth in precious metals? Homer gives us a hint respecting the silver, when he speaks of it as belonging to Alibi, in the land of the Halizenes. Most of the gold probably came from Lydia, where this metal in later times was so abundant that the Greeks were, for the most part, supplied with

Mausolus. Here the decorator has proved himself to be possessed of extraordinary invention. This monument, of which the model exists nowhere but in the brain of our artist, is composed of three orders of architecture piled one upon another, and is surmounted by a pyramid which, on all sides, presents a flight of steps running from the base to the summit. From the angles of the edifice dart forth four horses in a row, which prance and are kept down with difficulty by the grooms. This immense tomb, which is opened in its lower part by a gallery of the Ionic order, shuts up and closes as it rises in elevation. The second story receives light by arches, which separate pilasters of the Doric order. The third story is without windows, and completely closed up, and it is pleasing to survey the steps ranging round the pyramid and reminding us of the great and majestic stairs which lead to the lower gallery.

The last days of the life of Sebastian Bourdon were absorbed

• "Ancient Greece," by Arnold H. L. Heeren.

ceaseless labour. According to a very excellent authority, the *Dictionnaire des Beaux Arts*, he worked in a sort of garret, where he sometimes remained whole months without coming out. He covered his canvas with unexampled and unceasing activity. Though age had a little softened his natural fire, he preserved enough to have the decoration of a palace confided to him; a kind of painting which, as we have already remarked, so admirably tested his fertility of mind and the rapidity of his brush. Louis V., in fact, confided to him, in company with Nicholas Loir, his oil, and already his rival, the task of decorating some halls of the palace of the Tuilleries, especially some of the lower halls. But Bourdon was unable to finish the task he had undertaken. A violent fever seized him in the month of May, 1671, and carried him off in a few days, at the early age of fifty-five. He died President of the Academy.

There was also a certain Guillerot, whose renown does not seem to have extended very far. Learned men alone are aware that he copied and imitated the landscapes of Bourdon as well as he could.

Felibien, who was the friend of Sebastien Bourdon, speaks with interest of the prodigious facility of this master, whose errors, however, he freely censures, while he is warmed and animated by the fire which animates his works, especially in his youth and riper age. But a writer who appears to have admired Bourdon very much, cannot help expressing his regret "that he did not finish his pictures a little more, and that he did not preserve that boldness and that courage of the mind which gives strength to perfect his invention by constant labour."* We may be allowed to suggest that, perhaps, a greater assiduity would not have corrected the defects of a too ardent imagination. "It is even true," says Felibien,† "that his first thoughts, and what he executed with



THE HALT OF THE HOLY FAMILY.—FROM A PAINTING BY BOURDON.

Bourdon left behind him several daughters, who were very successful painters in the miniature style; and some pupils, who were rather too faithful to the frivolous traditions which he had brought from Italy and spread over France. We have mentioned Nicholas Loir, who was more of a colourist than Bourdon, and Fricquet de Laurose, professor of anatomy in the Academy of Painting, who, more of an engraver than a painter, undertook the task of reproducing the works of his master in line engravings. To these names we must add that of Pierre Mosnier, who was only a heavy Academician, different in this respect from the wit Piron, who wrote his own epitaph:

Cy-git Piron
Qui ne fut rien,
Pas même Academicien.

the least finish, were the works which were often more successful than those which he tried to work up more completely; because at the first outset, the fire of his imagination supplied him with the power to satisfy the eyes; but when he tried to paint a subject completely, he stopped short, and could never successfully carry it to the point it should have reached. In this way, by too careful a work, he obscured his first ideas, rather than rendered them clear and beautiful. This has often been noticed with regard to portraits from his pencil. For, whatever pains he took to complete a head, it was noticed that the more he sought to reach the

* Taillasson, "Observations sur quelques grands Peintres."

† "Entretiens sur la Vie et les Ouvrages des plus excellents Peintres. Part V. Paris, 1688."

natural and the likeness, the more it fled before him, because he did not sufficiently comprehend the first principles of his art."

We are told, on the subject of this marvellous improvisatorial power of the painter of Montpellier, that one day he laid a wager to finish, in a day's work, twelve heads of the size of life, and that he won his wager. We are credibly informed that they were by no means the worst heads produced by his fertile pencil. So much power of prompt conception and quick painting was partly owing to a very dangerous faculty for an artist to possess—memory. Bourdon had seen everything and forgotten nothing. His head was like one of those museums, in which are collected all the finest pieces of every school of painting. Hence his reminiscences, sometimes flagrant, sometimes faint, sometimes happy, sometimes disjointed, ineffective, and dissonant.

We could point out many of these evident and marked instances of memory, in a series otherwise so beautiful, "The Seven Deeds of Mercy," the originals of which are in this country, the engravings everywhere, one of which we reproduce (p. 192), under the title of "Works of Mercy." Raphael, Poussin, and Hannibal Carracci, are all laid under contribution. Here we have a figure of the "Incendie del Borgo" taken wholesale; here is a complete copy of the Germanicus of Poussin. The masterpieces of Bologna and those of Venice bend in turn to the caprices of the French painter. But we must be just. These diverse reminiscences Bourdon makes his own. Figures, gestures, attitudes, everything which from all sides comes to his memory, he unites, he "marries" together, and introduces them to his fiery canvas, which, after all, is improvisation—original eclecticism, if we may associate these two words which have so little right to meet together. Sebastian Bourdon stamps with his effigy the treasures he has pilfered here and there, and it may be said that his work is a melting down of Italian coins.

From Sebastian Bourdon to Nicolas Poussin, there is apparently but a little interval; but that interval is the magic abyss of genius. Imagination, wit, memory—these are, doubtless, very fine qualities in a painter. But there must be added to them that profound sentiment, that sublime reason, that judgment, which Poussin calls *Le Rameau d'or de Virgile que nul ne peut cueillir, s'il n'est conduit par le destin*.* The golden branch was what Sebastian Bourdon wanted, to take the very first rank in the French school. There are too many thoughts with a want of judgment, they become scattered and without guide, just as the slavish multitude of whom Tacitus speaks, who finding themselves without masters, were struck with terror and alarm—*Vulgus sine rectore paridum, socors!*

Bourdon, as we have said, is not known by his pictures alone; amateurs of a certain class admire him also for etchings and engravings. D'Argenville only attributes forty to him, but the number must be raised to forty-four, and the description of them may be found in the excellent work of M. Robert Dumesnil, "*Le Peintre-Graveur Français*." To this the learned student is referred; we shall confine ourselves to the best of the pieces:—

OLD TESTAMENT.—"The Return of Jacob," "The Seven Works of Pity," a continued series of pieces in Roman figures, with the following titles:—"Esurientes pascere;" "Potare sitientes;" "Hospitio exipere (excipere) advenas;" "Vestire nudos;" "Ægros curare;" "Liberare captivos;" "Sepelire mortuos." These seven works, engraved and known by the above names, were copies of seven pictures which are now in England. They are his finest productions. There is in them great nobility in the arrangement of the figures and in the lines, but the details are unfinished and sacrificed to the dignity of the figures. The expression we should expect to meet, the evangelical tenderness of the sacred text which the painter has sought to translate, are replaced by a somewhat grand eccentricity, by a marked and striking style which astonishes and pleases. "The Works of Mercy," filled as they are with reminiscences, have become a potent source of inspiration for subsequent artists, they have, in fact, been copied by L. Audran—a fact which demonstrates their success.

NEW TESTAMENT.—"The Angelic Salutation;" "The Visitation;" "The Annunciation to the Shepherds."

* That golden branch of Virgil, which nobody can pick, unless he is led on by destiny.

HOLY FAMILIES.—Oval pieces.—"The Virgin;" "The Virgin and the Curtain."

FULL-LENGTH PIECES.—"The Virgin and Book;" "The Virgin of 1649;" "The Infant Christ trampling on Sin;" "The Flight into Egypt;" another "Flight into Egypt."

LARGE PIECES.—"The Holy Family and St. Catherine;" "The Virgin of the Terrace;" "The Virgin and the Bird;" "The Dream of Joseph;" "The Angel advising St. Joseph;" "Flight into Egypt;" another "Flight into Egypt;" "Halt in Egypt;" "Return from Egypt;" "The Holy Family and Angels;" "The Holy Family and the Washerwoman;" "The Baptism of the Eunuch."

SCENES.—Two pieces in the style of Pierre de Laer, not numbered.—"The Poor resting," "The Child drinking."

LANDSCAPES, chiefly with subjects from the Old and New Testament. These form a series of twelve, not figured, and to which the catalogue of M. Robert Dumesnil gives no name, but of which there is a full description.

There are three apocryphal pieces attributed to Bourdon:—

1. "The Holy Family," in an octagon frame. This piece has been recognised to be the work of Jean Miel, in the excellent catalogue of Rossi, picture-dealer at Rome, in 1700, in which we find this line:—"Intaglio d'acquaforte di Giovanni Miele."

2. "The Holy Family," full length, which M. Robert Dumesnil supposes to be by Cars, who is simply called the publisher of it.

3. "The Virgin beneath an Arch," which is believed to have been executed by Mariette.

The engravings of Bourdon show the power of his talent in many respects; but, as we have had occasion to remark, they are rough and want finish. The extremities of his figures want correction and delicacy. His heads are marked by distinctness, and his Virgins are admirable in their attitudes.

With regard to the engravings which have been executed after Sebastian Bourdon, there are many of very mediocre character, and a few only that are worthy of being admired. Amongst these may be quoted those of Van Schuppen, Natalia, Polilly, Pitau, Buhner, and Nanteuil.

The last-mentioned engraved one, admirably, as usual, of the Queen of Sweden, which is known by having the following verses at the bottom:—

"Christine peut donner des lois,
Aux cœurs des vainqueurs les plus braves,
Mais la terre a-t-elle des rois,
Qui soient dignes d'en être esclaves?"*

The first proofs of this fine portrait have a full stop at the end of the verses; the second have a note of interrogation, in the first an S; the third have the ordinary note of interrogation.

Natalis engraved, after Bourdon, some valuable plates; especially "A Holy Family with Angels;" "The Marriage of St. Catherine;" and "The Virgin, with the Infant Christ asleep." In the first proofs of this work the bosom of the Virgin is not covered.

Van Schuppen has engraved "The Virgin and Dove," in a brilliant style, the first proofs of which are before the drapery made to cover the child. At public sales these fetch over £3.

Picard le Romain, Boydel, and Barlom, also engraved after Bourdon; and the enumeration of these engravings is to be found in the catalogue of Branda.

Bryan mentioned among the celebrated prints, which "are esteemed by the judicious collector":—

"Jacob returning to his country in the absence of Laban."

"Rebecca meeting the servant of Abraham."

"The Ark sent back by the Philistines to the Bethshemites;" scarce.

The drawings of Bourdon, says D'Argenville, are full of a delightful fire and freedom. The strokes are generally executed in lead pencil; sometimes in red chalk; and, on rare occasions, with a pen, and a slight wash of Indian ink, bistre, Indian blue, or red chalk, relieved with white; he has also, sometimes, watered the work with black lead and white chalk. He has left several

* This effusion by Scudery means: "Christina is able to rule the hearts of the bravest conquerors. But are there on earth kings worthy to be her slaves?"

landscapes in water body colour, very effective, though much inferior. The drawings of this painter are recognised by his heads, his singular head-dresses, and the extremities, which are heavily neglected.

As for the numerous paintings of Bourdon, they must be sought rather in churches than in museums. We have been unable to find a trace of a picture by this master, which is mentioned in the *ridgement* of D'Argenville, and which it would be curious to find. "Some business," says his biographer, "took him to Montpellier; and during the short stay he made, Bourdon executed several large pictures, and numerous family portraits. A tailor of this town, seeing the artist, whom he knew not to be rich, sent him, by an intermediary named Francis, a complete suit of clothes, with a red cap and cloak. Bourdon made him a present in return of his own portrait, dressed in the same dress, with the same cap, and painted Francis alongside him. This painter looking upon it as a very fine production, made a copy, which he gave to the tailor, and kept the original."

It would be interesting if any tidings could be had of this picture, and we should be glad to learn that some of our learned readers are able to furnish the information.

The Museum of the Louvre has nine pictures by this master:—

1. "Noah offering a Sacrifice to God after leaving the Ark." Valued at £320.

2. "The Halt of the Holy Family." Valued at £320.

3. "Holy Family." Valued at £12.

4. "Christ and the little Children." Valued at £160.

5. "Christ taken down from the Cross." No value is set on this; at the time of the estimation being made, this picture was, nevertheless, in some Paris church.

6. "The Crucifixion of St. Peter." Various estimates at 400 and £600.

7. "Julius Caesar before the Tomb of Alexander," a picture in the style of Poussin. Valued at £140.

8. "A halt of Gipsies." Valued at £140.

9. "The Portrait of Sebastien Bourdon." He is seated, and holds in his hands the head of Caracalla. Estimated at £80 and £100.

These are all that are found in the "Handbook of 1847." But in examining the new French galleries of the Louvre, we find no other portrait, and two other *Bambochades* of Bourdon, in the style of Jean Miel and also *Le Nain*, in a gray tone, which would be agreeable if it was not too uniform.

It appears to us that the connoisseurs, who in general underrate the real value, have here given it too high.

The Louvre also possesses some drawings of Bourdon, more precious even than his paintings.

We remark amongst these, studies for the "Crucifixion of St. Peter," and the repetition of the same subject with changes.

"Tobias burying one of the Children of Israel by Torchlight;" a drawing washed over pencil and touched up with white.

"The Apparition of the Saviour and the Père Éternel granting his prayers of St. Roch;" a drawing with the pen touched up with white.

The "Portrait of the Author," after that which he painted in his picture of "Simon the Magician."

The "Adoration of the Magi," drawn with a pen, coloured, in the collection of Mariette.

In the native town of Sebastien Bourdon, there are some fine works of this master. The following are contained in the Fabre Museum at Montpellier.

1. "The Portrait of a General."

2. "A Landscape," a very large composition, but not equal in conception to its size.

3. "Landscape crossed by a River."

4. "Discovery of the body of St. Theresa."

The three last pictures were given to the town by the founder of the museum, M. Fabre.

5. "A Halt of Gipsies," gift of M. Valedot, of Paris.

6. "A Descent from the Cross," a little picture, presented to the museum by the government.

7. "Portrait of a Spaniard." This was formerly in the mayor's house at Montpellier.

8. "Portrait of Bourdon with the head of Caracalla." A copy from that of the Louvre, by M. Feroggio, jun., a pupil of the academy of Montpellier.

In the Museum of Grenoble, is "The Continence of Scipio." This picture formerly formed a part of the gallery of the Hotel of Bretonvilliers, of which we have already spoken. It was placed over one of the chimneys of that hotel. In 1811, it was given to the Museum of Grenoble by the imperial government.—In that of Toulouse, "The Martyrdom of St. Andrew." This painting is well painted, and is not wanting in style.—In the Museum of Lille, "A Car supported by Angels."

The paintings of Sebastien Bourdon which are found in the Museum of the Louvre are not signed. The signature which is preserved of this painter, is taken from the records of the old academy of painting, of which he was the rector.

C A I N.

A TALE OF THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERY.

I HAD already made some progress in the study of painting, when I went over, about sixteen years ago, to France, for the purpose of self-improvement amid the priceless treasures of art amassed in queenly Paris.

For some weeks after my arrival I roamed from gallery to gallery, from church to church—dreaming, hoping, worshipping. I spent long days in the Louvre. To me it was a sacred, almost an awful place; and I well remember how I often stood gazing into the golden glooms of a Rembrandt, or lost myself amid the classic groves and airy distances of a Claude, till the quick tears of boyish enthusiasm blinded the picture from my sight.

It was a happy, happy season of hope and wonder. I have long since resigned all ideas of painting as a profession, but I shall always deem those years of student-life as the pleasantest of my existence.

It was strange, but I allowed almost a month to pass away before I visited the collection at the Luxembourg. Many events combined to occasion this delay. My lodgings were situated in a street branching off the Boulevard Montmartre, quite at the north of Paris, and consequently distant enough from the palace of Marie de' Medici; I had seen the Louvre first, and there was a daily fascination in its portals that I could not resist; I was devoted to the old school of painting, and I knew that the Luxembourg was principally filled with the works of modern artists; in short, it was only by resolutely appointing a day in my own mind that I at last accomplished what I felt to be a visit of duty. I went to Paris with the intention of copying some of the masterpieces of ancient art there assembled; but as yet I had not touched a pencil. Oppressed with the splendour of the Grand Musée, I had wandered from painting to painting, unable to choose where everything was perfection. Now I resolved upon "La Belle Jardinière" of Raffaele; now I was tempted by the youthful beauty of the conquering David, and again by the marvellous grouping and the vivid life of the "Nessus and Dejanira" of Guido. Sometimes a painting of the Italian, and sometimes one of the Flemish school reigned paramount—but only for a day.

I was in this state of luxurious, indolent uncertainty, when one superb morning in June I visited the gallery of the Luxembourg. There had been rain, and the bright drops were yet glittering on the flowers and quivering on the broad leaves of the acacias. The sky was blue and sunny overhead; the dancing fountains, the graceful statues—white among the trees—the glass dome of the Observatoire, and the stately summit of the Invalides, all looked

glad and golden in the radiant summer light, as I entered from the Rue de Vaugirard and turned reluctantly from the sight of so much joyousness and beauty into the low portal leading to the upper apartments of the palace. Listlessly I passed through the first of these, pausing but briefly now and then before some of the more striking works of Delaroche or Vernet. At last, in an obscure corner of a small and ill-lighted room, my eyes fell upon a picture that completely rivetted my attention. The subject was, "Cain after the Murder of Abel;" the artist's name, Camille Prévost. Never shall I forget the sensations with which I first beheld that dark and fearful painting, or the haunting expression stamped upon

crime, about it that fascinated me with horror. There was a look almost of madness, in the ghastly face of Cain, the drops of sweat seemed starting on his brow, his tangled locks were knotted like the serpents of the Medusa, and an unearthly meaning in the dilated pupils of his eyes appeared to tell of some strange vision passing before them.

The very sea looked thick and lifeless—the distant trees were like funereal plumes.

How long I remained there I know not; but four o'clock came, and the notice for withdrawal was uttered by the guardians, and I was still standing before the picture.



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.—FROM A PAINTING BY BOURDON.

the haggard countenance of the world's first fratricide. He stood upon a bold massy rock forming the brink of a precipice. His head was partly turned, and his wild guilty stare fixed full upon me. The red sun was setting behind a gloomy forest on the horizon; the sky was blood-like, and its sanguine hues were reflected in a copper-coloured glare upon the stagnant ocean far away; a glittering snake was gliding beneath a group of loathesome weeds in the foreground; and a distant vulture hovering in the air seemed to scent the first outpouring of human blood.

But the design, powerful as it was, formed the least part of the picture. There was a wondrous unity, an atmosphere of death and

When I went out, the bright glory of the summer afternoon offended my eyes: I chose a shady avenue amid the trees, and there paced to and fro, still thinking of it. Evening came; I went into a neighbouring restaurateur's, but I had no appetite for the dinner placed before me—I stepped into one of the theatres, but the laughter, the music, the lights, were all insupportable to me—I went home to my books, but I could not read—to bed, but sleep forsook me.

All night the picture was before me, and early the next morning I found myself again at the entrance to the palace. I came too early, and I paced about with feverish impatience till the hour

assistance. Once more I spent the entire day before the painting resolved to copy it. The next day was occupied in the purchases necessary for my task, and a week elapsed before I was able to commence; but in the mean time I had paid many visits to the gallery.

Once established there with my easel, I became utterly absorbed in the subject. I got the general effect in the first few days, but longed to reach that point of finish when the nameless expression of the whole should be my employment.

of a candle unshaded, and was not able to pour out a glass of water without spilling it.

This was but the first stage of my disease. The second was still more distressing. A morbid fascination now seemed to bind me to the picture. My identity of being became merged in the canvas, and I felt as if I could no longer live away from it. Cain became to me as a living man, or something more than man, having possession of my will, and transfixing me with the bright horror of his eyes. At night, when the gallery was closed, I used to linger round the



PAINTING.—FROM A PAINTING BY BOURDON.

Gradually, this picture acquired over me a strange mysterious power; I began to dread it, and yet I felt how impossible it would be for me to leave it. Weeks passed on, and I was sensible of a great alteration in myself. My youthful gaiety of heart, my ambition, my peace of mind was gone. My health suffered—I lost appetite and rest. My nerves were painfully overwrought; I started at the slightest sound, and trembled at the merest excitement. Excepting while in the very act of painting, my hand had lost its steadiness and my eye its certainty. I could not endure even the light

precincts of the palace; and when at last, worn with mental and physical fatigue, I went home and tried to sleep, I lay awake and restless all the long night; or, starting from visions of the picture, woke but to dream again.

Let it not be supposed that I yielded myself a willing victim to this mental suffering. Far from it. I strove to subdue, to fight against it. I wrestled with my delusion, I reasoned, I combated, but in vain. It was too strong for me alone, and I had no friend, not even an acquaintance in whom I could confide, in all that city.

I was young—I was imaginative—I was impressionable—the place was new, and the language all around was foreign to my ears. I might die, and there would be none to weep for me. I might go mad—ah! that was the thing I dreaded—thither I was tending—what should I do? Write to my friends in England? Impossible, for of what disease could I complain? I might leave Paris? Alas! my power of volition was gone. I was the slave of the picture, and though it were death, I felt I must remain.

Matters were at this crisis—and I devoutly believe that my reason was tottering fast—when a young man, somewhat older than myself, took his station in the same room, and began copying an altarpiece at a short distance from me. His presence gave me great uneasiness; I was no longer alone with my task, and I dreaded interruption. At first he seemed disposed to open an acquaintance with me, but my evident disinclination repulsed his advances, and our civilities were soon limited to a bow of recognition on entering or leaving the room.

He was very quiet and respected my taciturnity, so I shortly ceased even to remember that he was in the same apartment. I may observe that his name was M. Achille Désiré Leroy.

It was useless, as well as painful, for me to analyse more minutely the monomania that possessed me. Each day it became less endurable, and each day found me more than ever incapable of resistance. The whole thing wears now, in my memory, the aspect of a dream—long, terrible, vivid, but still a dream. Even while subjected to it, I felt as one walking in sleep.

At last the time came when I could no longer bear it. It was a dark, oppressive day; and a tempest seemed brooding in the air. The atmosphere of the gallery was warm and close—the bright, bright eyes of Cain seemed to eat into my soul; I felt suffocated; my head swam; my brain was wildly throbbing; my fingers refused to obey, and the pencil fell upon the floor.

I staggered back, dropped into a chair, and, uttering a suppressed groan, covered my face with my hands.

A light touch on my shoulder roused me. It was M. Leroy.

"Come, mon ami," he said in a compassionate tone, "you are not well, and a turn in the gardens below will restore you. Here is your hat; now take my arm, and let us go."

I was passive as a child, and did as he desired. He led me out among the trees, and sought a bench in a retired spot, where we sat down. I had not yet spoken; and, after a few moments' pause, he began.

"I have been observing you," he said, "for some days; and I see that you need a change of occupation. That picture of Prévost's is not a very lively subject for a nervous man to work upon, and it has a bad effect upon you. Take my advice, Monsieur B——, and give it up."

"Alas," I said hopelessly, "I cannot!"

"Cannot? Ah, my dear sir, that is a delusion. A man can do anything he wills. There is nothing impossible in art or science. There is no difficulty, real or imaginary, physical or moral, which can long maintain its ground against resolution. A resolution, Monsieur, is the most powerful agent in the world."

"No," I said, "there is something more powerful still."

"And that is —"

"Fate."

My companion laughed aloud. A bright, cheery, ringing laugh, such as I used to utter myself two months previously.

"Very well," he said, holding out his hand to me with an air of cordial kindness that was quite irresistible; "I will be your fate, and I will not loose my hold upon you till I accomplish your cure. It is of no avail to refuse the services of your doctor—remember, he is your fate; and against that, you confess, it is useless to strive."

He rose, and, making me take his arm, walked briskly into a neighbouring thoroughfare. There he called a fiacre, drove to the Boulevard des Italiens, and, taking me into one of the most brilliant *cafés* of that quarter, ordered a somewhat extravagant repast to be served.

"A generous diet is your best medicine," he said gaily, as he filled the sparkling champagne, and nodded my health.

Well, he would not permit me to bear the least share of the expense; but when seven o'clock arrived, he insisted on my accompanying him to the Théâtre Gymnasé; thence we returned

to my apartments, where he left me, announcing his intention of visiting me early the next morning.

I slept better than I had done for many months, and had but just risen the following day when M. Leroy arrived. He had an overcoat on his arm and a small carpet-bag in his hand.

"Good morning, M. B——," he said, as pleasantly as ever "are you ready to start?"

"Perfectly," I replied; "but may I ask where to?"

"Certainly. To Melun, first of all, and then to Fontainebleau. We shall be absent about eight or ten days; and at the end of that time, Monsieur B——, —by the way, what is your Christian name?"

"Frank," I replied; "but, really I —"

"By the end of that time, as I was observing, Frank, we shall both be the better for our journey, as regards health and spirits."

"Upon my word, Mr. Leroy, I am afraid —"

"Come, come, Frank," interrupted my new friend, not suffering me to remonstrate, "we must really lose no time in talking. The train starts at ten o'clock, and you have not anything packed. Where is your carpet-bag?"

And thus, hurried out of my resolution and self-possession, I found myself in the course of half an hour on the road to Fontainebleau, and inextricably captured by my "Fate."

We went, as he had proposed, to Melun; and from thence proceeded on foot to Fontainebleau, where we remained for more than a week, visiting the splendours of the palace; wandering for long days in the vast forest, and sketching the ravines, valleys, and tree-clad slopes, in which that most picturesque region is so abundant. Here we saw the Weeping Rock, and had a picnic at the Hermitage of Franchard. In short, at the end of ten days we turned towards home; and when we entered Paris, laden with plants, crystals, and sketches, I was perfectly recovered.

The next day we went to the Luxembourg together. The picture had lost its terrible fascination for me; but I shuddered once more as I stood before it.

"Decidedly, Frank, this 'Cain' is not good for you," said my companion, who was attentively regarding me. "Let us both go to the Louvre and copy Titian's 'Mistress.' Nothing could be a finer study. You shall entrust me with the sale of your copy to Prévost; and if you follow my advice, you will never look at either of them again. I will send a porter to-morrow for our property, and there will be an end of the whole. Now, come out with me into the gardens, and I will tell you something about this picture, and why I was so resolute to tear you away from it."

We went out. He chose a pleasant seat beneath the trees, in front of the principal fountain, and thus began:

"Camille Prévost was the younger of two brothers—I knew him intimately—and their father was a *négociant* of moderate fortune. He died; and following the dictates of an unjust partiality, left everything in the hands of Hippolyte, the elder brother; so that Camille had to depend entirely upon his profession as an artist. Neither of them was an amiable man. Hippolyte was an execrable man of business, prudent, cold, crafty—Camille was sullen, violent in temper, and somewhat of a misanthrope. After the death of old Prévost I seldom visited Hippolyte; and had I not met Camille almost daily in the Louvre and at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, I have little doubt that our acquaintance would altogether have ceased. Unloveable as he was, Camille could love, and that passionately. Men of his disposition love but once—they are frequently jealous, exacting, even harsh to the objects of their attachment; but the feeling has its roots in the inmost depths of their being. The lady on whom Camille centred his affections, was by birth a cousin, and by chance a neighbour. Mademoiselle Dumeuil was remarkably beautiful, and possessed a considerable dowry. She was an orphan, and shared her home with an aunt, who was sufficiently advanced in life to act as her chaperone. Camille Prévost was a proud man, and one who could not endure to owe all to the bounty of a wife. He avowed his love, was favourably received, and resolving to make at least some name, and to render himself worthy of the lady's hand and fortune, he left Paris for Rome, and there applied himself so sedulously to his art, that he carried off not only several prizes from the Italian academies, but, on forwarding to Paris a painting of especial merit, he obtained the title of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

"When he received intelligence of this distinction, he returned.

"Those who knew him in Rome said, that reserved and taciturn he was, the arrival of this news seemed to overwhelm him with

He gave a farewell entertainment to his fellow-students, and, for the first time in his life, hospitable, and almost cordial. Before a fortnight had elapsed he was in Paris; but if his absence had been fortunate in one way, it had been fatal in another; if he had gained fame, he had lost happiness.

"Mademoiselle Dumesnil was married to his brother.

"Totally unprepared for the blow, he had hastened to her *Hôtel* immediately upon his arrival. He asked for Mademoiselle Dumesnil, and was told that Madame Prévost was within. He entered, and found her in her boudoir reading the last new novel by Dumas, his brother, in his dressing-gown and slippers, sipping his morning chocolate on the opposite side of the table. Hippolyte had played his cards well, and while Camille was toiling day and night in his Roman *atelier*, the more fortunate and less scrupulous elder stepped in, and borne away the bride and her twenty thousand *res* of dowry.

"The lady received him as if there had never been any affection understanding between them. Hippolyte affected to welcome his brother with delight, and pressed him to make the *Hôtel Prévost* his home whenever he was in Paris. Camille disguised his rage and disappointment under an impenetrable mask of silent liteness. He neither wept nor stormed. He was outwardly cold and cynical as ever, and did not betray by word or glance the emotions that were boiling at his heart. When he withdrew, after brief stay of scarcely half an hour, Monsieur and Madame Prévost flattered themselves that he had forgotten all the circumstances of his early passion.

"Three years travel and application, *ma chère*," said the husband, as he put on his gloves for his daily ride in the Bois de Boulogne, "make wonderful havoc in a lover's memory."

"About a week afterwards the body of M. Prévost was found murdered in one of the retired *contre-allées* of the wood, with his horse standing beside him. He had been shot through the head.

"No suspicion attached to any one—there were no traces of the assassin—the police were completely baffled in their investigations, and after a while the event was forgotten. Camille, who had inherited the bulk of his brother's property, continued to follow his profession with great industry, and many said that he would now, with all probability be united to the fair and wealthy widow; but no, he never re-entered the *Hôtel Prévost*, and it was at last rumored that he had made a vow to see and speak with her no more.

"About this time he began his last and finest painting—'Cain, after the murder of Abel.' It is not necessary for me to describe to you the merits of this wonderful composition, for you, Frank, of all men, except the artist, can best appreciate them.

"Ever since his return from Italy, Camille Prévost had sunk deeper and deeper into a dark and sullen melancholy. He had always been misanthropic, but now he seemed to shun all contact with his fellow-creatures. He was never seen to cross the threshold of his door, and it was said that he worked all day, and nearly all night upon his picture; and during this time his despondency increased continually. People said that the murder of his brother had given a painful shock to his feelings; but whether it was so, or whether the fearful subject, and still more fearful working up of the 'Cain,' dwelt too forcibly upon his imagination, as in your case, I cannot tell. At all events he became subject to paroxysms of nervous terror, at which times he would scream aloud, as if unable to bear the sight of the painting, and once or twice was recovered insensible at the foot of the easel. His servant, on one of these occasions, called in the assistance of a medical man, who, on the artist's recovery, endeavoured, but without avail, to induce him to desist from art for awhile, and try the effect of change of air and scene. Camille, with the fatal obstinacy of his disposition, refused to listen, and treated the doctor with so much rudeness that his visit was repeated no more.

"At last the painting was finished, and has since obtained a place on the walls of the Luxembourg. Doubtless, it will one day be to use the words of the catalogue—receive a last and honourable asylum in the galleries of the Louvre, where it will take a place

beside its illustrious predecessors, and continue the History of French Art."

"But the artist!" I exclaimed, when Leroy had finished speaking; "what became of the artist?"

We had some little time since risen from our seat in the gardens, and were now walking arm-in-arm through some of the quiet old-fashioned streets of the Faubourg St. Germain. As I spoke we arrived just in front of the heavy wooden gates of a large private mansion in the Rue de Mont Parnasse. To my surprise Leroy, without replying to my question, raised the heavy knocker, and on the *concierge* presenting himself in answer to his summons, we were instantly admitted.

Leroy seemed known to all there, for when we met a plainly-dressed livery-servant in the courtyard, the man touched his hat and conversed for some moments in an under tone with my companion. He then preceded us up the steps and into the house, where we were received by an elderly gentleman dressed in a complete suit of black, who shook hands politely with Leroy, and desired the servant to conduct the gentlemen to the east wing.

Everything in this house seemed so silent and oppressive that even Leroy's usual spirits had forsaken him. Since we had reached the door he had not addressed a single word to me, and something appeared to restrain me from even repeating my unanswered question.

The servant led us, silently and swiftly, through several long corridors, and stopped at last before a door thickly clamped with iron. I had observed in this gallery that the doors were all secured in a similar manner.

He drew a key from his pocket, unlocked it, and motioned us to enter. We were in a small sitting-room, neatly but plainly furnished. There was a bookcase at one end and an easel with a half-finished painting (a wretched fantastic daub, by the way) at the other. The window, like the door, was secured with iron bars.

There were strange sounds in the inner room, I thought, as our guide, still preceding us, went over and entered.

A strange sight, though, met my eyes when I followed him. A raving madman strapped upon a bed, cursing the attendant by his side, laughing, yelling, and crying aloud that *he, he* was Cain, and the murderer of his brother!

"There is the artist, Frank," said Leroy, pointing to the bed, "there is Camille Prévost. This is one of his violent moods. That fatal picture drove one painter mad, my poor boy, and I was determined that it should not do so by another."

"But did he really murder his brother?" I asked, as I turned away pale and shuddering.

"God only knows," said my friend, solemnly, "and He alone can judge the culprit now. Jealousy is a dreadful passion. Pray to Him that you may never know its misery."

THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.

ONE of the effects of the present happy union between two nations which should have ever been joined happily in almost marital connexion, has been the foundation of "an Exhibition in London of the productions of the most popular artists of France," which it is hoped "must greatly contribute to augment the esteem of the British public for the French school."

Under the direction of a visiting committee, consisting of two celebrated English artists, Messrs. Stanfield and MacLise, and four other gentlemen more or less connected with art, this Exhibition, the first of its kind, has been opened at No. 121, Pall Mall, opposite the Opera colonnade.

The various specimens of the French masters there exhibited are not very numerous (there are but 195 pictures catalogued, a few others appear since to have been added), nor do we believe them to form by any means a fair criterion of the power and ability of artistic France. Still they are decidedly worthy and interesting, and in a few cases, such as the "Delaroche and Ary Scheffer," works of genius which could not be surpassed by any other nation.

The most noticeable thing which strikes the visitor unaccustomed

to French pictures, is the want of that glowing colour which peculiarly distinguishes the English, and also the excellent drawing almost everywhere prevalent, an excellence unfortunately not observable in every English picture. There is also, here, a large preponderance of conversational cabinet pictures, beautifully drawn, and imagined with great delicacy, but wanting in force and colour.

Another peculiarity is the arrangement of the numbers, which are not consecutive upon the walls, but stuck about in the oddest manner possible, No. 1 being next to 45, and the next to 102, and so on. Upon consulting the catalogue, the visitor finds that all pictures by the same artist have consecutive numbers; but the pictures being of various sizes, and thus requiring to be separated, the numbers attached thus appear as if they had come up in a lottery.

(No. 6), "Repose," by Henri Baron, is almost familiarised to the reader from his acquaintance with the artist's illustrations upon wood. It is a pleasing design, of good colour.

(No. 7), "The Rose-coloured Domino," by Joseph Beaume, an artist of standing, and celebrated in Paris, is the very best specimen of portrait painting, both as to finish, colour, and grace, in the exhibition. The work in question is, indeed, of very high-class merit.

(No. 10), "Madame Du Barry consulting Cagliostro on her Destiny," by François Braid, is rather distinguished for its subject than for its treatment.

(No. 13), "Gulliver in the island of Brobdingnag—microscopic studies of plants in the forest of Fontainebleau," by the same artist, is worthy to be classed with any eccentric absurdity ever perpetrated by a painter. It is absurd because it travels out of the region of art. An immense canvas is covered with gigantic leaves and flowers, insects, etc., which almost hide Gulliver, who in relation to them is a pigmy, and who seeks to escape from an immense hand, which, with part of a face, far bigger than that

"Of Memphian sphinx,
Pedestalled, haply, in some palace court,
When rages looked to Egypt for their lore,"

is shown in a corner of the picture ready to pounce upon him. Had this been the only picture by Braid, we should have been inclined to speak but slightly of him. (No. 14) however, "The Interior of a Custom-house," with an enraged lady, whose bonnet has been completely sacrificed by the douaniers, and several other victims of these intelligent officers, affords us one of the few pictures which are provocative of mirth, and at the same time artistic. The picture before us is full of very high comedy, and although hilarious in the highest degree, and perfectly true to nature, is by no means coarse.

(No. 43), "The Portrait of the Emperor on Horseback," by Alfred de Dreux, is admirable, not only as a portrait, but as a work of art. The position is spirited and free; the drawing of the horse might be improved.

(No. 46), "An Arab Woman," by Auguste Delacroix, is a fine study, remarkable for its colour.

Paul Delaroche, one of the greatest of French artists, not only of the present day, but also of all time, is represented here by four specimens from his pencil. (No. 49), "The Great Artists of the Revival," which seems to be a sketch of the composition painted in fresco in the hemicycle of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris, and which is scarcely within our province; (No. 50), "The Death of the Duc de Guise;" (No. 50*), "Napoleon at Fontainebleau;" and (No. 51), "The Burgomaster's Family," a sepia drawing. Of these "The Death of the Duc de Guise" is the chief. It is the property of the Duc d'Aumale, and is a work of art of the highest class, at the same time that it is of the most ambitious kind—the historical. The stiffening corpse of Guise, lying with glazed eyes and matted hair; the whispering group of assassins, one of whom is sheathing his sword; the approach of the king, who draws back the arras with a guilty look, are all excellent. The grouping and attitudes are true to nature, and by no means exaggerated. The costume and details of the picture accurate and most carefully painted. The *chiaroscuro* is especially remarkable, everything being perfectly distinct in the darkened gloom of the vast chamber. This

picture has been now painted some twenty years, and criticism on so well known and valued a work of art may, therefore, be somewhat supererogatory.

Louis Devidoux, pupil of Paul Delaroche, contributes two specimens of paintings, which are both excellent in colour, but which are destroyed by the subject; they are (No. 52), "The Chinese Guitarist," in which a not ungraceful Chinese woman is represented as playing upon that instrument, and (No. 53), a pendant to the foregoing. The high cheekbones, and the transverse position of the eye betokening the Mongolian race, render the pictures so opposed to ideas of beauty formed in an European school, that we look upon these rather as curiosities than works of art.

(No. 54) and (No. 56), "Cupid and the Graces," and the "Woodcutter's Family," quite stand out from amongst the surrounding pictures; the colour being remarkably beautiful, very much in the manner of the best productions of Titian. They are painted by Diaz, an artist who has studied much in Rome.

Of (No. 67), "Cows and Landscape," and (No. 67*), another "Landscape," by the same artist, Raymond Rebrat, we can say little favourably. In truth, the French do not by any means excel in landscape. Not so, however, in cabinet conversational pictures, of which the next thirteen pictures in the catalogue, from No. 68 to No. 80, are excellent examples. The four first, "Consulting Cards;" "A Young lady;" "Meditation;" and "A Page," are by Jean Fauvelet, a pupil of Lacour. The remainder are by Eugene Fichel, pupil of Drolling and Delaroche. Of his productions, "The Music Lesson," and "The Desert," are probably the best, but all are excellent. The drawing is capital, the accessories well managed, and the colour, which is the most faulty part of the pictures, is delicate. The great fault in these little gems is, that they want force; but a little varnish, for which the majority of the pictures in the exhibition are perishing, would add both brilliancy and force to them.

From No. 161 to No. 168, the productions of Antoine Emile Plassan, are cabinet pictures, so delicate in their finish, and chosen in their execution, that they have attracted universal attention and admiration; the best of this artist's productions (No. 162), "The Foot Bath," a little picture, which is perfect in every respect, has been, we hear, purchased by Queen Victoria, at a price which, for the size, is very high indeed. It does not measure more than ten or twelve inches, and has been sold for forty guineas.

(No. 170), "An Incident in the life of Peter the Great, wherein he attends Menikoff upon his sick bed," by Robert Fleury, is a historical composition of great merit. It does not, however, from its size and the unpleasant nature of the composition, show to advantage in this gallery.

(No. 176) is an admirable drawing of a "Turkish Odalisque," laughing, as she indolently lounges in the enjoyment of a "Chibouque." The texture of the skin, the ease and grace of the figure, are beautifully rendered by the artist Schlessinger.

The great attraction of the room is the piece by Ary Scheffer, a reproduction of his picture so well known from the engraving published of the "Francesca di Rimini of Dante." The entire devotion of love was never more thoroughly and chastely exhibited; Paolo, in pain and contrition, veils his face from Dante and Virgil, whilst around him Francesca clasps her arms, tears at the time starting from her eyes, as, thus embracing, the figures are borne onwards through the gloom of Hades.

"As doves
By fond desire invited, on wide wings
And firm, to their sweet nest returning home,
Cleave the air, wafted by their will along;
Thus issued, from that troop where Dido ranks,
They through the ill air speeding."

Dante. *Inf. Cant. v.*

Her Britannic Majesty, we believe, commissioned the admirable artist to execute this duplicate, for which she has given £1,200. Ary Scheffer has five other productions in the gallery, but none of them are of equal interest with the one we have criticised, and all of them want the glow of colour which distinguishes Titian, Rubens, and our own Etty.



FLORENTINE MOSAIC WORK.

FLORENTINE MOSAIC WORK.

city of Florence, which, with Rome and Venice, was long one of the most distinguished seats of Italian art, is remarkable for having produced a beautiful kind of ornamental work which bears the name. It is a species of mosaic in costly materials, based upon directly opposite principles to those recognised by ancient artists. One of the chief of these consists of an intelligent selection of the various shades of colour presented by agates, jaspers, and other hard stones, cut into forms adapted to a settled plan, and artistically arranged with a view to one predominant effect. This ingenious combination produces a kind of painting, in which the varied hues of these beautiful productions are employed to imitate the true colours of nature, as well as the effects of light and shade. Leaves, flowers, butterflies, birds, and even varied landscapes, are cut out with the chisel and polished with the file. The artist contrives to give them the richness of tone which is found in nature, and at the same time the harmony of that great model by bringing together objects which there usually appear together.

In the churches of Florence masterpieces of this kind of work may be seen, either decorating altars or forming part of the architecture of these edifices. The palaces and museums of Europe also contain specimens, more or less remarkable, of this work applied to the ornamentation of furniture of various kinds. The most ancient Florentine mosaic work is plane, like that which the artists of antiquity produced with small cubes of various colours, and which those of modern Rome imitate; but in later times the Florentines sought to give some kind of relief to their mosaic pictures, by laying upon the surface hard stones and other costly materials, which they modelled after nature, at one time to represent a fruit, at another a leaf, and at another a flower. Fine pearls, and even diamonds, also found a place in these bas-reliefs. At the present day there are artists in France who produce works of this class.

In the Museum of Cluny there is a remarkable specimen of Florentine art at the commencement of the seventeenth century, of which an engraving is given on the opposite page. It is a rich cabinet partly covered with mosaic work representing landscapes, birds, fruits, and butterflies. Small bas-reliefs in precious materials are mingled with the lively colours of the mosaic, and form a magnificent *ensemble* by means of the variety of framing in lapis-lazuli, cornelian, and silver. Numerous figures, seated or standing, caryatides in silver, give a brilliant effect to the whole, and present a luxuriant richness of materials which can be but imperfectly represented in any drawing or engraving. The upper portion, which exhibits a beautiful contour in its forms, is, like the body of the work, enriched with mosaics and bas-reliefs surrounding carved work and projecting ornaments in silver and gilt bronze. Five statuettes in gilt bronze surmount the whole, giving it somewhat the form of an elegant pyramid.

This piece of furniture, supported by four sphinxes, rests upon a table enriched with squares of jasper, covered with inlaid mother-of-pearl, and having for supports four columns, the capitals of which are adorned with beautiful carving and gilding. The cabinet opens in front by the separation of the two doors, which meet in the middle, and the inner sides of which are decorated with landscapes and birds in Florentine mosaic. The interior compartments, which are divided into recesses and drawers, underwent great changes about the time of Louis XV. Most of the Florentine mosaics, which ought to have been here, have been replaced by miniatures in the style of the eighteenth century.

This valuable article of furniture was first removed to Poland, and afterwards to France, under the empire of Napoleon the First.

THE TURKISH ARMY.

The improvements in the Turkish army during the last two or three years have been such as to surprise and astound even the most incredulous. The Emperor of all the Russias has long been aware of the extraordinary efficiency of the artillery of the Mussulmans. A work lately published in Germany records an anecdote of considerable interest at the present moment. "When, last summer, General Wrangel took leave of his Majesty the Emperor

Nicolas, the latter presented him with a letter, and said: 'When you get to Constantinople, look a little more closely at the Turkish artillery; it is one of the best in Europe. We owe this to you Prussians. It will require hard teeth to crack that nut.' General Wrangel has looked at the Turkish artillery, and pronounced its efficiency excellent. In the arsenal of Tophana, in Constantinople, there are 1,500 tubes for field artillery, quite newly cast. The manufactory of Tophana, managed by an Englishman, and furnished with a steam-engine, works away continually. A great number of new field-carriages, now mounting, form a pretty considerable reserve."

This is a little exaggerated. The Turkish artillery is not quite so formidable—indeed, was not so at all until the present crisis brought so many Poles, Germans, Hungarians, and Italians, to do the work. The Turks themselves found some difficulty in managing six field batteries. At the time when the generous conduct of the Sultan, in reference to Kossuth, threatened war with Russia, an English officer examined the artillery of Turkey, and found its carriages good, its guns excellent and cleanly kept, and all the general appliances in good order; but when he came to look at the ammunition, he found that there was not a ball that would fit the guns. Recent events have made this arm of the service so important and so essential, that all this has been remedied by able European officers.

Artillery was always the favoured and honoured arm of the Turkish government. Mahmoud destroyed his rebellious and stiff-necked janissaries by the use of cannon. In the year 1796, General Aubert Dubayet, then French minister to the Porte, introduced a reform in the men and matter of the Turkish artillery, carrying out the designs of the Baron de Tott. Dubayet further organised a squadron of cavalry in the French style, and drilled some of the infantry; but the janissaries were opposed to this and to every other reform. But when, under Sir Sydney Smith, these disciplined troops acquitted themselves very well at the defence of Acre, Sultan Selim was so delighted, that he caused a large new barrack to be erected for them, added to their pay, made them an independent corps, and gave them the name of *Nizam Djedids*, or New Regulars. He used to take singular delight in watching their movements and manoeuvres. Their instructors were all Europeans, but, in accordance with the monstrous tenets of the Koran, no Christians could rank except as renegades.

The surest evidence of a religion being false and rotten, is its obstinate rejection of all ideas of reform and progression. The leaders of the religious, or old party, viewed these changes with alarm; muftis, ulemas, sheiks, and inams, were all furious. They vowed extermination to the new military establishments; they denounced the new state in private; they declared that religion and law were coming to an end; and they incited the ferocious janissaries by every art they could devise to rebel. They agreed, rose in insurrection, attacked the regulars, burnt their barracks, killed the men, or drove them into exile. They did not stop here. They deposed the king, and placed his imbecile cousin Mustapha on the throne. He reigned but a little while. The old king retained a friend in the person of Mustapha Bairacter, pasha of Rudshuk. He determined to restore Selim, and having organised a force, attacked the palace, surrounded the seraglio, and demanded the person of his sovereign. The reigning Sultan Mustapha, much alarmed, began to treat with the rebels, while Selim was assassinated by his orders. But the assassination was useless: Mustapha was deposed immediately after Selim had been strangled. Bairacter found, however, only his master's corpse. Mustapha was seized by his orders and thrust into prison, just in time to save Mahmoud, his brother, who would have been massacred had he not concealed himself under a heap of carpets and mats, where he was found by the old pasha. He was the only male of his race left, and he was instantly proclaimed sovereign by Bairacter, who himself became grand vizier, or prime minister. The new reign was inaugurated, as usual, by blood. Bairacter, on the day of his installation, caused thirty-three heads to fall by the hands of the executioner. The murderers of Selim, all the favourites of Sultan Mustapha, with several officers and civil servants, were strangled and cast

into the Bosphorus, while all the women of Mustapha's seraglio were sewn in sacks and cast into the sea.

The new vizier, the Pasha Bairacter, now began his military reforms, and organised a special regular corps in the army under the title of Seymans. The janissaries murmured, conspired, and rose in arms. One dark night the old reforming pasha's house was found in flames, and every avenue was guarded by his deadly enemies, the old pretorian guards of the empire. The house flamed, and out ran the servants and others, all of whom were ruthlessly put to death. But no Bairacter was seen. It was only some time after that it was found that the unfortunate and well-meaning old man, having collected his jewels and his gold, and taken with him his favourite wife and a black slave, had shut himself in a thick stone tower, hoping thus to escape the fire and defy the swords of his enemies. The three bodies were found some time after on digging out the ruins. They had been suffocated. The tower had been ill constructed for its purpose.

The next object of the janissaries, after murdering Bairacter Pasha, was to reinstate the imbecile Mustapha. Mahmoud strangled him at once; so true is it, that brothers are not brothers when a throne stands in the way. Cadi Pasha, commander of the artillery, meanwhile swept the streets with his guns, and killed all who resisted him. He even destroyed the barracks of the janissaries; but such is the force and power of prejudice, that Mahmoud the reformer was compelled to disband his regular troops, and submit to the old state of things.

Seventeen long years of difficulty and danger were required to prepare the way for a new step in military progress. The bold, daring, open policy was changed for one more suited to the Turkish character—a slow, secret, and insidious policy. The Sultan bought some of the janissaries, exiled some, and quietly and secretly strangled others. All this had its effect; for at last a majority of the officers signed a declaration, by which they bound themselves to furnish a hundred and fifty recruits from each *orta*, and in the most unqualified manner approved of the reforms.

But the Sultan put not too much confidence in all this. He knew that in Constantinople, as in Paris, the victory generally is decided in the streets, and he also knew that until the total destruction of the obstinate and foolish janissaries, he would never be safe. In June, 1825, they showed signs of murmuring and of rebellion. They received grape-shot and cannon as a reply. A bold officer, Kara-gehenem (Black Hell), obeyed the Sultan's behests. He fired the first gun himself, and before night the valiant cohort, that had supported the empire so long, had ceased to exist.

It now became a very difficult thing to re-organise an army. As far as internal tranquillity was concerned, the destruction of the janissaries was useful; but it was a false act when outward defence was considered. The subversion of the spahis, that magnificent irregular cavalry, was also a cause of great weakness. General Valentini has said that "an enlightened prince, instead of introducing European practices into Turkey, would have developed their own peculiar tactics." But, after all, a regular army is the thing wanted in these days, and any step towards that was a step in advance. It is true that the spahis were useful. They were the Cossacks of the Turks. Their attacks were sudden and irregular; they hid behind rocks and bushes; they darted from gullies and narrow passes; they burst from places where none would have suspected their presence. An eye-witness says: "Two or three men will advance and look about them; then you will see at once five or six hundred, and woe to the battalion which marches without precaution, or which is seized with a panic." Such troops were invaluable, and would have always aided the action of a regular force; but Mahmoud was in a hurry, and preferred trusting himself to a half-disciplined horde, utterly incapable of attack or defence.

This accounts for the marvellous success of the Russians in the campaign of 1828-9. The Turks, deprived of their old bold and effective troops, and not yet sure of their new discipline, durst not face the Russians, who arrived at Adrianople with 10,000 sickly troops, in presence of 40,000 regular Turks, who all but ran away. They were, in fact, imperfectly disciplined troops, as Mr. Macfarlane has said, composed in good part of unformed striplings, torn by force from their homes and families.

Ever since 1828 great efforts have been made to advance the Turks in their military tactics and habits. A certain progress they had evidently progressed even in 1848. Their dress was more European, the great, thick, unhealthy, and ugly fez, or red cap, excepted. They looked, however, exceedingly well, except in their slovenly legs and feet. They were all slipshod; their shoes were never properly cleaned, were large, and had never seen the light. Their only way of cleaning is to put them under a fender and rub them with a birch broom. This causes colds and rheumatism, especially among the recruits from the sunny plains and of Asia Minor.

General Marshal Marmont has given a very unfavourable opinion of the Turkish army, and a very correct one. But he wrote twenty years ago, and it is now impossible to deny that a great change for the better has since taken place.

For ages the finest cavalry in the world was that of the Turks. A clever writer says: "In great part both men and horses were brought over from the Asiatic provinces of the empire, and the best of the men and horses were principally of Turkish descent. The horses, though not large, seldom above fourteen hands, were nimble, spirited, and yet docile, and so trained and bitted as to be perfectly under control: the hollow saddle was rather heavy, but all the rest of the appointments were light. The soldier rode the broad short stirrup, to which he and his ancestors had always been accustomed, and in which he had a firm and natural seat, and off which it was most difficult to throw him. His sword was light, bright, and sharp; and in addition to it he generally carried in his girdle that shorter, slightly-curved weapon called a yataghan, with an edge like that of a razor. Some of the Turks carried long lances or spears, but these were always thrown away as useless in the *mêlée* of the battle. Their tactics were few and simple. If they could not get in the small end of one wedge, they tried another and another wedge: if they penetrated the battle line, they dealt death around them, their sharp weapons usually inflicting mortal wounds or lopping off limbs. If the enemy came away, they spread out like a fan, and while some pressed on at the front, others turned their flanks and got into the rear. Occasionally, to gain time, the Turks mounted some of their infantry on camels behind their spahis. Thus, early in the battle of Rymnik, when they had to contend with Marshal Suwarrow and some Austrian troops, a body of 6,000 janissaries jumped up behind an equal number of Turkish horsemen, and were carried at full speed to occupy a commanding eminence, of which the Austrians were also desirous of taking possession."

All this activity and peculiar power vanished at the commencement of the reform, and men learnt to regard the Turks with dread. But now a long rest, the aid of efficient European officers, and a growing disposition to enter heartily into the spirit of change and progress, have once more raised the Turks to a level with the troops in Europe. Their conduct on the Danube holds out great hopes; and before the end of this most just war, there is no doubt that they will have acquired practical experience that will enable them to cope with almost any soldiers in the world. Their improvement is most marked and evident. The numerous pictorial illustrations which have been recently published demonstrate that for regular and disciplined troops can be judged of even from their outward appearance.

LETTER FROM COPENHAGEN.

June —, 1854.

THERE is no part of Europe where so much is thought of the war as in Sweden. We are, as it were, on the spot, and the events of the Baltic have roused us to a pitch of enthusiasm quite novel. The presence of the English and French fleets has set all our statesmen devising plans for the aggrandisement of Sweden. Our military men are getting up a war fever, which would be almost ludicrous did not the future actually present contingencies seem to make Sweden play a very important part in the coming events of this unfortunate struggle. Sweden is perfectly aware that the progress of Russia, unchecked and unshaken, would have ended in the entire absorption of her territories; and it is more with a view

revent this than for the value of Finland, that we hear of ing else here but the re-conquest of that territory, and the uniting e Fins to this country again. Should this be decided on, the fate ronstadt and St. Petersburg is, as it were, sealed, for the aid afforded to the allied fleets would be incalculable.

course, a country which was united to Sweden for more than undred years must contain within itself the elements of restora-

There are the seeds of union. The Finlanders hate the ians; they are wretchedly oppressed by that power, and are lessly torn from their homes to serve the great northern despot ea and land. The immense importance of this territory in ion to Russia will be seen by an examination of the map; and a all probability, this comparatively unknown country will be seat of important military operations by the Baltic forces, a h will not here be out of place.

is a very large district, being about 500 miles long by 250 , uneven, mountainous, full of valleys, and almost wholly out plains. It is a kind of Russian Switzerland, and some of scenery, though rather bleak, is very striking and magnificent. ctual area is about 7,000 miles, and it is placed in a very high ern latitude, a portion of it being almost arctic in its situation. bounded on the north by Norway, on the west by Sweden and ulf of Bothnia, to the south by the Gulf of Finland, to the by three Russian provinces. Its population is not very far two millions. A large and influential portion of this popula- are connected by marriage and tradition with Sweden, to which try they look with hope. The Russians have a party, but not influential in point of numbers. The great body of the people of the patriotic party, the pure Fins, who desire to be neither ians nor Swedes, but Finlanders.

ere are several very lofty mountains, and numerous elevated is of hills. There are a great many rivers with names of rity in the history of the country, and lakes are of very fre- it occurrence. The climate is not tempting; it is very cold and ment; and the winter is very long and harsh, in some places ng nine, in others six months. The air is said to be whole- ; and with civilisation, culture, and the introduction of drain- the climate itself is said to be becoming warmer. It is very rently peopled, according to the climate, the southern portion g more thickly populated than the northern. Lapland is rely peopled at all.

he country is purely agricultural. Sweden looks to it as a able colony, which would be improved by trade and commerce, give a fine field for enterprise, if it were restored to its ancient exion. There is no doubt that its resources might be con- ably developed. The country produces rye, barley, wheat, and , to a very great extent. Potatoes are reared to the extent bout six million bushels per annum. Hemp, flax, and tar are chief exports, with pine and birch wood. These are the les which it is believed might be developed by a genial govern- t. Russia, it is true, lays Finland rather extensively under ribution for all these articles, but not in a way that is at all factory to the poor inhabitants of the Grand Duchy, which, gh it produces the best and hardiest sailors of the empire, is : the less oppressed and misgoverned.

nce the commencement of the war, a perfect *razzia* of cattle taken place. The Russian contractors for the army—or by tever crack-jaw name they call them—have not been very ate in their mode of appropriating the cattle, horses, sheep, e, and goats, which feed on the somewhat rich pasture and low lands of the country. The reindeer, which are tamed, hitherto, from their northern position, escaped the rapacity of e gentlemen, who are even worse than Turkish tax-gatherers. ith such resources as Finland possesses in this way, it is not rising that the production of butter is great, while wool is r productive and long in staple. The horses remind one of mustangs of Texas, and those wild creatures which Head so resquely describes in the Pampas. They are not so wild, ever, and though small, do good service to their owners. ough the amount of produce is small, the tin and copper mines valued in Russia; while attempts have been made to introduce on and glass mills. They do not, however, employ a very ge section of the population.

It will not surprise many of your readers, when I say that the export trade of this obscure country is considerable. A land which depends so much on natural resources, which is rich only in raw materials, must necessarily, to share the general luxury of the world, export its own growth in exchange for the manufactures of others. It employs nearly five hundred large vessels and nine hundred coasters, which convey its planks, tar, potash, cattle, tallow, etc., to the markets of Europe and to the ports of Russia. Every encouragement has been given to the development of trade, for obvious reasons.

The official language of the country is Swedish. Nearly all the Fins are Protestants; Russia has not been able to force the impostures of its Greek creed upon the people. It is supposed to be governed by its own laws, but Russia takes care never to summon those who should make and administer these laws. It retains its constitution, but this is not allowed to work. It is suspended, though not suppressed; and the suspension is as perpetual as the fabled one of Mahomet's coffin. There are very few Russians in the country, and these chiefly officials residing at Helsingfors, the new capital. The native troops, according to the usual Russian policy, have been sent to Poland, a country of which they know little, and Finland is garrisoned by Russian soldiers.

There is an archbishop, who resides at the old capital, a university, several academics and schools; and by these means much progress in education has been made; but this is rendered of no avail from the fact that all books are prohibited now by the Russians, save a few elementary chemical and agricultural works. All works of the fancy, novels, poetry, all works of general history, are virtually excluded; so that the Finlanders live in happy ignorance of the state of the rest of the world—a happy state of things, of course very conducive to the civilisation, and at all events to the quiet government of the country. The theory of the Czar appears to be, Mind your own business, dig, hew wood, draw water, go to school, learn to read, but don't attempt to make any practical use of your acquirements. As long as the despots of Russia are able to keep up this state of things will they be able to rule so many millions. But as certain as that no government has any right to keep its population in abject ignorance, so surely will this system end in some terrible convulsion. Education and religion, after all, are the only true safeguards of society.

The Finlanders, by the exercise of these arts, have been brought to regard the English and French as a very sanguinary race; but this delusion cannot last, especially as many of the Fins have been long voyages, and will be able satisfactorily to dispel such absurd delusions.

There are several mining-schools lately established, I am assured, with a view to increase the produce of the tin and copper mines, which hitherto have been rather rudely worked. The absence of British and French engineers and professors will be much felt. I find that many British merchants have appointed American correspondents in Russia, and that an attempt will be made in this way to introduce machinery. A close blockade will be the only means of entirely crippling the enemy. Loss of men is no punishment to the Czar. Material and money are the chief objects.

Such is the country which Sweden dreams of re-annexing by the aid of the allied powers; and it is probable that many parts of it will soon be familiar to you, as the scene of the operations of the British and French fleets. The policy of England and France is very popular here with the masses, who dream of the time when Sweden made such a noise in the military history of the world; while the thinking and educated classes view with terror the prospect of any Russian success, which would certainly be the prelude to a Russian occupation of Sweden. Russia has for some time considered Sweden as a protected power, and Sweden seems determined not to lose the opportunity of shaking off Muscovite influence.

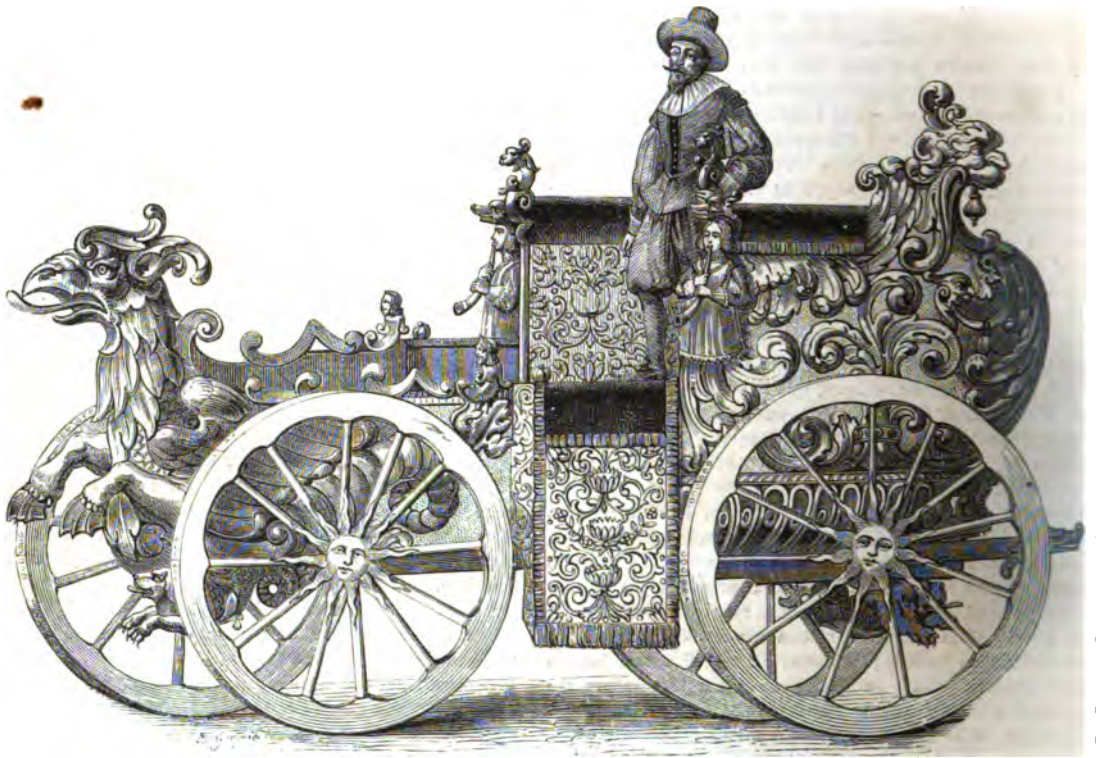
I send you no ordinary news, as you will receive that through the usual channels. By the constitution, the king can raise the army to 150,000 men; at present it is at 25,000 men: but a few weeks will probably decide the policy of the government, which is not much inclined to lean to that of the party which takes Gustavus as their polar star.

GERMAN CHARIOT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THERE is scarcely any history more replete with interest or more rich in valuable instruction, than the history of invention and discovery. It is curious to trace the gradual advances which have been made from the rudest implements of barbarous times, to the complicated machinery of a highly civilised age, and to mark how the guesses and imperfect attempts of one period reappear in another, developed to a degree of perfection of which the originators had not the remotest conception. How striking, for instance, is the contrast between the steam-engine of the Marquis of Worcester, in the middle of the seventeenth century, and those now in use. Had the noble projector been told of the high state of perfection to which his invention would be brought in the middle of the nineteenth century, he would have rejected the idea as utterly absurd. A similar remark would apply to a thousand other cases of this sort.

The art of locomotion is one in which we have made greater progress than almost any other. Yet it cannot be said that the men of past ages failed for want of industry in attempting to improve.

In several special works upon the history of chariot building and improvements in locomotion in the fifteenth and two following centuries, we find it stated that a mechanist of Nuremberg, called John Hansteh, "made chariots which moved by a spring, and went two thousand paces an hour." We present our readers with an engraving of one of these singular vehicles from an old German plate. The person standing in the chariot is Hans himself, driving, or rather conducting. In spite of much research, we have not been able hitherto to ascertain with any degree of clearness or precision what kind of springs the contriver employed. In all probability the mechanism was something like that of a watch or meat-jack, and required to be wound up at certain intervals. If so, the invention was more curious than useful. At any rate, we doubt not, our readers will be glad to see an exact representation of this curious contrivance, which persons properly qualified might find worthy of careful consideration.



GERMAN CHARIOT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS OF THE KALMUCKS.

On a former occasion* we furnished our readers with some particulars relative to the Kalmucks and their mode of life. It is, therefore, unnecessary for us now to enter into any minute detail on the subject. All that we propose to do, is to give some account of their religious customs, particularly their sacred festivals.

Like most of the Mongolian race, the Kalmucks are Buddhists, or rather Lamists; but their Buddhism is very much modified by the admixture of other notions and practices. They have a great number of idols, most of which assume the form of woman. They recognise one supreme God, to whom all other divinities, whether good or evil, are completely subject. They believe in the transmigration of souls, which they regard as affording a probationary course of discipline, more or less protracted, that every creature

must go through, before admission to the presence and society of the sovereign judge. The saints, with whom every Buddhist aspires to be associated, will be recompensed by eternal repose and happiness, without sacrificing their individual existence.

The Kalmucks celebrate three great festivals every year, each lasting for a fortnight. The most important is that by which they celebrate the return of spring; the second takes place in June, and is devoted to the blessing of the waters; the third is the festival of the lamp, and is celebrated in December.

Bergmann has given an excellent description of the first festival, called *zackan-zan*. Priests headed the procession, playing strange airs on large trumpets, such as are seen in our illustrations. In the rear came persons carrying sacred chests, containing the images, which they placed on an altar raised in the open air. Shortly after followed the Lama in a palanquin. He was seated

* Vol. iii. p. 236.

re the altar, and then the curtains which concealed the gods removed, all present, people, priests, and princes, bowed down the times. The vice-khan took his place near the Lama, under a red umbrella. A dinner, in the course of which they consumed sheep and a great quantity of tea and cakes, formed part of ceremony. It lasted till sunset, and was intermingled with dances and various evolutions connected with religious worship. In the religious music of the Kalmucks, high and low notes follow one another alternately, and the time also changes in succession from quick to quick and quick to slow. According to the traveller from whose sketch our engraving is taken, this strange alternation of tone and time is not altogether without some kind of harmony. Yellow and red are the religious colours of the Kalmucks. Their

temples are generally decorated with richly-dyed silks and a multitude of images, among which the bronze idol of Buddha Shakiamouni occupies a prominent place. There are also a great many offering-cups filled with various sorts of grain, and a vessel of holy water in which peacocks' feathers are placed. The priests sprinkle the people with this water, which is mixed with saffron and sugar. They also drink part of it and wash their faces with the remainder.

Although the Kalmucks do not believe in eternal punishment, the priests have endeavoured to impress upon them the belief that endless torments will be the portion of those who have committed any one of the following sins—irreverence towards God, sacrilege or the plunder of the temples, want of respect towards parents, murder, and offences against the clergy.



RELIGIOUS MUSIC OF THE KALMUCKS.

BRITISH PARLIAMENTARY ORATORS.

SIR ROBERT PEEL, DANIEL O'CONNELL, HENRY GRATTAN.

MR. BROUGHAM, one of the most remarkable men of his own or any other age, and among the first of forensic and parliamentary orators, thus speaks of Canning, in his contests with whom he won his proudest laurels: "His declamation, though often powerful, was always beautifully ornate, never deficient in admirable diction, was certainly not of the highest order. It wanted depth. It came from the mouth, not from the heart." If this be true of Canning, still more is it true of him who stands at the head of our list. Sir Robert Peel was hardly an orator at all. It is rather as a statesman that he will be known to posterity. It is true, as Disraeli writes, that he played upon the House of Commons as an old fiddle, but he did that because he knew the house well—because he spoke to every section of it—because he made it his great aim to be the first man in the house. Possibly he might have been an orator if he had tried, but such was not his object. He lived in a

transition age, and his speeches all bear marks that such was the case. Apparently candid, he was in reality cautious and reserved—gradually feeling his way, never abandoning himself to a lofty impulse or a noble principle—never borne aloft in divine ecstasy. He spoke as a cold, prudent man of the world. One would think such a man never could have been an orator. Yet he was of a portly presence and noble air. He would have been an orator had he had the motive power. The best description we have seen of Sir Robert was that by Mr. Francis, when Sir Robert was premier. Sometimes a sturdy radical or an indignant agriculturist determines to catch the eel by the tail and skin him. He puts some plain direct question, and demands an answer. You think Sir Robert must now be fairly posed; his veil must be rent—parties must resume their old habits, for he must say something positive on which a war-cry can be raised. He rises, leans forward on the table, playing with his glasses, or puts his hands under the tails of his blue frock coat, and, in the most open and candid way, declares his determination frankly to answer the question that has been put to him. This is satisfactory; it propitiates. All are on the *qui-vive*. There is hushed silence;

all heads are stretched forward in expectation of the announcement of policy. Meanwhile the soft, bland voice has poured itself forth, its faintest tone heard in the most remote corner; the bearing bespeaks a full consciousness of the responsibility of the duty of the moment; the face wears the placid expression of innocence. You are fairly prepossessed for such a man. But what is he saying? By that cheer from Mr. Cobden and his Sancho, Mr. Bright, he appears to have said something pleasant to the manufacturers. But that roar of delight from the other side? Oh, he has convulsed the country gentlemen by some well-turned compliment to agriculture, not as yet the object of his ridicule. And now another cheer, more general, is the reward of some pompous maxim of the public good. It is clear the house has warmed to him. The more kindly they entertain, the more candid grow the speaker's tones, the more earnest is he to do the best which the state of things allows. An elaborate statement follows of the three courses open to him, of their several advantages and disadvantages, in all of which he adroitly rouses the prejudices slumbering for a moment around him, and establishes a sympathy with each; centring hopes in himself and setting old hatreds anew against each other; until, having thus led the various parties into a mental *mêlée*, he winds up with "upon the whole," leading with pompous affectation of resolve to a declaration of what he means to do, which in fact comprises—in an artful woof of phrases, sounding but bodiless—almost everything that he does not mean to do. Meanwhile, he has skilfully diverted the attention of all from the real point at issue to their mutual jealousies and asperities. Ten to one he sits down amidst loud cheers, having uttered much but avowed nothing. At times Sir Robert was more than this—at times he soared, and was almost an orator.

Far more oratorical power belonged to Daniel O'Connell. You must have had a clear head and cool heart not to be carried away when he spoke. Sir Robert Peel is said to have expressed his high appreciation of O'Connell's parliamentary abilities. One day, while the Reform Bill was under discussion, the speeches of its friends and foes were canvassed in a fashionable drawing-room. On O'Connell's name being mentioned, some critic fastidiously said: "Oh, a broguing Irish fellow, who would listen to him? I always walk out of the house when he opens his lips!" "Come, Peel," said old Lord Westmoreland, "let me hear your opinion." "My opinion candidly is," replied Sir Robert, "that if I wanted an efficient and eloquent advocate, I would readily give up all the other orators of whom we have been talking, provided I had with me this same broguing Irish fellow." Sheil is said to have remarked of O'Connell, that "he flung a brood of sturdy ideas upon the world without a rag to cover them." With a strong sturdy frame, with a ready flow of humour, or invective, as the occasion required—with a roguish twinkle in his eye, as if he were bamboozling you all the while—O'Connell was the *beau-ideal* of a popular orator. The most unyielding audience could not choose but listen when he spoke. He excelled in clear and forcible language, in ready and dexterous reply, and in bold and defiant denunciations of tyranny. His invective was frequently powerful; it sometimes, however, degenerated into commonplace personal abuse. Like his great countryman, Curran, he was unequal. He could soar to the loftiest heights of parliamentary debate, or talk down to the level of the lowest democratic audience. A writer in the "New Monthly," some years ago, gave the best account of O'Connell we have yet seen. He says: "His great art is in stating a question. He places it on the most invincible ground he can select; and the

iron vigour of his intellect is seldom concealed beneath any wretchedness. Unlike Mr. Stanley, he owes all the effect of his oratory to his apparent sympathy with all generous emotions. When he indulges in them his eye glistens, and the deep music of his rivalled voice seems to halt and falter. This may be the result of his art—for he is a most experienced artist—but it has the semblance of nature. Never, perhaps, has he produced a more triumphant effect over his audience than the one when, replying to Mr. Stanley, on the Irish Coercion Bill, he arrested himself suddenly from the course of fiery invective on which he had prepared you to suppose he was about to enter: 'But the right honourable gentleman,' said he, with a changed and softened tone, 'has declared that Ireland is 'dear to him.' I thank him for that assurance. I retract whatever I have said harshly. I forbear whatever was an angry emotion was about to rise to my lips. The man who has told me that Ireland is dear to him, ceases to be my enemy.' Throughout the whole hostile majority there was a joint movement; there was scarcely a man among them who did not seem touched.

The mention of O'Connell reminds us of his countryman, Grattan. Brougham, who must often have heard him, says: "His eloquence was of a very high order, all but of the very highest, and it was eminently original. In the constant stream of a diction replete with epigram and point—a stream on which floated gracefully, because naturally, flowers of various hues—was poured forth the closest reasoning, the most luminous statement, the most persuasive display of all the motives that could influence, and of all the details that could enlighten his audience. Often, a different strain was heard, and it was declamatory or vehement—or pity was moved, and its pathos was touching as it was simple—or, above all, an adversary sunk in baseness, or covered with crimes, was to be punished or to be destroyed, and a storm of the most terrible invective raged, with all the blights of sarcasm and the thunder of abuse. The critic, led away for the moment, and unable to do more than feel with the audience, could, in those cases, when he came to reflect and to judge, find often nothing to reprehend; seldom in any case more than the excess of epigram, which had yet become so natural to the orator, that his argument, and his narrative, and even his sagacious unfolding of principles seemed spontaneously to clothe themselves in the most pointed terseness, and most apt and felicitous antithesis. From the faults of his country's eloquence he was, generally speaking, free. And if he had some peculiarity of outward appearance, as a low and awkward person, in which he resembled the first of orators, and even in manner, in which he had not, like him, made the defects of nature yield to severe culture; so had he an excellence of the very highest order, in which he may be truly said to have left all the orators of modern times behind—the severe abstinence which rests satisfied with striking the decisive blow in a word or two, not weakening its effects by repetition or expansion—and another excellence, higher still, in which no orator of any age is his equal, the clear and copious flow of most profound, sagacious, and original principles, enunciated in terse and striking, but appropriate language. To give an example of this latter peculiarity would be less easy, and would occupy more space; but of the former, it may be true, said that Dante himself never conjured up a striking, a pathetic, and appropriate image in fewer words than Mr. Grattan employed to describe his relation towards Irish independence, when, alluding to its rise in 1782, and its fall twenty years later, he said: 'I sat by its cradle—I followed its hearse!'"

THE TOAD.

"THE toad, ugly and venomous," says Shakespeare, echoing the common sentiment of mankind in all ages regarding this harmless reptile. It would, perhaps, be difficult to find a popular notion more deeply-rooted than this of the venom of the toad; and there are doubtless many of our readers who will smile with incredulity when we tell them that this cherished belief has no foundation in fact. The first part of our great poet's description of the toad does not admit of denial; there can be no doubt that it is one of the

ugliest animals breathing. It is this hideous aspect, not that which has led to the popular belief in its malignity; for we find such property ascribed to the frog, although the two animals are nearly allied in every respect. The *real* natural history of this odious animal, however, presents so many interesting points, that we may easily console ourselves for its destroying our faith in the wonderful tales with which the credulity of our ancestors was amused; but there is one story told by Erasmus, "so curious

culous," to use Dr. Shaw's expression, that we cannot resist looking at it here, especially as it turns upon two equally singular points—the venomous nature of the toad, and the enmity supposed to exist between the spider and this animal:—

"There was a monk," says Erasmus, "who had in his chamber several bundles of green rushes, wherewithal he strewed his chamber for his pleasure: it happened one day, after dinner, that he fell asleep upon one of those bundles of rushes, with his face upward; and while he thus slept, a great toad came and sat upon his lips, striding him in such a manner as his whole mouth was covered. When his fellows saw it, they were at their wits' end; for to lay away the toad was an unavoidable death; but to suffer her to stand still upon his mouth was a thing more cruel than death: and therefore one of them, espying a spider's web in the window, wherein was a great spider, he did advise that the monk should be carried to that window, and laid with his face upward right underneath the spider's web, which was presently accomplished. And soon as the spider saw her adversary the toad, she presently took her thread, and descended upon the toad, at the first meeting whereof the spider wounded the toad, so that it swelled; and at the second meeting it swelled more; but at the third time the spider killed the toad, and so became grateful to her host which did cherish her in his chamber." This is wonderfully circumstantial, considering that there can hardly be a word of truth in the whole narrative. However slight may be the foundation for all these marvellous stories, there can be no doubt that the history of the toad affords an excellent illustration of the truth of an old proverb, referring to the effect of "giving a dog a bad name."

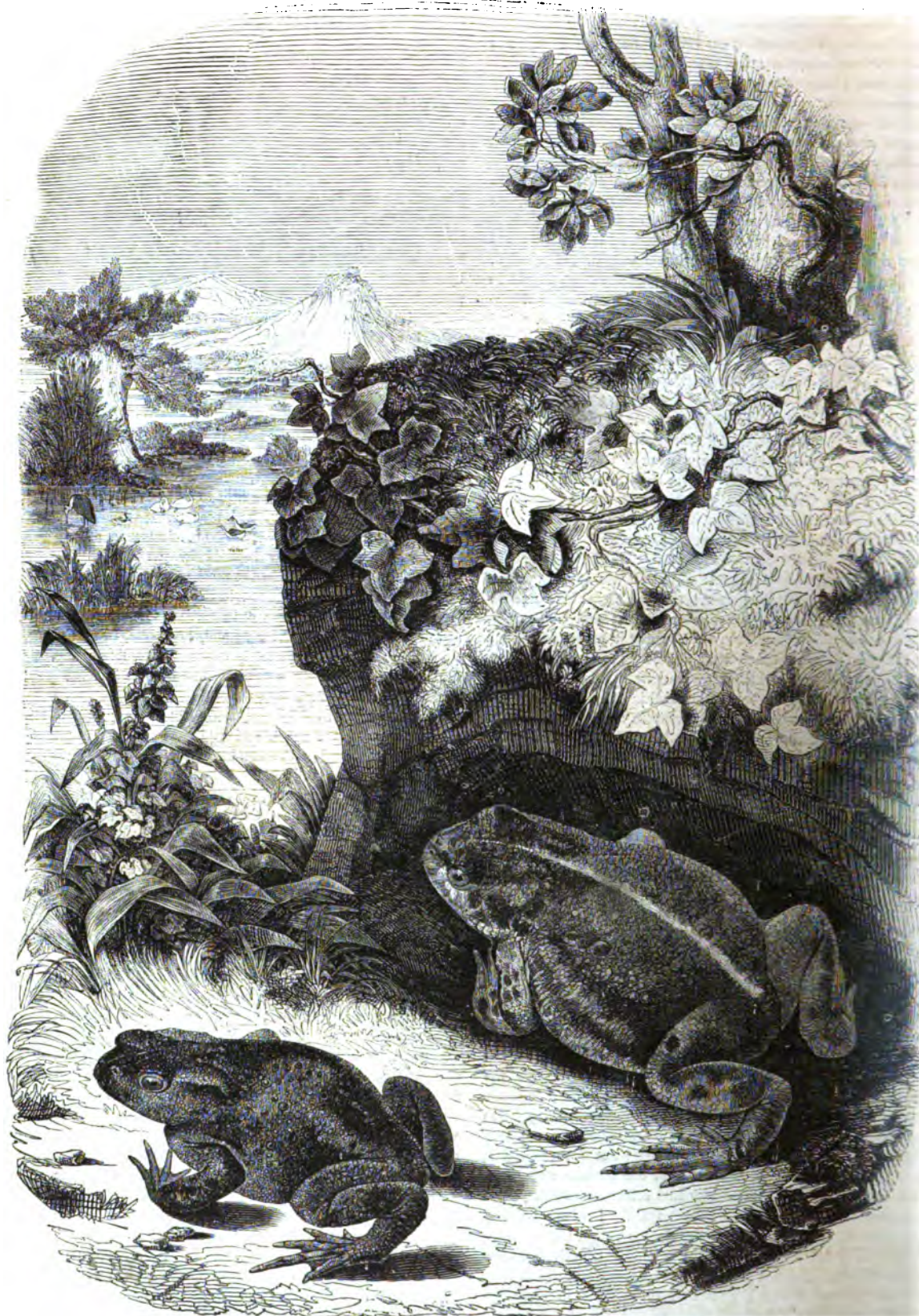
Few of those who start with a sort of instinctive shudder when the toad crosses their path in a summer's evening, are at all aware of the wonderful changes which this creature undergoes before reaching the form in which it excites their disgust and abhorrence. During the breeding season, the toad, which at other periods is a terrestrial animal, visits the waters, and here the females produce a great number of eggs, which are arranged in long strings, looking like necklaces of black beads imbedded in jelly. These, when hatched, produce an animal very different in appearance from its parent; furnished with a broad head, a long thin tail, and possessing no traces of legs. Still more remarkable is the fact that in this condition the young toads, like fishes, which they much resemble, breathe the water, through which they move, by means of little fins or gills attached to the broad head. Presently limbs begin to grow from the little creature, the hinder ones appearing first, and when these are complete, the tail is got rid of, and the perfect toad is fitted to commence its existence in another element. But for its purpose a great internal change is also necessary, and this has been going on simultaneously with the alterations in the external form just described. The gills, which served it for aquatic respiration, are useless in the air, and accordingly lungs have been developed in the cavity of the body, and the temporary breathing apparatus is at last dispensed with as no longer necessary. But though no longer an inhabitant of the water, the toad always remains in moist situations; continued exposure to a dry atmosphere would, in fact, soon be fatal to its existence. The experiments of Dr. Townson show that these creatures require the presence of a great deal of moisture in their bodies; in some instances he found that more than one-third of their weight was lost by transpiration when left in dry air for a day or two, and that they recovered it again in the course of a few hours when placed in water. They are commonly met with in our gardens and fields, but not unfrequently find their way into cellars, where they have been known to live for years. Unlike the frog, whose jumping motion must be familiar to every one, the toad, from the comparative shortness of its hind legs, can only crawl, and this not very elegant mode of progression has no doubt assisted greatly in producing that feeling of aversion towards this animal to which we are already alluded. Its food consists entirely of insects and worms, and it never touches an insect unless it be in motion. Dr. Townson tells us that the only way in which he could get a "favourite" toad of his to feed during the winter upon a large stock of dead flies which he had collected for its support, was by breathing gently upon them when lying before the creature, and when it immediately seized and devoured them.

It is assisted in the capture of animals, which one would imagine might have set the toad at defiance through their mere activity, by a very curious arrangement of the tongue. On this subject, we cannot do better than quote the remarks of Professor Bell:—"The toad, when about to feed," says the Professor, "remains motionless, with its eyes turned directly forward upon the object, and the head a little inclined towards it, and in this attitude it remains until the insect moves, when, with a stroke like lightning, the tongue is thrown forward upon the victim, which is instantly drawn into the mouth. So rapid is this movement, that it requires some little practice as well as close observation to distinguish the different motions of the tongue. This organ is constructed as in the frog, being folded back upon itself; and the under surface of the tip being imbued with a viscid mucous secretion, the insect is secured by its adhesive quality. When the prey is taken, it is slightly pressed by the margins of the jaw; but as this seldom kills it, unless it be a soft, tender larva, it is generally swallowed alive; and I have often seen the muscles of the toad's sides twitch in a very curious manner, from the tickling movements of a hard coleopterous insect in the stomach."

Still more extraordinary are the accounts that have been given of this animal's being found completely enclosed in stone, trees, and other localities, where they must, in all probability, have remained for years in a condition of almost total deprivation of all the necessities of existence. In fact, in many cases, the circumstances under which the creatures are said to have been discovered would lead one to infer that they had been living without food, air, or moisture; but these stories must be received with some allowance for exaggerations naturally induced by the tendency of human nature unconsciously to make the most of any marvellous fact which falls under its notice. We are told that toads have been discovered imbedded in masses of stone, or in growing trees, in such a manner as to preclude the access of air; and, of course, in such cases, the creature would find it perfectly impossible to obtain a particle of food during its solitary confinement. But, to use the words of Professor Bell:—"To believe that a toad enclosed within a mass of clay, or other similar substance, shall exist wholly without air and food for hundreds of years, and at length be liberated alive, and capable of crawling, on the breaking up of its matrix, now become a solid rock, is certainly a demand upon our credulity which few would be ready to answer!" We must certainly in these cases adopt Dr. Shaw's opinion, that much of the incredible in these stories is owing to "neglect of minute attention at the moment to the surrounding parts of the spot where it was discovered." Deduction made for all this exaggeration, however, enough still remains to excite our surprise; for the fact of toads having been found alive in situations where even the air necessary for their respiration would find some difficulty in penetrating, rests upon too good authority to admit of any doubt.

The toad appears to be rather a long-lived animal; fifteen or twenty years being assigned as its ordinary period of existence, whilst Pennant mentions a pet toad, which lived forty years under some steps in a garden, and even then its days appear to have been shortened by injuries done it by a tame raven, which probably thought it an excellent stroke of policy to get rid of a rival and fill his belly at the same time. During the winter it becomes torpid, retiring into some hollow tree, or under large stones, where it remains until the genial influence of spring recalls it to activity and love. It changes its skin annually; and this process, according to Professor Bell, is attended by some curious circumstances. The skin splits down the middle of the back and belly, into two halves, which are gradually worked off by the twitching of the animal's sides and the action of its legs. When the whole skin is fairly off, the creature rolls it up into a little ball with its fore feet, puts it into its mouth and swallows it at a gulp.

Two species of toad are found in this country—the common toad (*Bufo vulgaris*), which is to be met with almost anywhere, and the Natter-Jack toad (*Bufo calamita*), which is far less generally distributed. The preceding statements apply especially to the former species, although the Natter-Jack resembles it in most respects. The common toad is usually of a brownish colour, with the belly of a paler or yellowish tint. The skin is covered with warts in which are situated the organs that secrete the cutaneous exudation



THE COMMON TOAD (*BUFO VULGARIS*). THE NATTER-JACK TOAD (*BUFO CALAMITA*).

already referred to. The eye is exceedingly beautiful. The Natter-Jack is also brown, clouded with dull olive, and a yellow line runs down the middle of the back. Our engraving contains representations of both species, but the artist has unfortunately selected a

large specimen of the Natter-Jack, and a small specimen of the common toad. To give a correct idea of the proportions of full-grown individuals of the two species, the sizes ought to be reversed.

JOHN HUNTER.

the history of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, John Hunter has very appropriately a place. He was a rare example of what industry and perseverance can accomplish—of success achieved comparatively late in life. He was not brought up to his profession; he entered it late. He began his education when the accomplished youth of our medical schools are finishing theirs; but he persevered, and won for himself an immortal name.

John Hunter, the youngest of ten children, was born in the beginning of the last century, at Long Calderwood, Lanark, Scotland.

taking thirty drops of laudanum. From school, having acquired but little information, Hunter removed to Glasgow, where he lived with his brother-in-law, a cabinet-maker. But his brother-in-law having failed, Hunter was again thrown upon the world. Fortunately his brother William had acquired some reputation in London as a teacher of anatomy. To him he wrote, requesting that he would allow him to come to London on a visit, making, at the same time, an offer to be his assistant in his anatomical researches, or, if that proposal should not be accepted, expressing a wish to go



PORTRAIT OF JOHN HUNTER.

His father was a small landed proprietor, and on his death, which happened when he was ten years old, John seems to have been left to do as he pleased. If ever a boy stood a fair chance of being ruined, it was he. He was sent to the grammar-school, but not having a turn for languages, and being spoilt by indulgence, he neglected his studies and spent the greater part of his time in country amusements. Afterwards he felt the consequences of this neglect acutely. Giving lectures was always particularly unpleasant to him. It was with the greatest difficulty that he could be persuaded to speak in public. He never delivered the first lecture of his course without

into the army. His brother sent him a kind invitation, and he reached London in September, 1748.

We are inclined to believe that the difference between a successful and an unsuccessful man in life is, that the one misses his opportunities while the other improves them. This was especially the case with Hunter. His brother, who was anxious to form some opinion of his talents for anatomy, gave him an arm to dissect for the muscles, with the necessary directions as to how it was to be done, and he found the performance such as greatly exceeded his expectation. Hunter was next employed in a dissection of a more difficult nature.

This was an arm in which all the arteries were injected, and these as well as the muscles were to be exposed and preserved. The way in which this was done gave his brother so much satisfaction, that he at once declared that his brother would become a good anatomist and that he should not want for employment. Henceforth Hunter laboured at anatomy unremittingly. In the summer of 1749 Mr. Cheselden, at the request of his brother, Dr. Hunter, permitted him to attend at Chelsea Hospital, and there he learnt the elements of surgery. The following winter he was so far advanced as to assist his brother by teaching dissection to his pupils. In the summer of 1750 Mr. Hunter again attended the hospital at Chelsea. In 1751 he became a pupil at St. Bartholomew's. The following summer he went to Scotland, and brought up his sister Dorothea; and in 1753 entered as a gentleman commoner at St. Mary's Hall, Oxford. In 1754 he became a surgeon's pupil at St. George's Hospital, where he continued during the summer months; and in 1756 was appointed house surgeon. He had previously become a partner with his brother in lecturing. All this time he worked unremittingly at anatomy. With the view better to understand the human structure, he extended his researches amongst the inferior animals, and laid the foundation of his collection in comparative anatomy. So eagerly did he attach himself to this pursuit, that he sought by every means in his power the opportunity of prosecuting it with advantage. He applied to the keeper of wild beasts in the Tower for the bodies of those which died there, and he made similar applications to the keepers of travelling menageries. He purchased all rare animals that came in his way, and these, with such others as were presented to him by his friends, he entrusted to the showmen to keep till they died, the better to encourage them to assist in his labours. His fondness for animals made him keep several of different kinds in his house, which, by attention, he made familiar with him. Occasionally, however, this familiarity was attended with danger, as in the following instance related by his biographer, Sir Everard Home:—"Two leopards, which were kept chained in an outhouse, had broken from their confinement and got into the yard among some dogs, which they immediately attacked. The howling thus produced alarmed the whole neighbourhood. Mr. Hunter ran into the yard to see what was the matter, and found one of them getting up the wall to make his escape, and the other surrounded by dogs. He immediately laid hold of them both and carried them back to their den; but as soon as they were secured, and he had time to reflect upon the risk of his own situation, he was so much agitated that he was in danger of fainting."

In 1760, Hunter's health was so much impaired by excessive attention to his pursuits, that he was advised to go abroad, consumptive symptoms having made their appearance. In October of that year, Mr. Adair, Inspector-general of Hospitals, appointed him a surgeon on the staff, and, in the following spring, he went with the army to Belleisle. Hunter served, while the war continued, as senior surgeon on the staff, both in Belleisle and Portugal, till the year 1763; and in that period acquired a knowledge of gun-shot wounds, on which he wrote a treatise, published after his death. On his return to England, he settled in London, where, not finding the emoluments from his half-pay and private practice sufficient to support him, he taught practical anatomy and operative surgery for many years. In the first eleven years of his practice, from 1763 to 1774, his income never exceeded a thousand pounds a year. But it gradually improved. In 1778 it exceeded that sum; and for several years before his death it was five thousand a year—the year before his death it was more. No sooner had Hunter come back to England, than he returned, with unabated ardour, to the study of comparative anatomy; and, as his experiments could not be carried on in a large town, he purchased for that purpose a piece of ground near Brompton, at a place called Earl's Court, on which he built a house. We have already related an anecdote connected with this retreat. His collection of birds and animals here was very extensive; but his familiar study of them and their habits was not, as we have already seen, always unaccompanied with danger. The fiercer animals were those to which he was most partial; and he had several of the bull kind from different parts of the world. Among these was a beautiful small bull he had received from the queen, with which he used to wrestle in play and entertain himself with its exertions in its own defence. In one of

these contests the bull overpowered him and threw him down; and had not one of the servants accidentally come by and frightened the animal away, this frolic would, most probably, have cost him his life.

In 1767, Hunter was chosen a Fellow of the Royal Society. His desire for improvement in those branches of knowledge which might assist him in his researches, led him at this time to propose to Dr. George Fordyce, and Mr. Cuming, an eminent mechanic, that they should adjourn from the meetings of the Royal Society to a coffee-house, and discuss such subjects as were connected with science. This society comprised several eminent men, such as Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Solander, Dr. Maskelyne, Mr. Watts of Birmingham, and others. In 1768, Hunter became a member of the College of Surgeons; and, in the year following, was elected one of the surgeons of St. George's Hospital. In 1771, his treatise, "The Natural History of the Teeth" was published; and in January of the same year he was married to Miss Home. The expense of his pursuits had been so great, that it was not till several years after his first engagement with this lady that his affairs could be sufficiently arranged to admit of his marrying. In a short time his private character and professional reputation advanced rapidly. His family also began to increase; but still as much time and money as ever were devoted to his collection. The whole of the best rooms in his house were occupied by his preparations, and he dedicated his mornings, from sunrise to eight, entirely to his favourite pursuits. In the winter of 1773 he formed a plan of giving a course of lectures on the theory and principles of surgery, with a view of laying before the public his own opinions on the subject. In the winter he read his lectures gratis to the pupils of St. George's Hospital, and in 1775 gave a course for money, upon the same terms as the other professors. In 1776, Hunter was appointed surgeon-extraordinary to his Majesty. Other honours were heaped upon him. Learned societies at Edinburgh, Göttingen, Paris, and America, enrolled him amongst their members, and in 1792 he was appointed surgeon-general to the army; he had previously been deputy. And then came the end. Hunter died of angina pectoris, in the 65th year of his age, on October 16th, 1793. When in his usual state of health, he went to St. George's Hospital, and meeting with some things which irritated his mind, he went into the next room; turning round to one of the physicians of the hospital, he gave a deep groan and dropped down dead. He was buried in the parish church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

Hunter was of a short stature, uncommonly strong and active, and capable of great bodily exertion. His countenance was animated and open, and in the latter part of his life deeply impressed with thoughtfulness. When his portrait was shown to Lavater, he said, "That man thinks for himself." In his youth, writes Sir Everard Home, he was cheerful in his disposition, and entered into youthful follies with others of the same age; but wine never agreed with his stomach, and for the last twenty years of his life he drank nothing but water. His temper was warm and impatient. His disposition was candid and free from reserve. His mind was perpetually on the alert. He used to say it fatigued him to be long in a mixed company, which did not admit of connected conversation, more particularly during the last ten years of his life. He required less relaxation than most other men, seldom sleeping more than four hours in the night, though almost an hour after dinner.

In his writings Hunter displays extraordinary powers. One of his most important papers was that on the muscularity of arteries, but his grand discovery was that of the life of the blood. More than of most men it is true of Hunter, that his works yet live. His collection of comparative anatomy was purchased by the English parliament for £15,000. This collection must be considered as the great object of Hunter's life, and as a surprising proof of his talents, assiduity, and labour. It is an attempt to expose to view the gradations of nature, from the most simple state in which we find to exist, up to the most perfect and most complex of the animal creation—man himself. Hunter, by means of preparation, was enabled to preserve the parts of different animal bodies so tended for similar uses, so that the various links in the chain were readily followed and clearly understood. This collection is arranged according to the subjects they are intended to illustrate.

high are placed in the following order:—first, parts constituted motion; secondly, parts essential to animals respecting their internal economy; thirdly, parts superadded for parts connected with external objects; and fourthly, parts for the propagation of the species and maintenance or support of the young.

Hunter's museum was offered to the College of Physicians, which declined the trust. It was then committed to the care of the College of Surgeons, Lincoln's-inn-fields, London, where it is open to the inspection of the public during the afternoons of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. The corporation has enlarged the museum, instituted professorships for the illustration of it, and is now forming a library. The most valuable part of the collection is that in the area of the great room, consisting of upwards of 2,000 preparations, which were the result of Mr. Hunter's experiments on the inferior animals, and of his researches in morbid human anatomy. All these originally were arranged as illustrative of his theories. The first division alone, in support of his theory of inflammation, contains 602 preparations. Those, illustrative of specific diseases, amount to 1,084. There are besides, 652 dried specimens, consisting of diseased joints, bones, and arteries. On the wall there is a very fine collection of the skeletons of man and other animals; "and if the council of the college," says the writer of the life of Hunter, in the Gallery of Portraits, "continue to augment this collection with the same liberal spirit which they have hitherto shown, it will be creditable to the nation." The osteological specimens amount to 1,936. But the most interesting portion—we might say, one of the most interesting exhibitions in Europe to a philosophical and inquiring mind—is that which extends along the whole gallery: there the glory of his system shines. Let us take one small compartment in order to understand it. "Suppose," says the writer we have already quoted, "it is wished to learn the importance of the stomach in the animal economy. The first object presented to us is a hyatid, an animal, as it were, all stomach—

being a simple sac with an exterior absorbing surface. Here we have the polypus, with a stomach opening by one orifice, and no superadded organ. Next in order is the leech, in which we see the beginning of a complexity of structure. Then advancing to creatures in which the stomach is complex, we find the single membranous stomach; then the stomach with a crop attached to macerate and prepare the food for digestion; then a ruminating stomach; and finally, all the appended organs necessary in the various classes of animals." When Hunter died, the museum consisted of 70,000 preparations, and was said to have cost him £10,000. Hunter began the catalogue several years before his death. He bequeathed to the world nineteen folio volumes of MS. materials, written either by himself or at his dictation, and, there is little doubt, of the most valuable kind. More MSS. were burnt by his brother-in-law, Sir E. Home, for no other apparent reason than that Sir Everard feared his own plagiarisms from Hunter's MSS. would be discovered. Thus an irreparable injury has been done to Hunter's fame. "Every year," writes one, "as his museum is more closely studied, proves that Hunter had been well aware of facts, for the discovery of which other observers have since his death received the honour." Happily, however, Hunter's fame has survived even so scandalous an act. Every year there is a grand day at Lincoln's-inn-fields. Warriors and statesmen—poets and artists—men of celebrity in every walk of life, are found among the audience. The president is the orator. Referring to the fitness of the day for the subject—the 14th of February, and the birthday of John Hunter—he proceeds, in a notice of his life, to show what the college and the profession and the world owe to this illustrious man. Surely no more fitting place could be found for such a theme. Under the bust of Wren, in St. Paul's, we read, "*Si monumentum requiris circumspecte*." Under the portrait of Hunter in Lincoln's-inn-fields the same might be written. Everything around speaks of Hunter's talent, energy, and power.

ROMAN MONUMENTS AT TURBIA.

TURBIA is one of the principal points of interest in the doubtful and disputed territory between Nice and Monaco. On leaving the village we begin to descend; Monaco lies directly below, and looking upon it from the terrace of Turbia, we feel almost inclined to take a leap downwards; but it would be a dangerous thing to do, for the perpendicular height is more than 1,500 feet. The path is cut like a staircase in this awful declivity, and if this is the ancient way, as it appears to be, modern progress has judged well; for, commencing at the same point as this frightful break-neck path, there is a fine post-road, running parallel with the coast, and descending so gradually towards Italy, that it only reaches the plain at the distance of three leagues. As at the extremity of the mountain, below which Nice is situated, the eye hovers over France, so here Italy, with its cliffs, its windings, its hills, and its mountains, lies spread out before us. When the atmosphere is sufficiently clear, we may distinguish Corsica, and the jagged peaks of the Apennines beyond Genoa, stretched out afar upon the horizon. Most striking is this glorious spectacle: it seems evident that we here pass from one country to another.

Tradition would make it appear that it was upon the very soil of Turbia that Augustus vanquished the people of the Alps, and, in fact, the possession of this decisive spot seems worthy of dispute. But we imagine, that even had not Turbia been the theatre of war, its towering position, which rendered it visible from the coast of France as well as from the coast of Italy, would have sufficed to determine the conquerors to erect there the trophy of their victory. We know very little of this war of the Alps, which nevertheless had such important results, since it confirmed the Roman dominion in these countries. Historians are singularly laconic on the subject. Suetonius, in his "Life of Augustus," merely says: "He subjugated the Alpine nations." Appian says: "He subdued by force all the barbarous and warlike nations which inhabit the summits of the Alps." We find that this war was concluded in the year of Rome 739, or B.C. 14. Several witnesses show that Augustus was assisted by Drusus, Tiberius, and Varro. It may be conceived that

a war which involved all the population of the mountains, from the Adriatic to the Durance, would be very uncertain, and require several campaigns. The war itself was a natural consequence of the extension of the empire by the conquests of Julius Cæsar. Rome could no longer tolerate independent nations between the two Gauls, nor that this communication should be long exposed to the turbulence of the mountaineers. It is astonishing that, having been mistress of Provence so long, she should have delayed until now to reduce Liguria to obedience. Perhaps, with its traditions of patience and perseverance, the senate had judged it wise to attend first to the most important. This is the opinion of Appian. "I think," said he, "that the state is anxious first of all to secure to Rome the right of passage through the Alps."

However that may be, we learn from Dion, that in order to preserve to posterity the memory of this great event, the senate commanded the erection of a monument upon the summit of the Alps; and Pliny has preserved to us the inscription in full which was placed upon it. This monument is the tower of Turbia. Too much injured by the barbarians to claim any interest as a specimen of art, it is, nevertheless, interesting to study. Who could gaze upon these crumbling stones—the infinite sea stretching out before him, the horizon of France on one side, and on the other that of Italy—and feel no interest in reflecting on the vicissitudes of the past, which predict so many for the future?

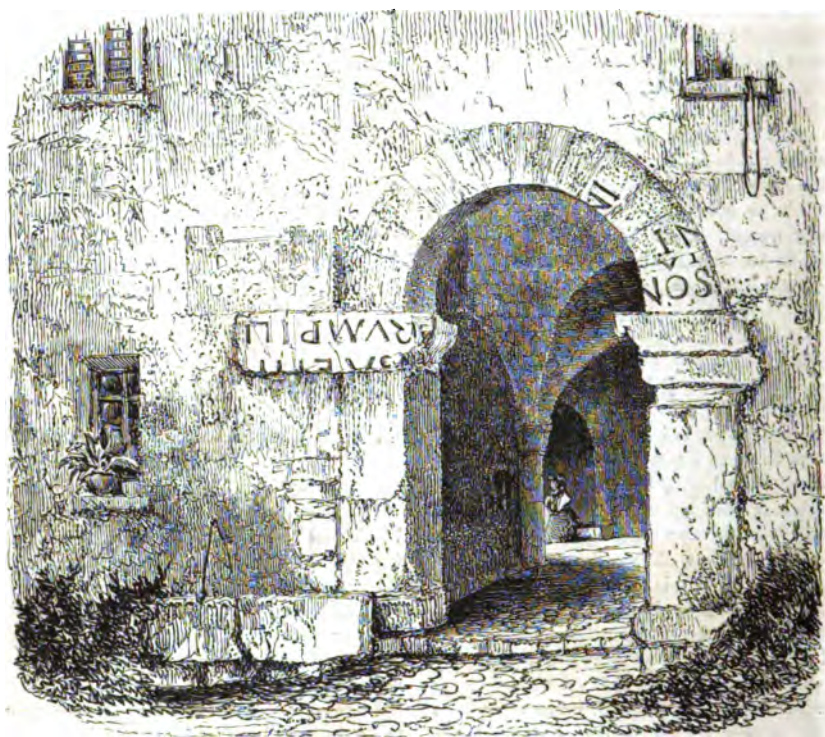
The monument has undergone such metamorphoses, not only from the hand of destruction, but also from change of use, that it is difficult to form an accurate idea, from its present condition, of what it must have been originally. It now consists of an enormous mass, which appears to have been formerly a quadrangle: it is surmounted by a tower which has been cut through the centre, and only one half left standing. It is only in the lower structure that the hand of the primitive architect is to be discovered: not only the construction of the tower, but the embrasures which crown the summit, indicate it a work of the middle ages. We have, in fact, the witness of historians to prove that the monument upon which

the barbarians, by way of revenge, were pleased to inflict the injuries of mutilation, was changed into a fortress in the time of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. Thus even its greatness, which would seem to have been its guarantee against the action of time, became the principal cause of its ruin. We find in the "Nouveau Théâtre du Piémont et de la Savoie," printed at the commencement of the eighteenth century, a fine engraving of this curious fortress; but it would be difficult to distinguish there any trace of its antiquity. The quadrangular structure has been simplified so as to form the base of a rampart, from the four angles of which spring quadrangular turrets, and a circular tower crowns the whole. Long the subject of dispute between the rival parties, this citadel was destroyed at the end of the sixteenth century by Marshal Villiers, upon the instigation of the Prince of Monaco, the frontiers of whose territories it threatened. But these remains still shed over the country a ray of the past, and preserve there the great name of Rome.

After examining the ruins still remaining on the spot, or scattered over the village, and comparing them with the account of it preserved in some authors, it may be conjectured, that the monu-

If the heap of rubbish which has accumulated around the monument were thoroughly examined, no doubt some important remains would be found; for, although the statues have been broken, they have not been taken away. As for the inscription, the adjoining representation will show what remains of it. What has become of the other fragments? Reduced to the condition of building-stones, they serve perhaps for walls to other ruined houses, the owners of which were not ambitious of affixing white marble to their doorway. Probably also the stones of the arch, upon which no letters are visible, would, if reversed, bring to light the remainder of the inscription. It would, perhaps, be worthy of the city of Nice to remove these stones, and place them in the Museum library; but to us their present situation seems so full of instruction, that we should regret to see them removed.

Aided by the text of Pliny, it is not difficult to find the value of each fragment presented to us by this doorway. The principal part belongs to the first and second lines of the list of vanquished nations:—"Gentes Alpinae devictæ: Trumpilini, Camuni," etc. We read upon the stone over the left pillar the lower part of "Alpi," preceded by an s, the final letter of "Gentes," and above that—for



FRAGMENTS OF THE INSCRIPTION OF AUGUSTUS ON A DOORWAY AT TURBIA.

ment consisted of a quadrangle surrounded by Doric columns, adorned with statues of the lieutenants of Augustus, and those of the vanquished barbarians, and surmounted by a colossal image of the emperor.

M. P. Boyer, a Frenchman, who visited Turbia in 1585, relates that he discovered in the enclosure of the fortress a colossal head of Augustus, terribly mutilated, but sufficiently preserved to allow him to take its measurement, from which he calculated that the entire figure must have been twenty-eight feet in height. He discovered also the upper part of the torso, and studied it sufficiently to deliver a dissertation upon the costume. He supposed that the rest of the statue had been cut away to furnish material for two large tombs, one of which then served for a horsepond. Another interesting discovery was a knee clasped by two hands, appearing to have belonged to the figure of a captive, from which he concluded that the image of the emperor was not the only decoration of the monument. Towards the end of the last century, a fine head of Drusus was dug from the ruins. It was purchased upon the spot by the prince of Denmark, and placed by him in the Museum of Copenhagen, where it may still be seen.

the letters are upside down—"rumpili" of "Trumpilini." Upon the right pillar, the letters nos belong to the word "Venostes," the only word of the list in which this syllable is found. The syllable xi, which we read upon two stones, cannot be exactly determined, for in the list given by Pliny there are ten names which have this termination. However, if we suppose all these stones belong to the first lines of the inscription, the letters may belong to "Camuni," to "Brucmi," or else to the final of "Trumpilini." But that is of little importance.

We have only to remark that the stone on the left pillar may serve as a commentary on the too concise passage left us by Pliny. As naturalists, by the aid of one bone, can reconstruct the entire animal, so may we endeavour by the help of this single piece to restore the whole tablet.

In the text of Pliny there are two distinct things to be noticed: 1st. The dedication to Augustus, "Imp. Cesar, div . . . quod ejus ductu auspiciisque, etc." "To the emperor Cesar Augustus . . . because it was by his command, and under his auspices, that all the Alpine nations of the upper and lower sea were subjugated to the empire of the Roman people;" 2nd. The list of the

quished nations, "Gentes Alpine devictæ, Trumpilini, Camuni, nostes, etc." It is probable that these two inscriptions, of different a character, occupied different situations upon the monument.

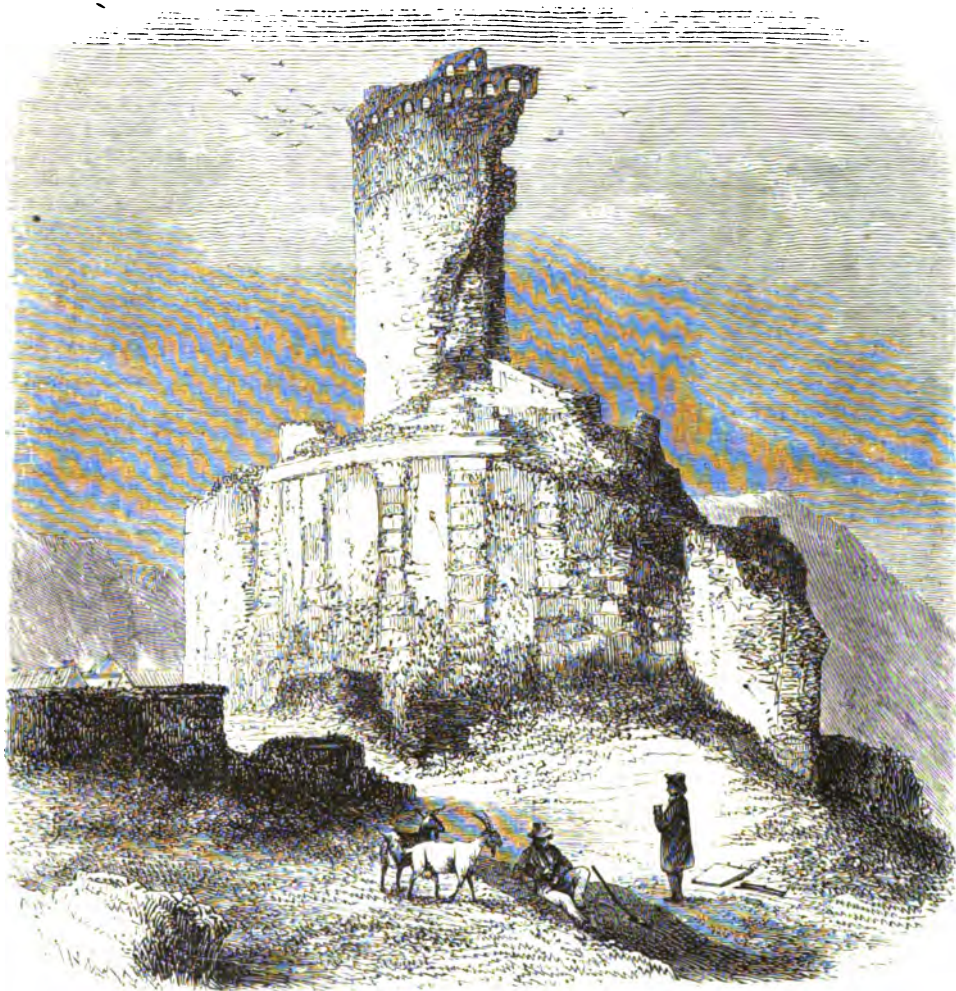
We, however, have only to notice the list of vanquished nations, of the others we have no remains. The inscription upon the one of the left pillar will assist us to calculate the length and breadth of the whole. The letters "Alpine" occupying a space of nearly four inches, it is easy to determine that "Gentes Alpine devictæ" upon the same scale, would occupy more than nine feet. This, then, would have been the breadth of the tablet.

The length, or height, of the inscription may be calculated by the names mentioned by Pliny, compared with the dimensions of the characters employed. The height of the letters is seven inches,

that of the space between the lines four inches, whence it follows that the space occupied by the forty-seven names, with title and margin, would be about forty-five feet. Perhaps this long inscription was divided into two tablets, and placed upon the front of the monument. But be that as it may, it must have been of colossal magnitude.

It may, perhaps, be contended that the names of the nations, instead of occupying each its own line, were placed one after another, which would much diminish the height of the tablet; but that each of the names occupied its own line can admit of no doubt.

Here is enough to stimulate the zeal of amateurs; and we wish that these lines, meeting the eye of some one of our countrymen, may help to cure him of his ill-humours, by inspiring him with the idea of exploring this precious mine of archæology and the fine arts.



RUINS OF THE TOWER OF AUGUSTUS AT TURBIA.

THE WALLACHIAN ROBBER.—II.

MARUSCHKA gave no answer to Selim's ambiguous remark, yet it was evident these words of the renegade fell upon her like sparks upon gunpowder. He, however, said to himself, "Be very careful, Selim Baschi. The capricious soul of woman often desires what it once disdained. They flee that they may be pursued, and when the pursuit is over the game sometimes turns hunter. Thus Maruschka may, perhaps, have changed her refusal into a tardy consent because she thought herself a medlar, which must be fully ripe to taste well."

This musing was interrupted by a question which the old robber put. "How is it," said he, "young apostate, that you roam about alone as a wanderer in our mountains?"

"Do I not know these hills as well as you?" replied Selim. "I have not lost my way hunting, but merely staid out rather late, and am now preparing some refreshment that I may make my way back with renewed vigour. I have a reason for hunting beyond the pleasure of it. We are all fond of game, and every deer I get improves my position with my superior."

"You take a good deal of trouble," observed Maruschka, "to please your commanders."

"It is the only way to obtain promotion," was the apostate's reply. "Even Turks are not above studying what is expedient for the attainment of their object. I am earnestly endeavouring to get into favour; and if a bold attempt of mine is successful, I shall then have powerful advocates who will appreciate my merit as it deserves. Mark, Maruschka, if you were in a position to

assist me in a brilliant exploit against the Imperialists, then— But what do I say? You are a zealous Christian, and, consequently, devoted in your attachment to the double-headed eagle."

"Hush!" interrupted Maruschka, with great impetuosity. "The eagle is as hateful to me as spiders and toads. If you are disposed to venture upon an attack, I will assist you both with advice and in action, and I think I can render you great service, so that you may take half-a-dozen dragoon's heads to Mehadia. I am prepared to look out for a favourable opportunity, and hope soon to succeed."

Selim nodded and smiled with satisfaction, and the two were soon deep in conversation about the position and movements of the Imperial forces.

While the Wallachian female robber and the apostate were preparing their secret schemes by the fire in the wood, Zdenku, the Mlakaberg peasant, was sitting at ease upon a bench in his kitchen, which served both for a sleeping and sitting room. There was a maple-wood bedstead in the room, on which he often lazily stretched himself, after the manner of the inhabitants of these parts near the Danube, who are all alike in idleness and cowardice, whether they call themselves Servians, Wallachians, or Croatians. He was looking lazily at the curling wreaths of smoke from his pipe, while his wife and daughter were getting ready the supper at the fire. The wife, an active woman, was as repulsive and dirty as her husband. The daughter bore some resemblance to both, but yet had rather a different aspect. Her fresh countenance, which inherited the prominent features of her father's, was attractive to behold in its youthful bloom. The short figure, which she derived from her mother, combined with her plump roundness to produce a model of symmetry and activity. And to crown the whole, the beautiful Wantscha united to all the attractions of health, youth, and loveliness, a purity of heart such as is rarely to be found even among those who have enjoyed the highest advantages in point of education and example.

"Wantscha, my child," said the peasant, all at once aroused by the savoury odour arising from the fire, "tell me what you have there cooking."

"A delicacy, father," replied the daughter, "four bear's feet."

"Indeed! How came you by them? Have you taken the grim monster by the ear?"

"You will not guess, father. When I went out to-day to take the herdsmen their dinner, they were just killing the bear which had fallen into the trap in the course of the night, and I brought home the feet and hocks."

"The men may have the rest, themselves," said Zdenku, smiling; and then turning to his wife, added, "we have a clever lass there, that is very clear."

"She is not active, at any rate," muttered the woman; "in that she takes after her father."

Wantscha was ready in a moment to defend herself from her mother's reproach. She thought it was only prudent not to wish to be married to an old robber, and was about once more to justify her reluctance, when the entrance of a stranger interrupted her just as the first word was on the tip of her tongue. This unexpected visitor was so tall that he was obliged to stoop a little to avoid knocking his head against the upper part of the door. Yet with all this unusual height of stature he was as square-built and compactly-formed as the merest dwarf, while neither symmetry nor pliancy of limb was at all deficient in his gigantic bulk. His countenance, like his person, bore traces of a stern kind of beauty. Beneath his lofty forehead and overhanging eye-brows shone forth a pair of dark eyes. The nose was broad and large, with wide nostrils. Over the lips grew a thick arch of black moustaches, which united with the whiskers and stretched out at the ends more than an inch each way. The dress, as well as the form and countenance, of the giant was strange and striking. It consisted of a close-fitting doublet without arms, a sort of open waistcoat of blue cloth richly adorned with silk cord, and red trousers which terminated in laced half-boots. The back and left side were covered with a bear-skin hussar's coat also, corded and fastened under the right arm, so as to leave that arm quite at liberty. His right hand grasped an *esakan* or Hungarian axe, a dangerous weapon when skilfully wielded. In his girdle were stuck a pair of horse-pistols

and a short sabre. Beneath the coat on the left side hung a long sword, and a gunstock on which to fix a pistol, if necessary.

The weapons were in excellent condition. The dress, although it had evidently been long exposed to wind and weather, served as an ornament to the wearer—at least in the eyes of the beautiful Wantscha, who, deeply blushing, could not refrain from exclaiming in a half-audible tone, "What a pleasant surprise!"

"Praised be the Holy Virgin," said the visitor as he entered, sprinkling himself with the holy water at the door, and making the sign of the cross after the manner of the Eastern church.

"All praise to the whole company of saints in heaven," answered the three inmates of the house. The woman added, "Why so late at night, robber chief?"

The latter laid aside his outer coat, made himself comfortable upon a seat, and then replied:—"I wished to visit my wife and then go to Mlakaberg. But Maruschka was not in her retreat. She had gone, they said, to meet her messenger, the active Dobru, whom she had sent out for some gunpowder. I waited for her to come back because she had promised to let me have a pound of powder as soon as she got any. But I waited in vain, she did not come, and at last I went away. Hence I am a late visitor here, but not too late, I perceive. I have come just in time for supper, and my nose tells me it will be a good one, too."

"Perhaps we expected a visit from you, Petru Bagyu," said Wantscha, laughing, "and have, therefore, prepared something very nice."

"Joke away," was the robber's reply; "I have swallowed many a nice morsel intended for another without being any the worse for it."

"It would not answer for you to be a robber," said Czinka, "if you were not always on the watch to snap up what belongs to other people."

"Better be a Wallachian robber," rejoined he, "than a Croatian thief."

The conversation continued in a strain of social jocularity. In the eyes of the peasant and his family, robbery was a sort of profession or handicraft to which they need entertain no unfriendly feeling, as long as their own property was respected. Still the wife let fall some expressions which were not altogether without bitterness. She had remarked that Petru had for some time past considered himself as a Turk, and although he made use of the holy water, might, like any other unbelieving Moslem, be disposed to take a second wife, if not three or four. Petru understood what she meant well enough, but abstained from any reply. With a quiet serious air he put his hand into his knapsack, which he laid on the bench with his fur coat and sabre, and pulled out a large flask, saying, "Let us drink, I have better stuff here than any pasha can get to drink."

Czinka smiled in a good-natured way, and accepted his invitation without any reluctance. The lady Zdenku was all of a sudden as brisk and active as any waiter at an hotel or coffee-house. Even Wantscha did not scorn the tempting offer, but took more than one draught with much pleasure. The bear's feet were brought to table. The meal passed amid plenty of talking and joking, and though Zdenku might at first have felt a little annoyed when he found a visitor had come to partake of the rich dainty, he consoled himself as well as he could with the flask, and was the more contented when Petru promised to leave it behind him.

At last the robber chief rose to go. "It is getting late," said he, "and I have a long way to go."

"Won't you stay for the night?" asked Czinka in astonishment.

"I should be glad to do so," was the reply, "but I cannot; I am expecting a messenger to-night, who will, perhaps, bring good news."

"Only perhaps?" said Zdenku, yawning; "for a perhaps I would not stir my little finger."

"You are right enough, to take it easy," replied Petru; "you have a good home, a wife, child, and servants, with plenty to eat and drink; and may sit here watching the birds from morning to night, without any anxiety. But I have a dozen months to fill by my own exertions, in these hard times. Business with me is very bad, and rather dangerous, besides. As I cannot make myself so comfortable as I should like, I am now going from Mehadia to Orsova upon a mere uncertainty."

He went to the door, accompanied by Wantscha, who conducted to the outer gate. There they remained, hand-in-hand, for some time; said good night, more than once, and yet lingered on the spot. He was waiting for her to go back into the house, and to see which way he went.

"Shall you be back again soon?" asked Wantscha.

"I wish I were already back," was his reply.

"Why, then, would you not stay?"

"Of what use would it be, Wantscha? I should only grieve all more ever to be separated from you. If you would but —"

"Hush!" interrupted the girl; "have I not forbidden you to name by any such talk?"

"In my thoughts I tell you everything, and more than everything; how, then, can I control my tongue in your presence, of whom I am thinking day and night?"

"We are very unfortunate," sighed the maiden.

"If we are unfortunate, I am lucky indeed," whispered he, preaching still nearer to her. She made no objection to this overment, though she said—"You men are all alike; you care for nothing but your own happiness. If you consider yourself lucky, I have reason to be so much the more unlucky in my own estimation."

The conversation was here interrupted in a very unexpected and unpleasant way.

"What makes you so unhappy, my dear?" said a woman's voice. "You would like to have a husband to yourself alone, would you not? Such a one is here for you, my darling."

It was Maruschka who said this. She and her companion had come near enough, without being observed, to hear what Wantscha said. The two who were thus surprised, started back from each other.

"Good evening, husband," said Maruschka. "You expected me here, I suppose?"

"Not here," replied he; "but I waited for you at your place till I could wait no longer."

"Because you were afraid to be out in the wood late at night," cried Maruschka, laughing.

Wantscha heard no more of the conversation between them, but slipped back into the house.

The old woman soon followed her, accompanied by Dschurdschu, but without Petru, he having gone off. Maruschka did not look exactly pleased. It is true she was glad at heart to have caught her husband holding a familiar conversation with the girl. The reproaches, which she now felt she had a right to utter against him, were a sort of protection against those of her own conscience. Still these and other similar considerations were not sufficient to give her restless spirit perfect repose, and she gladly seized the opportunity of giving vent to her fury.

The peasant and his wife received her in a cringing, fawning manner. They had treated her husband cordially, but without any great show of respect. Now all was changed. A good dog gets one bone, a savage dog two; and Maruschka could always exact more than others. Indeed she was the mistress of the place. The house, the yard, the flocks, and even the life of the peasant and his family were dependent upon her protection.

"Our poor house is highly honoured by you," said Zdenku, bowing and crossing his arms over his breast.

"Wantscha will make haste," added Csinka, "and get you a nice supper."

With suppressed indignation Maruschka heard these and similar remarks, in which, amid professions of submission and subservience, they offered all kinds of attention.

"I don't wish to take anything," said she as she sat down; "I only want a night's lodging with you, not because I am tired, but because I have to be here early in the morning. And yet I am doubting whether I ought not to prefer a night's rest in the wood to staying in your house."

"Why do you hesitate, mistress?" interposed Zdenku, submissively; "do you suppose anything you wish would be denied you here?"

"You are tolerably well-disposed," said Maruschka, "but you have no strength of purpose, no energy, no perseverance. You are like a reed trembling with every breeze."

"I receive the reproof in all humility," replied Zdenku, in a penitential tone.

"Change for the better," cried the imperious Amazon; "and you will gratify me far more than by your humility. Even now it is not too late; repentance may yet produce good fruits."

"I will improve," declared the abject man; "your good counsel shall be to me inviolable law; but my understanding does not keep pace with my good intentions. Condescend, mistress, to inform the dull peasant in what he has had the misfortune to offend you."

"Don't pretend to be more simple than you really are," rejoined Maruschka; "don't imitate the shopkeeper at Mehadia, who shams deafness when he wishes not to hear."

CROCHET EDGING.

EDGING NO. 1. LONG WAY.

MATERIALS.—Brooks' Great Exhibition Prize Goat's-head Crochet Thread, No. 40, and Penelope Crochet Hook, No. 5. Make a chain the length required, allowing 23 loops for each pattern.

1st row: Double crochet.

2nd: Treble.

3rd: Double.

4th: Work 1 double, chain 9, miss 9, work 2 double, chain 9, miss 9, work 1 double, repeat to the end, fasten off.

5th: Work 1 double at the top of the 1 double of last round, chain 8, work 4 double at the top of the next 2 double of last row, chain 8, work 1 double at the top of the first 1 of the next 2 double, repeat to the end, fasten off.

6th: Work 1 double at the top of the 1 double of last row, chain 7, work 6 double at the top of the 4 double of last row, chain 7, work 1 double at the top of the next 1 double, repeat to the end, fasten off.

7th: Work 1 double at the top of the 1 double of last row, chain 6, work 8 double at the top of the 6 double of last row, chain 6, work 1 double at the top of the next 1 double of last row, repeat to the end, fasten off.

8th: Work 1 double at the top of the 1 double of last row, chain 5, work 10 double at the top of the 8 double of last row, chain 5, work 1 double at the top of the next 1 double of last row, repeat to the end, fasten off.

9th: Double crochet.

10th: Work 3 treble, chain 18, miss 16, work 3 treble, repeat to the end, fasten off.

Be particular in the 6 treble that it always falls in the centre of the chains of the former rows.

11th: Work 3 treble at the top of the 3 treble of last row, chain 6, miss 8, work 2 treble in 1 loop, chain 3, work 2 treble in the next loop, chain 6, work 3 treble at the top of the next 3 treble of last row, repeat to the end, fasten off.

12th: Work 3 treble at the top of the first 3 treble of last row, chain 4, work 2 treble in the centre of the 3 chain of last row, chain 3, work 2 treble in the same 3 chain as before, chain 3, work 2 in the same 3 chain as before, chain 4, work 3 treble at the top of the next 3 treble, repeat to the end, fasten off.

13th: Work 3 treble at the top of the 3 treble of last round, work 2 treble in the centre of the 3 chain of last row, chain 3, work 2 treble in the centre of the same 3 chain as before, chain 4, work 2 treble in the centre of the next 3 chain of last row, chain 3, work 2 treble in the same 3 chain as before, work 3 treble at the top of the next 3 treble of last row, chain 2, repeat to the end, fasten off.

14th: Work 4 treble at the top of the 3 treble of last row, chain 3, then work 1 treble, and chain 1 for 7 times in the centre of the 4 chain of last row, work 1 treble in the same loop as before, chain 3, work 4 treble at the top of the 3 treble of last row, chain 3, and repeat to the end, fasten off.

15th: Work 5 treble at the top of the 4 treble of last row, chain 2, work 1 plain in the 1 chain of last row, then chain 3, and work 1 plain in each of the 1 chain of last row, chain 2, work 5 treble at the top of the 4 treble of last row, chain 4, and repeat to the end, fasten off.

16th: Work 5 treble at the top of the 5 treble of last row, chain 2, work 1 plain in the centre of the first 3 chain of last row, then chain 3, and work 1 plain in each of the 3 chain of last row, chain 2, work 5 treble at the top of the 5 treble of last row, chain 5, and repeat to the end, fasten off.

17th: Work 5 treble at the top of the 5 treble of last row, chain 2, work 1 plain in the centre of the first 3 chain of last row, then chain 3, and work 1 plain in each of the 3 chain of last row, chain 2, work 5 treble at the top of the 5 treble of last row, chain 2, work 1 treble in the centre of the 5 chain of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the same loop as before, chain 2, and repeat to the end, fasten off.

18th: Work 5 treble at the top of the 5 treble of last row, chain 2, work 1 plain in the centre of the first 3 chain of last row, then chain 3, and work 1 plain in each 3 chain of last row, chain 2, work 5 treble at the top of the 5 treble of last row, chain 4, work 1 treble in the centre of the 3 chain of last row, then chain 3, and work 1 treble for 3 times more in the same 3 chain, chain 4, and repeat to the end, fasten off.

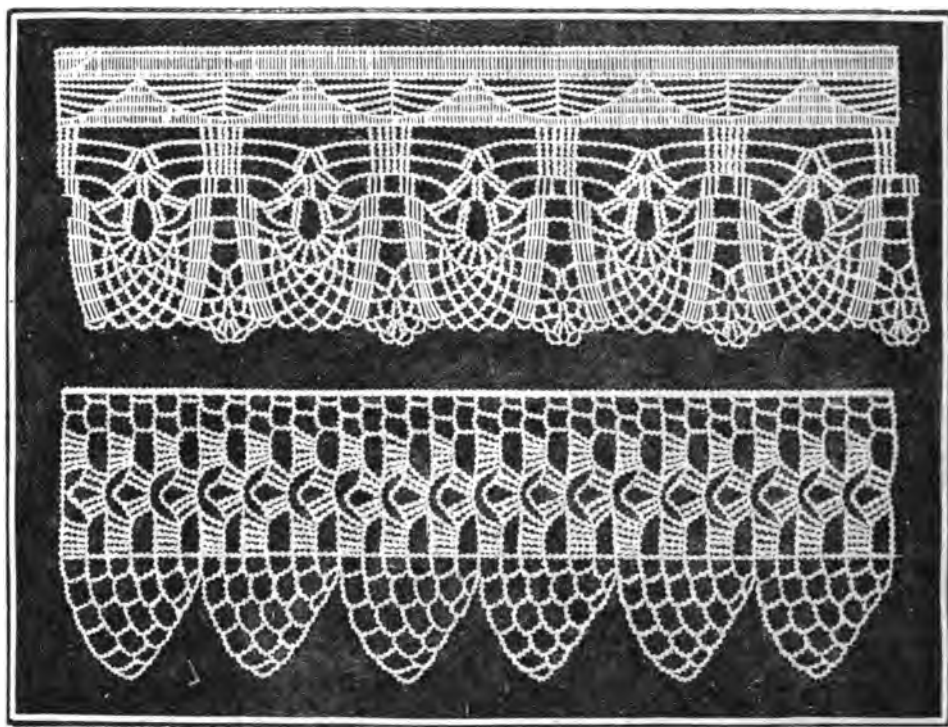
19th: Work 5 treble at the top of the 5 treble of last row, chain

chain 3, work 1 treble in the next 3 chain, chain 3, work 1 treble in the centre of the first 5 chain of last row, chain 4, work 6 treble in the next 5 chain of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the centre of the 3 chain of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the end 3 chain of last row, turn back.

3rd: Chain 3, work 1 treble in the first 3 3 chains of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the next 3 chain of last row, chain 3, work 3 treble in the centre of the 4 chain of last row, chain 3, work 3 treble in the same place as before, chain 5, work 1 treble in the centre of the first 3 chain of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the same 3 chain as before, chain 3, work 1 treble in the next 3 chain of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the end 3 chain of last row, turn back.

4th: Chain 3, and work 1 treble in each of the first 3 3 chains of last row, chain 3, work 6 treble in the first 5 chain of last row, chain 4, work 6 treble in the next 5 chain of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the centre of the next 3 chain of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the end 3 chain of last row, turn back.

5th: Chain 3, work 1 treble in the first 3 chain of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the next 3 chain of last row, chain 3,



CROCHET EDGING.

2, work 1 plain in the centre of the 3 chain of last row, then chain 3, and plain 1 in each of the 3 chains of last row, chain 2, work 5 treble at the top of the 5 treble of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the centre of the first 3 chain of last row, chain 3, work 2 treble in the next 3 chain of last row, chain 3, work 2 treble in the same loop as before, chain 3, work 1 treble in the next 3 chain of last row, chain 3, and repeat to the end, fasten off.

20th: Plain 1 in the centre of the 3 chain of last row, chain 5, and repeat to the end, fasten off, which completes the edging.

EDGING NO. 11. SHORT WAY.

MATERIALS.—Brooks' Great Exhibition Prize Goat's-head Crochet Thread, No. 40, and Penelope Crochet Hook, No. 5. Make a chain of 19 loops, turn back.

1st row: Miss 2, work 1 treble, chain 3, miss 2, work 1 treble, chain 5, miss 5, work 3 treble in the 1 loop, chain 3, work 3 treble in the same loop as before, chain 5, miss 5, work 1 treble, chain 3, work 1 treble in the same loop as before, chain 3, work 1 treble in the same loop as before, turn back.

2nd: Chain 3, work 1 treble in the first 3 chain of last row,

work 3 treble in the centre of the 4 chain of last row, chain 3, work 3 treble in the same place as before, chain 5, work 1 treble in the centre of the first 3 chain of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the same place as before, chain 3, work 1 treble in the next 3 chain of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the next 3 chain of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the end 3 chain of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the same place as before, turn back.

6th: Chain 3 and work 1 treble in each of the first 3 chains of last row, chain 3, work 6 treble in the 5 chain of last row, chain 4, work 6 treble in the next 5 chain of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the next 3 chain of the last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the end 3 chain of last row, turn back.

7th: Chain 3, work 1 treble in the centre of 3 first 3 chain of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the centre of the next 3 chain of last row, chain 5, work 3 treble in the centre of the 4 chain of last row, chain 3, work 3 treble in the same place as before, chain 5, work 1 treble in the centre of the 3 chains of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the same place as before, chain 3, work 1 treble in the same place as before, turn back, and repeat from the 2nd row for the length required.

THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, K.G.

It is sometimes said that the age of statesmen has fled—meaning thereby, that the growth of statesmen has ceased, or passed away. It is recorded of Sir R. Peel, that one of the contemplations that filled him with distrust of the future of England was the fact, that towards the close of his career, or at least after he had spent a long life in the service of his country, he saw no appearance of that younger race of political capacities which, in the natural order of things, should give promise of worthily filling the public stage as he and his contemporary actors quitted the scene. And really, the reasonableness of this foreboding strikes one most seriously in glancing at the majority of men now in office—recalling the duration of their

return!—were to take up a journal or periodical, and read of Lord Lansdowne making a speech in the peers, or assisting in the deliberations of the cabinet, or, still more, of giving a magnificent fashionable fête in Berkeley-square, with half the patricians in Burke's Peerage figuring there, he, the said returned voyager, would conclude, as a matter of course, that the individual in question was the son of that Marquis of Lansdowne who was a most aged and patriarchal politician when the arctic explorer had set out on his expedition. He never could conceive that the Marquis of that era was the Marquis of this; that after all the mutations in systems and circumstances, an individual who had been a prominent



THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE.

duties, and looking forward in vain for others competent to discharge those duties as well, or anything like as well, though those now discharging them have attained ages which, in any other occupation in life than that of governing the country would have entitled them to all the ease and unruffled honours of retirement long, long ago. To no man in the ministry—though the head of it, Lord Aberdeen, is himself a phenomenon on the score we are speaking of—to no man out of the ministry, with the single exception, perhaps, of Lord Lyndhurst, whose intellect is as sharp, and physical stamina as strong, to all appearance, as if he were merely in ripe middle age, do these remarks apply with such force as to the distinguished nobleman whose name heads this page. If a returned voyager from the Franklin Expedition—whence, alas! there is no

legislator for the fathers, the grandfathers—ay, the great-grandfathers—of the present generation, could still be in office, still looked up to, and his advice and assistance be deemed absolutely essential to the guidance of the political concerns in which he still takes a conspicuous personal part.

One can hardly realise the immense sweep of time over which the life, the active political life, of Lord Lansdowne extends. People are accustomed to hold up their hands and open their eyes in astonishment when they are told that Lord Palmerston was a nimble placeman through the greater part of the Peninsular War, and filled the prominent and highly responsible office of Secretary at War during that period, and for several years afterwards. And certainly, as one reflects on these facts, and then looks at the noble vis-

count, still buoyant and vigorous, and with a score of sessions in his constitution, it does make one despair of the likelihood of such a race of men as the member for Tiverton belongs to ever again becoming known to our history. But he is a mere chicken compared to the Marquis in point of official standing. We of this age think that the period of Earl Grey and the Reform Bill is somewhat distant; that Canning is among the classics as to time; that the Liverpool and Castlereagh days belong to the mists of history; and as for Pitt and Fox, why, we regard them with something of that veneration in respect to antiquity with which we look upon the early records of the house of Hanover; while as to meeting with any one who ever saw either of these celebrated personages, such a thought never occurs to us; or, if it does, we think of such venerable individuals as we do of the "oldest inhabitant" of the newspapers, as of one who sits mumbling and dozing in a corner, entertaining his own senility with garrulous gossip of things his father before him had told him, rather than of matters within his own cognisance. What, then, must be our astonishment as we confront in Lord Lansdowne a person with whom Pitt and Fox were not merely traditional celebrities, who were quitting the sphere of politics as his boyhood was beginning to comprehend the sort of men they really were, but one who was an opponent of one and a colleague of the other of them. Lord Lansdowne was actually a cabinet minister in the days of Fox: he was Fox's Chancellor of the Exchequer, three years before the present one, Mr. Gladstone, and one year before the late one, Mr. Disraeli, was born! Of course, he must not only have been of full age when he was appointed to that office, in the crisis of a war more formidable than that England is now engaged in,—for the whole continent was allied against her, and the nations that occasionally took heart of grace to fight for themselves had to be paid by her for their patriotism,—but he must also have been a party man of long standing, and one who had given great evidence of aptitude for that species of busifness which can only be acquired by experience. On the occasion of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer coming into the post he now fills, he spoke of himself as a veteran officer, of one whose office-life dated back twenty years, and talked like one whom age had given a prescriptive right to lecture the virid and comparatively immature, and therefore, perhaps, frivolous critics who are captious about occurrences that are incomprehensible or distasteful to them merely from their novelty. How, then, must it be with the Marquis, who, as we have just said, was an experienced and distinguished official before Mr. Gladstone was born! "I was a man when Hector's grandsire sucked," says Ulysses in the drama; and certainly the saying might be paraphrased with some truth by Lord Lansdowne, if applied to some of his cabinet colleagues, say the noble Privy Seal, the Duke of Argyll, for example.

Long as his life has been, it has ever been free from taint or reproach of any kind; even from the taint which in these days is hardly felt to be a reproach—that of inconsistency. Sprung of a lineage of liberals, coming before the public as the *protégé*, friend, companion, and colleague of liberals, he has never once deviated from the path of progress, nor have his actions ever given warrant for the supposition that he did so. Even now, as one of a cabinet composed in part of men whom he had for years and years opposed as re-actionists, his presence is the pledge of progress; and the public feel, that though at his years it is wholly impossible he should materially influence any line of policy, still his sanction of the policy which is being pursued implies that that policy is of a more English and liberal nature than would be that other policy which his refusal to make part of the present ministry would have entailed upon the country. The character of the Marquis is one of which the whole English nation may be justly proud; it is the realisation of that ideal character which the warmest panegyrist of their patrician institutions might select for portrayal. In the first place, it is as purely disinterested a character as can well be imagined in one of his position, and is perhaps the most disinterested which English political history affords—much more so than that of the Duke of Wellington, whom it is customary to regard as the type of personal magnanimity in such matters. The duke was an exceedingly ambitious man, greedy of political power, not only for its own sake but for his own sake; and the records of the formation of the ministry of 1828, and of the events which led to the downfall of

two preceding administrations, show, that if the first consideration of his grace was to secure an advantage for his party, the next consideration was to turn that advantage to his own individual aggrandisement. True, his transference of the premiership to Peel on the second occasion of being at the head of affairs, and his retention of nearly all the seals of all the offices till Sir Robert's return from Rome in 1834, are suggestive of great seeming indifference to official ambition. But it is to be recollected, that at that period the duke had come to the conclusion that the first minister of the crown should belong to the Commons, not to the Peers' House of Parliament; and, moreover, it was a matter of notoriety, of which none was more conscious than his grace himself, that the main stay of the ministry was the name of Wellington, and that his word was as much law in the cabinet as it would have been were he in camp. Very different, however, has the conduct of Lord Lansdowne ever been. Self is the last thing he has ever thought of. Though possessed, as we have seen, of unrivalled experience—though a man of great natural ability, aided by the highest culture and incessant study—though one of the richest men in the peerage, commanding the highest social position in right of his wealth, taste, and the unbounded personal respect in which he has ever been held—he has never sought to obtrude himself on the public or parliament; has always been content to fill a subordinate post, and satisfied if, in the capacity of a comparative cypher, he can contribute to the sum of human happiness, in the interest of those principles with which his name has ever been most honourably identified. Nor has he sought to indemnify himself for this forbearance in public by the indulgence of the love of intrigue in private, as has been the case with men somewhat similarly situated in all ages, and as is said to be the case now with Prince Metternich, who is alleged to have the same power behind the Austrian throne, in privacy, as he had so long before it; and as was also the case, according to popular belief, with Lord Bute, in the early part of the reign of George III., secretly influencing councils for the results of which he was not responsible.

Intrigue, trickery, plotting, and scheming of every kind are foreign to Lord Lansdowne. Noble alike by nature, position, and the circumstances that have surrounded him, or rather that he has created for himself, he has gone through life so purely as to have been untouched even by the breath of calumny; and amidst all the accusations which party malice directs against its objects in times of political strife, none has ever impugned the integrity of his declarations on public subjects, or hinted that a sordid, unworthy, or even personal motive of any kind has influenced what seemed to be his sense of duty. Hence, on the occasion of his quitting office, to all appearance for the last time, at the break-up of the ministry of which Lord John Russell was the head, in 1852, everybody felt that the glowing eulogium pronounced upon him by his political rival and then successor to the ministerial leadership in the upper house, the Earl of Derby, was something more than a routine courtesy, something very far beyond the mere conventional compliment prescribed by custom. It was admitted on all hands that the Marquis had deserved everything that was said of him; and the best proof that he did so was conveyed in the circumstances which soon afterwards followed. When the Derby-Disraeli government were overthrown, the Sovereign and the leaders of the two parties embraced in the coalition ministry that was then in a state of formation, simultaneously resorted to the advice of Lord Lansdowne, knowing that they would find in his wisdom and unselfishness the very best guidance through the unparalleled party predicament in which the country was then placed. Nor were they disappointed. It was at Lord Lansdowne's suggestion that his life-long friend and almost pupil, Lord John Russell, agreed to merge all minor differences between his old foe, Lord Aberdeen, and himself, in the common cause of securing to the country the greatest aggregate of administrative ability which could be rendered available. It was at Lord Lansdowne's instance that Lord Aberdeen, who had never before been politically associated with any of Lord Lansdowne's usual friends, agreed to meet Lord John in a generous spirit of mutual forbearance, compromise, and acquiescence; and it was at Lord Lansdowne's instance that her Majesty agreed to accept for ministers men who had hitherto been looked upon as the representatives, if not of exactly diametrically opposite principles, at least of opposite

lans for giving expression to those principles ; for even under the modern liberalism of the Peelites, their maxim has been to do everything for the people on the Austrian model of governmental machinery, whereas the precept of the elder and consistent reformers

to let the people do that for themselves which the law and the constitution allow them. Nor did the good offices of Lord Lansdowne stop here. When differences arose between the reform section of the cabinet, when the views of Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston on certain points clashed, or were said to have clashed (for the real facts never transpired), Lord Lansdowne was appealed to by each, and succeeded in reconciling both ; and by a singular coincidence, the noble viscount, at the time the disagreement came to a rupture, was on a visit to Bowwood, the seat of the Marquis—the confidential friend and guest of the man with whom he had his first political quarrel not far short of fifty years before ! namely, at the election for the University of Cambridge, when he defeated the noble Marquis, then Lord Henry Petty, in 1806, Palmerston then representing the principles of Pitt, and his competitor, of course, those of Fox. This reminds us that it is now time to say a few words chronologically of the career of the subject of our memoir.

The family of the noble Marquis, Petty, traces its ancestry to a very remote period, the eleventh century, when one of the race figured considerably in the wars of Strongbow, in Ireland, where they obtained vast possessions, and where at the present day the family still own immense tracts of fine territory, especially in Kerry, which gives the title of earl to the eldest son of the Marquis of Lansdowne. The present eldest son of the Marquis is, however, Earl of Shelburne—the Earl of Kerry being dead some years—and why the eldest living does not take the title of his defunct brother, is a puzzle to our very limited heraldic sagacity. The family of Petty was altogether obscure and unknown in England, and very insignificant in Ireland, if, indeed, they could be said to be known at all there, for many generations, till the middle of the sixteenth century, when William Petty, the son of a clothier in Romsey, in Hampshire (where Lord Palmerston was also born), attained wealth and subsequently great public distinction by his proficiency, first in mechanical and afterwards in medical pursuits. These latter he followed with infinite profit in Ireland for many years, investing his gains in land and attaining the dignity of knight himself and a barony in her own right for his wife, Baroness Shelburne. One of his sons became the Earl of Shelburne, and famous as a politician in the reign of George II., and is described by Mr. Disraeli in "Coningsby," as one of the greatest politicians in English annals, though the history of what he did is all but unknown to posterity. The earl's son (father of the present marquis), was himself for some time prime minister to George III. ; so that we see the subject of our sketch has large hereditary claims to political eminence—a quality, however, which does not seem to be further transmissible, for his son, the present Earl of Shelburne, of whom we have just spoken, though long in parliament for the family borough of Calne, in Wiltshire, and for a brief period a Lord of the

Treasury, has never acquired the smallest prominence as a speaker or otherwise. The present Marquis was born in 1780, and consequently is in his seventy-fifth year. He was educated first at Westminster School, subsequently at Edinburgh, where, in common with many others who have since reached prominent stations, he was a pupil of the celebrated Dugald Stewart, and afterwards at Cambridge, where he became a Master of Arts. Availing himself of the brief Peace of Amiens, he made a hurried run through France with M. Dumont, and then took his seat for Calne ; his maiden-speech being full of promise, which his after efforts fully realised, especially on the impeachment of Lord Melville, for the malversation of public moneys as Treasurer of the Navy. In the first election for Cambridge, which he contested with Lord Palmerston about this time, he succeeded—in the second he was defeated ; the latter being owing to his advocacy of civil and religious claims, in contrast with the restrictive and bigoted views then upheld by Pitt's followers. In the budgets brought in by Lord Petty, while Chancellor of the Exchequer to Fox, there was no great room for the exhibition of what may be called popular finance, the war demanding new taxes instead of the remission or old ones ; and the necessity of the noble lord to continue the income-tax, which he and his associates had long denounced, exposed him to considerable ridicule, of which the caricaturists of the time were not slow to take advantage : but of his great financial ability no doubt was ever entertained ; and to this day few men in either house can deliver a speech more instructive or rich in information on any subject involving an exposition of the true canons of political economy, especially of a fiscal kind. The death of Fox, followed by the brief experiment of Earl Grenville's ministry (who, however, passed the Abolition of Slavery Bill, but were turned out for their support of Catholic emancipation), broke up the Reform party completely, as far as regarded their prospects of office. It was not till 1827 that the modified ministry of Canning gave the most moderate liberals a chance ; and, accordingly, his lordship, who had been in the upper house since 1809, was made Home Secretary, an office which he filled with great credit. Again, the death of his chief drove the noble Marquis into opposition, of which he became the leader in the Peers till the formation of the Grey cabinet in 1830, when he became President of the Council, the office now held by Lord John Russell, and continued to fill it during every liberal administration that has since been formed, with the exception of the present, in which he holds no office, though a member of the cabinet. It is needless to add, after what we have stated, that in every cabinet to which he has belonged, and in every position which he has filled, whether in office or opposition, whether in public or private, his lordship has been the warm friend of enlightenment among the people and progressive liberty in all national institutions. He has always employed his great hereditary wealth, which was largely augmented by matrimonial alliance with the affluent family of the Hlohesters, in a wise munificence, promoting literature and the arts, with a generosity doubly valuable, because of the taste and discrimination that guide it.

THE CONVENT OF SANTA ENGRACIA, AT SARAGOSSA.

Those who have read Napier's invaluable history of the Peninsular War will remember the principal circumstance in modern times for which Saragossa is remarkable. We allude to the famous siege of the place by the French under Marshals Mortier and Lannes, which lasted from July 15, 1808, to Feb. 1, 1809, with only some occasional and slight interruptions. It was not till 6,000 men had perished in battle, and more than 30,000 men, women, and children had been destroyed by famine, pestilence, or cruel outrage, that the French succeeded in taking possession of the city. The siege bore a strong resemblance to that of Jerusalem in the obstinacy of the resistance made, the sufferings of the besieged, and their fanatical barbarity towards one another as well as the enemy.

Among other sacred edifices which were then destroyed, was the convent of Santa Engracia, the ruins of which we have depicted.

It was founded by Ferdinand and Isabella, whose reign is memorable on many accounts, particularly for its connexion with the immortal discoveries of Columbus. Much has been said in praise of the cloister, which is adorned with marble columns and numerous armorial bearings ; but not more than it fairly deserves. In this cloister was buried Jerome Blancas, the historian of Aragon, who died in 1590. It was over the smoking ruins of the convent that the French forced their way into the city in the terrible siege of 1809. The doorway, now riddled with bullets, is a remarkable work of the fifteenth century. It is thus described by Alexander Delaborde. "The doorway, which is in the form of an altar-screen, consists of two architectural portions. The first is adorned with four columns, and the statues of four learned ecclesiastics. The second contains three statues, that of the Virgin with the infant Jesus, and those of King Ferdinand V. and his Queen Isabella kneeling on

each side. These two portions are surmounted by a cross and statues of the Virgin and St. John. The arch of the door is ornamented with heads of seraphim, and near them are two ancient medallions, above which are written the words 'Numa Pompilius, M. Antonius.'" The celebrated traveller adds, that in the interior of the church the decorations in marble and gold were distributed with artistic effect. There might be seen the magnificent mausoleum of the historian, Jerome Zurita, who died in 1570.

A side-door led to a second church, whence there was a descent to the crypt of *Las Santas Masas*. "This is," says Delaborde, "a veritable catacomb, in which are deposited the relics of many martyrs. The arched roof, which rises about twelve feet, and is covered with stars upon an azure ground, rests upon thirty small columns of different sorts of marble, forming six small naves. Here are preserved, among other things, several crystal vases con-

taining the blood and ashes of various martyrs, and the head of Saint Engracia in a silver shrine, adorned with a necklace of precious stones. There is a pit in the middle of this church, surrounded by an iron balustrade, which is said to contain the ashes of a great number of the faithful, whom Dacian had burnt at Saragossa."

Within the last twenty years Saragossa has witnessed fresh proofs of Spanish valour. Cabañero, a general in the interest of Don Carlos, managed to enter the city by night, and got possession of the principal posts, on the 2nd of March, 1838. Even under these apparently desperate circumstances, the people never for a moment lost their courage. Totally unprepared as they were—without leaders, and very insufficiently provided with arms—they nevertheless rushed upon the intruding force with dauntless spirit, and ultimately succeeded in capturing 2,000, and driving out the remainder.



THE CONVENT OF SANTA ENGRACIA.

THE LAKE OF SAARNEN.

No portion of the continent of Europe abounds in picturesque and romantic scenery to so large an extent as the mountain land of Switzerland. There the most striking and sublime aspects of nature are accumulated, forming a source of perpetual inspiration to the painter and the poet. There the mountain rears its snow-capped summit to the clouds, the glacier presents its glittering and slippery front, and the torrent brawls among the rocks which obstruct its passage through the valley, or falls thundering down the face of almost perpendicular precipices. There the sublime

and beautiful phenomenon of the rainbow is seen above the cataract, and the lammergeyer wheels above the pinnacles of the mountains, marking the bounding chamois or the browsing goat for its prey. Not only is Switzerland the most elevated portion of Europe, but the beauties of its scenery are condensed, as it were; so that the tourist has not to travel over many miles of uninteresting country to admire a waterfall here, or climb a mountain there. In Switzerland all is picturesque; the tourist cannot take a walk of a few miles without meeting some object to awaken his interest and

site his admiration. Everywhere he beholds the mountains towering to the skies, the river rushing through the valley, or the lake spread out before him, its blue waters dotted with the white sails of numerous fishing-boats.

The changes which the aspect of the landscape undergoes at different periods of the day are as varied and beautiful as the scenery itself. Early in the morning a mist envelopes the mountains, but as the sun rises above their peaks, it disperses, and the lake reflects the blue sky, against which the snowy summits are distinctly defined. As the sun declines, the lake glows with crimson and gold, and the snow on the mountains gradually changes its hue from white to rose-colour. As the light decreases, the rose changes to purple, and the purple to gray, when the moon rises, and restores the snows the white garb with which they are clothed by day. A constant charm is thus experienced by the traveller as he journeys through this picturesque region, the beauties of which have inspired some of the finest poetry of Coleridge, Byron, and

On the top of Lendenberg was the fortress of the lords who formerly dominated over Unterwald. The ruins of their castle now serve in the summer as rude seats for the inhabitants of the district when they assemble to elect their magistrates and their deputies to the diet. The ancient seat of Austrian tyranny is thus converted into the rustic forum of a free people, where they exercise those rights which their ancestors won at the sword's point, and which they have ever defended with such unexampled heroism.

The courage of the Unterwalden peasants has been displayed on several signal occasions. United with those of Schwitz and Uri from time immemorial, a confederation known as the league of Waldstetten, they were the veritable founders of the Helvetic republic, and took a brilliant part in the glorious battles of Sempach and Morgarten. In 1798, Unterwald, united with its two ancient allies, had another occasion for displaying the courage of its hardy peasantry. These three small cantons repudiated the constitution which had lately been proclaimed in Switzerland



THE LAKE OF SAARNEN.

Shelley. The lakes of Switzerland comprise some of its most pleasing scenery, though not the most sublime; and those tourists who are content with gazing at the Alps as they rise from the opposite shore of a wide sheet of water, and whose love of the sublime is not strong enough to urge them to encounter the fatigues and dangers of climbing to the top of Mont Blanc, pass most of their time at the pleasant towns on their shores.

The lake of Saarnen is one of the four small lakes of the canton of Unterwald. It is about three miles in length, and a mile and a half in average breadth. The traveller who crosses the Brunig to reach the lake of the Four Cantons comes upon this little lake, and the town of the same name on its shores. At a little distance rises the lofty Lendenberg, the view from which embraces a varied and extensive panorama. On one side is the lake of Saarnen, surrounded by its picturesque shores, and in the distance the Bernese Alps; on the other side, the river Aar flows through a verdant valley on its way towards the lake of Lucerne, into which it discharges its waters; and beyond, the forest of Kern.

under French influence: all the decrees, all the menaces of the Helvetic directory were in vain. In defending their ancient constitution, they believed that they were defending the conquests over tyranny which had been cemented with the blood of their forefathers. Twelve thousand French troops were marched into the country to subdue them. They met in battle on the 9th September, 1798. The Swiss numbered only two thousand, but held a strong position in the mountains, which they defended for nine hours with unexampled bravery. The women, the old men, the children, all assisted in the combat. Eighteen young men fell, with weapons in their hands, before the chapel erected in memory of Arnold Winkelried. Not far from Stantz, the chief town of Lower Unterwald, forty-five peasants of Nidwalden resisted for a long time the progress of a French battalion. Their undying attachment to their old institutions has led, on several occasions, to serious disputes between the great and little cantons, and it was these differences of opinion that produced the Sonderbund, which agitated the political world in 1846.

THE FOOTPRINTS OF BUDDHA SHAKKYA-MOUNI.

HERODOTUS says in his history: "They show in Scythia a thing worthy of admiration: it is the footprints of Hercules upon a rock near the Tyras.* They resemble those of a man, but are two cubits in length." Similar impressions elsewhere have been objects of veneration among the heathen; and at the present day the Buddhists honour, in like manner, the footprints of Shakkya-mouni, the Buddha of the authentic period, who lived in the sixth century before the Christian era.

The most celebrated of these impressions of the feet of Buddha is that of his left foot, which, according to the Cingalese, is to be seen on the summit of Adam's Peak, in the island of Ceylon. The Arabian navigators of the ninth and fourteenth centuries made known their existence; but they supposed them to have been made by the feet of Adam. A Moslem tradition, mentioned by Marco Polo, states, that Adam was buried on this same mountain. Barbosa, Diego de Canto, Ribeiro, Baldass, Laloubère, R. Knox, Philalèthes, Valentyn, John Davy, and a great number of other travellers, have noticed and authenticated the existence of these impressions. Similar traces have been observed in different parts of Asia, especially on the coast of the peninsula of Malacca, opposite Salan, Salang, or Junk-Ceylan, on the mountain *Savanna Capp-hat*, or *Khan-phra-phuti-batt*—that is, the holy mountain of Buddha's footsteps; at Nagapuri, on the mountain *Khan-nang-rung*, in Northern Laos; on the banks of the Jumna; on those of the Ganges; at Gangantis, in a temple on the coast of Temesserini, north of Tavoy, etc. Another formerly existed at Mecca; and it is probable, that the fact of the spot being already consecrated by the veneration paid to this remarkable footmark contributed to render it the cradle of the new religion. Colonel Symes, during his embassy in Ava, made a drawing of one of these singular impressions, which is shown near Prome. Captain James Low has lithographed another, from a drawing made by a Siamese artist, which the Buddhist priests assured him was an accurate representation of the veritable footprint of Buddha, held in veneration throughout the kingdom of Siam. From this lithograph our engraving is taken.

The impressions that are regarded as the real footprints of Buddha are not the only objects of public worship in the countries in which the ancient creed is held: on account of their rarity, imitations are made, and placed in the temples for the adoration of the faithful. In this manner they form symbols of the principal Buddhist sects. The one we have represented presents a curious mixture of the symbols of Brahminism with those of Buddhism. In fact, the Siamese do not profess the pure faith of Buddha, which, among them, has been considerably modified by Hindoo influences. The priests communicated to Captain Low a portion of a Pali book explaining these symbols, a roll of which, consisting of fifty eight-syllabled verses, is recited in the temples as an invocation. Captain Low has added to his drawing an explanation of the numerous signs of which it is composed, but unfortunately without letters of reference. Eugène Burnouf has since given a more complete development of the subject in his "*Lotus de la bonne Loi*." We borrow from these two authors a very summary interpretation of the whole series of symbols, which will serve to guide our readers through the labyrinth of subjects presented by the engraving.

The five toes are represented by five flowers of the *dak-p-hkun*.

In the centre is the *tchakra*, the shield frequently carried on the arm of Brahma or of Vishnu, a wheel of fire, an instrument of torture in the Siamese hell, a threatening comet in the heavens, a sign of disaster, a type of universal dominion, and a symbol of eternity. Before the image of the *tchakra* the devout Buddhists cover their faces with their hands, and cry: "Behold the Krong-chák, and its glorious splendour!" In the fourth row, on the left of the *tchakra*, is the pyramidal tiara of Buddha, a symbol of the sun, called in Siamese, the *mongkut*.

Watta-sang-ho, the shell *buccinum* (in the centre and near the wheel, resting on a support). A great quantity of these shells are exported to Bengal. The five toes of the footprint drawn by

* See "Historical Educator," vol. i. p. 218. No mention has been made of this imprint by modern travellers. The river here mentioned by Herodotus is supposed to be the Dniester.

Colonel Symes are represented by as many of these *watta-sang-ho*. According to the fable, Buddha assumed this figure previous to his last incarnation. The Buddhists attach great value to these spiral shells, and Crawford says that one of them has been sold for a sum equal to £200 sterling.

The Buddhist pot, or the *bat-keo-int-hanan* of the Siamese priests. According to Eugène Burnouf, the *párnakalasa* (in Sanscrit), a full water-pot—sometimes several pots carried on a boat.

Suriya, the sun in his chariot, sometimes called *kamajay*. (Fourth compartment of the fifth row, on the left of the *tchakra*.)

Chand-heina, or *phra-chan*, the moon drawn by horses. The moon or *chandra* is generally represented by the Hindoos as drawn by antelopes. (Fifth compartment of the third row, on the left of the *tchakra*.)

Nak-hata, the polar star.

The *talapat-nang*, or ordinary umbrella, formed of the leaves of the talipot-tree, a species of palm. (The compartment forming the right-hand corner immediately above the *tchakra*.)

In the same division are two trumpets of peculiar form.

The *taubai-lakchai*, the royal standard, with seven divisions, used by certain Buddhist sects as a symbol of Mount Merou.

The *passato*, or Siamese *prasat*, a square palace, richly ornamented and having a roof of spiral form; called in Sanscrit, according to Eugène Burnouf, *pradddaya*.

The *pi-thakang* (in Siamese, *tiung-t-hang*), the bed of gold.

The *banlangko* (in Siamese, *t-hen-ban-lang*), the bed of repose, or, more probably, the altar of Buddha, that is placed in the area of the temples, and on which worshippers deposit their offerings of flowers and fruit. Eugène Burnouf calls it the golden litter or palanquin.

The *d-há-chang* (in Siamese, *t-hong-chai*), a pavilion.

The *pato* (in Siamese, *t-hong-thadat*), a paper flag.

K-han-han-ola, the royal palanquin, or covered litter.

The *t-pat-t-hang*, or *chat-thong* (Siamese), a kind of chalice.

Wuchani (in Siamese, *p-hatchant*), the royal fan.

Mount Merou (in Siamese, *Meru-rat* and *khan-pramen*). According to the Buddhists, it has eight conical summits rising one above another.

The seven great rivers that flow between the hills of Mount Merou: *satt-ha-maha-k-hang-ka*, in Siamese, *menam-yai-cha*. (First compartment in the second row, on the right of the *tchakra*.)

The six celestial worlds. (Four compartments, commencing at the fourth row, and concluding at the seventh.)

The sixteen worlds of Brahma. (Three compartments adjoining the preceding.)

The four *dwiipas*, or divisions of the world, represented by the heads framing the designs that indicate the particular characteristics of each of the four quarters of the globe.

The *champ-hu-thipa*, or the *jambou-dwiipa*. It has a form analogous to that of a coach, and it is said to have been formerly covered by the waters. Men lived upon it to the age of a hundred years, subsisting by the sweat of their brows—that is, by labour.

Ammarak-koyané, or circular *dwiipa*, the inhabitants of which are of the figure of the full moon, are twenty cubits high, and live six hundred years; invisible hands bring them all the nourishment they desire.

Ut-araka-ro, or *dwiipa* of a square form, an isle of the north. The men of which are more than twenty cubits high, and live five hundred years. The tree *kappa-phrek* supplies them with all that they require.

Bapp-hawit-ho, or *dwiipa* in the form of a crescent, or the moon at seven days old. The inhabitants are likewise of the crescent form; they live four hundred years, are sixteen cubits high, and subsist on the air.

The tree called *eko-rakk-ho*, situated in the centre of the earth, supposed to be the *kabirj* of India. The perfumes which it exhales ravish the senses, and its foliage, agitated by the zephyrs, fill the air with harmonious sounds. It has four branches directed towards the four cardinal points, and when the fruit on the northern branch is ripe, it drops into the northern ocean to supply

he fish with food. The fruit on the eastern branch is changed into gold, and that of the western branch into diamonds.

Maha-samud-ho (according to Burnouf, *samudraya*), the great ocean that surrounds the four principal *dwipas*. (Second compartment of the first outside row, on the left of the *tchakra*.)

T-harwi-sahastu-pariwara, the two thousand little *dwipas*, or islands that surround the four great *dwipas*.

Yuk-halang, enormous gold fishes that live in the ocean between Mount Merou and the *dwipas*. (Third compartment of the second row, on the left of the central wheel.)

Raja-naja or *phra-nak*, the king of the serpents. (Fifth compartment of the first row on the left.)

Tchakra-walang, the horizon that, under the form of a wall, surrounds Mount Merou. (The space in the centre of the first outside row, in the form of the wall of a fortress.)

Chattancha, the *svetachhat-rama* of Eugène Burnouf; a parasol of seven rows, in allusion to the seven cones of Mount Merou.

Hemawa or *Himala*, the mountain chain of Himalaya, in the north of India.

Satta-maha-sara, (in Siamese, *sa-kai-chet*), the seven great lakes of the Himalaya range, abounding with fish and the lotus plant. (Third compartment of the first range, on the left of the *tchakra*, divided into seven squares.)

Pancha-maha-nathi, the five rivers that flow out of the lakes.

Walahako (in Siamese, *ma-p-halahok*), the celestial horse, or the white horse of the Himalaya.

Kunthat-assawarat, the horse that carried Buddha across the Jurna. (Next to the umbrella in the third row on the right.)

Tchakrarartin, the possessor of the seven jewels, represented with a glaive in one hand, and a shield in the other. (Third compartment of the fifth row.)

Sing-ha-raja, or *phreca-rajhasi*, the lions.

P-hayak-ha-rhaja, or *p-hrea-sua-krong*, the royal tiger.

I'b-hosat-ho, the green elephant, one of the royal elephants of Hemawa. (The seventh compartment of the second row on the left, next to the horse.)

T'hatt-hanto, the white elephant, venerated by the Siamese because it carried Raja-chaka, by the Buddhists of Ceylon in memory of the form once taken by Shakkya-mouni.

Saking-nak-ha, or *saki-nak-ho*, the red elephant of Himala; according to Colebrooke, the emblem of the second Jaina.

Ereanno, the elephant of Indra. (The caparisoned elephant, third compartment of the fourth row on the right.)

Vab-ho, the royal white bull of Hemawa. (The left-hand compartment immediately below the wall of Mount Merou.)

Me-k-ho, the cow of abundance, and *Wec-kako*, or *thai-lokk-ho*, the calf. (Compartment adjoining the preceding.)

Nawa, the golden vessel, or ark of Noah, a symbol of the world. (Third compartment of the first row on the left.)

Chamnachari, the tail of the yak, used as a fly-flap; according to Burnouf, *tchamaraya*.

Ninla-palang (the *nilotpalaya* of Burnouf), the blue nymphaea, or rather the water-lily of Hemawa. When Buddha was marching, this lotus grew under his feet.

Ruttang-palang (the *raktapalmaya* of Burnouf), the red lotus of Siam.

Sitapalang, another variety of the lotus; according to Burnouf, *sretapalmaya*, the white nymphaea.

Mora-puchang, or *pincha*, the peacock's tail; according to Burnouf, *mayarahastaya*, a handful of peacock's feathers.

Chattu-muk-ka, a figure of Brahma, represented with four heads. (Third compartment of the fifth row, nearly below the central wheel.)

P-hummarocha, scarabæus, beetle of the golden mountain. (Fourth row on the left, near the lotus flowers.)

Suranna-kach-hapo, the golden tortoises. (Fifth compartment of the second row on the left.)

Hangsa-cha, the goose of the Brahmins; this bird is represented on the flag of Ava, but it does not now exist in that country. Baldæus, with more probability, calls it the cassowary, a bird that is common in the Eastern peninsula.

Tchakkawalhi, the king of the red geese. (Eleventh compartment.)

Mang-karo, an aquatic monster, occupying the place of Capricornus in the zodiac of the Siamese astronomers. (Second compartment of the fourth row on the left.)

Karawiko, the melodious bird of Paradise, represented without feet. (Seventh compartment of the third row on the left.)

Kinawo, a creature half man, half bird, called by Eugène Burnouf the genie *Kimparacha*. (Seventh compartment of the second row on the right.)

Mayuro, the king of the peacocks. (Tenth compartment of the third row.)

Kaja-raja, a bird of the Himalayan range that lives on iron, and of whose excrements sabres of the finest temper are made.

Chitwa-kuneika, an eagle or falcon, emblem of the god Ananta; according to Burnouf, the king of the pheasants, or of the partridges. (Ninth compartment of the third row on the left.)

Supanno, a favourite bird of the Siamese, which plays an important part in their mythic legends. (Sixth compartment of the first row, on the left of the central wheel or shield.)

Suparna, half man, half bird, the king of the *suparnas*, and the enemy of the *nagas*, or serpents.

Sung-su, the alligator.

Ganusa, *Hiramba*, or *Hera*, a four-armed divinity of the Hindoos. (Below the figure of Brahma.)

Toranang, the rampart of wood that surrounds the Louse of Somonocodom; according to Burnouf, it is the *Toranaya*, or arch of triumph. (On the right of the palace Prasadaya.)

Makatta, a flower resembling the marigold.

Parechatta, the flower that grows only in heaven.

Baraphet, nine sorts of precious stones. (Supposed to be in the vases on the left of the *tchakra*.)

The mountains *Sattap-hanp-hot*.

Mahengsa, or *maheselo*, the buffalo.

Ramasura (the Siamese *Ramasur*, and perhaps the *Rama* of the Hindoo myths), one of the warriors brandishing a sword.

Ut-dha-tapasa, a saint and prophet of the Siamese, who, according to their legends, still lives upon the earth, though he was born before Buddha. He is represented as seated beneath a tent. (Second row on the right.)

Dha-chang, the sacred bow which Rama and Buddha alone have the power of using.

Utat-hi, the star called by the Siamese *Dau-kammap-hruk*.

Awa-vasa-wannang, the goblet of gold, according to Captain Low, and *aratam-saka*, a ring suspended from a small gibbet, according to Eugène Burnouf. (Compartment just below the *tchakra*, towards the right.)

Paduka, the slippers or sandals. (Third compartment of the fourth row on the left.)

Thewa-Thittamani, the goddess of the clouds: supposed to be the female figure holding a flower and a mirror.

Suranna-mikhi, the golden gazelle. (Second compartment of the second row on the left.)

Kukkuta-wannang, the Siamese cock. (Eighth compartment of the third row on the left.)

Saticha (in Siamese, *hak*), a lance.

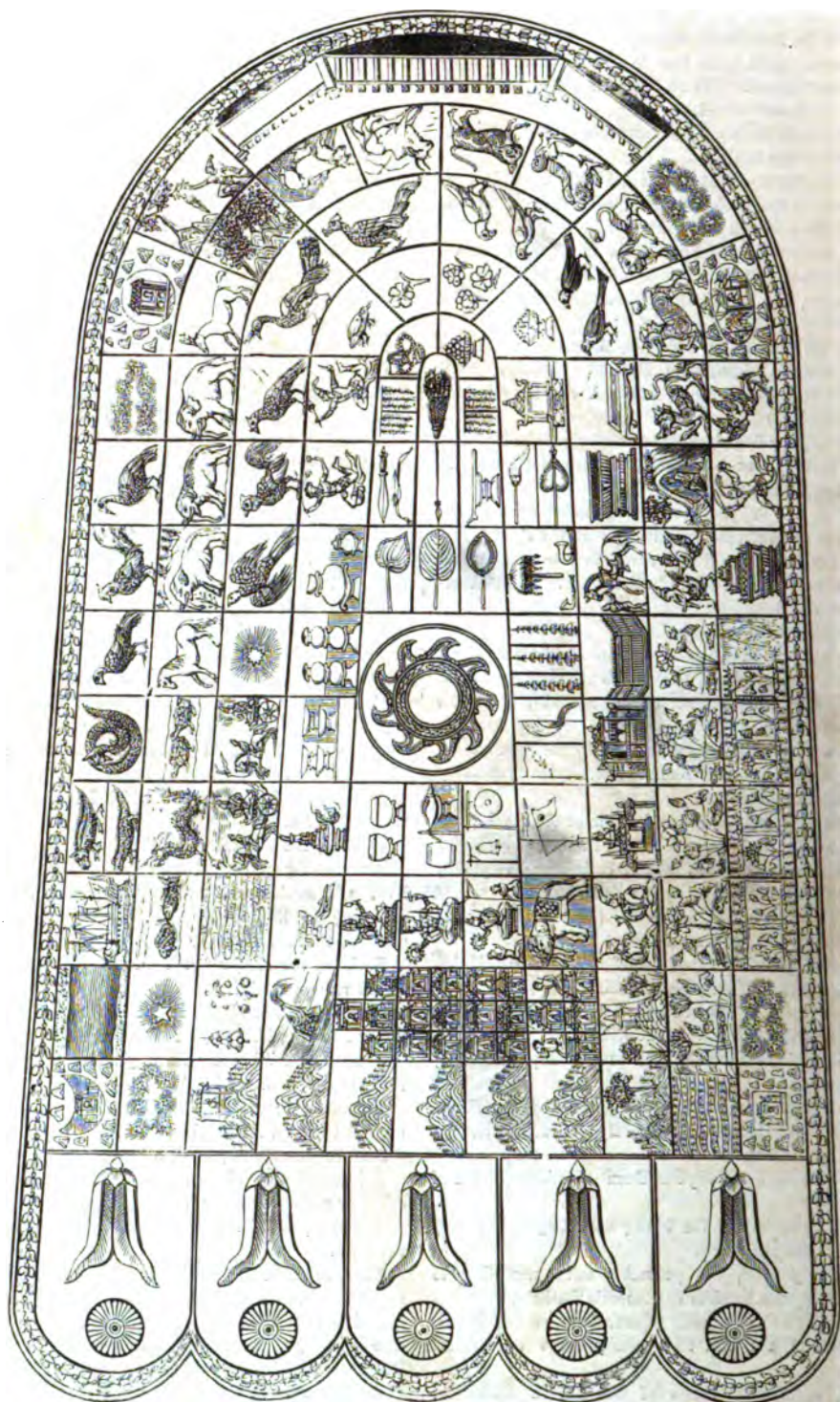
Tri-wactchocha, or rather, *tri-vastaya*, a diamond ornament, a collar or necklace; a sign of prosperity.

Watalo, part of the head-dress that falls down at the back of the head.

These explanations, confused and incomplete as they are in some respects, are, nevertheless, sufficient to show that the figures represented have not been designed at hazard, or without a purpose. The majority of the more prominent are designed to shadow forth the power and dignity of Buddha. "Thus," says Eugène Burnouf, "we first observe the mystic signs that announce the prosperity and grandeur of him of whom they are the impression. Then follow a long series of material objects, as the dress, the arms, the furniture, that are, in the eyes of the Hindoos, the appurtenances of regal power. From the physical world are borrowed those that are more striking and impressive: the sun, the ocean, the mountains, the animals that are most remarkable or most useful, whether amongst quadrupeds or birds; finally, the plants that are most remarkable for the elegance of their forms, or the brilliance of their colours. The supernatural world has also furnished

images of the first of the gods, according to the Brahmins ; those of the celestial world, and the various classes of genii that inhabit it, according to the Buddhists." Of the remainder, Burnouf observes, that such a confused assemblage of figures is not in accordance with

Hindoos and the ancient Egyptians, has its esoteric form, in which we find much to admire and commend, so much more pure and elevated is it than the absurd myths that have been grafted upon it. The mythologies of Egypt and India were founded upon the



THE FOOTPRINT OF BUDDHA SHAKYA-MOUNI.—FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY CAPTAIN LOW, AFTER A DRAWING BY A SIAMESE ARTIST.

the purity of the Buddhist religion ; and we may, perhaps, attribute them to the gross superstition of the Siamese. The more enlightened Buddhists of China and Japan admit, upon the representation of the footprint of Buddha, only the *tchakra*, the symbol of eternity. Buddhism, in fact, like the religious systems of the

symbols used by the hierophants to convey religious instruction to the ignorant masses, and we look in vain among the popular creeds of the far East for the elevated philosophy of the Vedas, and the axioms of pure morality to be found in the ancient scriptures of Buddha.

THE AMERICAN RED-WINGED STARLING.

THE AMERICAN RED-WINGED STARLING (*AGELAIUS PHENICEUS*).

THE appearance of the common European starling (*Sturnus vulgaris*) is familiar to all Europeans. In captivity his docility and liveliness render him a very common favourite, whilst his bad character as a depredator gives him considerable interest in

the eyes of dwellers in the country, although it not unfrequently leads to his destruction. Our forefathers, following their usual practice of giving the Old World names to the most familiar natural objects in their adopted homes, soon found a bird

which resembled the starling of the old country in its habits, and to a certain extent also in its form, and to this they easily transferred the name of the well-known inhabitant of the home they had left behind them.

In colour, however, the American starling (*Agelaius phoeniceus*) is very different from its European namesake, and, in fact, the male and female are so very distinct in appearance, that they would never be taken for the two sexes of the same bird by any one unacquainted with their habits. The male is of a beautiful glossy black, with the shoulders scarlet; the female is brownish black above, mottled and streaked with brown or white; the head has two stripes of cream colour on each side over the eye; and the lower surface is of a whitish cream colour, streaked and spotted with black. The male measures about nine inches in length, the female a little more than seven. In colour the young male bird greatly resembles the female, but soon begins to show indications of belonging to the superior sex in the reddish markings of his shoulders, a distinction of which the females are always destitute.

This bird is found over a great range of country, extending from Mexico in the south to Labrador in the north; in the northern states it appears to be a migratory bird, but in the southern parts of the Union it remains all the year round. In these states the starlings collect during the winter in immense flocks, frequenting the old rice and corn-fields, where they contrive to glean an abundant supply of nutritious food. During the spring and summer their food generally consists of grubs, caterpillars, and other insects, for which they search with the greatest diligence in every direction. Wilson, our great ornithologist, who has devoted considerable space to an attempt to justify this bird from the aspersions which have been cast upon his character, well observes, that these insects are "the silent, but deadly enemies of all vegetation, whose secret and insidious attacks are more to be dreaded by the husbandman than the combined forces of the whole feathered tribes together." Hence he considers that the starlings, by destroying these pests, do far more service to the agriculturist than would compensate for any damage they may do him in other respects, for unfortunately, it cannot be denied that the stigma upon their character is but too well founded. For their principal attacks upon the farmer's property the starlings select the months of August and September, when the ears of the Indian corn are young, soft, and succulent, and present a temptation too great to be resisted. "At this time," says Wilson, "reinforced by numerous and daily flocks from all parts of the interior, they pour down on the low countries in prodigious multitudes. Here they are seen, like vast clouds, wheeling and driving over the meadows and devoted corn-fields, darkening the air with their numbers. Then commences the work of destruction on the corn, the husks of which, though composed of numerous envelopments of closely-wrapt leaves, are soon completely or partially torn off; while from all quarters myriads continue to pour down like a tempest, blackening half an acre at a time; and, if not disturbed, repeat their depredations till little remains but the cob and the shrivelled skins of the grain. What little is left of the tender ear, being exposed to the rains and weather, is generally much injured." Truly, we cannot much wonder at the existence of a prejudice against these birds, or that the damage done, which forces itself very strongly upon the observation, should considerably outweigh, in the minds of the agriculturist, the hidden benefits which the philosopher tells him he receives in another way from the plunderers.

In the air the red-winged starlings present a beautiful appearance. Wilson, who observed them in Virginia when collected into their winter flocks in the months of January and February, tells us that they frequently entertained him with their "aërial evolutions." "Sometimes," he says, "they appeared driving about like an enormous black cloud carried before the wind, varying its shape every moment. Sometimes suddenly rising from the fields around me with a noise like thunder; while the glittering of innumerable wings of the brightest vermilion amid the black cloud they formed, produced on these occasions a very striking and splendid effect. Then descending like a torrent, and covering the branches of some detached grove, or clump of trees, the whole congregated multitude commenced one general concert or chorus, that I have plainly distinguished at the distance of more than two miles; and, when

listened to at the intermediate space of about a quarter of a mile, with a slight breeze of wind to swell and soften the flow of its cadences, was to me grand, and even sublime." The elements of this song, as described by our author, do not, however, appear to have anything very attractive about them. He says that "when taken alive, or reared from the nest, it soon becomes familiar, and sings frequently, bristling out its feathers. These notes, though not remarkably various, are very peculiar. The most common resembles the syllables *conk-quer-ree*; others, the shrill sound produced by filing a saw; some are more guttural; and others remarkably clear. The most usual note of both male and female is a single *chuck*." In some instances the red-winged starling, like his European representative, has been taught to articulate words pretty distinctly.

These birds pair about the middle of April, and build their nests at the end of that month or the beginning of May. For this purpose they generally select a tuft of bushes in a marshy or swampy situation, where they build at a height of six or seven feet from the ground. The outside of the nest is formed of rushes and long grass picked from the swamp; it is lined with finer materials. The female lays about five eggs of a very pale blue colour, slightly tinged here and there with purple, and marked with lines and spots of black. "During the time the female is sitting," says the author from whom we have already quoted, and whose work on the birds of this country leaves nothing to be desired, "and still more particularly after the young are hatched, the male, like most other birds that build in low situations, exhibits the most violent symptoms of apprehension and alarm on the approach of any person to its near neighbourhood. Like the lapwing of Europe, he flies to meet the intruder, hovers at a short height over-head, uttering loud notes of distress; and while in this situation, displays to great advantage the rich glowing scarlet of his wings, heightened by the jetty black of his general plumage. As the danger increases, his cries become more shrill and incessant, and his motions rapid and restless; the whole meadow is alarmed, and a collected crowd of his fellows hover around, and mingle their notes of alarm and agitation with his. When the young are taken away, or destroyed, he continues for several days near the place, restless and dejected, and generally recommences building soon after in the same meadow."

A BULL-FIGHT IN LISBON.

Few popular sports are more popular in the Spanish peninsula than the bull-fight. To witness a bull-fight, all classes of people, from queen to beggar-girl, and from prince to peasant, will neglect their proper business, and crowd delighted into the amphitheatre. But alas for the chivalry of Portugal! the bull-fight no longer exists as it does in Spain—pity the sport exists at all! To be sure, cruelty to the beasts has by no means ceased, but nearly all danger to the fighters has! Sorely disappointed were we on one occasion, when seated as spectators at the feats of the arena in Lisbon, to discover that there was not the slightest possibility of witnessing a death, even of a bull! We had nerved ourselves for some awful catastrophe, as we thought, by endeavouring to subdue all the finer feelings of humanity; but we doubt our success, for we were exceedingly disgusted with what we did see. Perhaps, however, if there had been more courage and less cruelty displayed, we might have felt differently. We know that on similar occasions we had previously become very much excited, and cried "Viva" for a victorious bull as loudly as anybody. But those were days in which Spaniards were engaged, who laugh to scorn the cowardly, barbarous bull-fighters of Portugal.

At the southern extremity of the *Campo de Santa Justa* in Lisbon, stands the *Praça dos Toros*, bull-circus. This is a wooden edifice, and was built in the time of Don Miguel. It is said to be nearly as large as the circus at Cadiz, and is fitted up with some five hundred boxes, capable of containing eight or ten thousand spectators. It is destitute of neatness and elegance, and when we saw it, in a bad state of preservation. Along the high rows of benches it is inappropriately ornamented with a series of trophies, vases, and obelisks, all made of wood. Every Sunday and fête-day, the proprietors give the public a performance, which is duly announced in some such fashion as follows:—

"This day will be given, in the elegantly-built and delightful *ro do Campo Santa Anna*, a wonderful and highly-amusing combat of thirteen ferocious and monstrous bulls, to which the respectable public of this renowned capital is invited. The promoters, ever anxious to gratify the expectations of the magnanimous and distinguished nation of Portugal, so generous in its patronage of these spectacles, feel the greatest satisfaction in being able to announce that they have spared neither trouble nor expense in order to secure the above-mentioned animals, which belonged to the richest proprietor of *Riba Tejo*, who possesses among his herds the most robust and the bravest of bulls. This gentleman has consented to send them to the circus, to assist in the representation which will be given this afternoon." Here follows an eulogium on the coolness and unrivalled agility of the bull-fighters; and after eight lyric stanzas extolling the ferocity of the animals—the bulls, the fighters—the terrible force of their horns, and a thousand perils of the combat, the whole announcement winds up with a description of some marvellous fireworks that will conclude the entertainment.

In spite, however, of grandiloquent announcements, strangers visiting the spirit of genuine *campinos* are always greatly disappointed. The combat unto death, both of man and beast, was abolished in the time of Mary I., 1777 or 1778; and this diversion has lost its most horrid interest and its shuddering attractions. These fights open, as in Spain, with a grand display on horseback. When the court is present, an equerry of the royal household acts as *caralheiro*, and then the best horses from the royal stables are brought for attendance. Mounted upon one of them, the equerry performs various steps and evolutions of the old Spanish horsemanship, at the same time saluting the court and the public; all of which is termed *cortezias do cavalheiro*. The bull then bounds forth, and is received by the knight, when the more daring among the flag-bearers immediately begin to annoy him with their goads and gaudy capes. Some of the mantle-bearers display great dexterity; but they are generally awkward and timid, though the danger is not great, seeing that the animals have their horns sheathed in leather tipped with balls. When the bull lacks bravery, or is greatly frightened, affording little interest in the combat, *Gallegos* (peasants from the province of Galicia, Spain) or negroes are sent against it, to render a service very similar to that of the dogs which the Spanish people clamor for, with the well-known cry of "*Perros!*" whenever the bull seems to be too tame. These *Gallegos* take part in all the Portuguese bull-fights. They make their appearance in round hats and quilted hides, and carry long, two-pronged forks, whence they are called *homens de forcado*, men of the fork. Their place is beneath the royal tribune, where they are formed in

line; and when the bull approaches that vicinity, they receive him on the points of their weapons. Near them may be seen a species of aide-de-camp, mounted, and clad in the old Spanish garb, short cape and hat of plumes. His office is to transmit orders to all parts of the circus from the authorities.

When a bull evinces cowardice or exhaustion, the *Gallegos*, at a given signal, cast their forks aside, and rush upon him. The most courageous, placing himself in front of the animal, seizes the moment when, with lowered head and closed eyes, he is running at him, to leap between his horns, to which he clings firmly, allowing himself to be violently tossed and flung about. The rest then throw themselves upon the brute, securing him by the legs, horns, and tail, and even jumping upon him, until the poor beast, who sometimes draws a dozen of them round the ring three or four times, is compelled to stop. This is termed, not "taking the bull by the horns," but *seizing the bull by the hoof*, and appears to afford the greatest delight, especially to the lower classes of the spectators; hence, at this moment, the plaudits are most enthusiastic. A number of bullocks and cows with bells round their necks now enter, which the subdued bull peacefully follows out of the circle at a trot. His wounds are then dressed, and he is either sent home or reserved for another occasion.

The negroes, it seems, appear but seldom, and it would be well for humanity if they were entirely excluded; for they are called upon to perform feats which none of the gentlemen fighters dare attempt. These poor wretches hit themselves out, for the value of a few shillings, to provoke the bull when he is too tame and cowardly. For this purpose they ornament their heads with feathers, in imitation of the savage chiefs of Africa, and conceal themselves either in figures of horses made of pasteboard, called *cavallinhos de pasta*, or in large hampers. The bull is sure to throw them down, and often maims and bruises them in the most shocking manner. We saw one poor old fellow gored through a hamper, to the infinite delight and amusement of the audience; nobody appearing to relish the joke more than the ladies, by whom the front seats of nearly all the boxes were filled. Sometimes these miserable blacks are forced, by the cries of the populace and the orders of the directors, to re-appear in the arena, even while suffering from severe contusions; and loss of limbs is the probable result of this base and dastardly inhumanity.

Before the close of this most refined and delectable exhibition with fire-works, we have another display of horsemanship and horse-dancing, when *viras* resound from all sides, and flowers, money, and sometimes jewels, are showered down upon the heroes of the ring who have that day most distinguished themselves in encounters with blunt-horned bulls.

THE ASSYRIAN BAS-RELIEFS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

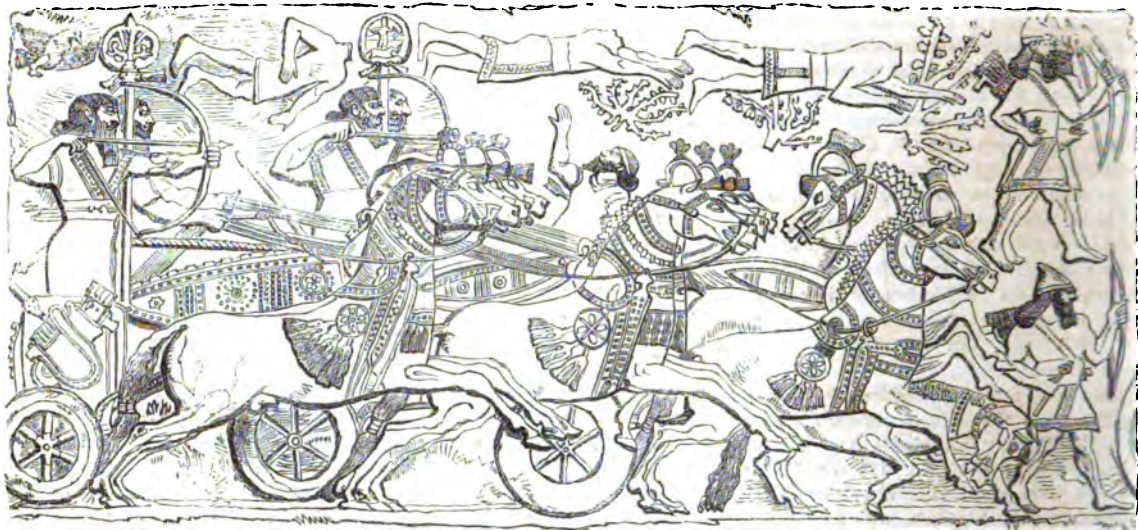
HAVING in a former volume* given a general account of Mr. Layard's searches at Nineveh, and a sketch of the ancient history of that long-buried city, it is only necessary in the present article to describe the subjects of the illustrations with which we now present the reader. On returning to the scene of his former labours in 1849, Mr. Layard's first visit was to the excavations which had been made at Kouyunjik, during his absence, under the direction of Mr. Ross. The walls of two chambers had been exposed, but of the long series of bas-reliefs which covered them the greater part had been defaced by the flames which destroyed the palace. Some passages had been excavated, into which Mr. Layard descended, and explored the great hall, the bas-reliefs of which had also suffered greatly from the fire. "In this series of bas-reliefs," says he, "the history of an Assyrian conquest was more fully portrayed than in any other yet discovered, from the going out of the monarch to battle, to his triumphal return after a complete victory." The king, with his war-chariots and horsemen, appears to have passed through a mountainous and wooded country, the physical characteristics of which seem to indicate Armenia or Kurdistan, regions

which we know were invaded by the royal builder of the palace. In some of the bas-reliefs, the Assyrians are represented in close combat with the enemy, who appear to be defeated and overthrown. The Assyrian warriors are armed with spears and bows, both of which weapons they use at full speed; the enemy appear to be all archers. In other compartments the enemy are retreating, pursued by the victorious Assyrians, who thrust them through with their spears, and trample them beneath the feet of their war-horses. The campaign appears to have been successful; for the triumph of the conqueror follows, in which he is represented in his chariot, beneath the royal parasol—the emblem of regality all over Southern Asia—attended by dismounted cavalry soldiers, holding noble horses, richly caparisoned, and infantry, armed and accoutred in various ways. Seated in state, and surrounded by all the outward evidences of power, the Assyrian conqueror receives the captives, the spoil, and the heads of the slain. His soldiers are seen throwing these ghastly trophies of victory into heaps, while officers record the number in their tablets. This barbarous custom still prevails in Persia, and did, until a recent period, in Turkey also; but in the latter country it is now forbidden by a special firman of the present Sultan. In other compartments soldiers are dragging after them, or driving before them, the prisoners, among whom are

* THE ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR AND MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. i. p. 206.

women as well as men. The men are chained, some in pairs, others singly; the women are not fettered, and some of them lead

Unfortunately, there is no inscription to indicate the people who were thus subjugated; if one ever existed, it has been defaced by



WARRIORS IN BATTLE. —FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

their children by the hand, or carry them on their shoulders. Some of the women—those, perhaps, of superior rank—are repre-

the flames, which, in many parts, have converted the alabaster into lime. That they were those of one of the countries we have named,



HORSEMEN PURSUING AN ENEMY. —FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

sented riding on mules. The other bas-reliefs contain figures of mules, asses, and sheep, which the Assyrians had seized in the country of the conquered enemy.

or at least of some country north of Assyria, though only a conjecture, is one which is strongly supported by the nature of the country through which the invaders marched, as represented on the

captured walls of these chambers. But during the latter part of Mr. Layard's residence at Mosul, a chamber was excavated in the mound at Kouyunjik in which the sculptures were in better condition than any which had hitherto been discovered. They represented the siege and capture by the Assyrians of a city defended by able walls and battlemented towers, and some of the slabs were most entire, and the inscription on the upper part complete. The

are planted against the walls, which the Assyrians ascend, holding their shields before them to protect themselves from the arrows of the enemy. A portion of the city appears to be already in the hands of the assailants, for a long train of captives, camels, and carts drawn by oxen, and filled with women, children, arms, furniture, etc., is seen issuing from an advanced fort, and approaching the throne of the Assyrian monarch. The captives wear turbans



WARRIORS RETURNING FROM BATTLE.—FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

ty, the capture of which appears to have taxed all the military resources of the empire, was situated among hills and forests, and the vine and the fig-tree grew in its environs. A compact phalanx of archers discharge their arrows at the enemy on the walls and towers; seven battering-rams are directed against the walls; and mounds of stone, bricks, and earth have been thrown up to command them. The place appears to have been defended with a degree of courage and determination commensurate with the prepa-

similar to those worn at the present day by the Arabs of the Hedjaz, and the helmets worn by the defenders of the city differ from those of the Assyrians, in having a fringed lappet covering the ears. Some of the prisoners are being slain before the throne of the king; two are stretched naked upon the ground to be flayed alive, and others are being impaled by their captors beneath the walls.

Above the king is an inscription of four lines of cuneiform or arrow-headed characters, which Mr. Layard thus translates:—



A KING BESIEGING A CITY.—FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

ations of the besiegers. The battlements are thronged with bowmen and slingers, who discharge showers of arrows and stones against the Assyrians, while others throw blazing torches, with the view of destroying the warlike engines rolled against their walls. On the stage of the battering-rams archers are discharging their arrows, to drive the enemy from the part of the wall against which the attack is directed; and others are pouring water from ladles upon the blazing torches thrown from the walls; Scaling-ladders

"Sennacherib, the mighty king, king of the country of Assyria, sitting on the throne of judgment, before (or at the entrance of) the city of Lachish (Lakhisha). I give permission for its slaughter." Here we have, then, an actual pictorial representation of the siege and capture of Lachish by Sennacherib, king of Assyria, as mentioned in 2 Kings xviii. 14, and Isaiah xxxvi. 2. The interest which attaches to these bas-reliefs is increased by the fact that there is in this case no doubt whatever of the scene represented

being what Mr. Layard supposes. The physiognomy of the captives is undoubtedly Jewish—a type of countenance recognisable at the first glance by every observer, and about which there can be no mistake. That the king represented is Sennacherib, is equally certain. A continuous inscription, consisting of a hundred and fifty-two lines, slightly injured, but still sufficiently legible to be deciphered almost throughout, appears on the massive bulls forming the grand entrance of the palace at Kouyunjik. This record contains the annals of six years of the reign of Sennacherib, besides numerous interesting particulars respecting the religion and mythology of the Assyrians, and is therefore of the highest importance. Dr. Hincks was the first to decipher the name of Sennacherib on inscribed bricks from Kouyunjik; but it was not until August, 1851, that an inscription was discovered which mentioned any historical event, thus placing the matter beyond a doubt. The honour of this discovery is due to Colonel Rawlinson, who has given a translation of this remarkable inscription which forms a complete summary of the events related in the Bible, and by Josephus, Abydenus, and Polyhistor. "As the name of Sennacherib," says Mr. Layard, "as well as those of many kings, countries, and cities, are not written phonetically, that is, by letters having a certain alphabetic value, but by monograms, and the deciphering of them is a peculiar process which may sometimes appear suspicious to those not acquainted with the subject, a few words of explanation may not be unacceptable to my readers. The greater number of Assyrian proper names with which we are acquainted, whether royal or not, appear to have been made up of the name, epithet, or title, of one of the national deities, and of a second word, such as 'slave of,' 'servant of,' 'beloved by,' 'protected by,' like the Theodosius, Theodorus, etc. of the Greeks, and the Abd-ullah, and Abd-ur-Rahman of Mahomedan nations. The names of the gods being commonly written with a monogram, the first step in deciphering is to know which god this particular sign denotes. Thus, in the name of Sennacherib, we have first the determinative of 'god,' to which no phonetic value is attached; whilst the second character denotes an Assyrian god, whose name was San." As to the identity of the Lakhisha of the inscription with the Lachish of the Bible, Colonel Rawlinson has expressed doubts, but the reading of Mr. Layard is supported by the opinion of Dr. Hincks, one of the first orientologists of the day. Moreover, the name of Hezekiah occurs in the inscription, and the amount of treasure taken from the Jewish king in gold, is stated precisely as we find it in the Old Testament. "Had the name stood alone," says Mr. Layard, in commenting on the identification of the builder of the palace at Kouyunjik with the Sennacherib of the sacred volume, "we might reasonably have questioned the correctness of the reading, especially as the signs or monograms, with which it is written, are admitted to have no phonetic power. But when characters, whose alphabetic values have been determined from a perfectly distinct source, such as the Babylonian column of the trilingual inscriptions, furnish us with names in the records attributed to Sennacherib, written almost identically as in the Hebrew version of the Bible, such as Hezekiah, Jerusalem, Judah, Sidon, and others, and all occurring in one and the same paragraph, their reading more-over confirmed by synchronisms, and illustrated by sculptured representations of the events, the identification must be admitted to be complete."

IGNATIUS LOYOLA, THE FOUNDER OF THE SOCIETY OF THE JESUITS.

"Who hath not heard of Loyola's sainted name,
Before whom kings and nations bow'd the knee?"

SOUTHEY.

THIS celebrated founder of a still more celebrated and very dangerous fraternity, was a Spaniard; he was born (according to some authors) in the year 1491, at the castle of Loyola in Guipuscoa, which is a part of Biscay, adjoining the Pyrenean mountains: but others place the date of his birth in 1495. In early youth he was distinguished by a pregnancy of wit and discretion far above his years; with an obliging and affable, but very irritable disposition, combined with an eager desire of renown. His relative, the Duke of Najara, superintended his education, and very early introduced

him to the court of Ferdinand V., king of Spain, to whom he became a page, and by whom he was afterwards appointed an officer in the Spanish army. In this capacity he signalised himself equally by his valour and by an eager pursuit of licentious pleasures and vices: he had also a poetic taste, and even composed a poem in honour of his tutelary saint, Peter.

In the year 1521, when he was about thirty years of age, or, as some will have it, in his twenty-sixth year, he was one of the garrison of the city of Pampeluna when it was besieged by the French. The assailants having made a breach in the wall, Loyola mounted the breach, sword in hand, to resist the attack, when a piece of stone, which was broken off from the ramparts by a cannon-ball, bruised his left leg, and at the same time, the ball rebounded and broke his right. This accident was the cause of his quitting the army, and the original means of raising him to the eminence which he afterwards enjoyed as the patron of the *Society of Jesus*; a society which speedily eclipsed the existing institutions dependent on the church of Rome.

Ignatius suffered much from his broken leg, which was unfavourably treated, and consequently long under the surgeon's hand. It is related that, after the wound was cured, the end of a bone stuck out under his knee, and disfigured his leg. Ignatius having been a spruce young gallant, and being desirous to appear again in the most comely fashion, caused it to be cut off, so that his bone might sit more handsomely; nor would he suffer himself to be bound during the performance of the operation.

"When long care

Restored his shatter'd leg, and set him free,
He would not brook a slight deformity,
As one who being gay and debonaire,
In courts conspicuous, as in camps must be,
So he, forsooth, a shapely boot must wear;
And the vain man, with peril of his life,
Laid the recover'd limb again beneath the knife."

SOUTHEY'S "Tale of Paragony."

It is also asserted that, the wound having caused one of his thighs to shrink, Ignatius, fearful that lameness would cause him to put himself for many days together upon a kind of rack, and with an instrument of iron, violently stretched and drew out his leg, in order to render it equal with the other. But all these ridiculous efforts of his inordinate vanity were as vain in the execution as their intent, as he could never extend the shrunken limb, which ever after remained shorter than the other; and the lameness which he so much dreaded, was permanently settled upon him.

In the course of his confinement with the broken limb, he was obliged to have recourse to books to beguile the tedium of inactivity. Among others, he met with a romantically-written volume of "The Lives of the Saints." This book made a powerful impression on his mind, and strongly incited him to obtain distinction as an adventurer and a religious devotee. Immediately, therefore, at the re-establishment of his health, he forsook the military for the ecclesiastical profession, and commenced his endeavours to obtain disciples. He first devoutly dedicated himself to the Blessed Virgin Mary, as her knight; after which he performed a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, during which he voluntarily suffered many hardships and privations; his object being to become eminent in afflicting his body. It is recorded that, throughout this pilgrimage, he wore a casock of coarse canvas, girded with a cord, instead of a coat, and would have gone barefooted, but that he was obliged to wear a buskin on the foot of the broken leg. Thus habited, and having a bottle and a pilgrim's staff, he performed the weary journey, having first given his horse to the monastery of Montserrat, suspended his sword and dagger at the altar, and spent the night of Lady-day (1522), before the same altar, in watching and prayer.

During this pilgrimage he so mortified and tormented his body, that, from a lusty and strong man, he became exceedingly weak and infirm. It was his custom to live throughout his journey on begging from the poor; he suffered his beard, nails, and hair to grow, without cutting or combing; he slept, if in a house, on the bare ground, or on a board; and, if travelling, he laid himself down wherever he might chance to be when night arrived; but generally passed great part of the night in watching, weeping,

yers; scourged himself three times a day, and often spent seven days together on his knees. These austerities so debilitated his body, that in 1523 he had become so weak and feeble as scarcely be able to put one foot before the other. At length, after excessive suffering, often falling in his attempts to drag himself along, he contrived to reach Rome, where he remained fifteen days; from which he journeyed in the same manner to Venice, whence he started for Cyprus, and finally arrived at Jerusalem, on the 4th September, 1524.

On his return from Palestine, Ignatius continued his theological studies in the Spanish universities, from whence he went to Paris, where he perfected himself in the Latin language, and in other studies, philosophical and theological. Whilst he resided in France, he composed the institutes of his new order which he denominated *Society of Jesus*, and the members of which have thence been known by the name of *Jesuits*. These institutes, together with his proposals for the establishment of the fraternity, he submitted to the consideration of the Pope, Paul III., who made many objections to them, but referred them to the examination of three cardinals. This committee violently opposed the measure, and resented it as unnecessary and dangerous. Ignatius, being enthusiastic in his designs, and determined to accomplish his object, immediately made such offers as no pontiff could easily resist. He proposed that, besides the usual vows of poverty, chastity, and absolute obedience, which are taken by all orders of regulars, the

members of his society should take a vow of implicit obedience to the Pope, and should bind themselves to go whithersoever he should at any time command for the service of religion, without requiring anything from him for their support.

These proffers were irresistible. The papal see had been, and still was, suffering under the repeatedly successful attacks on its tenets and practices, which were violently directed against them by the reformers and their disciples, and several nations had revolted from the papal authority; therefore, at so critical a juncture, the acquisition of a set of men so peculiarly devoted to the see of Rome as the Jesuits would undoubtedly prove, and who would be arrayed in opposition to its foes, was an object of the highest consequence. Consequently, the proposals of the crafty and aspiring Ignatius were instantly acceded to, and, on the 27th of September, 1541, the society received a bull of confirmation from Paul III., and the grant of many very extensive privileges.

Upon the establishment of this religious association, Loyola was naturally appointed its general. In this office, by the institutions of the order, he became possessed of the most despotic power. His zeal and that of his coadjutors soon advanced the fortunes of the fraternity with an astonishing rapidity, and raised it to a height from which it looked with proud superiority on every other institution that papal authority had incorporated. Ignatius enjoyed this exalted station of power and authority about fifteen years, and at length died on the 31st of July, 1556, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

THE WATER-CARRIERS OF PERU.

Lima, the capital of Peru, labours under the serious disadvantage of not being well supplied with water. Rain rarely falls in the neighbourhood, so that the inhabitants are forced to depend upon artificial means of obtaining this indispensable blessing. Even in countries where we are accustomed to call barbarous ages—before the existence of the vast continent of America was known or conjectured in Europe—the Incas of Peru had given proof of their civilisation by digging many canals and trenches to convey water into the capital. The Spaniards, fully appreciating the nature of these works, paid great attention to keeping them in order; but they are now in such a condition that the inhabitants are obliged to buy all their drinking water of men who procure it from the large fountain in the *Plaza Mayor*, and go round the city with it on the backs of asses, as represented in the annexed engraving (p. 232).

Of all asses in Peru, the *aguador*, or water-carrier, of Lima, is the most laborious, the steadiest, and the most patient. He begins work at six in the morning and does not rest till seven in the evening. A few handfuls of bran, which he carries in a little bag hanging on his neck, constitute the whole of his food for the day, and at night he contents himself with some stray blades of grass which he manages to pick up from any odd corner where he can find them. He is anything but stupid, in the sense of being without intelligence. As soon as he reaches the fountain, laden with the two casks for containing the water, he turns round and stands still while the negro gets off, fills the casks, and takes the pad out of the saddle. They then both proceed on their way through the city. The driver animal knows when and where he has to deliver water. He knows that after supplying such a house, he has to go to such another. If he has occasion to stop, his master may leave him all day, with the certainty of finding him still standing where he left him. Those of the customers who are at all good-natured leave a box for him at their kitchen door, containing all sorts of odd bits at may suit his palate. He shows his sense of their kind consideration by eagerly devouring whatever they bestow upon him, though it is often scarcely fit to eat, consisting of bits of old hats, tattered papers, bones, and other indigestible odds and ends. His choicest delicacies are husks of melons.

But carrying water is not the only purpose for which this useful animal is employed. He is a general carrier, used for conveying all sorts of things from one part of the town to the other; and not infrequently for moving furniture, vast heaps of which, in the shape of chairs, boxes, tables, etc., are mercilessly piled upon his back, as seen in the lower part of our illustration. If, as some-

times happens, he is overloaded, or loses his equilibrium, the whole collection of moveables comes down with a crash, and the driver, fearful of not gaining anything by his job, revenges himself upon the poor beast without much mercy.

When the ass is employed neither in carrying water nor moving—as, for example, on festival days—he gets his recreation by taking the whole family of his proprietor on his back, or racing with some of his comrades, whose masters go with his own from one place of amusement to another. Some negroes, who are a little more thoughtful or kind than others, endeavour to lighten the labour and save the strength of the ass by going on foot with him when the water-casks are full; but these are exceptions to the general rule. In most cases the poor animals are subject to much reckless barbarity, which fills the foreigner with indignation on his first arrival at Lima. To save the trouble of whipping, the wretches who drive them make a gash behind with a bone or sharp piece of wood, and then keep them in constant misery by poking at the wounded part. When the poor creature falls from sheer exhaustion, it is not uncommon for the brutal driver to slit up one of his nostrils as a punishment for the first offence. If the helpless creature has the audacity to repeat the offence, his other nostril is treated in the same abominable way. A third crime of this sort is punished by cutting one of the ears, and a fourth by cutting the other. At last, if the previous barbarities have not been sufficient to break him of this bad habit, his tail is cut bit by bit, till the poor creature is so disfigured by these successive mutilations, as to be hardly recognised. To such an extent is this brutality practised, that it is a rare thing to meet with an ass which is not mutilated in some way or other.

The driver of the water-carrying ass, who is often designated by the title of *aguador* or water-carrier, though it is not he that really carries the water, does not enjoy the privilege of accompanying the ass without being subject to some police regulations. The first is, that he present the town authorities with thirty dogs, killed by him in the course of a year. Hence, those who wish to be licensed as water-carriers meet together on certain days at an appointed place, and make a regular battue from street to street. All the dogs that they have encountered, but not completely killed at the first blow, are collected in an open space, where they are despatched with sticks and clubs. The sportsmen then divide the booty, and each ties his share to his ass's tail—if the poor thing is fortunate enough to have one. In this way they go in a body to make their offerings to the civic authorities, dragging the dead dogs

as trophies of victory. The second condition imposed upon the water-carriers is, that they water the streets and public places with the water in their casks.

It might seem that these obligations would have the effect of diminishing the number of this class at Lima, but such is not the

the corporation. They form a distinct class, which is not altogether devoid of political influence, especially at election time. Some years ago a company made a proposal to the government to undertake the distribution of water throughout the city on very advantageous terms, both in a pecuniary and sanitary point



THE WATER-CARRIERS OF PERU.

case by any means. On the contrary, they are very numerous, though the price paid for the water is far from high. They have their chiefs, who are well known, and treated by them with much respect. The supreme chief undertakes the task of settling important disputes, and is authorised to admit or expel members of

view. No sooner had the water-carriers heard of the proposal than they assembled in great force, mounted their asses, went in procession, with banners at the head, to the president's palace, and made such ado with their words and their gestures that they at length succeeded in getting the proposal rejected.

GENERAL SCOTT.

ATKINS opinions may be entertained respecting the recent triumph of democratic over whig principles, it is impossible to contemplate the rejection of General Scott, by an immense majority of American people, without a feeling of regret. His reputation, at home and abroad, outshone that of any of his contemporaries; and the substantial services he had rendered to his country during a long life constituted a debt which it would have been

To his mother Scott owes no inconsiderable share of those sterling qualities which have distinguished him through life.

Educated for one of the learned professions, he studied law, and was admitted to the bar of Virginia when in his twentieth year. It does not appear that he ever practised, although he went to Charleston and endeavoured to obtain an exemption from the law requiring practitioners to reside one year in South Carolina before



GENERAL SCOTT.

gratifying to see discharged. Fate has willed it otherwise; and Scott, like Clay and Webster, is a striking illustration of the practical truth, that personal greatness is by no means the chief requisite for the highest office which it is in the power of the American people to bestow.

Winfield Scott was born at or near Petersburg, in Virginia, on 13th June, 1786. He was the second and youngest son of a respectable farmer, who died when Winfield was five years old.

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entering upon the duties of their profession. His vocation was arms: and he gladly threw the long robe aside, when, through the intervention of a friend, he obtained a company of light artillery, in May, 1808. After spending a year at New Orleans, he was removed to the Niagara frontier on the breaking out of the war with England, and received the commission of lieutenant-colonel. He did good service at the capture of the *Adams* in the Niagara river, and earned golden opinions for his skill and bravery during the cam-

paigu which preceded the battle of Queenston Heights. The defeat of the American troops left Scott a prisoner. With his companions in misfortune, he was sent to Quebec; and there arose the debate respecting the duty of naturalised citizens, which attracted so much attention in England. The British officers separated the naturalised Irishmen from the native Americans among their prisoners, and announced their intention of sending the former home to stand their trial for high treason. Scott protested indignantly, and subsequently procured the passage of a bill through Congress, vesting in the President the power of retaliating on the British prisoners, if any ill treatment should befall naturalised citizens of the United States, taken by the enemy while fighting under her banners. This act he himself prepared to carry into effect at a later period; but, happily, owing to the prudence of the British authorities at home, no reprisals became necessary.

In 1813 Scott was exchanged, and immediately proceeded to the frontier, where he joined the *corps d'armée* commanded by General Dearborn. He volunteered to lead the forlorn hope in the attack on Fort George, and contributed not a little to the success of the enterprise. He was equally fortunate in his attack on York (Toronto), in July of the same year. In the operations which were to have resulted in the conquest of the Canadas, Scott commanded the advanced guard of the army, and was fifteen miles from the rear when the battle of Chrysler's Farm was fought. The news of the retreat, when everything seemed to promise that the expedition against Montreal would be crowned with success, was a severe blow to the young soldier. He returned home, and was engaged during the winter in making new levies and other preparations for the coming season.

The campaign of 1814 opened, after a few skirmishes, with the brilliant affair of Chippewa. In his official account of the battle, General Brown says:—"Brigadier-General"—he had recently been promoted to this rank—"is entitled to the highest praise our country can bestow. To him, more than any other man, am I indebted for the victory of the 5th July." Having crossed the river, the Americans were astonished at meeting, at Lundy's Lane, twenty days afterwards, a still more formidable force than they had encountered at Chippewa. Every schoolboy knows the story of the terrible combat by the dim moonlight, with the roar of Niagara drowning the cannon's thunder, and the blood of the slain mingling with its torrent. General Scott performed prodigies of valour. Twice wounded, and having had two horses killed under him, he still kept his post, and witnessed the final termination of the sanguinary conflict. This was his last exploit during the war. For many weeks he was unable to undergo fatigue, and suffered the most severe pain from a wound in his shoulder.

After the peace was signed, he went to Europe, partly for the restoration of his health, and partly to study the military schools on the continent. Before his departure, Congress passed him a vote of thanks, which, added to his promotion in six years from the rank of captain to that of major-general, must have proved a balm for his wounds. After his return, in 1821, he published a work on military discipline, which is used as a text-book by the army, and several useful papers on intemperance. He took a leading part in the formation of the first temperance societies in the United States. We next find him concluding most important treaties with the Fox and Sac Indians, and the Winnebagoes; and, a short time afterwards, employed on the delicate mission of preparing the forts of Charleston for resistance, when the nullification doctrines threatened the secession of South Carolina from the Union.

In 1836 he was appointed to the command of the army in Florida, which was then engaged in a hopeless contest with the Seminole Indians. His tactics having been severely criticised by officers of high rank, he was recalled soon afterwards; but was entirely exonerated by a court of inquiry.

Perhaps the most difficult mission which he has fulfilled was that of "pacificator" on the Canada frontier, during the rebellion of 1837 and 1838. Feeling ran high among the citizens of Buffalo, Ogdensburg, and the other border cities; and the burning of the "Caroline" by the British volunteers had roused the "sympathisers," as they were called, to a pitch of fury which terrified the government. Scott was ordered to watch matters, and prevent any active assistance being given to the rebels. Space prevents our

adding anything to the simple statement that he succeeded. Men could have achieved so great a triumph.

From this period to the commencement of the Mexican war General Scott was chiefly engaged in civil and diplomatic duties. He succeeded in effecting the removal of the Cherokees, without bloodshed or suffering, conjointly with Sir John Harvey, and in settling the dispute respecting the north-eastern boundary, which at one time threatened a rupture with Great Britain. His influence in the election of 1839 was generously lent to General Harrison, and he was mainly instrumental in securing his triumph.

An unfortunate misunderstanding between the president and General Scott prevented his taking the command when hostilities first broke out with Mexico. It was soon found, however, that his talents could not be spared; and he left for the seat of war on November, 1846. In the following March, he achieved the glorious exploit of the capture of Vera Cruz, with a loss of only six hundred and sixty wounded. Advancing towards the city of Mexico, he stormed Cerro Gordo after a severe encounter, took Puebla, and fought a battle at General Valencia at the head of 7,000 well-appointed troops at Contreras. His utter rout compelled Santa Anna to concentrate his whole army on the village of Cherubusco, where a crowning victory was won by the American troops. The blood encounter of Molino di Re and Chapultepec opened the gates of Mexico to Scott, and the triumphant army entered the Gran Piedad on the 14th of September. The glory of the conqueror was equalled by that of the pacificator. Quiet was restored in a few days, the religion of the inhabitants was protected, and all classes resumed their wonted avocations. On February 2nd, 1848, a treaty of peace was signed, and Scott was recalled.

On his return, he received from all sides the warmest acknowledgments of his great services. At the late Presidential election he was brought forward by a section of the Whig Convention at Baltimore, and received the nomination. His overwhelming defeat was due to a variety of causes, not the least of which was the injudicious zeal of some of his abolitionist friends.

This sketch has necessarily been very meagre. The exploits of Scott, however, are in the history of America; and he who would know the man whom the people have rejected, must inquire how the liberties of the United States were preserved, and their national honour maintained. We cannot better conclude our very imperfect and unsatisfactory *résumé* than by quoting the opinion of the eminent divine and philanthropist, Dr. Channing:—

"To that distinguished man," said he of Scott, "belongs the rare honour of uniting with military energy and daring the spirit of a philanthropist. His exploits in the field, which placed him in the first rank of soldiers, have been obscured by the purer and more lasting glory of a pacificator and a friend of mankind. . . . He succeeds, not so much by policy as by the nobleness and generosity of his character, by moral influence, by the earnest conviction which he has enforced on all with whom he had to do, the obligations of patriotism, justice, humanity, and religion."

"I CAN'T WRITE."

In a sheltered nook, on the southern side of the oval-shaped valley of Saddleworth, there lived, at the beginning of the present century, a family, consisting of father, mother, and six children, who, as their forefathers had for generations done, gained a livelihood in the united pursuits of farming and weaving. Mr. Mather, the head of the family, held in his own right a small farm, which he had received in long succession from his ancestors. They, in the simple times in which they lived, had contrived to supply their wants by the labour of their hands on their ancestral property. Carrying on farming operations whenever the season required and the weather permitted, they employed every spare hour in weaving; and that the rather because in this labour they were able to turn the diligence and dexterity of their daughters, and even of their younger children, to good account. The termination, however, of that most costly war which Great Britain waged against Napoleon Bonaparte, brought great changes into Saddleworth, and not least into Mr. Mather's family. Already had that family been served

d. Heavy taxation had diminished its resources. The machinery applied in the cotton manufacture caused a ruinous competition with handloom weaving. With lessened resources and eased outlay, Mr. and Mrs. Mather experienced great difficulty supporting and bringing up their children. The pressure fell a special force on the earlier period of their wedded life, and frequently affected their eldest children particularly. William, the first-born child, a youth of high spirits, left his home and went to sea. This step, which gave much pain to both his parents, could hardly have taken, had he not been grieved and wounded feeling by frequent outbreaks of temper on the part of his mother, who felt annoyed and chafed by the hard struggle he had to go on with want. In that struggle Mr. Mather was overcome, not because, as his difficulties thickened, he most unhappily sought oblivion and comfort in strong drink. Miserable day was that for the Mather family when first the idea of such a resource entered the head of its master. No sooner was the funeral over, than pecuniary claims poured in from all quarters. Mr. Mather was penniless. In consequence, the scanty furniture which remained was sold; the farm had long been parted with; and Mrs. Mather, with five children, migrated to Oldham, in the hope of earning bread by mill-labour.

"It will break your heart, mother; going to live in that smoky mill will break your heart, I'm sure it will!"

"The hand that made can uphold my heart, Fanny," replied Mrs. Mather to her eldest daughter, who had addressed her, after going with the rest walked some ten miles in mournful silence. The prospect was a dreary one. It was a November day. The rounding hills were hung in thick misty clouds, from which all rain came ceaselessly down. The air was sultry. The crows were silent, and the earth sad. No bird whistled; not a breeze to break the leaden stagnation. Scarcely a human being caught the traveller's eye. Wet, hot, and sad, they passed along, and at length entered Oldham, in a humour as dark and repulsive was the aspect of the town.

Within a month the scene had totally changed. Mrs. Mather had brought with her the habits, the aims, and the tastes of a good housewife. The children, though poor and almost literally destitute, were inspired by their mother's spirit, and actuated by that sense of self-respect which often ensues from recollections of past prosperity. Every member of the family was industrious, upright, sober, and religious. Especially did they possess and cherish an independent spirit. With the exception of their mother, they were young and strong, and though their skill was small and they had received no school education, nevertheless they were pretty confident that in a little time they should be able to put their mother to comfort, while they gained their own livelihood. Accordingly, Fanny went into service; Tom and Richard entered a mill; Alice was employed to nurse a neighbour's baby; and Jane, the youngest child, aided her mother and "wound a little" at home.

Within a month the members of the family were thus disposed of. The change, great as it was, would have looked mean in proud eyes. Two small cellars in a narrow and dirty back street afforded shelter rather than a home. True, the rooms were very clean; but they were also nearly destitute of furniture. Clothing was the first thing to be cared for, after food and a covering had been provided; and articles of clothing came very slowly.

Richard Mather had been two months in the mill, when one evening after the day's work was done, he was discovered by the head millwright at work in one corner of the yard. Struck by the boy's industry, Mr. Thomas—such was his name—asked Richard what he was doing, and finding that he had displayed considerable ingenuity in constructing a small wooden wheel, he offered to take him into his department. The offer was gladly accepted. In two years, Richard Mather had become a clever engineer. Not only was he dexterous in executing work, but skilful and prolific in devising plans. He could not read, he could not write, but he could think and he could labour. Think and labour he did most industriously, until at length he was the best workman in the mill.

Richard had for some time observed that some secret process was going forward. Often had he seen Mr. Henry, the chief partner, and Mr. Thomas, the millwright, in close and confidential

conversation. Of late he observed that the latter was at the mill before himself in the morning, and remained there after he had left at night. Once when he happened to be out very late, he noticed that there was a light in Mr. Thomas's private room. Nevertheless, in that room he found Mr. Thomas at five o'clock the next morning.

What did all this mean? Richard's curiosity was piqued. At length Mr. Thomas, touching him on the shoulder as he was quitting his work in the evening, said in an under tone to him, "Come with me." Mr. Thomas led the way to his private room. "There, Richard," said he, as he entered, "there is a machine on which I have been occupied for three years; I want now to complete it, that I may send it to the Great Exhibition; but I fear I shall be disappointed; one thing stops my progress; can you help me?"

Richard examined the piece of work, which he pronounced beautiful. As for overcoming the difficulty, he had his fears. But he said he would think the matter over.

Two days from this interview had passed, when Richard Mather, who had been quietly sitting by the fireside in the outer cellar, suddenly rising from his chair, exclaimed,—

"Mother, get a house; we will quit this cellar."

"My dear boy, what do you talk of?" replied Mrs. Mather; "ah, you don't know how hard I find it to get a bit of clothing besides the food; and but for what Fanny allows me, I could not find the house on what you lads bring in."

"O, I know all that very well; but, do you see, I've just discovered a thing that will bring in some brass."

"Art mad, my lad?" exclaimed the old lady, in a terrified tone.

"No, mother, sensible and sober, too,—but wait, I'll go and speak to Mr. Thomas."

At the end of two hours Richard entered the cellar again, his countenance radiant with joy. "It is all right!" he shouted as he came in: "It is all right," whispered he into his mother's ear.

In a few weeks the machine was completed with Richard's aid. Mr. Thomas went to London, and after the absence of some days wrote to Richard as follows:—

"DEAR RICHARD,—The machine must be sent off by the end of the week. To you its completion is owing, and by you must its construction be explained. You therefore must be ready to come up to the Exhibition in the course of a fortnight. Your present wages will be continued, and, if all goes on well, you shall have a full share of the benefit. I take this opportunity of saying how glad I am that I found out your natural ability, and made you an engineer.—Your friend,

"HENRY THOMAS."

"London, April 14th, 1851."

Hastening home to his mother, Richard communicated to her the contents of the letter. Already he was in the receipt of two-and-thirty shillings a week. It was at once determined to take a house. Out they went—the whole family—Mrs. Mather, Richard, Tom, Alice, and Jane—all save Fanny, who had not yet heard of the good news. After wandering over several parts of the town, and being not a little particular and critical as to situation, accommodation, and even appearance, they found and took a house.

"Now, then, for the furniture," said Richard.

"Don't be in a hurry, my dear," replied his mother.

"Well, I have saved seven pounds, that will do to begin with; and my new suit of clothes will come in nicely for my trip to London."

"Is the letter answered, Richard?"

"I can't write," replied the young man.

"Dear me! no. Do you think Mr. Thomas knew that?" asked Mrs. Mather; "I should not like you, dear Richard, to be disappointed."

"Well, I never thought of that writing business; but," added he, after a pause, "perhaps reading will do, and you know, mother, I got a bit of reading last winter from Harry Whiting. Harry read me the letter; for, somehow, I can't very well make out writing. By-the-by, I will go at once and get Whiting to write an answer."

Two days brought another letter from Mr. Thomas. He was

not, he stated, aware that Richard Mather was unable to write. Some skill in writing was indispensable. For the proper explanation of the machine diagrams were necessary; figures must be employed; sometimes thoughts and statements would require to be put on paper—to say nothing of correspondence.

"Well, *it is* a disappointment, I confess," said Richard to his mother; "but I'm glad I've got Harry Whiting the job; he's a very good fellow, and promises to teach me to write when he has returned; but I am much mistaken, if I am not able to write before then."

The Mather family were seated at the tea-table, Fanny as well as the rest. On a sudden they heard a loud knock at the door, when in bounced a man in sailor's attire, exclaiming, "Mother!" The next moment the son and the mother were in each other's arms.

"I've had a long run to come across you," said William Mather,

the eldest son, who, as we have said, had gone to sea. "I went into Saddleworth, but found some one else in the old house; sorry enough I was; but here you all are, except father, and he, I believe, is safe aloft. How was it I never heard from any of you?"

"You know *I can't write*, and the children *can't write*," said Mrs. Mather; "besides, we got only two letters from you, and from them we could not make out where you were."

"Well, *I can't write* either," answered William, "and as for that cook's mate that wrote for me, he handles a pen like a hand-spike; but never mind, here we are altogether again; and right glad am I to find you so comfortable."

Richard Mather has engaged a teacher, and spends two hours every evening in learning to write. He will doubtless succeed in this effort as he has succeeded in every other; and whatever his success in life, he will take special care that his mother and the other members of the family shall share in the results.

CHINESE AND INDIAN FISHERMEN.



AN INDIAN FISHERMAN.

THE Chinese are accustomed to use cormorants for catching fish, as our ancestors in the middle ages used the hawk for the purposes of the chase. In an English almanack, published last year at Shanghai, a missionary relates that, in the environs of Nankin, the ancient capital of the Celestial Empire, it is not rare to encounter a crowd of small boats, advancing in a horizontal line upon the water, each with a dozen, and sometimes as many as twenty, cormorants perched upon the sides. As the birds are naturally inclined to swallow the fish they catch, a piece of twine is tied round their necks to prevent them; the fisherman holds in his hand a rather slender pole of bamboo, about five or six feet in length, with which he lifts the cormorant into the boat when the bird has effected a capture. Taking the fish from his feathered assistant, the man rewards his address with a handful of beans, and the cormorant resumes his station on the side of the boat, with his keen eyes fixed upon the water. Eighty miles westward of Shanghai, at a place called the Collines, the fishing is conducted upon a grand scale. The missionary states that he saw a cormorant draw out of the water a fish measuring eighteen inches in length, and weighing several pounds. The fishermen encourage the birds to plunge by a peculiar cry, and a very curious spectacle is afforded when a hundred cormorants are seen darting about, and returning with their captured prey to the boats, without ever mistaking their master.

The people of India are less advanced than the Chinese. The natives of Scinde, dwelling on the shores of the Indus, have a very primitive and original method of taking the fish necessary for their

subsistence. The fisherman launches into the water a large and very light earthen vessel, and, lying face-downward upon it, commits himself to the mercy of Allah, and pushes off from the shore. Impelling his singular bark forward with his feet and hands, he skims over the water, as our engraving above represents. He holds in his right hand a pitchfork about fifteen feet long, to which is attached a large net, which he closes immediately the fish is taken, and transfers the fish to his vessel. Floating with confidence over the water, the fisherman proceeds several miles from the shore, suffering himself to be carried forward by the current, on account of the *pula*, a fish in much esteem, always swimming against the stream. Others content themselves with fishing for the *pula* with a net, standing on the shore. In fact, it is dangerous to venture into the river, especially at noon, when the crocodiles are basking in the sunbeams. The English, however, do not allow themselves to be prevented by this obstacle from bathing in the river, even at midday, surrounded, it is true, by a cordon of domestics, swimming at some distance, and charged to frighten away the ferocious animals by raising loud cries and beating their hands.

M. Van Orlich, a German author, to whom we are indebted for some of the preceding details, says that there is a temple on the banks of the Indus, in front of which the crocodiles, according to the inhabitants, never fail to stop, and, penetrated with respect for the divinity that resides in that place, they turn towards him: the tail, but the head.

THE FORGED WILL.

Twenty years ago, there lived in a quiet German village an old farmer, named Gottfried, who, having in his youth suffered a disappointment in a love affair through the inconstancy of a fair peasant, passed the remainder of his life in a state of morose and discontented celibacy. He was assisted in the labours of his farm by his two nephews, Hans Engelheim and Karl Landermann, whose characters were so dissimilar, that it was no wonder they were frequently quarrelling. Hans was cheerful, candid, and generous; while Karl was morose, treacherous, and vindictive. These were qualities which naturally recommended him to his uncle, to whom he devoted every dance on the green and every glass which Hans enjoyed, exaggerating them in a manner which led the old man to believe the latter much too gay and dissipated to be entrusted with

consolation he had (for, like his uncle, he was a bachelor) was in anticipating the time when the old man would give up the ghost, and he should become the owner of the farm. That happy day at length arrived; old Gottfried died, and was buried, and there being no other claimant, Karl took possession of the farm, as next of kin, without any opposition.

We must now relate the fortunes of Hans. He had obtained employment on a farm in one of the western states of America, and, in the course of a few years was able, by industry and frugality, to save sufficient money to purchase a few acres of land and a cow. Then he married a very amiable girl, the daughter of a settler from the same district of Germany as himself, and all went well and happily with him. But, as he advanced in years, he experienced a



KARL LANDERMANN DISCOVERED IN THE CHEST.

any part of the management of his affairs. Thus Karl grew in favour with his uncle, while he gratified his envy of his cousin, and prepared the way for his own succession to the farm. Hans at length found his position so uncomfortable, exposed as he was to jealous suspicions and unmerited obloquy, that he left the farm and his fatherland to seek his fortune in the far west.

Twenty years passed away, and old Gottfried was still alive, and more morose than ever. Karl managed the affairs of the farm, with the assistance of a hard-working and good-tempered youth, named Peter Mitzer, over whom he so tyrannised, that the poor fellow would have left the farm a hundred times, but for his poverty. Had Karl been a more estimable person, he would have been as much an object of commiseration as Peter, for the older his uncle grew, the worse his temper became; and the only source of

growing desire to return to his fatherland, from which he was only withheld by the disinclination of his wife to leave a country in which were settled her parents and her sisters. At length, however, his wife died; and then he hesitated no longer, but sold all his property, and returned to Germany, taking with him his only child, a blue-eyed, fair-haired girl, who was now his only consolation.

Karl Landermann was smoking his pipe at the door of the farmhouse, mentally calculating the profits of the harvest just gathered in, when Hans and his daughter came up, accompanied by the notary of the village. He touched his hat to the latter, without rising or removing the pipe from his mouth, and then glanced inquiringly towards his cousin, whom he did not recognise.

"Good evening, farmer," said the notary. "This good man and I have a little business to settle with you."

"What business can he have with me?" returned Karl, in a surly tone. "I don't know him."

"Then I must introduce him," said the notary. "This is your cousin, Hans Engelheim, who went to America, and who has now returned to settle down in his native land, on the farm which has become his by the death of his lamented uncle."

"His!" grunted Karl, his brow darkening. "The farm is mine; the old man made me his heir."

"Possibly," returned the notary; "but you must prove that to be the case, friend Landermann, for your cousin, here, is son of the deceased's brother, while you descend from his youngest sister."

"Ay, but there is a will," said Karl, eyeing his cousin maliciously. "Come in, and satisfy yourself, friend notary."

All four entered the kitchen, where everything looked just the same as when Hans had last eaten his supper there. The old walnut-wood chest stood against the wall in its old place, and above it hung the sieve and the bill-hook, beneath the shelf on which stood the milk-pail, the sugar-jar, and the pots of preserved fruit.

"The old man told me a hundred times that I should have everything," observed Karl, going to the chest; "and here we shall find the will, I have no doubt."

He had thought his possession of the farm so secure, that he had never-searched for the will; nor had his uncle ever informed him where he would find it. But he knew that all papers of consequence were kept in a secret recess at the bottom of the strong chest, and there he had no doubt he should find it. He took a bundle of papers from the recess, and glanced over them, but, to his confusion and dismay, the will was not among them.

"It must be up stairs," said he; and returning the papers to their depository, he ascended the stairs in feverish haste.

"If there is no will, your claim cannot be disputed," observed the notary, turning to Hans.

The latter made no comment, and in a few minutes Karl came down again, his countenance showing that his search had been unsuccessful.

"I can't find it," said he; "but I am quite sure it is somewhere about the house."

"Well, look again—take time," observed the notary. "Your cousin does not wish to turn you out either to-day or to-morrow; but, if you cannot find the document in a week or ten days, I advise you to give up the farm without having recourse to litigation, which will be both expensive and fruitless."

With this excellent piece of advice, which Karl was not in a frame of mind to appreciate, the notary took his leave, followed by Hans and his daughter. Karl passed the greater part of the night in searching for the will, which he had supposed old Gottfried to have made, but without finding it, for the simple and sufficient reason that no such document had ever existed. The promises of his uncle had only been made to secure his fidelity, and reconcile him to hard work and meagre rations: the object accomplished, he was too selfish to trouble himself about the reward. This conviction dawned upon Karl's mind, when he became satisfied that further search would be fruitless; and the anathemas which he muttered against his dead uncle were frightful. There was no help for it, however, and a few days afterwards he gave up possession of the farm to his cousin.

One night, a few months after this change in the position of affairs, Gertrude Engelheim was standing at the door of the farmhouse, listening to the sweetly plaintive song of the nightingale, which was borne on the soft and still air from the neighbouring wood, and looking up at the bright stars which gemmed the dark-blue canopy of the universe. The honeysuckle which trailed over the porch exhaled its delicate perfume, and from a little distance the night air wafted the exquisite scent of a blossomy bean-field. Save the melody of Philomela and the gentle whispering of the trees, no sound was heard. All was still as when the twinkling stars, to which the maiden's soft blue eyes looked up, shone above the green and perfumed bowers in which the first pair of human kind slept the sleep of innocence and peace.

In a few minutes, however, footsteps came slowly across the road, and Peter Mitzer appeared, leaning over the rustic gate, and looking towards the flowery porch, in which the farmer's daughter

was half concealed. A brighter light shone from the eyes, and a deeper tint of rose suffused her fair cheek, as she recognised the youth; and she tripped lightly down the path leading to the gate. Just as she reached it, a dark figure emerged from the gloom of a clump of fir trees, and stole on into the house.

"What a beautiful night!" said the young peasant, as Gertrude reached the gate.

"Speak lower," whispered Gertrude. "Father has gone to bed."

"Do you think he would be very angry if he knew that—Peter hesitated.

"I don't know," said the maiden, casting down her eyes. "I love me very much; and I sometimes think it would be better to be less secret; we should then know his mind at once, and my heart would be at rest."

"He is my master, Gertrude, and I am poor," rejoined Peter. "He might think it an unwarrantable presumption in me to love his daughter. But did you not say he had gone up to bed?"

"Yes," replied Gertrude, turning round, and looking towards the farmhouse, where a light shone at an upper window, and a figure of a man was indistinctly seen between the curtain and the candle; "there is his shadow reflected upon the curtain."

"Then some one must have crept into the house," exclaimed Peter; for I will swear I saw a man in the room just now—stooled down near the fire-place."

"You frighten me, Peter!" said Gertrude, turning pale, and clinging to his arm. "Are you sure?"

"I could not fancy such a thing," returned the young peasant, throwing first one leg and then the other over the gate. "Let me go and see."

The trembling girl suffered Peter to lead the way, and her heart beat quickly as they entered the kitchen, which served as the ordinary sitting-room, and which we have already briefly noticed. To the surprise of both, and of Peter Mitzer in particular, there was no one visible, nor had a single article been displaced.

"This looks like witchcraft!" said the puzzled youth, when he had looked under the table and behind the door.

"You must have been mistaken," observed Gertrude, beginning to breathe more freely.

Peter scratched behind his right ear, and looked perplexed, but made no observation. At that moment a sneeze sounded from the vicinity of the walnut-wood chest, and Gertrude and her lover exchanged glances.

"It must be the cat," suggested the former. "She must have got shut up into the corn-chest."

"If I had not seen that fellow, I might think so," returned Peter, advancing towards the chest.

"What is the matter, Gertrude?" said the voice of the farmer from the stairs.

"Peter thinks there is some one hid in the corn-chest, father," replied the young girl.

"Peter!" echoed her father, "what is Peter doing here?"

Gertrude and the young peasant both blushed as the farmer came down the stairs and advanced towards them.

"Peter came to the gate to me, and while we stood there he saw a man here," replied Gertrude, in a trembling voice; and when he came in we heard a sneeze from the chest."

At that moment a second sneeze, louder than the first, started all three.

"Raise the lid, Peter," said the farmer; "we'll see what the intruder is."

Gertrude crept timidly behind her father, and the young peasant proceeded to lift up the heavy lid of the chest. When this was accomplished, the ungainly form and ill-favoured countenance of Karl Landermann were revealed, crouching down in the chest, in which he had crept for concealment when he heard Gertrude and Peter approaching the house. The dust at the bottom of the chest had been stirred up by his entrance, and it was this which had caused him to sneeze, led to his discovery. As he slowly raised himself, and stepped out of the chest, his features expressed a strange compound of feelings—shame, fear, and cunning blended together.

"What do you do here?" inquired Hans, as soon as he had recovered from his surprise.

"Well, I have no business here, I admit," replied Karl, his face expressing the same feelings as his countenance; "but I cannot last night that uncle Gottfried's will was under a stone in his kitchen, and I stole in to look; but, before I could do so, I saw these young people approaching, and not liking to be caught here I had no business, I got into the chest."

"Well, now take yourself off," said Hans. "There can never be any friendship between us, for I cannot trust you; so let me see you back."

Karl sneaked out of the house, and Peter was about to follow, but wishing his master and Gertrude good night, when Hans bade him stay a moment, and desired his daughter to go to bed.

"Peter," said he, after a pause, "you and Gertrude are more together than I should like, if I did not believe you to be a sober and industrious lad. I suppose there has been some love-making between you?"

"Master," said the young peasant, with the earnestness of sincerity, "I love Miss Gertrude as if she were a part of my life, and have thought of her and dreamt of her from the first moment I saw her."

"Well, work for me a year longer, and we will then talk further about the matter," said Hans. "My daughter is very young, and you are young enough to wait that time; if Gertrude is willing to accept you as her husband in a year's time, she shall be yours."

"Master, you have made me the happiest lad in the village," returned Peter; "and I am sure Gertrude will be as happy as I am, when she knows what you have promised."

With that he went home, and Hans secured the door very carefully.

About a fortnight afterwards, the village notary called upon the farmer, and informed him that Karl had again dreamt that his uncle had deposited his will under a certain stone in his kitchen floor, and, for his satisfaction, wished to make an examination. Hans made no objection; and a loose stone was found near the fireplace, which, being raised, disclosed to view a folded paper. The notary eagerly picked it up, and on opening it found that it was really a will, bearing the signature of Gottfried, and bequeathing the farm, with all the live and dead stock, to his nephew, Karl Landermann. The notary carried off the document, and legal proceedings were immediately commenced to recover possession of the property, under the so strangely-discovered will. Hans, in his perplexity, had recourse to the counsel of a shrewd lawyer, who, after hearing all the circumstances, procured a copy of the will and perused it attentively, but could gather no hope from it, the intentions of the deceased being so clearly expressed, till he advised Hans to keep possession, and let the cause go for trial; nothing being, he said, so uncertain as the issue of a trial in civil law. On the trial he had an opportunity of examining the original document, and, on holding it up to the light, discovered that the water-mark was of more recent date than that of the writing, which was so clear an internal proof of forgery, that Karl's advocate immediately threw up his brief. Karl fled the country when he found that his villainy was discovered, and Hans and his daughter were left in undisturbed possession of the farm. Gertrude, at the end of the year, became the wife of Peter Mitzer, who justified, by his exemplary conduct as a husband and father, the good opinion which Hans had formed of him at first.

THE BOOK TRADE IN GERMANY.

As Frankfort monopolises the trade in wine, so Leipzig monopolises the trade in books. It is here that every German author (and in no country are authors so numerous) wishes to produce the children of his brain, and that, too, only during the Easter fair. He will submit to any degree of exertion, that his work may be ready for publication by that important season, when the whole brotherhood is in labour, from the Rhine to the Vistula. Whatever the period of gestation may be, the time when he shall come to the birth is fixed by the almanack. If the auspicious moment pass away, he willingly bears his burden twelve months longer, till the next advent of the bibliopoli Lucina. This periodical littering at

Leipzig does not at all arise, as is sometimes supposed, from all or most of the books being printed there; Leipzig has only its own proportion of printers and publishers. It arises from the manner in which this branch of trade is carried on in Germany. Every bookseller of any eminence, throughout the Confederation, has an agent or commissioner in Leipzig. If he wishes to procure works which have been published by another, he does not address himself directly to the publisher, but to his own commissioner in Leipzig. The latter, again, whether he be ordered to transmit to another books published by his principal, or to procure for his principal books published by another, instead of dealing directly with the person from whom he is to purchase, or to whom he is to sell, treats only with his Leipzig agent. The order is received by the publisher, and the books by the purchaser, at third hand. The whole book trade of Germany thus centres in Leipzig. Wherever books may be printed, it is there they must be bought; it is there that the trade is supplied. Such an arrangement, though it employ four persons in every transaction instead of two, is plainly an advantageous arrangement for Leipzig; but the very fact that it has subsisted two hundred years, and still flourishes, seems to prove that it is likewise found to be beneficial to the trade in general. Abuses in public institutions may endure for centuries; but inconvenient arrangements in trade, which affect the credit side of a man's balance-sheet at the end of the year, are seldom so long-lived, and German booksellers are not less attentive to profit than any other honest men in an honest business.

Till the middle of the sixteenth century, publishers, in the proper sense of the word, were unknown. John Otto, born at Nürnberg, in 1510, is said to be the earliest on record who made bargains for copyright, without being himself a printer. Some years afterwards, two regular dealers in the same department settled in Leipzig, where the university, already in high fame, had produced a demand for books, from the moment the art of printing wandered up from the Rhine. Before the end of the century, the book-fair was established. It prospered so rapidly, that in 1600 the Easter Catalogue, which has been annually continued ever since, was printed for the first time. It now presents, every year, in a thick octavo volume, a collection of new books and new editions, to which there is no parallel in Europe. The writing public is out of all proportion too large for the reading public of Germany. At the fair, all the brethren of the trade flock together in Leipzig, not only from every part of Germany, but from every European country where German books are sold, to settle accounts, and examine the harvest of the year. The number always amounts to several hundreds, and they have built an exchange for themselves.

Yet a German publisher has less chance of making great profits, and a German author has fewer prospects of turning his manuscript to good account, than the same classes of persons in any other country that knows the value of intellectual labour. There is a pest called *Nachdruckerei*, or reprinting, which gnaws on the vitals of the poor author, and paralyses the most enterprising publisher. Each state of the Confederation has its own law of copyright, and an author is secured against piracy only in the state where he prints. But he writes for all, and they all speak the same language. If the book be worth anything, it is immediately reprinted in some neighbouring state, and, as the pirate pays nothing for copyright, he can obviously afford to undersell the original publisher. Württemberg, though she can boast of possessing, in Cotta, one of the most honourable and enterprising publishers of Germany, is peculiarly notorious as a nest for these birds of prey. The worst of it is, that authors of reputation are precisely those to whom the system is most fatal. The reprinter meddles with nothing except what he already knows will find buyers. The rights of unsaleable books are scrupulously observed; the honest publisher is never disturbed in his losing speculations; but, when he has been fortunate enough to become master of a work of genius or utility, the piratical publisher is instantly in his way. All the states do not deserve to be equally involved in this censure; Prussia, we believe, has shown herself liberal in protecting the rights of every German publisher. Such a system almost annihilates the value of literary labour, and occasions the unpleasant exterior of German printing, the coarse paper, and the worn-out type.

LANCE'S "PANTRY."

THE details of the pantry constitute what the old painters termed a picture of inanimate nature, but the author of the above composition has given life to it by the introduction of a monkey, who is represented as examining, with a curious eye, the contents of the milk-jug and the fruit-basket. By a caprice of the artist, the head of the animal is adorned with a red handkerchief, which gives it something of the appearance of an old negress.

The introduction of these ill-favoured caricatures of the human race in our homes and in our pictures appears to be a whim of very ancient date; mankind have, in all ages, felt a strange pleasure in contemplating the tricks and grimaces which parody so much of social life. Previously to that period of art-history which is distinguished as the Renaissance, the taste for monkeys was so great that they were found in the houses of nearly all the aristocracy, and

gambolling. When the peasant arrived in the presence of the proprietor of the mansion, the latter perceived at a glance that time had been taken of the fruit, and made an observation to that effect. "Excuse me, my lord," replied the simple peasant; "as I came up, I met your lordship's son, who has carried off all the best."

Pictures of inanimate nature evidently belong to an inferior order in the scale of art. Their principal merit is an able imitation of the objects represented; in poetry, in the expression of sentiment, they are, and must be, very defective. They may attract the curious and amuse the idle, but they have no tendency to elevate the mind or touch the heart. They may serve to flatter a gastronomic taste, and awaken ideas of abundance in accordance with a robust appetite; but more delicate natures are little gladdened by the aspect of the vegetables, the game, and the fish, which seem to



"THE PANTRY"—FROM A PAINTING BY LANCE.

were represented unceasingly in pictures, on bowls and vases, and on every description of domestic utensils. The heads of monkeys figured frequently and conspicuously as architectural ornaments. In the fifteenth century, several vessels belonging to the port of Dieppe were employed in the importation of monkeys, for which those who could afford to conform to the prevailing mania did not object to pay four or five pounds each—nearly the price of an ox at the same period. Some of them were dressed in rich liveries, and taught to perform some of the services of pages.

A peasant who brought a basket of choice fruit to his lord, met one of these strange servitors on the stairs; never having seen the creature before, and struck with the elegance of his apparel, he saluted him with profound respect. The monkey approached, took the finest of the fruit from the basket, and ran off, capering and

be transported from the kitchen to the drawing-room to remind us of the grosser necessities of life. Such natures prefer images more poetic and more pleasing. Landscapes, flowers, scenes of rustic joyousness, are decorations more acceptable to them than pictures of inanimate nature.

These remarks apply entirely to the subjects of such pictures in general, regarded as a question of taste. If we look at the "Pantry" of Lance solely as a work of art, we shall find much to admire in the execution. The peculiar wrinkled appearance of the leaves of the hardy Savoy is imitated with much fidelity, and the plumage of the wild ducks is equally true to nature. The white cloth which covers that end of the dresser serves to display to greater advantage the green and brown tints of the dead birds; and the curtain above them forms a relief to the wall.

ORNAMENTAL TOBACCO BOX.

As ornamentation is one of the departments included in the plan of THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART, we cannot do wrong in calling the attention of our readers to the beautiful specimen of ornamental work which adorns this page. It is a snuff-box executed by Avisseau, the celebrated enamel worker at Tours, an artist who is described by one of his countrymen as a second Bernard Palissy. No greater honour could be conferred upon him than to give him this distinguished title, but the specimen of his workmanship here exhibited

as it may, there can be no question that it is a beautiful work of art—at once a gem and a picture—rich, but not overloaded with decoration, elegant, and finished. It represents the hollow trunk of an old tree amid a mass of rocks, and twined around with ferns and climbing plants. An adder, coiled about it, is on the watch for a frog upon the lid. Lizards crawl about here and there, showing their heads from the various crevices. On the right and left hand are two stone tablets, one of which contains a drawing of a peasant



AN ORNAMENTAL TOBACCO BOX.

goes far to prove that it is not at all more than he fairly deserves. It is one of his most recent *chef-d'œuvre*, and is rendered by our artist with great fidelity and perfection. The reader might be puzzled to know what it was, if he had not the assistance of the title. From that, however, he will learn that it is nominally a tobacco box or pot, though of course hardly likely to be really employed as such. Indeed we can easily imagine that, to many of our readers—especially those of the gentler sex—it would seem a shameful profanation to apply it to any “such base uses.” Be that

of Brittany smoking his pipe, and the other the arms of Tourraine and Brittany. Inside the lid there is the following inscription, “A. M. PIERRE-CHEVALIER, AVISSEAU PERE ET FILS, 1851.” This inscription, with the tablets, explains the nature and object of the beautiful production. It symbolises the union of Tourraine and Brittany, literature and art; Avisseau being an artist of Tourraine, and M. Chevalier, to whom it was presented, a distinguished author, who has written a work upon the history of Ancient and Modern Brittany.

PEERS AND M.P.s,
OR,
LORDS AND COMMONS.

PARLIAMENTARY ORATORS AND ORATORY.

THE Marquis of Lansdowne is rarely heard in the Lords now; but in the Commons, which he entered as Lord Henry Petty, his first speech raised great expectations of his subsequent career, and some were so enthusiastic in their praise as to deem him worthy to rival the oratorical fame of Pitt. His speech on the charges of embezzlement, brought against Lord Melville, was highly applauded at the time. He said: "Let it be remembered how the persons were situated who were thus connected together: Mr. Mark Scott, the broker, confidentially employed by Mr. Trotter, the paymaster; Mr. Trotter, the paymaster, confidentially employed by Lord Melville; and Lord Melville confidentially employed by the public. He had heard of Jacobin combinations and of other combinations, but it would be difficult to imagine any combination more detrimental to the public than that of these three persons, who touched the cabinet on the one side and the stocks on the other. What changes of fortune, what convulsions in finance, was it not capable of effecting! He trusted that the event of that night would show that, whatever difference of opinion might exist, if indeed there did exist any, on the principles of government or on the application of those principles to public measures, yet when such questions as these came to be determined—whether the law should or should not be observed; whether the public expenditure should be watched or should pass unexamined or uncontrolled—there was to be found but one voice, one opinion, and one cause; the cause of men of all descriptions, who pretended to any sort of principle, in opposition to those who either did not profess any, or, what was as dangerous if not as bad, who thought none essential to the honour, the safety, and the existence of the country." The Duke of Newcastle is young, and has yet to win fame, but he has much in his favour. He possesses a great power of fluent oratory, and whenever he addresses the house, is listened to with attention and respect. Lord Clarendon has been the hero of many a party contest. He cannot take his stand amongst the first orators of the day. His rank in political life has, undoubtedly, been acquired by his abilities. The fact that he rose from being a Customs' commissioner to be viceroy of Ireland and secretary for foreign affairs, as a late writer in the *Athenæum* remarked, is proof of his secretarial energy and talent in a department of the state. As a debater he wants practice and physical power. His voice is not loud enough for the stormy combats of the senate. He often hesitates, and his nervous temperament gives him a flurried manner which detracts from the weight of his argument. Yet he has great insinuation and address. Eminent as are his talents, even his admirers would scarcely say that he has the *virida vis animi* of Lord John Russell or Lord Palmerston. He wants majesty and muscularity of intellect. The Duke of Argyll, the youngest member of the cabinet, is perhaps one of the most fluent men in it. You are not long in the Lords before you are aware of his presence. His red face and small juvenile figure attract you at once. He took his seat in that assembly on his father's death in 1847, and in May of the following year, he delivered his first speech on the motion for the second reading of the bill for admitting Jews to Parliament. His speech made a great impression on the house, presenting as it did a defence of the measure on religious rather than political grounds. He commenced by disclaiming all sympathy with certain theories that had been put forth—that Christianity had nothing to do with making the laws of a country. He showed in a strain of clear argument, enforced by an easy, flowing, and natural eloquence, that Christianity lay at the root of all that was just and right and true; and that the nation which systematically excluded Christianity from its laws, must end in speedy ruin. At the same time he could not agree with the opponents of the measure, that Christianity consisted in a mere set of forms and symbols, compliance with which should secure and refusal exclude admission to the legislature. On the contrary, he maintained that Christianity would be best manifested by abolishing all invidious distinctions

which excluded any citizen from obtaining the offices and honours of the state, and by maintaining the right of the constituents of the empire to their free choice of whatever representatives they pleased to select. The speech was received with great favour in the house, and the duke was at once hailed as one of the promising ornaments of which the senate could boast. Let another nobleman who confers honour on his order—the Earl of Carlisle—the duke lectures to mechanics' institutions, and last well.

But, after all, the real orators in the house are not in the cabinet, but out of it; and they live upon their reputations, and are satisfied, as well they may be, with the pleasures of men. Foremost amongst them is the Earl of Derby, the *tuam et deum* of one of the most powerful parties in the state. But, as with true orators, it was in the lower house that his laurels were won. His first speech of any importance was that against Mr. Hume's motion on the temporalities of the Irish Church. That speech helped him to the honourable title he has so long worn as "the very Rupert of debate." One of the most remarkable feats he accomplished was his delivery, during one of the Irish debates, Hotspur's address to his uncles, at the close of a great debate, when the house was eager for a division. His rating the Whigs with their truckling to O'Connell was terrible when it came in the language of England's dramatist:—

"But shall it be that you—that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subordination—shall it be
That you a world of curses undergo;
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords—the ladder—or the hangman rather?
Oh, pardon me! that I descend so low
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle king.
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did 'gape them both in an unjust behalf,
As both of you, God pardon it! have done,
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fooled, discarded, and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No, yet time serves wherein you may redeem
Your banished honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thought of this world again.
Revenge the jeering and disdained contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths."

The effect Lord Stanley—for that was the earl's title then—produced by this extract was startling. It required no ordinary degree of courage to deliver a quotation so long and so dangerous in a crowded house at a late hour. The sensation created was amplified from the extraordinary power of emphasis thrown into the delivery. No actor could have given the passage with more startling effect. It has been remarked, that to a nobleman of talent it is a disadvantage to commence life in the House of Peers. It is rarely that the debates are conducted there on a scale large enough to justify those flights of eloquence which, successful in a common assembly, seem almost ridiculous before a couple of scores of lords and peers. The Earl of Derby had the advantage of entering public life in the lower house, and at a time, too, when party feeling was high. His contest with O'Connell was personal and passionate to the extreme. The latter held him up to the indignation of the Irish as the scorpion Stanley, and the former repaid the agitator with terrible invective, equally vehement, and far more polished than his own. In the upper house, the debates were indeed dull, were it not for the earl's appearance on the scene. Lyndhurst is a masterly orator; but he belongs to the past. You can hardly recognise, in the now shrunken form, a man formerly deemed one of the most powerful intellects of our age.

atters not that such as Lyndhurst vanish. The House of Lords is the place for oratory. The first orators of the day may get ere; but once there, they give themselves no trouble about rhetorical display. Indeed, from the independent members you have no chance of a good speech, unless Lord Ellenborough is on his legs. His lordship reminds one of the once popular orator, Henry Brougham. There was a time when you could never enter the House of Lords without seeing that grotesque figure and hearing that powerful tongue; and some of his most splendid speeches have been delivered there. Yet it is undeniably true, that it was in the Commons Brougham won his name and fame. Only the seniors of the present generation can recollect him, when, in the meridian of his powers, he found in Canning a fitting foe. The men of those times tell us, we shall never witness such intellectual gladiatorship again. As it would be impossible to give an idea of Brougham's eloquence, we shall close this chapter by abridging a graphic description, published some years since in "Modern Babylon." The orator was in the house on one of the occasions to which we have referred. He tells us of the crowded state of the house, of all eyes being turned in one direction, and how, amidst universal expectation, Henry Brougham rose to reply and attack. He says:—

"After this bustle of preparation, and amid the breathless silence which follows it, Henry Brougham takes a slow and hesitating pace towards the table, where he stands crouched together, his shoulders hunched up, his head bent forward, and his upper lip and nostril quivered by a tremulous motion, as though he were afraid to utter even a single sentence. His first sentences, or rather the first members of his sentence—for you soon find that with him a sentence more extended both in form and substance than the whole oration of other men—come forth cold and irresolute, and withal so wide of the question that you are unable to perceive how they shall be bent as to bear on it. When, however, a sufficient number of these propositions have been enunciated—and the enunciation is always such as to carry the demonstration with it—it moves on towards the conclusion, firm as the Macedonian phalanx, and irresistible as a pyramid-charge of the mountaineers of the North. One position being thus carried with the appearance of weakness and want of resolution, but with a reality of power and of determination which make themselves to be felt in the certainty with which it commands our assent, the orator rises upon it both in body and in mind, and issues a second by a more bold and brief attack. To a second succeeds a third, to a third a fourth, and so on, till the whole principles of the whole philosophy of the question have acknowledged their conqueror—till every man in the house who has ears to hear and a heart to understand, be as irresistibly convinced of the abstract truth as he is of his own existence." The writer continues: "When, as already mentioned, he has laid the foundation in the utmost extent of philosophy and the profoundest depth of reason—when he has returned to it again, applying the rule and the plummet to see that the erection is orderly, and feeling with the touch of a giant to ascertain that it is secure—when he has found the understandings of the house and the spectators in cords of argument which they are equally indisposed and unable to break—he vaults upon the subdued bases, rises in figure and in tone, discharges forth the passions from their inmost recesses, overtops and shakes the gaping members and the echoing house. That voice, which was at first so low, now assumes the deafening roar and the determined swell of the ocean; that form, which at the beginning seemed to be sinking under its own weight, now looks as if it were armed with steel, strung with brass, and immortal and unchangeable as the truths which in his calmer mood he uttered; that countenance, which ofttime bore the hue and the coldness of stone, is now animated at every point and beaming in every feature, as though the mighty utterance were all inadequate to the mightier spirit within; and those eyes, which when he began turned their usual and tranquil disks on you, as if supplicating your forbearance and your pardon, now shoot forth their meteor-fires, till every one upon whom they beam be kindled into admiration, and men of all parties wish in their hearts that Brougham were one of us." We must curtail the description, though it cut us to the quick to do so, for accurate is the picture of Brougham in his palmy days. The orator speaks then of the whisper in which Brougham speaks. It is the signal that he is putting on his whole armour, and

about to grasp the mightiest of his weapons." If you looked, "you would perceive some small man quivering and twittering, as little birds do when within charming distance of rattle-snakes, conscious of danger, yet deprived of even the means of self-protection, and courting destruction with the most piteous and frantic imbecility; you would perceive a slender antagonist clutching the back of the bench with quivering talons, lest the coming tempest should sweep him away; or you would see the portly and appropriate figure of the representative of the quorum of some fat county, delving both his fists into the cushion, fully resolved that, if a man of his weight should be blown out of the house, he would yet secure his seat by carrying it along with him. It comes: the words which were so low and muttered, become so loud that the speaker absolutely drowns the cheering of his own party; and after he has peeled some hapless offender to the bone, and tossed about his mangled remains through all the modes and forms of speech, the body of the orator, being subdued and beaten down by the energy of his own mind—an energy which you can neither help feeling nor succeed in describing—sinks down, panting, exhausted, almost a lifeless corpse."

We have now nearly concluded our parliamentary survey. We have seen the changes and wonders wrought by time in the constitution, practice, and influence of the two Houses of Parliament. Once, all power was in the crown—then again, the barons were omnipotent—then came the great fact which Whigs drink at their dinners as a standing toast—"The People, the source of all political power!" So long as England remains great—till the melancholy vision of Macaulay be realised, and the traveller from New Zealand shall stand on the broken arches of Westminster Bridge, and view the ivied ruins of St. Paul's—the power of parliament must be paramount in our midst. As the source of legislation, as the great motive power of government, as the final court of appeal, it must ever live; its future annals may have in them less of excitement, party warfare may be toned down, men's passions may grow calmer, elsewhere talent may seek the distinction hitherto to be found on the floor of St. Stephen's alone; side-by-side with parliament may exist a press of greater power, of higher aim, of more comprehensive views; still it will live, rich in past glories and present good, answering the necessities of the time, translating into legal acts the spirit of the age. Every year its duties will be simpler—every year the people will rise superior to their representatives, unless humanity be a failure and progress an idle dream.

What splendid memories cluster round the old house! "By the table in that chapel, afterwards stained with Percival's blood, the brow of the boldest warrior has turned pale as he stood up to receive the thanks of the house, and with trembling voice stammered forth his gratitude. Blake, and Albemarle, and Schomberg, Marlborough, and a greater even than that proud captain, the hero of a hundred fights, the Duke of Wellington, have there drunk in the pealing applause which heralded Westminster Abbey. At that bar the proudest of England's peers have bent the head to deprecate the Commons' vengeance; the governors of millions—the ministers of state—have there bowed the knee, and in their impeachment confessed the grandeur of the great national inquest. There the noblest sons of genius—Bacon, and Newton, and Wren, Addison, Gibson, and Mitford—have sat mute, but 'not inglorious.' There Oglethorpe taught the lesson of humanity in inspecting our prisons, and Meredith and Romilly pleaded against capital punishments, that criminals still were men. Those walls have rung with the shout of triumph as the slave-trade went down in its iniquity. Peals of laughter have awakened the echoes of that chamber to generations of wits—Martin and Coventry, Charles Townshend, and Sheridan, and Canning. The hollow murmurs of sympathy have there rung back the funeral tribute to the elder and younger Pitt, to Grenville and Horner, to that eloquent orator, conspicuous among his countrymen, Grattan, who, in his dying hour, there poured forth his soul. What exhilarating cheers—the only rewards to St. John for those lost orations which have perished for ever—have there rewarded the oratory of Pitt and Fox."

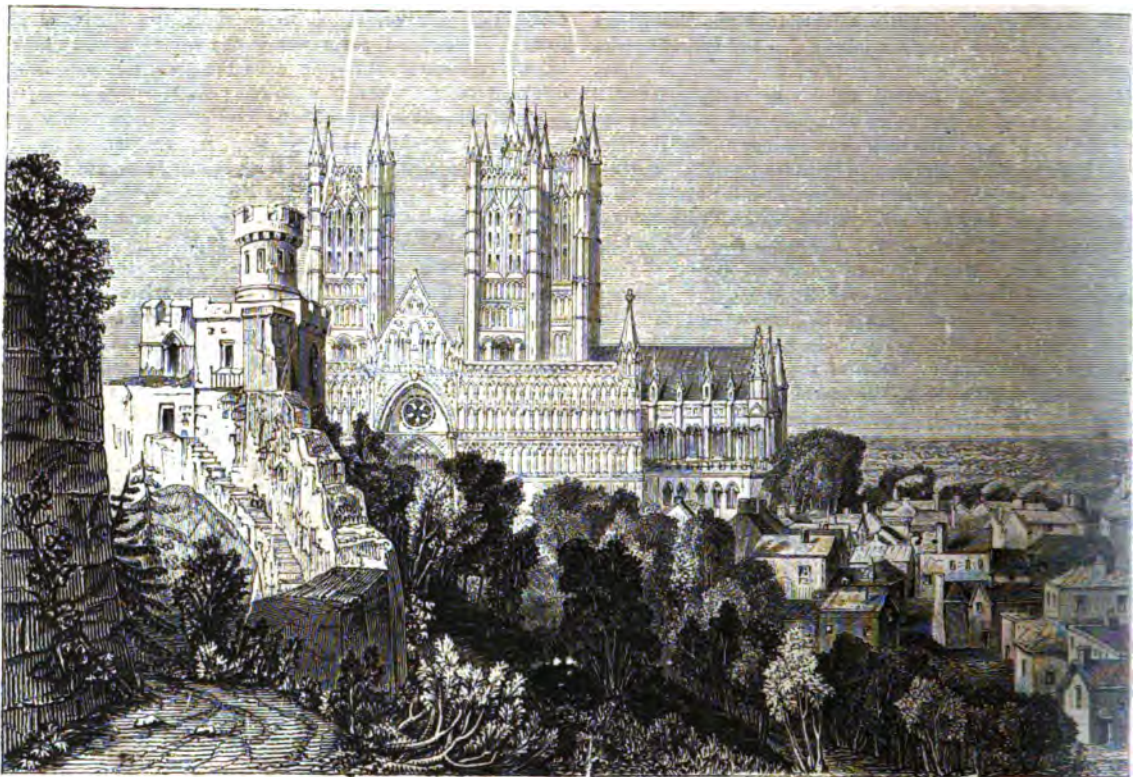
The new house can have no such glory. The giants of former days have laboured, and we, their descendants, have entered into their labours. The seed has been sown—for the future nothing is left but to gather in the harvest.

LINCOLN.

THE magnificent cathedral of Lincoln is, next to that of York, the most stupendous, as well as the most beautiful, monument of Gothic architecture in England, and stands on a hill, overlooking the town, and commanding a very extensive view, comprising the scenery of five or six counties. Its length from east to west is 530 feet, and its breadth 227 feet. The doorway and two of the three towers date from the eleventh century, and justify the opinion of those antiquaries who attribute the foundation of the one to William the Conqueror, and of the others to his son William Rufus. It was afterwards rebuilt by Henry II., and dedicated to the Virgin. The most remarkable portions of this immense edifice are the choir and the chapel of the Virgin. The great bell, celebrated by the name of Tom of Lincoln, was long famous for its deep and resonant tone, which was heard at a great distance. In 1827 it by some means got cracked, and in 1834 it was broken in pieces. It was refounded, and replaced in the central tower the year following. Its diameter in the widest part is eighteen feet, and it contains five

earth and the trunks of trees placed with the branches outward. To defend themselves from the incursions of these barbarians, the Roman masters of the country surrounded the city with walls, and formed the Foss-dyke, a canal about ten miles in length, connecting the waters of the Witham with those of the Trent, and thus forming a complete internal navigation between the Wash and the Humber. Henry I. cleared out the Foss-dyke, and improved the navigation, and it is still used as a canal from Lincoln to the Trent. The city derives its name from occupying the site of the Roman military station called Lindum, and stands on the line of the great Roman road called Ermine-street. The fortifications were increased and improved by the Saxons, and at the time of the Domesday survey Lincoln was one of the richest and most populous cities in the kingdom.

The ruins of the bishop's palace, which was demolished during the civil war, stand a little to the south of the cathedral, and comprise a fine hall, a gateway, and part of the kitchen. In the neigh-



THE CITY OF LINCOLN.

tons and a half of metal. The weight of the old bell was only four tons and a half. The difficulty of swinging the enormous clapper is the reason why the bell is used only on rare occasions. Before the Reformation, the cathedral of Lincoln was one of the richest in the kingdom, but Henry VIII. appropriated the greatest part of its treasures, and during the civil war between Charles I. and the Parliament, the sumptuous tombs were mutilated, and this splendid religious edifice was used as a barrack by the soldiers of Cromwell.

The cathedral is not the only remarkable monument in Lincoln; the ruins of the castle erected by William the Conqueror, and the Newport gate, attract the attention of visitors, and prove the antiquity of the city. The latter is an imposing structure of Roman architecture, ten feet thick, and sixteen feet wide in the archway. When the country was under Roman domination, the district in which Lincoln is situated was inhabited by the Coritani, a warlike tribe of savages, who painted their bodies with blue pigment extracted from the woad plant, and wore rings of iron on their arms. Their towns were mere collections of huts, defended by ramparts of

bourhood of these ruins is a modern building, which the bishop occupies during his stay in the city. Besides a great number of monasteries and nunneries, and other religious edifices, Lincoln formerly contained upwards of fifty churches, of which only eleven remain, exclusive of the cathedral, and most of these are small and much dilapidated. One of these, St. Peter at Gowthas, is an old conventual church, and has a lofty square tower of Norman architecture. Some remains of the old castle are still standing on the hill, westward from the cathedral, and the site of the other portion is occupied by the county gaol and court-house, erected from the designs of Smirke. The gaol is constructed on the plan recommended by the philanthropist Howard, but is said to be too small for the purpose of classification. The Guildhall (an ancient Gothic edifice), the market-house, the assembly-room, and the theatre, are the only other public buildings. But if there is nothing remarkable in the modern edifices of Lincoln, the deficiency is amply made up by the number of ancient remains, of which few towns in England contain so many.

THE OLD ENGLISH HALL.

DURING the period when the nobles of England were engaged in the civil wars occasioned by the disputed right of succession between the houses of York and Lancaster, or vied with each other in the number of retainers which they supported, and the extravagance of their living, the merchants of London, by persevering industry and steady increase of commerce, became a rich, and consequently an influential portion of the community.

John Thornbull could scarcely be termed a merchant. He had started in life with a sum of money not equal in value to twenty pounds of the present coinage. With this capital he furnished a stall in the Cheape, for the sale of woollen caps and hose. John was a man of thrift. He rose early and retired late; he never lost

The successor to Master John attained the civic rank of alderman, purchased an estate, and was called Squire Thornbull; for which he is falsely considered by his descendants to have been the founder of a very ancient family.

It is hardly necessary to inform the reader that, previously to the time of the first Tudor, land was held only by feudal tenure. The sovereign granted estates to his vassals, subject to certain conditions, as the reward of military service. Henry VII., however, resolved to weaken the power of the nobles, whose force, when united, had often proved so detrimental to the interests of the crown, and even fatal to the life of the sovereign. Moreover, as he knew the plodding traders of London had large stores of gold in their dusty chambers,



WOODLANDS HALL.

a customer whose patronage could be secured by attention, civility, or persuasion; his own garments were usually cast off by the most respectable of his customers, before he appropriated them to his own use; and ere he laid them by, it would not have been by any means an easy matter to decide on their original colour. His diet was exceedingly simple, and it is doubtful if, during the whole course of his life, he was a dozen times within the walls of a tavern.

When John Thornbull died, he bequeathed a respectable inheritance to his son, who, having considerably enlarged the business of his late father, became in reality a merchant, and first assumed the honorary title of Master. Fortune favoured most of his schemes, and, though he did not practise such rigid economy as his parent, he became one of the richest men in the city.

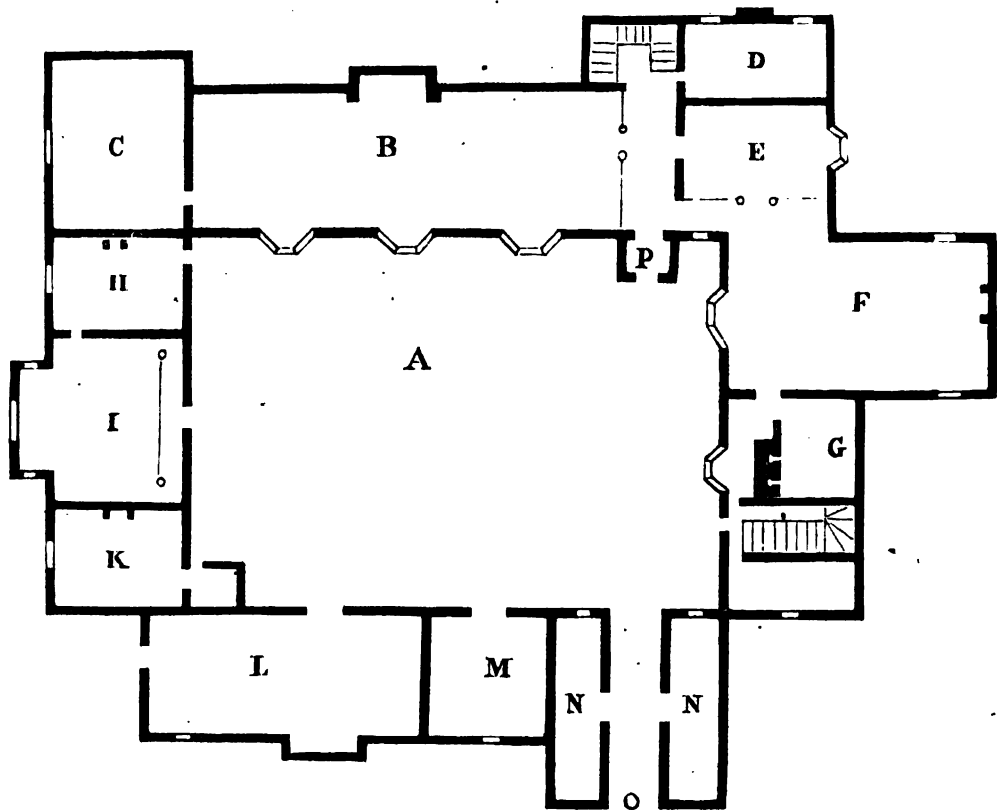
and being a keen-sighted man, he resolved that a portion of it should be transmitted to his own coffers. With this view, he invited the lord mayor and the principal citizens to pay a visit of state to Westminster Hall, to witness the games given in honour of the queen on Twelfth-night. On this memorable occasion, Alderman Thornbull was one of the party, but—what is of far greater importance—he was privately introduced to his Majesty, and given to understand that a certain officer of the royal household would be ready on the morrow to draw up a deed, by which an estate, lately ceded to the crown by confiscation, might become the freehold property of Alderman Thornbull and his heirs for ever.

Thus did the king enrich himself, at the expense of the ancient nobility, and create a new class of aristocracy, whose power was

far less dangerous to the interest of the throne : and thus did the grandson of a pedlar become the first of that famous community of "Landed Gentry," whose rank and influence have long since obliterated the distinction, once so clearly marked, between the nobility and the people. The first business of Squire Thornbull, upon becoming a landed proprietor, was to erect a hall upon his estate, of such extent as became the dignity of his new sphere. The situation which he selected was sheltered from the northern blasts by a range of hills, whilst gentle slopes of luxuriant woodlands on the east and west stretched far away into the opening valley. A noble river slowly wound its way along the plain, forming, with the surrounding objects, a scene of remarkable beauty and grandeur, of which the inmates of the hall might command a perfect view.

The building itself enclosed a quadrangular court-yard, was surrounded by a moat, and approached by a drawbridge. A covered gateway in the southern range of the building, which in time of danger could be entirely closed, was the only entrance to the court.

as will be seen by a glance at the ground-plan, was occupied by various domestic offices. The frame-work of the whole building was of oak ; numerous beams and joists being fastened together by means of cross-bolts, and the interstices filled up with lath and plaster. Externally there was no appearance of order : the roof was of various heights, and the upper apartments invariably overhung the lower. Gables formed the principal architectural feature, and the windows extended across the whole range of apartments. In the interior, the great hall was, of course, the principal part of the mansion. Its walls were lined with wainscot, and the floor was strewn with rushes. The principal articles of furniture were the oak dining-table, forty feet in length, with benches to match. Within a fire-place, almost as spacious as a modern parlour, a huge pile of wood was constantly burning on the hearth. During the winter season, the doors were covered with loose arras, which the imperfect workmanship of the joiners rendered absolutely necessary to the comfort of the inmates. The buttery, divided from the kitchen only by means of a partition



PLAN OF WOODLANDS HALL.

A. Court-yard. B. Great Hall. C. Bed-room. D. Cellar. E. Buttery. P. Kitchen. G. Bakehouse. H. Chaplain's Room. I. Chapel. K. Steward's Room. L. Barn. M. Dairy. N. Stables. O. Entrance to the Court-yard. P. Hall Porch.

The ceiling of this passage was machicolated, or pierced with holes like a cullender, so that persons in the room above might, in the time of siege, pour hot water, oil, or melted tallow on the heads of the assailants below. Exactly opposite, in the northern range of the building, was the principal entrance, which led to a spacious lobby communicating with the great hall, the buttery, and the cellar. Over the two latter apartments was "my lady's chamber," which occupied a middle station between the upper and lower stories, and resembled in appearance a housekeeper's room in a modern mansion. From this apartment Dame Thornbull could look into the kitchen, which stood on the eastern side of the court, by means of a half-door, such as are sometimes still seen in old shops ; and thus she could watch the domestic arrangements of the household, scold her maids, and be satisfied that everything went on in proper order. In the western range was the family chapel, with apartments for the priest and steward. The remaining side,

screen, was furnished with a dining service of highly-polished pewter, and a large quantity of wooden platters and trenchers for ordinary use. Here the visitor always found a plentiful supply of substantial fare ; and, during the proper season, a dish of trout or a haunch of venison was never wanting. The cellar was stored with ale and cider only ; the family stock of wines being carefully deposited in the lady's own room. Such was Squire Thornbull's residence at the Woodlands.

When, however, he had established himself as a country gentleman, it must be confessed that he soon felt somewhat disappointed with his new sphere of life. In London, he had been a member of an influential corporation, daily associated with men of his own rank, and frequently dined in the presence of distinguished guests at the Guildhall. But at the Woodlands, he enjoyed no more society than a modern emigrant might expect in the woods of a rising colony. For country sports he had neither

or skill, and though, as a matter of duty, he persevered in the pursuit, he derived from them more of pain than of pleasure. He was a very indifferent horseman, unskilful in the use of the hunting-spear and the bow, and by no means expert in the exercise of the leaping-pole. His dogs would never follow him, nor could he call his hawks, when once he set them at liberty. He made no pretensions to learning, and had he desired to cultivate such a taste, the necessary books could only have been purchased at a vast expense.

The produce of the home farm was mostly consumed in his own household. The rents, which he received from his tenants, did not exceed £100 per annum, for the greater portion of the estate was left uncultivated.

On the other hand, there were circumstances connected with his sphere of life which both flattered his feelings and gratified his taste. On his own estate he possessed as much power as a sovereign prince. He heard all causes of dispute, and decided them according to his own discretion; he adjusted the proper rate of taxation, and commanded the service of all the peasantry during certain portions of the year; first, in consideration of their being allowed to cut wood in his forest; and secondly, as compensation for the land which they cultivated for their own subsistence. One of the Wolds was required to plough ten acres in the spring or autumn. Will o' the Beck to shear a hundred sheep in summer. It was the duty of some to gather in the squire's corn, or to bring a given quantity of fuel to the hall. The smith and the carpenter were paid their rent by a specified amount of their handicraft; for, like the general population, the mechanics spent a considerable portion of their time in the cultivation of the soil, to provide for themselves the necessaries of life. In the arrangement of such matters, Squire Thornbull's word was law, and the peasants knew no court of appeal.

The whole family at the Woodlands rose at an early hour. Breakfast was served at seven in the morning, when the squire regaled himself with a plentiful supply of beef and ale. At ten in the forenoon the family assembled in the great hall for dinner, here, with their domestics, they took their places at the same table according to their rank. The position of the salt marked the boundary-line between the gentle and the vulgar. The squire and his family, the chaplain, and the principal guests were seated at the head of the table, whilst the steward occupied the most honourable place at the foot. The dishes were placed on the uncovered board, cups of horn or pewter supplied the want of glass, but persons of the highest rank were compelled to use their fingers instead of a fork. At four, the refectory gave the call for supper, and at eight, the whole family was usually in bed.

The amusements which the society of the Woodlands offered were few, and of the most rustic order. The morning of May-day was full of flowers, laughter, and good-fellowship; at noon, all excitement, produced by the spectacle of bull-baiting in the court-yard of the hall; whilst evening witnessed no small number of battered noses and broken heads.

Occasionally, a company of strolling players arrived at the hall, on their way to some neighbouring fair, who, in return for a plentiful supply of refreshments, would exhibit their dramatic powers or the amusement of the inmates. For this purpose they erected a temporary stage, upon which, assuming the characters of angels, devils, and Satan, they performed grotesque representations of scripture history, or recited dialogues abounding with Middle-age legends. The Temptation and Crucifixion of the Saviour, the Day of Judgment, and even the Creation of the World were, at that period, the most popular subjects for theatrical display.

The travelling merchant was a welcome periodical visitor to the hall, for he not only supplied the family with many necessary articles of domestic life, besides exhibiting gay ribands and gewgaws to the maids, but also detailed to the squire an account of the principal events which had taken place in the city and court since his last visit, which the latter communicated to his family and chaplain, with numerous explanatory notes and reflections.

Christmas at the Woodlands was a scene of true English hospitality. The hall appeared like a grove of mistletoe and holly. The yule-log burnt briskly on the hearth; the baron of beef and the boar's-head were borne to table in solemn procession, preceded

by musicians, producing no very harmonious sounds from bulls'-horns. A hearty welcome was given to all, and the viands proved highly satisfactory. When these were dismissed, the merry dancers were soon seen skipping up the sides and down the middle, with no more idea of being tired than an express train with the steam up. But, alas! the wassailbowl invariably destroyed their harmony; and even in those primitive and good old times, many were the disorderlies who were forcibly ejected with cuffs and kicks from the premises of their host. It is whispered, too, that the squire himself was not unfrequently carried to his chamber in a state of utter helplessness, where he was wont to call down the heaviest curses on things in general, and to vow the direst vengeance against real or imaginary offenders.

What changes have been wrought in the state of the Thornbull family by the hand of time! Part of the hall is still standing, but is inhabited by a hind and his family. The court-yard is transformed into a modern homestead, and the chapel is used as an ox-stall.

CROCHET D'OYLEY.

MATERIALS:—Brooks' Great Exhibition Prize Goat's-head Crochet Thread, No. 30, and Walker's Penelope Crochet Hook, No. 4½.

Make a round loop the size of this, O; then chain 1, and work 1 treble for 10 times in the round loop, plain 1, and fasten off.

2nd: Chain 5, plain 1 in the 1 chain of last round, repeat round, fasten off.

3rd: Work 5 treble in the centre of the 5 chain of last round, chain 1, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

4th: Work 4 treble at the top, in the centre of the 5 treble of last round, chain 3, and repeat round, plain 1, and fasten off.

5th: Work 3 treble at the top of the centre of the 4 treble of last round, chain 6, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

6th: Work 2 treble at the top, in the centre of the 8 treble of last round, chain 9, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

7th: Chain 1, and work 1 treble for 6 times between the 2 treble of last round, chain 6, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

8th: Work 2 treble in the centre of the first 1 chain of last round, chain 2, and repeat in each of the 1 chains of last round (which would be 5 times in all), chain 4, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

9th: Work 2 treble in the centre of the first 2 chain of last round, chain 2, and repeat in each of the 2 chains of last round (which would be 4 times in all), chain 4, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, fasten off.

10th: Work 2 treble in the centre of the first 2 chain of last round, chain 2, and repeat in each of the 2 chains of last round (which will be three times in all), chain 4, work 1 treble in the centre of the 4 chain of last round, chain 4, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, fasten off.

11th: Work 2 treble in the centre of the first 2 chain of last round, chain 2, work 2 treble in the next 2 chain of last round, chain 6, work 2 treble at the top of the 1 treble of last round, chain 6, and repeat round, plain 1, and fasten off.

12th: Work 2 treble in the centre of the 2 chain of last round, chain 8, work 3 treble in the centre, at the top of the 2 treble of last round, chain 8, and repeat round, plain 1, and fasten off.

13th: Work 1 treble at the top of the first treble of last round, chain 3, work 10, treble chain 3, miss 1 loop at the top, in the centre of the 3 treble of last round, work 10 treble, and repeat round, plain 1, and fasten off.

14th: Work 6 treble in the centre of the first 3 chain of last round, chain 6, work 4 treble in the next 3 chain of last round, chain 3, work 4 treble in the same 3 chain as before, chain 6, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

15th: Work 6 treble at the top of the 6 treble of last round, chain 6, work 3 treble in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, chain 3, work 3 treble in the same 3 chain as before, chain 6 and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

16th : Work 6 treble at the top of the six treble of last round, chain 5, work 1 treble in the centre of the first 3 chain of last round, then chain 1 and work 1 treble for 7 times more in the same 3 chain, chain 5 and repeat round, plain 1, and fasten off.

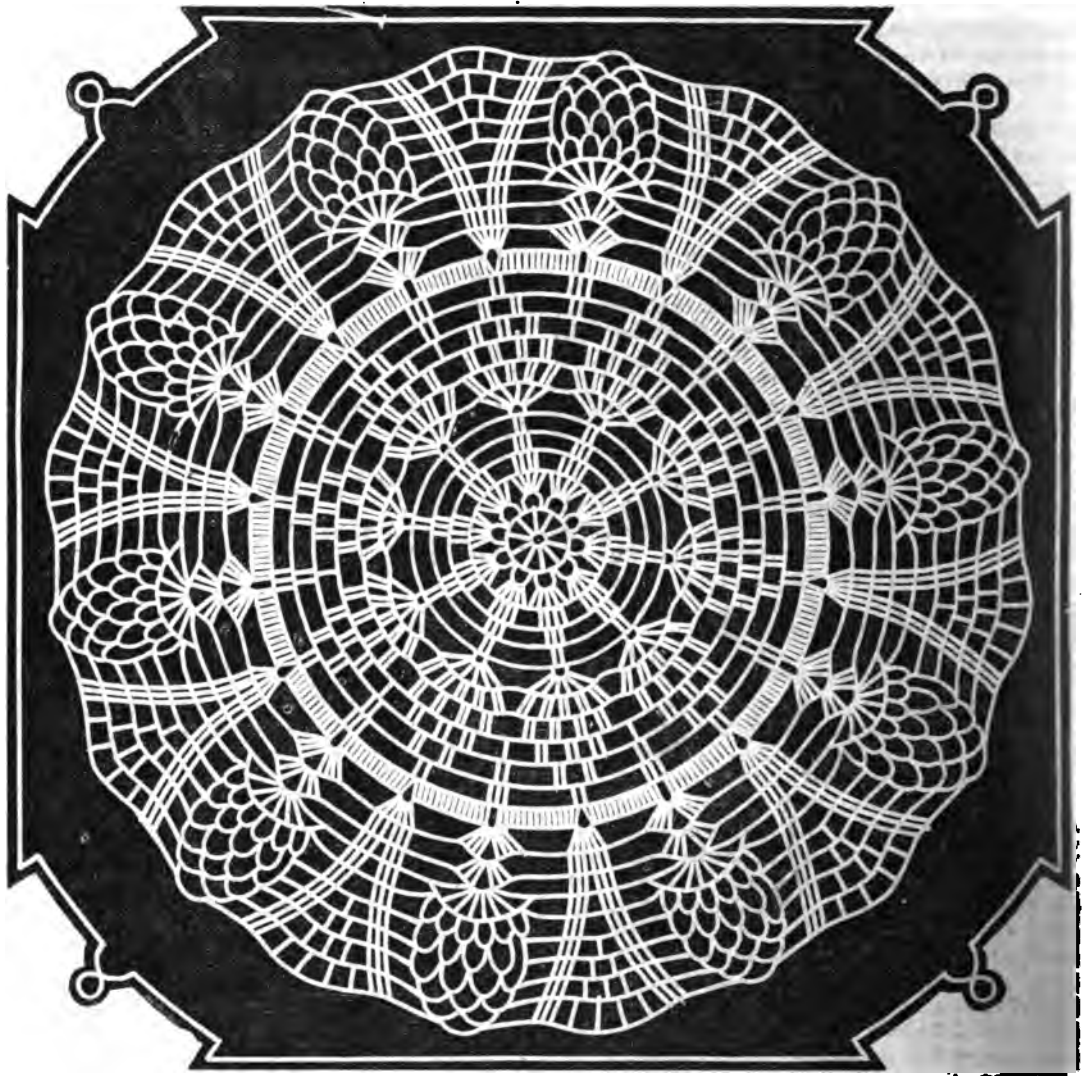
17th : Work 3 treble at the top of the first 3 treble of last round, chain 2, work 3 treble at the top of the next 3 treble of last round, chain 4, work 1 double in the centre of the first 1 chain of last round, then chain 5 and work 1 double in each of the 1 chains of last round (which will be seven times in all), chain 4 and repeat round, plain 1, and fasten off.

18th : Work 3 treble at the top of the first 3 treble of last round, chain 5, work 3 treble at the top of the next 3 treble of last round, chain 4, work 1 double in the centre of the first 5 chain of

3 treble of last round, chain 4, work 1 double in the centre of the first 5 chain of last round, then chain 5, and work 1 double in each of the 5 chains of last round (which will be 4 times in all), chain 4, and repeat round, plain 1, and fasten off.

21st : Work 3 treble at the top of the first 3 treble of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chains of last round (which will be 3 times in all), chain 3, work 3 treble at the top of the next 3 treble of last round, chain 4, work 1 double in the centre of the first 5 chain of last round, then chain 5, and work 1 double in each of the 5 chains of last round (which will be 3 times in all), chain 4, and repeat round, plain 1, and fasten off.

22nd : Work 3 treble at the top of the first 3 treble of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3



CROCHET D'OYLEY.

last round, then chain 5 and work 1 double in each of the 5 chains of last round (which will be six times in all), chain 4 and repeat round, plain 1, and fasten off.

19th : Work 3 treble at the top of the first 3 treble of last round, chain 3, work 1 treble in the centre of the 5 chain of last round, chain 3, work 3 treble at the top of the next 3 treble of last round, chain 4, work 1 double in the centre of the first 5 chain of last round, then chain 5 and work 1 double in each of the 5 chains of last round (which will be 5 times in all), chain 4, and repeat round, plain 1, and fasten off.

20th : Work 3 treble at the top of the first 3 treble of last round, chain 3, work 1 treble in the centre of the first 3 chain of last round, chain 3, work 1 treble in the centre of the next 3 chain of last round, chain 3, work 3 treble at the top of the next

chains of last round (which will be 4 times in all), chain 3, work 3 treble at the top of the next 3 treble of last round, chain 4, work 1 double in the centre of the first 5 chain of last round, chain 3, work 1 double in the next 5 chain of last round, chain 5, work 1 double in the next 5 chain of last round, chain 4, and repeat round, plain 1, and fasten off.

23rd : Work 3 treble at the top of the first 3 treble of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chains of last round (which will be 5 times in all), chain 3, work 3 treble at the top of the next 3 treble of last round, chain 4, work 1 double in the centre of the first 5 chain of last round, chain 5, work 1 double in the centre of the next 5 chain of last round, chain 4, and repeat round, plain 1, and fasten off, which will complete the doyley.

BREUGHEL DE VELOURS.



CELEBRATED GERMAN baron, who is considered an authority in the subject—we suppose, because his books are very dear—M. de Heinecke, extends; that John Breughel was surnamed De Velours (velvetty), because of the delicacy of his pencil; but to say nothing of the connexion there would be between the nickname given to Breughel and the delicacy of his pencil, rather dry than soft, it is well known that the habit this painter had of wearing velvet

which art offers no other example, except in the works of the *inclut* Van Thulden, and the *admirable* Paténier, to use the words of the jolly curé of Mendon, Rabelais.

John Breughel was born at Brussels, in what year we cannot exactly say. Houbraken, in fixing the date in 1589, was undoubtedly mistaken, for we have in the archives of the Brotherhood of St. Luke, d'Anvers, especially in the *Liggere*,* where are inscribed the names of all the members of the corporation, the proof that John Breughel was received a free master in 1597. According to the date given by Houbraken, he would have then been only ten years old. Other biographers fix the birth of Breughel de Velours in 1575, and this date is, at all events, much more likely. According to Karel Van Mander, the son of Peter Breughel was educated in the house of Peter Koeck d'Alost, his maternal grandfather; he there learnt to paint in miniature and in water-colours, and became so clever in his first pictures, representing fruit and flowers, that they passed for prodigies. He then studied oil-painting in the studio of Peter Goëkindt, whose fine cabinet served him instead of a master. This is all we know of the early days of John Breughel. That he was the pupil of his father, as Houbraken pretends, is very probable, when we examine into the difference of their styles.

Whatever the truth of this theory, it is certain that John Breughel soon felt the humour of a landscape painter awake within him, and that he wished to travel, and make, as others had done, the tour through Italy. He remained some time at Cologne; it was doubtless here that he was struck for the first time with those picturesque points of view presented by the borders of a river, and with the good effects that can be produced in a landscape by barks seen in foreshortening as they ascend the current under sail, or when they are moored to the bank, along which stand houses with roofs of different shapes and form. Breughel, whose soul was



dress was the true cause of the surname given to him. He belonged to a family of peasants which came originally from the village of Breughel, near Breda, whence they took their name. His father was that Peter Breughel who was called *le drôle*, because he painted the manners of the village, and particularly their fêtes, with a certain jiviality and a sentiment of the picturesque, of

* See the excellent "Catalogue du Musée d'Anvers," published by the Académie des Beaux Arts in that town.

wrapped up in the observation of nature, and who never ceased drawing provisionally all that appeared to him worthy of being painted, found on the borders of the Rhine subjects which subsequently became more familiar to him. What, however, appeared most seductive to him, was the occasion which presented itself of grouping a number of figures into little space; for no one excelled him in executing them, and preserving in the most minute proportions, correctness of motion, and perfect nature, without ever becoming vulgar. He was destined to lead the way in this style to the Abraham Storcks, the Francis de Pauls Fergs.

It was, however, by a picture of flowers that he established his reputation at Cologne, or at least by a picture in which shone above all a framework of fruits and flowers. It was "The Judgment of Solomon;" but not that by which the wise king discovered the good mother. The Queen of Sheba presented one day to the King of Israel six flowers of natural lilies and six flowers of artificial lilies, these latter so artistically imitated that it was very difficult to distinguish them from the real ones. The wise king causes a bee to decide the doubts of the spectators. Breughel has rendered this subject with affection, and we can easily see that flowers play as large a part in the painting as in the legend.

In the same way that Paul Brill, Coninxloo, David Vickenbooms, and Roland Savery, studied, John Breughel saw the colours of nature in their very highest intensity; he employed the tones of his pallet in all their energy, without hesitation, without thinking of softening their dazzling character. His greens and his blues are dazzling, like all those which had been brought into use by the first painters in oil, Hubert and Jean van Eyck. It is an erroneous view, in our opinion, to attribute this crudity of tone to the disappearance of the layer of gum which toned them down, it is said, when the painter first finished them. If ignorant cleaners have sometimes destroyed the keeping of these old pictures, it is not the less certain that some have come down to us well preserved, and that these have a vivacity of colour which offends the eye, or, at all events, fatigues it. In Italy, as in the Low Countries, with the Germans as with the Spaniards, everywhere painting began by virgin tints and dazzling colours. The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries presented to us the aspect of this phenomenon, which is easily to be explained by their near proximity to Gothic art, which had brought out the colours of the prism in sparkling splendour on the glass windows of churches and illuminated manuscripts of the middle ages with the most splendid tints.

From Cologne, Jean Breughel directed his steps towards Rome. His reputation, says D'Argenville, had gone before him. Cardinal Frederic Borromeo, having made his acquaintance, protected him, and even took him for some time into his service to paint a number of little pictures, which were afterwards taken to Milan. There was, for example, "Daniel in the Lions' Den," "A perspective view of the Cathedral of Antwerp," "A St. Jerome in the Desert," of which the figure is by Crespi; and "The Four Elements," painted on copper, which passed for the masterpieces of the Flemish painter.

There is not a traveller, who goes to visit the Bibliotheca Ambrosiana of Milan, who has not been shown these marvellous pictures, of which the subject is so well chosen to show the qualities of Breughel of Velours; the richness of his imagination, capable of transforming earth into Paradise; his ability to render everything—animated and lively figures as well as the least details of still nature; his knowledge of animals; and his pallet, which was a jewel-box. The artists who have painted the "Four Elements" are innumerable. But with Breughel it was not, as often happens, a series of cold allegories, or a representation of the pleasures which man may find in the earth, in the water, in the air, or near fire. No! Breughel went to work in a more original style, and aimed at re-creating creation. On plates of copper, which were about two feet wide, he conceived the idea of putting a whole world—animals of all kinds, birds of the air, the fish of the ocean; and he gave to all these a freshness of tone, a light, a profusion of details which have never ceased delighting, during the course of two whole centuries, all the most tasteful and experienced amateurs and travellers who have seen them. "I know no painter," says Cambry, "whose colours sink deeper into the memory, if I may use such an expression."

In truth, Breughel dared to struggle against the beauties of nature. The earth is not with him a symbolical figure, a woman with her hair like a Sybil; it is the earth itself, that which we tread under foot, dressed in verdure, adorned with flowers, shaded by trees—the earth, with all the animals which inhabit it, from the most ferocious to the gentlest. It seems as if Breughel had transported himself in imagination to the fifth day of Genesis, and that he saw in the green plots of Eden, romping about in fraternal quarrels, all the wild beasts which ordinarily suggest to our mind carnage and blood, and whose mission appears to be that of devouring each other.

Fire is represented by a collection of all the instruments of alchemy, of all the tools manufactured on the anvil and in the forge, or that are made of glass; by a million of vases, of every variety of form, adorned, chiselled, sculptured in relief, finished by the brush of Breughel as they might have been by the hand of Cellini. The air is peopled by birds, butterflies, beetles, flying insects, which a child with a glass watches as they fly toward the clouds. Here are reproduced, in all their dazzling brilliancy, the beautiful plumage of the China pheasant, the picture of the humming-bird, the kingfisher, which colours itself with all the tones of the rainbow, and shines with all the lustre of all the peacock with its splendid and harmonious tones, its gay and fugitive shades, and its dazzling robe of rubies, emeralds, sapphire, gold, purple, and azure. Water shows us an immense quantity of fish and shells. But this time the history of creation is rendered complicated by mixing with it the fictions of the mythology. The humid element yields to the presence of an amorous naiad; carp are being wounded by Cupids; and, as the painter was not satisfied with all the rich variety of colour which he was compelled to use when representing the finest products of the sea, he has dared, by a miracle of his palette, to imitate the luminous and celestial shadows of the belt of Iris. "Everything," says Cochin, in his "Voyage Pittoresque," "is represented so small that one is astonished that the pencil has been able to do it; but when we examine them with a magnifying-glass, our astonishment redoubles; for the animals and other objects are then found to be painted with the greatest truth of colour and form. They seem to move. They are drawn and touched up in the most admirable manner, and appear exquisitely finished, even with a magnifying-glass."

It is a remark useful to be recorded, that the Flemish painter who went to Rome in the sixteenth century, and even in the seventeenth, contracted, instead of a taste for religious subjects, a taste for mythological scenes. The Capital of Christianity, as it was called, had become the abode of paganism, and it was the divinity of Olympus that adorned the palaces of the princes of the church. The love of antiquity was then the mark of an elevated mind, and the gods of fable, of which the nineteenth century has become suddenly so tired, then filled the imaginations of poets and the compositions of painters. Breughel de Velours, who had found so much charm in painting naïvely a garland of flowers, then a scene of rivers, boats, mills, and peasants, now saw nothing else in nature but nymphs in the train of Diana. When he had to paint a scene, and again his "Four Elements"—those little pictures of his so much esteemed, in which he elaborated, without confusion, a whole abridgment of the universe, and he was always being asked for copies and variations of them—Breughel borrowed his figures from the mythology. The sun crosses the sky in the car of Apollo; the nymphs of Permea are called upon to figure as the elements; and there is to be seen in the Louvre the muse Urania seated in the air, figuring as the air, and holding on her fingers an attribute of the invention of Breughel, a parrot.

In what year did John Breughel paint at Rome? We are not able to answer this question with anything like precision. Maffei supposes that Breughel must have been in this town about the year 1593. "I took this date," he says, "from a drawing in the Coliseum executed by him." It seems natural, indeed, to suppose that he did not pass free master in the brotherhood of St. Luke until his return from Italy. What is certain is, that in the year 1597 he had returned to Antwerp. Rubens was not admitted into the corporation until the next year, and only left for Rome in 1600. We may therefore very reasonably suppose that Rubens

Breughel commenced their acquaintance about this time, and began to combine their talents. We have often, indeed, seen the pieces painted in the youth of Rubens adorned with flowers by Breughel. In general, it was the Madonnas of Rubens which Breughel adorned elegantly with his garlands of lilies, tulips, pinks, jessamines, roses, marsh-mallows; amidst which flickered little insects, beetles, butterflies, and one of the favourite birds of the painter, the rook. Sometimes, as if to amuse the infant Saviour, a little monkey hangs from the garland, and makes an irreverent face, which may well shock the spectator who is ecstasically contemplating the Madonna of Rubens, but which does not shock the ingenious artist, devoutly prodigal of his fancies and his colours. The genius of the pencil and brush of Rubens would have crushed any other companion; Breughel alone was fit to shine alongside of him, and we may add, that Rubens alone could have attracted the eye to his human forms divine, amidst the dazzling bouquets of friend.

Breughel de Velours often painted "A Terrestrial Paradise." It is accordingly sometimes called Breughel de Paradis, out of confusion with Breughel d'Enfer, as his brother, Peter Breughel, was called. All the figures of these pictures of Paradise are by Henri Balen—this is the case with the picture in the Louvre—or by Klerck, as in the "Terrestrial Paradise" of the Bibliothèque royale; or, on other occasions, they are by Rubens. Many of his figures have been seen, in the museum of the Hague, the magnificent Paradise in which Rubens and Breughel have mingled their efforts. The great master has painted on the ground-plan the figures of Adam and Eve, and a superb brown horse, which occupies the corner of the picture. Adam is seated at the foot of the tree, Eve stands up in all the magnificent beauty of perfect womanhood, with its fresh complexion; and, as if to show the youthful roundness of the mother of the world, she raises her arm to pick an apple which the serpent, who is concealed in the tree, offers her. Rubens has executed these figures with admirable care, in a finished and graceful style, such as the harmony of the picture required. Contrary to his usual custom, he has signed the picture in company with Breughel. In the midst of quadrupeds and birds peopled the enchanted spot where dwelt the first man, a place which none can hope to describe but Milton—garden of Eternal beauty, where

"Southward went a river large,
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
Passed underneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown
That mountain, as his garden-mould, high raised
Upon the rapid current, which, through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden; thence united, fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears;
And now, divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise; which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain;
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrow'd the noontide bowers. Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view.
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm;
Others, whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste.
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed;
Or palmy hillock, or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store;
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves

Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; meanwhile, murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, with universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours' dance,
Led on the Eternal Spring."

The two artists have combined to render on canvas what Milton has so admirably conceived in verse. "This picture," says the old catalogue of the museum of the Hague, "comes from the cabinet of M. Delacourt Van der Voort at Leyden. It was bought by the Stadtholder for 7,380 florins."

Breughel de Velours was married at Antwerp to a beautiful Flemish girl, whose charms and virtues have been sung in verse by the painter-poet Cornelius Schut. By this marriage he had a daughter, Anne Breughel, celebrated in the history of art for having had three illustrious masters, Cornelius Schut, Van Balen, and Rubens; but above all, for having been the first wife of David Teniers. Connected with all the great painters in his own country, John Breughel held a high position in Antwerp. When Vandyck began that magnificent collection of artistic portraits, which have been engraved for us by Lucas Wostermann, Pontius, Bolswert, and Peter de Jode, he so far honoured Breughel de Velours as to engrave his portrait in with his own hand. This is one of the most admirable works of Vandyck. The head alone is modelled, but it thinks and breathes. With a few dashes and some points, Vandyck has given to the face of Breughel life, expression, and character; and the character is, at the same time, full of nobility and good nature. The intimacy in which the painters enrolled in the Brotherhood of St. Luke lived, sufficiently explains why we so often meet with their names together in the same picture, when they could very well have done without one another. Assuredly Rubens, himself so great a landscape painter, had no need of any one to paint in the background of his historical pictures; but it was from taste that he asked from Wildens, from Van Uden, from Breughel de Velours, a landscape to accompany his figures, a garland of flowers to encircle his "Madonna!" On the other hand, if Breughel had recourse to the pencil of Rubens—if he selected Van Balen to paint the figures of his "Paradise," or Rotenhamer to insert the figures in his "Flight into Egypt," which is to be seen in the Museum of the Hague—it was not because he was incapable of painting them himself. Nobody, in fact, knew better how to draw a figure elegantly and well, with more correctness and more finish. Breughel proved this abundantly in his "Views of Flanders," in "The Fair of Broom," which made a part of the collection of Appony at Vienna, of which M. de Burtin speaks; and better still, in his famous little picture in the old gallery of Düsseldorf, afterwards transferred to Munich, which he made to hold the whole camp of Scipio Africanus before Carthage—a picture of marvellous finish—a fine miniature in oil, over which move an innumerable quantity of interesting figures, of which the principal group represents the continence of Scipio.

The general ability of Breughel in this line was so thoroughly recognised that his assistance was asked in all quarters. While on the one hand, Van Balen, or Henri de Klerck, painted their pretty nymphs amid the verdant groves of Breughel, he took a flock to pasture in the pasture fields of the landscape painter. He often employed his time in ornamenting the mountain site of Josse de Momper with figures and animals; he was often engaged to fill in the crowd in the interior of churches by Peter Neefs and Henri Steenwyck. We say the crowd, advisedly, for Breughel was never so pleased as when he had to paint a crowd of many figures on a very small canvas. He was eminently successful when he represented a crowd of worshippers kneeling on the flags of the cathedral of Antwerp, when he painted thirty canons sitting in the choir, grouping the singers round the organ, or when he represented a whole family in holiday garb coming out of church, surrounded by beggars, after a baptismal ceremony. We have on this point some remarks by Mariette, in his oft-quoted manuscript, the

"Abecedario:" "One of the finest Breughels I have seen is now in the cabinet of Prince Eugene, of Savoy. It represents the Procession of the Twelve Virgins, which takes place at Brussels on the Place du Sablon, according to the foundation made by the Princess Isabella. It contains a vast mass of figures, which are painted with all the art we could desire. The heads are so admirably touched off, that they appear to be Vandycks. Nevertheless, the works in which he was most successful were landscapes, animals, and flowers, which he painted in a very finished and delicate manner, though somewhat dry."

Felibien fixes the date of the death of John Breughel in 1642. The correctness of this date appears at first to be very doubtful, from an examination of the picture of "Scipio Africanus before Carthage," of which we have already spoken, in which we read, according to the catalogue:—"BREUGHEL, 1660. FRC. ANVERSA." But we must come to the conclusion, that the author of the catalogue of the gallery of Düsseldorf is incorrect; for in 1660, Breughel would have been eighty-five years of age, and it is hardly possible to conceive that at such an age such a picture would be executed with so much finish, so bold and sure a hand. Besides, it is not possible that this painter should have been alive in 1660, because

Lebas, where the point has corrected the faults in colour committed by Breughel, we shall find all the natural tone of Ostade, with the wit of a Teniers, and in his landscape the sentiment of Paul Brill, and his lovely, firm, and light touch. Some of our readers may be familiar with the level and monotonous plains of the province of Antwerp. From these Breughel draws his favourite subjects. He loves, doubtless, from memory of the canton of his fathers, to carry through the midst of his pictures the road of Breda, bordered by great trees; and he covers it with travellers on foot, on horseback, and in carriages. The *coche*, as the old coach was called, of Antwerp, the chariot of the peasant, the carriage of the gentleman, escorted by his people, the car of the citizen, are all represented in the foreground of his compositions, and animate his roads. Sometimes this flat landscape is diversified by mills; sometimes it is enlivened by a family of barn-door fowls, at the entrance of a smiling village, divided by the sinuosities of a stream. Sometimes we gaze on a town on the borders of the Escant, up which the fishing-smacks ascend, with trading-vessels and shallops. All is in motion, all moves in the pictures of Breughel. Nature is not for him that unknown divinity which lives in the uneasy soul of Ruysdael. It is with him but the dwelling-place of man, the



THE ROADSIDE CHAPEL.—FROM A PAINTING BY BREUGHEL.

his daughter had guardians when she married David Teniers, and this marriage took place, we have every reason to believe, long before this date. Teniers, born in 1610, scarcely waited until he was fifty to marry a first time. Of this we have pretty good evidence in the pictures in which he paints himself with his wife, under the figure of a young man of from thirty to thirty-five. We may therefore with certainty accept the date given by Felibien as the true date of the death of Breughel.

It is scarcely to be understood how amateurs should have attached so great a price at first to the works of this master, and then have gradually become disgusted with them. There can be no doubt that Breughel de Velours is not without his defects. He is very properly reproached with forestalling certain moderns in their utter disregard of aerial perspective, with painting his distances with too raw a blue, which gives them the appearance of being on the foreground; with sticking red coats on his men without mercy, which fatigues the eye the more, that his greens are as bright as the tones of enamel. But despite all these imperfections, Breughel is a painter full of charms, a delightful landscape-painter, who can give a picturesque and interesting tone to the most common and ordinary site. If we look at his Views in Flanders, which are the best-known of his works, in the pretty and pleasing engravings of

object of his labours, the scene of his agitations and his pains. It appears as if the painter attached an obstinate and fixed idea—perhaps, the thought and image of life—to that great road which flies far away in the distance, and finishes with a vague and dreamy figure towards which all travellers converge.

John Breughel etched four engravings, which are doubtless very rare, for they are not to be found in the rich cabinet of engravings of the National Library. M. de Heinecke, who has given the list of the engravings executed after Breughel, has lost a fine opportunity of describing those engraved by him. They are four landscapes, numbered 1 to 4, with the inscription: *Sadeler excud.*

The drawings of Breughel are perhaps held in higher estimation than his pictures; at all events, they have not suffered any depreciation from fashion. The skies are coloured with Indian blue, as are the waters, and the distant parts of the foregrounds are washed with bistre. A slight dash of a pen, says D'Argenville, creates trees and terraces. Sometimes the trees are leaved with pen and mixed with red and yellow colours, which produce great effect.

To pass to an enumeration of his great pictures: the Louvre contains seven of them:—

1. "The Earth, or the Terrestrial Paradise," in which the figures are painted by Van Balen.

2. "The Air." Urania is seated on the clouds, holding on her hand a white parrot. Signed, "BREUGHEL, 1621." The figures also are by Van Balen. These two pictures form a part of a continuation called "The Four Elements."

3. "The Battle of Arbela." The field of battle is an immense valley surmounted by a wood. The number of figures is incalculable. The family of Darius are seen-prisoners, and his wife is on her knees before Alexander on horseback.

4. "Vertumna and Pomona." This is a rich landscape, of which the front is covered by fruits of all kinds. The figures are attributed to one of the Francks. This picture was given in 1850 to the Museum of the Louvre, by M. Pierret.

There are Breughels in the Museum of the Hague, of Amsterdam, Dresden, Munich, Berlin, and Vienna. There are also some in the gallery of the king of Sardinia, in Turin. There are some very fine ones at Milan, amongst others two oval ones on ivory, let in a font. Florence possesses several, painted on marble or precious stones.

"The Four Elements" are also found in the Museum of Madrid.

We have already remarked that the pictures of Breughel have suffered considerable depreciation. From £240 sterling, says Lebrun, they have come down to £120.

The prices at the sales have been very varied.

Sale of the Prince of Carignan, 1742. Two pictures, nine inches high by thirteen wide: one on copper, representing a landscape, in which there is painted in, a "Flight into Egypt;" another on wood,



THE COUNTRY CARRIAGE.—FROM A PAINTING BY BREUGHEL.

5. "View of Tivoli." In this picture there is a large bridge, over which some cavaliers have passed, and near which rises on a rock a temple of the Sybil.

6. "A Landscape." There is a bark to be seen in this, with several persons richly clothed.

7. "A Landscape." On a road passing before a mill, two cavaliers meet a chariot drawn by three horses.

These two last pictures were attributed to Paul Bril in the old catalogue.

There are no John Breughels in the Museum at Antwerp, and it certainly is somewhat surprising. The Museum of Brussels has only one: "Abundance and Love lavishing their Gifts on the Earth." The figures are by Van Balen.

representing a landscape and marine piece, with several figures by Griffer. Together, about £45. A picture on copper, fifty-four inches wide by twenty-three high, representing "The Battle of the Amazons," £60.

Sale of the Count of Vence, 1760. "A Sale of Fish at Schevelingue." This picture was etched by Chevel; its date is 1617; price £62.

Julienne sale, 1767. "A Village Fair" and its fellow; the pair, £82. "View of the Temple of the Sybil," and a landscape of Stalben, attributed to Breughel d'Enfer: £18.

Gaignat sale, 1768. Two landscapes with figures: £112 1s. 9d.—a curious price for a picture.

Sale of the Duke de Choiseul, 1772. "Entrance to a Wood,"

with pools of water over which animals are moving, £158. "A View of Tyrol;" a number of figures round a May-pole, £28.

Sale of the Prince of Conti in 1777. "Entrance to a Wood," with pools of water across which animals are making their way. This picture, from the cabinet of the Duke de Choiseul, sold for £64. Two landscapes painted on copper; one a view of Italy, by Paul Brill, another with chariots and cavaliers, by Breughel; together, £36. A view of the "Temple of the Sibyl," and an accompanying one (landscape with buildings, by Stalben) from the Julienne sale; together, £17 10s. But the authenticity of the Breughel is disputed. The same sale:—"A Concert of Cats," painted on copper, two inches high, £16. Four drawings by this master were sold, one with another, for £6.

Denon sale, 1826. "An Habitation," which appears to be the entrance to a monastery, near a bridge, £21.

Vignerot sale, 1828, "End of a Battle," £12 10s.

Cardinal Fesch's celebrated sale, 1845. "A Fair;" "Road through a Wood;" and "A Road," in which is introduced a horseman, a gamekeeper, and his dogs. Together, about £18.

The sale of Marshal Soult, 1852. The "Virgin and Child," the figures by Rotenhamer, £25 10s. "Venus and Adonis," £14 4s.

In England Breughels are not very commonly found, though one or two have appeared recently at sales; but of their authenticity we are not able to speak.

The little picture (p. 249) shows the varied talent of Breughel to great advantage. The scene is very extensive, considering the size of the trees, houses, men, boat, animals, all exhibit that finish and minuteness for which he was so celebrated. The figures of the men in the boat are in the original executed with great fidelity.

"The Country Carriage" (p. 253) is a picture which has been highly esteemed by amateurs. The trees are some of the best which Breughel has selected to paint, and the sky is painted with a richness of colouring which, though slightly crude, is vivid and effective. The animals and figures were introduced afterwards.

"A Scene in the Neighbourhood of Bruges" (p. 256) was admirably adapted to show the power of this artist in introducing a large number of figures without confusion. The scene on the road is very natural. The group in the right-hand corner beside the pond is excellent; while the pond itself, with its ducks and geese and little bridge, is very effective. The whole forms a charming picture.

BRUEGHEL WAS B.T. NIVEN.

JAMES STELLA.

THE name of Stella, which belonged to three generations of artists, is constantly met with in connexion with the history of painting in the time of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. The contemporary and comrade of James Callot, an intimate friend of Poussin, protected by Cardinal Richelieu, painter of the king, we find James Stella in all the great capitals of art, at Florence, at Rome, in Paris, everywhere where painting is held in honour and esteem. He was himself the head of a family of painters and engravers, and thanks to the talents of his three nieces, Antoinette, Françoise, and Claudine Boussonnet Stella—of Claudine especially—he has come down to posterity.

His ancestors were Flemish, says Felibien, who appears very well informed relative to this painter. His father having halted at Lyons, on his way from Rome, married the daughter of a notary of La Bresse, by whom he had two sons, François and James. The latter, born in 1596, was only nine years old when his father died. He already, however, showed signs of an inclination for painting. At the age of twenty he started for Rome, but passing through Florence, he found that city animated by preparations for the fête which the grand-duke Cosmo de' Medici was about to give in commemoration of the marriage of his son Ferdinand II. Cante Gallina, Julio Parigi, and James Callot were there, occupied in sketching the Florentine festivities, and in engraving emblematical subjects. Stella sought an opportunity of being introduced to the grand-duke, who, apparently delighted at the presence of another artistic talent, offered Stella a lodging and a pension, the same as that enjoyed by Callot. It was what was called in those days, in artistic slang, "*La parte*." The Lyonnese artist accordingly set to work, and amongst other subjects, he painted the fête which the Knights of St. John celebrated on the day of St. John the Baptist. If we are to judge of its merits from the beautiful engraving he made of it at a later period, and which he dedicated in 1621 to Ferdinand II., this drawing was not inferior to those of Parigi and Callot. The perspective is admirably executed. The vast equestrian processions which move through it, the banners, the costumes, the edifices of Florence which make a framework for the fête, are engraved, it is true, with less precision and neatness, and without the correctness of the interludes and carousels of Callot, but the execution is more rich, more free, and we everywhere distinguish in it the hand of a painter. This beautiful engraving reminds us of those admirable productions of Jean Miel, the "Siege of Maëstrich" and the "Taking of Bonn." We may, in fact, here remark, that in this case we find a warmth and finish in the engraver's point which the artist did not possess when he wielded the brush.

For this painter to have been eminently successful, he wanted

not judgment or elevation of thought; these he possessed to an eminent degree; neither was he wanting in taste. All he required was a fitting temperament. Weak and sickly, he could not express all he felt. He was deficient in physical energy. If he did not succeed in representing beauty in all its perfection, it was not because he did not see it, but because his strength failed him by the way. The proof of his high natural taste and appreciation of character is, that at Rome, where he went in 1623—not after four years' residence at Florence, as Felibien says, but after seven years—the painter whom he selected above all as adviser, as model, and then for friend, was Poussin, who had arrived there during the spring of the preceding year. The Roman school, nevertheless, was then yielding to varied influences; on the one side the followers of Caravaggio, of Guerchino, Valentin, Ribera; on the other the posterity of the Carracci, represented by Domenichino and Guido; on the other hand, again, Josepin, Pietro di Cortona, and Lanfranc. Despite all this, James Stella, instead of being seduced by any mannerists, went at once to Poussin, as to the master of all others, who possessed the true tradition, the real principles of art. Besides, in thus following the example of Poussin, who thought of consulting art and nature rather than of studying Raffaele, Stella ascended to original sources; but not having the genius necessary to find a new interpretation for himself, he created for himself a sober and delicate manner, which was well suited to his temperature, and which was in accordance with the style of the masters he had both studied and understood.

The love of art in Stella was a devouring fire, which served him in the place of health. Judged from this point of view, the variety and abundance of his works must affect us with surprise. The long winter evenings were employed by him sometimes in drawing "The Life of the Virgin Mary" in twenty-two pieces; sometimes "Children's Games," which were afterwards engraved in a series of fifty productions. The finest works of jewellery, architectural ornaments in the very best taste, the most beautiful vases, everything, in fact, which Rome possessed remarkable, either in public monuments or in the cabinets of amateurs—for he was himself a great amateur of objects of art, a *curieux*, as they used to say—Stella drew with care and delicacy, without, however, attaching any of those objects that character of power which Poussin had invested them with. The celebrated congregation of Jesus were the first to use the pencil of Stella. Everywhere on the face of the globe was seen the canonisation of St. Ignatius, that of St. Philippe de Neri, the miracles of St. Francis-Xavier in Japan, and a whole series of black-robed saints, who were consecrated and immortalised by painting. It moreover seemed that Stella, from the peculiar character of his talent, was better suited than any other

tist to represent the easy devotion of the Jesuits, in the same way as the severe Philippe de Champagne was the natural painter of the Jansenists of Port Royal. When the Jesuits addressed themselves to Poussin for similar subjects, that great man gave to his pictures the masculine character of his genius. He was reproached for this, and his reply is historical, but scarcely fit for the English language: "*Dois-je m'imaginer le Christ avec un visage de rictus ou de père Douillet?*" The divine conceptions of Stella were deserving in some degree of the censure of Poussin. In the work in which he represents St. Ignatius plunged in ecstasy, or raptured by seraphic visions, or visited by celestial rays, and opening to them his heart and his cassock, we find him yielding to that feeling of religious sensuality which gives a body to the most subtle ideas, and to which some of the ablest writers have alluded when they have been speaking of the Jesuits. There is to be seen in the gallery of the Louvre a small painting by Stella, dated on marble, "Jesus receiving his Mother in Heaven," which leaves every impress of this effeminate piety. The tones are all tender, the execution soft and insipid. Such a picture was well fitted to please the ladies of the Sacré Cœur, but can have no interest whatever for any one who looks at art from a serious and elevated point of view. There are some singular characteristics in this picture which are worthy of being noticed: they consist in the fact that certain veins of marble, combining with the figures of the angels, have been successfully used to imitate clouds of gold and the curtains of the gates of Paradise; so that the hand of nature is come, as it were, to the assistance of the hand of the painter. This is the simple and natural explanation of the passage of Felibien, where he says: "Stella executed several works upon marble, in which he imitated golden curtains by means of a secret he had invented."

The Lyonsese painter was also employed to compose for a collection of engravings—"The Miracles of St. Philippe de Neri," of which collection Mariette speaks at great length in his manuscript notes, and to draw the little figures which were to ornament the breviary of Pope Urban VIII. It must be allowed that such occupations were a special piece of good fortune for Stella, for he was precisely in possession of those qualities which engraving brings out, and the effects which it conceals. Composition was his forte. Nobility of thought, happy disposition of figures, suitability of attitudes and posture—all these characteristics were animated with life, and even became dazzlingly bright under the burin of the engraver. But his imitations were too ruddy, his model was learnt by heart, his drapery here and there interrupted by rude and discordant lines. All this disappeared on the copper; so that the translation gave a better idea of the original than the original itself. In this way, the drawings which Stella executed during his residence in Rome, and which were engraved on wood, and in broad strokes too, by Paul Maupain d'Abbeville, have certainly gained by being reproduced by this coarse process; for the very coarseness of the execution has made up for whatever softness there was in the work of the inventor.

The renown of Stella having penetrated to Spain with some of his pictures, the most Catholic king wished to attract the painter to Madrid. He proposed to him to come, and Stella was about to start for Spain, when suddenly he was arrested and cast into prison with François Stella, his brother, and his servants, on a charge of having behaved with impropriety in a distinguished family, according to Felibien. This biographer then relates this anecdote: Stella, beloved by all because of his gentleness of character, had been elected chief of the quarter of Campo-Marzo, where he lived for a long time. As chief, Stella was obliged to see to the shutting of the gates at the proper hour, and to keep the keys in his own custody. One day, when the Gate del Popolo had been closed by his orders, some private individuals insisted upon its being opened at an improper hour. Stella having refused this favour to them, they resolved to avenge themselves. They gained over some false witnesses, who denounced the painter, and caused him to be sent to prison. Despite their falsehoods, the truth soon came to be known. Stella came out of the affair with honour, which was fortunate, as in Rome it was not easy to escape the fangs of the police. The character of the evidence against him may be judged from the fact, that his accusers, found guilty of perjury, were

publicly whipped in Rome. "During the short time that he was in prison," says Felibien, "he executed, to amuse himself, with a coal, on the wall of his room, a representation of the Virgin with the Infant Jesus in her arms, which was considered so fine that Cardinal Francisco Barberini came to see it. It is not long ago since it still existed, with a lamp hung in front of it. Prisoners came to pray beside it."

Stella, we have already said, was a great amateur of objects of art. He yielded to this feeling, not only as a buyer, but as a painter. We have it recorded, that he executed a "Judgment of Paris," with five figures, which he contrived should be held in the dimensions of a ring-stone, and which was of marvellous beauty from the delicacy of the pencilling. When he came back to France in 1636, six months after his adventure—in the suite of the Mareschal de Crequi, the French ambassador, he brought back a very fine collection of pictures, amongst which were "the marvellous painting"—these are the words of Mariette—which his friend Poussin had given him, and which his niece Claudine was to engrave in so admirable and finished a manner; a "Bath of Diana," by Annibale Carracci; and a "Venus," by the same master, which afterwards passed into the cabinet of President Tambonneau, and moreover, a great many drawings executed by himself in Italy, and which were to give employment to the talent and genius of so many engravers. It was as a curious amateur, quite as much as a painter, that he travelled through the various towns of Italy, especially Venice, which the Mareschal de Crequi desired to visit. He stopped some time at Milan, where he introduced himself to Cardinal Albornoz, whom he had formerly known, and who was governor of the town. This prelate offered him the direction of the Academy of Painting, founded by St. Charles. The artist, however, declined, for he wished to see France once more, and he had not given up the idea of performing his promised visit to Spain. "He came to Paris, where he had no intention of remaining," says Felibien; "nevertheless, the archbishop, John Francis de Gondy, having given him employment, Cardinal de Richelieu heard him spoken of and learnt that he was going to Spain. He accordingly sent for him, and having given him to understand that it was more glorious to serve his own king than to work for strangers, ordered him to remain in Paris, and then presented him to the king, who received him as one of his painters, and gave him a pension of a thousand livres, with a lodging in the galleries of the Louvre."

Then it was that Stella sent to Lyons for his nephew, Antoine Bousonnet, and his three nieces, Antoinette, Françoise, and Claudine, taught them drawing, and having perfected them in that art, induced them to apply themselves to engraving, in which branch one of them, Claudine, became justly celebrated. Then were published the innumerable drawings which James Stella had brought from Rome. Françoise Bousonnet, who confined herself to burin engraving, published, in a series of fifty plates, a precious collection of vases, scent-bottles, salt-cellar, lamps, and chandeliers; and in another collection of sixty-seven plates, ornaments suitable for sculpture on different parts of architecture, guilloches, twine, roses, and flowers, imitated from the antique. Antoinette, less laborious, only executed a few etchings. Claudine, who had taught her two sisters the art of engraving, divided her celebrity with her uncle. Rendered by this learned woman, the works of James Stella rose almost at times to the height of Poussin. This is so true, that the collection of pieces on the "Passion," which Claudine Bousonnet engraved, and which death prevented her from finishing, were attributed to the painter of Andelys. In truth, one could almost detect in them his heads, and the strong effect and powerful energy of that artist. These compositions are in reality the finest productions of Stella. Without being characterised by any very great originality, they are drawn from such admirable sources, that it is quite a pleasure to look at them. One breathes the perfume of lofty thoughts, and the antique is appreciated, as it was appreciated by Polydore de Caravagi. The most vulgar actions are elevated, as with Poussin, by a kind of rude elegance. We note especially, that the coarseness of the soldiers who insult the Saviour, far from being common, is only an effect which is in strict keeping with the sublimity of the general subject.

But grace, elegance, gentleness, are the distinctive characteristics

of James Stella. His pastorals are of singular beauty. They are said to be *naïve*. They are so, in fact, from the choice of subjects, and the feeling of the artist as far as the familiar picture of an historical painter can be so. *Naïveté* is, to use an English expression, simplicity; at all events, that simplicity which pleases is rarely to be met with in those men who, instead of elevating their minds by their study of nature, have been carefully brought up

in an academy, and this little bit of pedantry somewhat spoils the pleasure of pictures, which would be more agreeable if they were more simple. Reminiscences of historic scenes are to be detected in the attitude of his personages, in their gestures, and their very drapery. The reaper of Stella holds his scythe with all the pride of a hero of Julio Romano; his gleaner, in "The Return from Work" (p. 260) walks with the majestic elegance of a moving caryatid.



A SCENE IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF BRUGES.—FROM A PAINTING BY BRUEGEL.

amid academic conventionalities, using the words even in their best sense. James Stella, when he descended to the cheerful representation of village scenes, never forgot altogether his Roman style; he always betrayed the elevated character of his education. Beneath the jacket of the Sabine peasant, you see the anatomy of an antique statue. Despite their jollity and fun and humour, his country costumes reveal the deltoids, the pectorals, the femur, and the knee-

his farmer's wife and the workmen of the farm dance the rustic hop with a kind of heavy awkwardness which is not without its charm, but which reminds one of the ballet of the muses half-way up the sacred mount. "The Game at Skittles" and "The Swing," are composed more naïvely, and yet with more grace, for it is graceful here to be naïf, and there is much picturesqueness and sentiment in the bird-shooting and in the

etty landscape which surrounds it. Moreover, the figures of alla affect short curt forms, which perfectly suit the pastoral le, and which seem consecrated by the tradition of the

hundred years later, one of our greatest painters, Leopold Robert, has sung these village songs in a graver tone still, and has painted hay-makers of the Sabine finer than the gods of Olympus."



JAMES STELLA.

hools. We find sometimes the masculine ease of the bronzed isties of the Bassan, now the step or action of the villagers of

When Stella turned back to devotional subjects, it was in the graceful style that he distinguished himself. To the cold learning of his compositions, grace served as a kind of seasoning. The picture which he painted for the church of the novitiate of the Jesuits, in the Faubourg St. Germain, "Jesus brought back from the Temple," a picture which figured in the famous sale of Cardinal Fesch; "The Virgin with the Sheep," which Stella painted with so much sweetness, and which Rousselet engraved so admirably; "The Return from Egypt," of which Goyrand executed at Rome an admirable plate, are so many remarkable works; the two last, above all, remarkable for that poetry of sentiment which, in the action of figures, is called grace. "The Holy Family brought back from Egypt," *Ecce Egipto vocavi filium meum*, has been a hundred and a hundred times over the subject of mysterious pictures and poetical night effects. In this particular picture, three little angels escort the sacred procession by the light of day, amidst a most delicious rural landscape most admirably disposed. One of the cherubim has taken care of the ass, and draws it gently by the bridle to lead it over a wooden bridge; the others, preceding the march of the youthful Saviour, strew flowers in his path, while the child raises its smiling face towards its mother, who looks sadly at her son. Children, so difficult to seize in the adorable and charming awkwardness of their movements, Stella would always draw marvellously well, without making them as robust as those of Poussin, still less with the Herculean forms of those of Michael Angelo, and without giving them any of those delicate carnations, those dimpled and incisive tones which François Flamand has modelled with a chisel so true and charming. Keeping always a safe medium position between the great masters, Stella has executed an agreeable collection of children's games, which one of his nieces engraved; and we may say that, if he has not succeeded in being quite true, he is at all events



Annibale Carrachi. One degree more, and these peasant subjects would rise from Flemish simplicity to the grandeur of the heroic style. A modern French critic says: "It will be seen that two

excellent, and much nearer the truth than most ordinaryists.

Cardinal Richelieu, the superintendent of buildings, De Noyers, M. de Chambray, made illustrious by the friendship of Poussin, the Carmelites of the Faubourg St. Jacques, the officers of the church of St. Germain le Vieux, the cordeliers of Provins, the nuns of St. Elizabeth-de-Bellecour at Lyons, occupied at different times the talent and pencil of Stella. As painter to the king, he was the first who painted the portrait of Louis XIV. then dauphin. The beautiful books printed in the Louvre—for instance, the prayer-book composed by Tristan l'Hermite and dedicated to the queen—Stella adorned with frontispieces, always admirably arranged; and he was unceasing in his supply of designs for the rising engravers of the day—the Rousselets, the Melans, and the Daretis. In recompence for his labour, and to mark the general appreciation of his merits, he was named Knight of the order of St. Michel. He kept his pencil or brush in hand until the latest moment of his life, which, to judge from his works, we should suppose had been very long. He lived, however, only sixty-one years, dying not in 1647, as is often said, but on the 29th of April, 1657. He was buried at St. Germain l'Auxerrois, before the chapel of St. Michel.

His was a splendid genius, says M. de Piles, fit to render all kinds of subjects, but leaning towards the pleasant rather than the grave and terrible; noble in his thoughts, moderate in his expressions, easy and natural in his attitudes, a little cold, but always agreeable. His colouring was sometimes as crude as that of François Perier—now as pale as that of Lesueur. His localities of tone were little marked; and his carnations, for which he rarely consulted nature, were inflamed with vermillion. To take him all in all, Stella is a very distinguished painter, who would not shine in the first rank, but who holds a very high position in the second. Engraved by Mellan, by Goyrand, by François Poilly—upheld, moreover, by the name of his brother, his nephew, his three nieces—the name of James Stella cannot perish. As many amateurs collect the works of all the Stellas in one portfolio, so it is right to speak of the illustrious family as one artist. All would otherwise be out of place.

James Stella himself engraved some pieces which M. Robert Dumeaenil has described in the "*Peintre-graveur Français*."

1. "The Saviour taken down from the Cross." The Saviour is on the ground, supported by Nicodemus, kneeling on the left, where stands St. John crying. At his feet is the Virgin Mary, with two holy women and Mary Magdalene. On the terrace, to the left, is written *Jacobus inv.*

2. "The Madonna." Half-length, with the child on her lap. Two angels hold up a veil behind, and two cherubim raise a curtain. At the bottom is an armorial scroll, with *Ritratto della Madonna di gratie di focc*, with a long address.

3. "St. George." He is on horseback overthrowing the dragon. The Virgin is seen to the right. On a stone is written, *Jacq. Stella fecit Romma, 1623.*

4. "A Faucy Subject." Naked children are playing round an inn, and one is receiving in his cap the offering of a spectator. In the left corner is written: *Jacque Stella fecit.*

5. "Presenting Tribute to the Grand Duke of Tuscany." This is "The Festival of St. John the Baptist" we spoke of above. The artist is himself to the left, sitting on a roof, drawing beside a man who holds a parasol over his head. On a scroll is written: *Serenissimo Ferdinando II. mag. Etrurie duci Jacobus Stella, etc.*

Two proofs of this are known. The second bears on it: *A Paris, chez Nicolas Langlois, rue St. Jacques, à la Victoire.*

Many engravings, and these some of the cleverest, have reproduced the paintings and drawings of Stella. We may as well mention some of the most curious.

A collection of pieces engraved on wood by Paul Maupain. They are about one hundred in number. The first forty-five are on blue paper, and touched up in white; the others are only washed in bistre to show the half-tints.

A collection of several drawings of vases, scent-bottles, salt-cellars, lamps, etc., in fifty plates, engraved by Françoise Stella.

Another collection of several architectural ornaments, *recueillis et dessinés après l'antique par M. Stella*, in sixty-seven plates, engraved *au burin* by Claudine Stella.

Four subjects from the life of St. Philippe de Neri, in forty-eight plates, engraved by *Luc-Ciamberlan*.

The twelve pieces of "The Passion," engraved by Claudine Stella after her uncle. These twelve pieces and others were to complete a collection, which the death of Mademoiselle Stella interrupted; and of the twelve subjects engraved by her there are several unfinished. The first edition of these plates bears the name of Stella, but a dealer substituted that of Poussin, thinking to sell them better. This collection of "The Passion," consequently, always passed for Poussin's, so much the more that the first proofs are exceedingly rare. "The plates," says Mariette, "perhaps scarcely ever had two proofs, and I never saw them but this time in this work, which was that which Mademoiselle Stella made for it."

"The Pastorals," a collection of seventeen pieces in quarto, very well engraved by Claudine Stella after her uncle. It is one of the most charming things by the painter and the engraver both, as well as the "St. Louis giving Alms," a full-length piece touched with much sentiment, dated from 1654, and dedicated to Charles Delorme, physician in ordinary to the king.

"Children's Games," in fifty pieces, by the same.

"The Marriage of St. Catherine," by the same.

Gerard Edelinck has engraved, after Stella, a Virgin with a Child, of which the first proofs are before the letter.

There is also "The Holy Family, with Sheep," engraved by Rousselet; "The Return from Egypt," engraved at Rome by Goyrand, with this inscription: *Ex Egypto vocavi filium meum.*

The Museum of the Louvre contains few pictures by Stella—a little one on marble, of which we have spoken; another representing Minerva and the Muses; and two pictures in the form of frieze, representing the education of Achilles.

The Museum of Lyons, the native town of Stella, only possesses one picture by this painter, "The Adoration of the Angels," which had belonged to the cordeliers of Lyons, who had given to the family of Stella the free right of sepulture at the foot of the great altar. The picture is signed *Stella faciebant*.

As for the drawings of Stella, they are generally very finished. There are five of them in the Louvre.

Pictures by this master have not reached high prices in sales. At the sale of Randon de Boisset, in 1777, a "Holy Family"—the Virgin is upright near a tree, and Joseph, leaning against a column, holds a book open—fetched £37. At the sale of the Prince de Conti, in 1777, a "Holy Family, with Angels," was sold for £35. The usual price is £26.

"The Dance" (p. 261), is a very good specimen of his style. The figures are good, and the landscape finished and pleasing.

"Peter Denying Christ" (p. 264) is very fine. The woman who recognises him, the hesitating face of the apostle, the contorted looks of the soldiers, the lights and shadows, the rich glare of the fire, are rendered with admirable fidelity. It is a fine picture well painted.

"The Return from Work" (p. 260), already alluded to, is a very pleasing picture. The style of the figures, though somewhat different from the peasant as given by more faithful students of life, is still not sufficiently exaggerated to be faulty. The two women are dancing, and the dog looking back, form a pleasing group.

Stella
faciebant
1635.

§ ★ ★ F. ROME
I. ★ FECT.
1625.

THE EXHIBITION PICTURE.

PART II.

WITH feverish anxiety did our hero look forward to the opening of the exhibition; and when at last the day came, he was delighted to find that those whose office it was to superintend the hanging of the pictures had disposed of his in such a manner as to admit of a fair judgment being passed upon its merits.

In the course of the season he made frequent visits to the exhibition, chiefly for the purpose of studying the perfections of those who far exceeded him in his art; though sometimes, with the natural vanity of a youthful aspirant for fame, and excited as he was with the high praise that was lavished upon him by the press, he found himself not only gazing upon his reduction, but eagerly endeavouring to overhear any eulogium that strangers might pass upon it. Thus again his ambition was gratified; he had gained the first step to fame, and perhaps fortune. During all this time, however, the poor artist, unwilling further to encroach upon the kindness of the friend who had enabled him to complete his task in peace, was secretly suffering such extreme penury as not only to under his meals, dinners especially, very intermittent, but to involve him in the liability of expulsion from his lodging, his landlady having become so importunate that, to avoid her perpetual intrusion, he spent whole days out of doors, which might have been more advantageously employed at home. His only consolation was the daily hope of relieving himself from all such annoyances by the sale of his picture; but day after day passed by without any offer being made for the purchase, and the time was fast approaching when the exhibition would close.

One afternoon, returning from a long morning ramble, he happened to look in at Trafalgar Square, when the exhibition was so thronged with visitors that it was impossible to avoid the occurrence of an occasional crush among the double stream of persons passing up and down the grand staircase. As the hour of closing approached, the crowd thickened, and just as Reuben had managed to squeeze himself through the open door of the exhibition room leading to the landing, he caught a glimpse of something that was lying on the ground in a corner of the door-way. He managed to pick it up, and on examining it as soon as he had reached the street, found it to be a hair-bracelet, set with precious stones in a very costly manner, and having a magnificent ruby in the centre. The back of the clasp was engraved with the initials E. S. B., and a lock of hair, gleaming like silver, was curiously concealed in the gold setting. Reuben was perplexed to know what to do with the trinket, which, on his road home, he ascertained to be worth a considerable sum, and as he had not the means of advertising it, resolved to await the probable announcement of its loss in one of the public journals. The only step he could himself take for its restoration was to leave his address with the porter at the door, in case any inquiry should be made by the owner, who would, of course, be able to give an exact description of the bracelet.

He was preparing to leave home on the following day, when he was met at the door of his room by an elderly gentleman, whose inquiry for her lodger Mrs. Sniggins had replied by desiring the stranger to walk up, and thus taken by surprise, Reuben was compelled to receive him in his attic. He was a gentlemanly man of about fifty years of age, and having briefly stated the nature of his errand by informing Reuben that his daughter had lost a bracelet at the exhibition only the day previously, proceeded to give an exact description of the one in our artist's possession, adding that it was a trinket she prized, even far beyond its pecuniary value, simply because it was a keepsake from her uncle, who had been absent many years in India, and whose age rendered his return to England, though he had long intended it, extremely improbable.

"I am delighted that it has fallen to my lot to be the means of restoring to its owner so treasured a gift," said Reuben, handing his visitor the bracelet.

"And I," replied the stranger, "esteem it a most fortunate occurrence that the trinket should have fallen into such honourable hands. Had I failed to gain information at Trafalgar Square respecting it, I should have lost no time in inserting an advertisement in the newspapers, offering a handsome reward for it."

"A very annoying and unprofitable species of expense," observed Reuben.

"I should have thought nothing of it," replied the stranger; and then, opening the cavity in the clasp of the bracelet, he added, "this little lock of hair alone we value far more than all the jewels, and I account myself greatly your debtor, sir, for restoring it. In fact," continued he, with the hesitation of a man who was fearful of wounding the pride of a gentleman, evidently in very impoverished circumstances, "I shall be delighted if you will allow me to offer you the amount which, to-morrow, would have actually been due to you by reason of my advertisement."

Although we must here confess that Reuben had been far from unconscious of the fact that the sale of the trinket, should the owner not be found, would prove a positive source of wealth to a man in his desperately needy condition, and that he had been rather inclined to hope for such a contingency, yet his pride, which had prevented him from entertaining the idea of keeping secret possession of property that did not belong to him, now prompted the refusal of his visitor's offer, which he thankfully but unhesitatingly declined. The stranger said no more, but pocketing his restored treasure, dismissed the subject by entering into a conversation on the Fine Arts; the remarks which he made, upon painting especially, evincing such a refined taste, and so high and just an appreciation of the ennobling nature of the art, that Reuben was quite delighted with him, and allowed himself to be led, almost unconsciously, into a familiar chat respecting the difficulties attending the pursuit of the profession, the course of study he had adopted, and the first attempt he had made, by the painting that had been sent to the exhibition, to test his proficiency and ability.

"I never miss visiting the exhibition every year," said the stranger, "but I have not been yet. I intend going, probably to-morrow, and shall have the pleasure of examining your picture, if I can get my daughter, who wishes to pay a second visit and has come to town almost solely for that purpose, to go early. The day she went there, and lost her bracelet, the throng was so great, in consequence of the lateness of the hour, that she was not able to see a quarter of the paintings. By-the-by, I shall be glad if you will favour me with the number of your picture."

"Allow me to offer you my catalogue," replied Reuben; "I have it somewhere at hand—oh, here—but you will excuse its being disfigured by pencil-marks,—little notes to remind me of the perfections of the best artists."

"A capital guide, sir, for a mere amateur like myself. You will want these notes though, and therefore I shall do myself the pleasure of returning it quickly. But you have not told me the number of your painting."

Reuben named it; his visitor set a mark against it, then began looking over the catalogue, and after a few desultory inquiries respecting some of the pictures, rose, and handing Reuben his card, whereon was engraved, "Mr. I. R. Benningfield, Bryanstone-square," gave him a pressing invitation to dinner any day that he was not better engaged, assuring him that he would be extremely glad to have the pleasure of his acquaintance; "but," continued he, "I shall most likely take the liberty of paying you another visit, if only to return this catalogue and let you know what I think of your picture."

"I shall be extremely glad," replied Reuben; "but bear in mind, as regards the picture, that it is really little more than a portrait—a sketch from memory of an extremely lovely countenance that I caught sight of for an instant in the street—in my opinion, a close approach to perfection; so much so, indeed, that the critics have all given me credit for a very poetical fancy."

"I shall let you know what I think of it when you favour me by complying with my invitation, if not before; for I have

a slight idea that, perhaps, I can render you some little service in your profession."

Reuben expressed his thanks, and Mr. Benningfield departed. A few mornings afterwards, our artist was called down stairs to receive a packet from the hands of a footman, who said that he had been ordered to deliver it to Mr. Jessop personally. On opening the parcel, Reuben found it to contain the returned catalogue, and something more—a note enclosing a cheque for £100, which the writer said he hoped would secure him possession of the painting as soon as the exhibition closed, although the price he had taken the liberty of fixing upon it was far below its value. The note concluded by naming a day for Reuben's visit, which the writer said would be far more gratifying and satisfactory to both than any written communication.

occasionally for a day or two. She hoped, ere long, to have the pleasure of thanking him personally for the return of the bracelet. When Mr. Benningfield and his guest had finished their repast, and were seated over their wine, the former gradually led his young friend to divulge the present position of his affairs, evidently with a view of being able to ascertain what prospect he had of overcoming the difficulties that were opposed to his advancement in his profession. This led our artist to unbosom himself so freely that, before they rose from table, Mr. Benningfield was in full possession even of Reuben's private history—that of one who had early been bereft of his nearest relatives—and the youth was delighted to find, from the warm-hearted sympathy the details excited, that his confidence was not likely either to be unappreciated or misplaced. The correctness of such surmise was, in fact, speedily proved.



THE RETURN FROM WORK.—FROM A PAINTING BY JAMES STELLA.

Highly delighted, not only with the munificence thus displayed, but with the manner in which it was exhibited, Reuben immediately wrote a reply acknowledging the receipt of his friend's very handsome remittance, and accepting his hospitable invitation. The day arrived; our artist hastened to keep his appointment, and was received by Mr. Benningfield in so cordial a manner as to leave no doubt of the very friendly feeling he entertained towards him. The picture had excited his warmest admiration; he spoke of it not only as a work of art that showed both taste and talent, but said that he regarded it as a positive treasure, of which he esteemed himself most fortunate in becoming the possessor.

Dinner being announced, Mr. Benningfield ushered his guest down into the dining-room, where he apologised for the want of a more social reception by stating that his family were out of town, his daughter having been in London only

by Mr. Benningfield's expressing his willingness to render him any service that lay in his power.

A few days afterwards he visited Reuben in a new abode which the handsome price he had given for his picture had enabled him to procure, and afterwards made him a present of sundry additions to his furniture, without even apprising him of any such intention. Scarcely a day passed without his calling; sometimes spending the whole morning in the artist's studio, and finally insisting upon taking his *protégé* home with him to dinner.

It so happened that a number of days now transpired during which, to his great surprise, our artist saw nothing of his patron; and at last, thinking he might be ill, Reuben determined to make a morning call. His face was so familiar to the footman who opened the door, that the latter, dispensing with the formality of a card, hastened to acquaint his master, and

med in an instant to conduct Reuben into the drawing-room, where he was received by Mr. Benningfield, and introduced a party of ladies, amongst whom he instantly recognised a lovely original of the bridesmaid whose portrait he had so truthfully depicted. While he was yet bowing, stammering something to say, and looking so exceedingly confused that the young lady could scarcely suppress a smile, her father suddenly turned the tables by introducing the bashful youth Mr. Reuben Jessop, the artist to whom she was indebted, well for the restoration of her bracelet, as for the honour had conferred upon her by making her the subject of his talented pencil.

"A presumption for which I most earnestly entreat the young lady's pardon," observed Reuben.

"The bridegroom," said Mr. Benningfield, "being a fine young fellow in regimentals, and the marriage taking place at"—

"Marylebone church, sir," interrupted our artist, "where I had the good fortune to arrive just in time to see the wedding party return to their carriages,—an incident I shall ever remember with the utmost delight."

"It only shows to what a trivial circumstance a man may be indebted for exciting him to the display of talent which otherwise he might have been unconscious of possessing," sagely observed the old gentleman, whose *protégé* was puzzling himself for a reply that might render the conversation less personal. He was fortunately relieved, as he fancied at the moment, by the sudden entrance of a very elderly and remark-



THE DANCE.—FROM A PAINTING BY JAMES STELLA.

A smile that lit up the dazzling beauty of the maiden's countenance to a height that might have baffled even the pencil of Titian, conveyed to Reuben the full assurance of his having in no wise offended; and in this he was confirmed by the damsel's father, who, as if to break the awkward pause that now ensued, exclaimed—

"Oh, you need not be at all afraid, my dear sir, of having given any offence; on the contrary, we are all very much obliged to you; but perhaps you will have the goodness to inform us when and where you took that young lady's likeness."

"It was impossible," replied Reuben, "to forget the features of a bridesmaid who far excelled even what a poet might have depicted in describing the beauty of a bride."

ably yellow-faced gentleman, attired in a morning-gown of an extremely showy oriental pattern; but the intrusion of this personage proved only a source of fresh trial to Reuben's diffidence.

"Allow me, my dear brother," said Mr. Benningfield, "to have the pleasure of introducing you to my young friend, the talented artist with whose admirable likeness of Emily you have been so especially gratified. Mr Jessop—my brother Robert, whose sudden and most unexpected arrival from India has prevented my intrusion into your studio during the last few days."

"Give me your hand, Mr. Jessop," said Uncle Robert; "I'm delighted to see you. I could never have anticipated such a gratification, sir, as you have afforded me by that life-like

portrait yonder," and he pointed to the picture, which, till now, had escaped Reuben's notice, though mounted in a handsome frame, and hung in a conspicuous place near the window. "I never saw such an admirable likeness in my life, sir, never; and permit me to assure you that, from what I have heard of you from my brother, to say nothing of the high admiration I entertain for your talent, I anticipate much pleasure in your acquaintance. I have returned to England to spend the remainder of my life with my family, and save them from being plagued with the sale of my estates in India after my decease, although," added he, casting a facetious look at his niece, "I have not the least idea of dying for a number of years yet, I assure you. No, I am only in my prime at present; and by-the-by, sir, now I think of it, you shall paint my portrait. I have a host of friends and acquaintances, and if you make a good likeness, it may be of service to you. You shall begin to-morrow." The artist bowed his assent.

Reuben presently took his leave, but repeated his visit on the following morning, when the old gentleman had his first sitting for his portrait, and thus our artist became a complete *habitué* of the house, and so ingratiated himself with all, especially with the original of the portrait (which proved an excellent likeness), that he at last ventured to make an avowal to Emily of the passion he had long cherished, and was delighted to find himself favourably received.

Reuben had just finished a family group, containing the likenesses of two young ladies who had been Emily's school-fellows, and was submitting it to her uncle for inspection, when the latter exclaimed: "I think it is high time, young man, that you made your fortune, and I have long intended to give you a substantial lift. My friends, however, do not patronise you so handsomely as I could wish, and therefore," added the old gentleman, "I advise you to try something else besides portrait-painting."

"Something else, sir!" exclaimed Reuben, with a look of amazement so excessive that his friend could hardly refrain from laughter.

"Yes; but you need not look so perplexed; it is nothing at all extraordinary that I have to propose to you, though it has been both the ruin and the making of many. What do you think of matrimony?"

Reuben made no reply, but his look was sufficient to convince the inquirer that his intended offer would be rapturously accepted.

"I can see very clearly," continued the latter, "that you and my niece are far from being averse to each other. If I give her ten thousand pounds for her marriage portion, I am sure you will have no difficulty in obtaining her father's consent; and then I think you may make matrimony a sort of helpmate to portrait-painting, without having to plague yourself with such yellow-ochre-looking old fellows as I am."

We think our readers will agree that the correctness of the proposition thus laid down was perfectly undeniable. It was thankfully accepted, and although many years have elapsed since it was carried into effect, it has been found to answer so well, that the friends of the married couple are unanimous in declaring it to have proved a golden idea, by which the greatest possible happiness has been realised.

FINE ARTS IN AMERICA.

It is no longer fashionable in England to run down America as a matter of course, no longer in good taste to ridicule a country which contains so many of her off-shoots, and which has given such brilliant evidence of its capability for entering into honourable rivalry with her. The reading classes of the community are beginning to appreciate and admire the virgin Anglo-Saxon genius which has done so much to elevate and ennoble the paths of literature in the New World. This fact is owing a good deal to the circumstance that the prejudiced classes, the men of the war time, the rigid martinets of the beginning of the century, are dying out. The very memory of a state of hostilities between England and her gigantic step-child is passing away; and though there is yet much ignorance on both sides of the Atlantic, a more generous and noble spirit is

rising up on the eastern and on the western shores of the ocean, which in its eternal revolutions washes now the shores of England's chalky cliffs, and now the strand before the great bay of America. This is a mighty advance of the human mind.

For many years the English have accepted and adopted American authors, and have found them capable of writing the most vigorous tongue in a way which has quite astonished the critics of antiquated date. They scarcely recollect that Washington Irving, Prescott, Bancroft, Cooper, Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Mrs. Stowe are children of our great republic, so identical are these names been with their literature.

They are also rapidly appreciating the progress of their trade over the sea in the arts. No finer spectacle can be imagined than two great nations, of the same origin, after terrible rivings in arms, after the battle and the storm, calming down in their feelings, and entering upon the beautiful contest of truth and beauty.

This contest began even before the quarrel. That very able and excellent writer, George Palmer Putnam, has given some interesting facts on this subject. As he observes, the names known here, in painting, during the Colonial Period, were Wampanoag, Smybert, West, Copley, Peale, and Stuart.

The first in this list is Watson, an artist who, though born in Scotland in 1685, gained his celebrity as a portrait-painter in the country. He was a man of talent, whose works are still preserved and appreciated. He dwelt in New Jersey, and began his career in 1718. The next name of note, that of Nathaniel Smybert, is also Scotch, but his fame was made in Boston, where he began to paint soon after Watson. It will be remarked that very many of the celebrities are of Scotch origin. This does not at all militate against the States, as the encouragement must exist for men to distinguish themselves in any branch of human acquirements.

But the first American name, of which the children of the colonies are truly proud, is that of Benjamin West. The English are proud of him, but we are not less so. It was in this country he first drew breath and felt the inspiration of genius. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1738, and painted his first portrait there in 1753. But as in those days the materials for study were not sufficient, and West aimed at greatness, he went over to England, where he was received with a feeling which, had it been more general in high places, might have saved her a colony and, perhaps, spoiled a great nation. It is something for an American to have found in England the patronage of royalty and the presidency of the Royal Academy, to which rank he was elevated in 1792. We may probably have occasion to speak of him more fully, but the price of some of his pictures will show the estimation in which he was held. His "Christ Rejected" was purchased for £3,000; his "Death on the Pale Horse" for £2,000.

The father of the present Lord Lyndhurst is another instance well worthy of being quoted and remembered. His name was John Singleton Copley, and he was born in Boston in 1786. He painted the portraits of many distinguished Americans, but studied and carried on his profession with success in England, where all members of his family and connexions now hold a deservedly high place.

A student of West attained to a very high position as a painter of portraits in this country—Charles W. Peale of Maryland. Gilbert Charles Stuart also reached to eminence both in London and his native country, he having been born in Rhode Island in 1754. To him we owe the best portrait of that great and good man, Washington, of whom Lafayette so justly said, that scarcely any preceding man ever combined in himself so much of what was great and good in human nature. This portrait is one of the heirlooms of our great republic, and is highly valued and appreciated.

Since the Declaration of Independence, many painters, sculptors, and engravers, have arisen, of great talent—men who, in all probability, will hold a deservedly high position in the history of art. It is curious to notice, that many of them are of the good old Flemish stock—the Vanderlyn, the Verbruggen, and others—though the majority are of the Anglo-Saxon race.

William Dunlop, born in New Jersey, 1766, who began to paint at a very early age, was the first secretary of the American Academy of the Fine Arts. He was a pupil of West's, and was an amusing and pleasing writer as well as an artist.

Trumbull combined the arts of war and peace; he was well used to the

"Shrill trumpet,

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,"

having been one of the aides-de-camp to Washington, at the beginning of the war of independence. After serving for some time, he quitted the arena of strife,

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,"

and succeeded very well as an artist. Several of his paintings on American historical subjects are now contained in the Trumbull Gallery at New Haven. He painted four large pictures for Congress, receiving £1,600 for each of them. They are of a very high order of merit. Colonel Trumbull was a travelled man, and died in 1842 at the age of eighty-six.

Amongst the ablest of our artists, we must not fail to quote Vanderlyn, two of whose pictures are well known even in Europe. These are, "Ariadne," and "Marius amidst the ruins of Carthage." This artist has shown himself possessed of great grace and delicacy.

Malbone is celebrated as a miniature-painter. He would bear a favourable comparison with any modern artist in the same line. His merit is recognised by many on this side of the Atlantic.

Rembrandt Peale, who must have been intended for a painter from his boyhood, produced several very fine pictures; amongst which the best known are "The Roman Daughter," "The Court of Death," and "A Portrait of Washington."

Sargent, a Boston artist, born in 1797, produced many works of interest and talent. His best—at all events his most celebrated—is "Christ entering Jerusalem," which sold for 3,000 dollars.

Jarvis, born in England in 1780, was brought to America when five years old, and remained here the rest of his life. An able artist in many walks, he is chiefly known as a portrait-painter. Many of his pictures of public characters are to be seen in the City Hall of New York.

Sully is a name widely known and respected among us. He, too, was born in England. His father was an actor. He was taken to Virginia in early childhood, and there commenced his pictorial studies. He settled in Philadelphia, and is well known as the painter of "A Portrait of Queen Victoria," for a society in that place. A popular engraving was taken from it.

Washington Alston is another name not to be forgotten. He was called the American Titian. He was an accomplished man of genius. Educated at Harvard College, he was a man of taste and varied acquirements; went to England, knew West, Wilson, Finch, Beaumont, Leslie, and others. His pictures are known and appreciated in England. Leslie is too well known to need mention.

In this article we make no pretence of exhausting American names. We have merely collected a few, to show what our countrymen of the early part of this century have done towards forming a School of Art.

THE GERMAN EXHIBITION.

It may be that the exhibition we are about to notice, is owing more to the influence of Prince Albert, than to the general English patronage of foreign art. Not that the public who care about art in England, and who buy pictures, are at all blind to the merit of foreign artists; on the contrary, in this respect they offer a most gratifying contrast to their continental brethren, for some few years ago, when at the Exhibition of the Louvre, we well remember that there were then only two English pictures by a modern artist in that collection, and those pictures certainly were magnificent—they were interiors by Roberts. Now, not only are English galleries filled with the productions of the Italian and the Dutch schools, but 'tis not long since, when the Vernon collection was bequeathed to that nation, that the foreign productions predominated over those of native talent. The vigorous bearing of the modern English school; so rich in every variety of art; so transcendently excellent as to force itself, so to speak, into notice, has entirely remedied this; and art has been so well rewarded there, that even distinguished French and German painters have been attracted to those shores. The French exhibition may have been encouraged by the excellent feeling at present established between the two nations; the German, we take

it, by the ties of consanguinity which subsist between the thrones as well as the peoples.

From whatever source it may arise, the result is most pleasurable. The exhibition is very creditable, and also curious as establishing an identity of feeling as regards art between the people of each country. This is especially remarkable in their landscapes, many of which are perfectly English in their treatment.

The size of the exhibition is too small, the number of pictures, with additions, only amounting to eighty-five! The price charged for admission being one shilling, the same as the Royal Academy and other exhibitions with three times the number of paintings, this present gallery stands at some disadvantage with regard to the pockets of those who are economical. In fact, it would be not only beneficial, but graceful on the part of the conductors, to open their gallery at half-price to their countrymen and the middle classes of the community.

The first painting in the gallery, "Where there is no Money, there is no Law," is a scene in a tavern, wherein an old cavalier, with a comical look of roguery upon his face, refuses to pay for his entertainment, and we presume quotes the German proverb which forms the title of the picture. The enraged countenances of the host and hostess are excellently contrasted by the calm look of the Dutch Macaire. The colour is very good, the *chiaroscuro* well kept, and the accessories remarkably well painted by A. Siegert.

(No. 12), "A Sketch—subject from the Peasants' War," by O. Knille, is very finely drawn and remarkably spirited. The positions are free, natural and unaffected. (13), "A Fruit-piece," by A. W. Freyer, is worthy of the old Dutch artists of the same style. The composition is very simple; a bunch of grapes still attached to the stem, upon which is a leaf wonderfully painted, lies upon a slab of marble, and slightly in the background is a glass of champagne, not long poured out, with the effervescence still rising in the glass. The effect of this is wonderful, the glass and wine are so painted as to make the visitor believe that they have never been excelled. The whole picture is sound in its finish, and so modestly painted as to put to shame the more glaring compositions of Lance and Duffield, who would do well to take a lesson from it.

(No. 19), "Sketch—The Battle of Grossberon," is very spirited and remarkably accurate in costume; it is painted by G. Bliedtren.

(No. 24), "A Scene in Norway," by A. Leu, is very grand and imposing. On the top of a vast mountain, a solitary little lake, probably formed by the crater of an extinct volcano, reflects the sunset. Deer and elk stretch out their antlered heads upon the mountain top, whilst wild flowers bloom from every crevice in the stone. Both colour and execution are good.

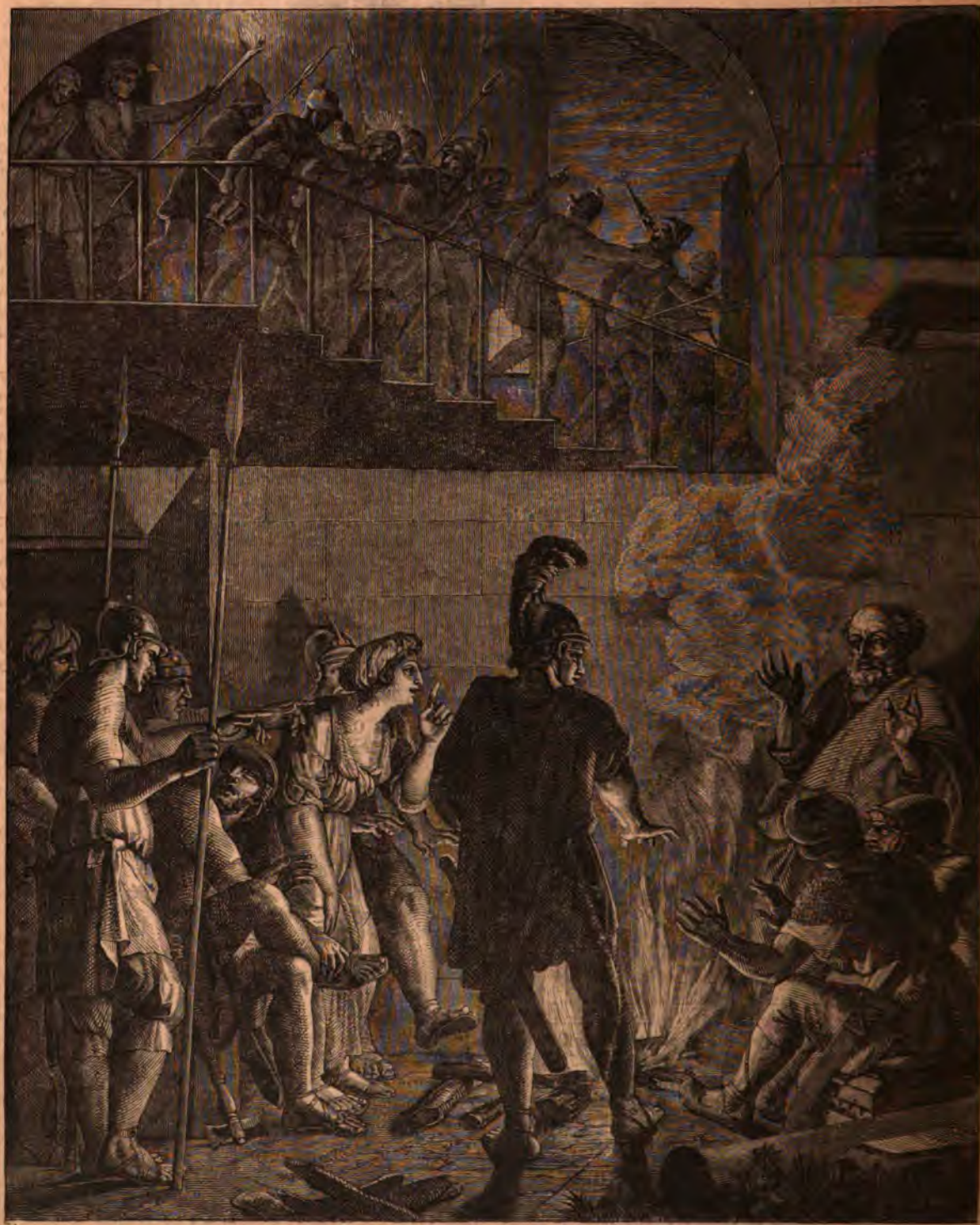
(No. 27), "Sketch—subject from the Thirty Years' War," by G. Sell, is a spirited scene of war and devastation. Some of Wallenstein's party are besieging a castle, and the painter has chosen the interior of a room wherein a party of defenders are about to fire from a window upon the besiegers. An old man, in instant danger of being struck by a ball, peers down into the court below, whilst another, presenting his piece, pulls him from the scene of danger. The chief centre figure uplifts his hand and threatens two prisoners, one of whom is wounded and reclines on the floor of the apartment. The eagerness of the combatants, the determination and stern feeling of their countenances, and the perfect knowledge of anatomy shown by the artist, render this picture as fine and interesting as any in the gallery. The style is somewhat after that of Charles Landseer with us; but the German painter has signally triumphed.

(No. 38), "The Death of Louis IX. of France, A.D. 1270." A large historical picture by C. Bewer, is the most ambitious picture in the room. On the coast of Africa, in an expedition against the kingdom of Tunis, Louis was attacked by a fatal malady. The artist has chosen the scene when upon a bed of ashes, raised in his tent, with the crucifix before him, and surrounded by his army, Louis yielded up his life to Him who gave it. A quotation from the "Biographie Universelle" explains the picture:—"The dying king, the kneeling priests, and devout soldiery, the glow of the sky, reddening with the declining day, all render this representation of a solemn scene, solemn and grand in itself." The armour and accessories are drawn with the same knowledge and minute

attention as would be shown by Maclise, but the colour is exactly the reverse, being as much too red as his is too chalky.

(No. 47), "The Middy's Lecture on Sobriety," by Henry Ritter, has been exhibited in the Royal Academy; it is now exhibited again, as the last work of the deceased artist. A midshipman, who

and the comic expression of the men at being checked by the young officer, the earnestness and grandeur of the latter combined with his youth, go far to render the picture one of the most pleasing of humorous productions, and make us lament the loss of the artist.



PETER DENYING CHRIST.—FROM A PAINTING BY JAMES STELLA.

has had charge of the boat whilst some of his men are on shore, is very properly indignant at finding two of them (in company with the black cook), walking down to the boat as drunk as they conveniently can be without lying down. The consciousness of guilt,

In conclusion, we must congratulate the promoters of this exhibition on the great promise and excellence of almost every picture in the room, one great merit being that there is not a thoroughly faulty production exhibited.



SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, M.P.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, M.P.

the subject of our notice is the son of General Bulwer, of Wydon Hall, Norfolk, by Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Henry Warburton Lytton, of Knebworth Park, Herts. Those who hold the theory that genius is inherited by maternal descent, will find a confirmation of their particular notions in the fact that Bulwer's maternal grandfather was a great scholar, a fine draughtsman, and a friend of Sir William Jones, one of the best Eastern scholars we ever had. A better reason may be found in the fact that Bulwer has literally been, like Burns and Scott, his mother's son; for he was deprived of his father at an early age, and after turning to his mother's recitals of "Chevy Chase," and other ballads from the Percy relics, he wrote his first verses when he was six years old, that is, five years earlier than the age at which Pope

"Lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came."

a paper called "Knebworth," in the "Student," the reader will find a charming picture of the author's boyhood.

In the fact, also, that no rude school experience disturbed the agonies of his youth, we may find a source both of Bulwer's peculiar strength and weakness. He was placed at several private schools, never at a public one; and then finished his education by means of private tutors, and afterwards at Cambridge. Whilst at university he carried off the prize poem on Sculpture.

In 1826, Bulwer (for we must call him by the name by which he endeared to the public) published his first literary effort, which in verse, under the title of "Weeds and Wild Flowers," a collection of fugitive verse. To this succeeded "O'Neil the Rebel" (1827); and in this year also, "Falkland," his next work, was published anonymously. But this was only playing at authorship; was not till the year 1828 that "Pelham" was published, and Bulwer sprang at once into a recognised author.

We take it that there are few people in the reading world who have not read "Pelham." The success of that novel was brilliant, and the reading public were absolutely thronging to the bookshops to read it. It was in the good old days of circulating libraries, where cheap reading had put a limit to their business, and when three volumes were the only books in vogue. "Pelham" was so well read, that some of the librarians must have made a small fortune out of that book alone. The reasons of its success were various. The hero was a dandy, a handsome man, and a *petit d'entre*; he was—

"Such a duck, such a darling, such a jewel of a man!"

And from Sir Harry Wildair to Don Juan, such characters are universally admired by the weak. Secondly, the book was so faulty, yet so full of talent, that it made an excellent book to "cut up," to use the language of the critics, or to praise. Thirdly, and this was perhaps the greatest secret in those lord-hunting days, it portrayed, or professed to portray, the manners of high life. Lord Byron had declared, that the reason novelists did not succeed in descriptions of fashionable life was, because there was little to describe; but his dictum did not satisfy the craving after such descriptions. In these, it was acknowledged, Bulwer had succeeded:

"Haut ton finds her privacy broken;

We trace all her ins and her outs,

By the very small talk that is spoken

By very great people at routs."

At Tenby Miss Jinks asks the loan of

The book from the inn-keeper's wife,

And reads till she dreams she is one of

The leaders of elegant life."

But beyond these, "Pelham" was a first-rate book of its class. The hero was something more than a coxcomb; he was a scholar, and the book had altogether an air of learning and philosophy, which was greatly enhanced by the quotations from all sorts of authors, learned and unlearned, sacred and profane, which the author put at the heads of his chapters. The critics declared, that "The Adventures of a Gentleman," the second title of "Pelham," were nothing more nor less than the adventures of Mr. Bulwer himself; and we recollect well that one of them, criticising the book in the "slashing" style in which critics proceeded in those days, made

various incursions into the every-day life of the author himself, and found serious fault with him for daring to wear *cleaned gloves*. "Fie!" said he; "is this the exquisite Pelham, this the dandy who holds learned dissertations upon dress, cookery, and the fine arts; who rivals Brummel in the number of white neckcloths which he wears! Fie! he in cleaned gloves! Pah! they smell abominably of turpentine!"

We only quote the above to show the style of criticism which was then thought smart and fine writing. Critics were then not masters of the art; and the ridicule of Pope upon John Dennis had driven serious and honest critical learning out of the field. The man who could get the most point and ill-nature into his article was thought the best critic, and paid accordingly. People never thought of giving an opinion on a book; the business of the critic was to make a smart article out of it; and to this kind of criticism were the artistic efforts of Bulwer subjected.

His next works earned for him the title of the prose Byron, and the title is not misapplied; and declared him, for the time at least, a devotee of the "bilious school" of literature. They were "The Disowned," published in the year 1828; "Devereux," 1829; and "Paul Clifford," 1830. Of these, all being well received, "Devereux" gained, and perhaps deserved, the highest praise. "We move," says "The Edinburgh Review," in 1832, "in this story, among the great; but it is the great of other times—Bolingbroke, Louis, Orleans. . . . No under-current of persiflage or epicurean indifference checks the flow of that mournful enthusiasm which refreshes its pictures of life with living waters; its eloquent pages seem consecrated to the memory of love, honour, religion, and undeviating faith." This is indeed high praise; but "Paul Clifford," a work of higher artistic merit and of much greater power, got upon all sides nearly as much blame. To say that it deserves the blame it had, and even more, would not be too much: it introduced to modern times the style which the great and wise Fielding had, in his days, so well laughed out of fashion. If Paul Clifford had been only admirable and excellent when repentant, it would have been far different. But it was otherwise. The reader, by the art of the novelist, was made to sympathise with the highwayman whilst absolutely in the saddle, and with his pistol to the ear of his victim! Then there was also the philosophic Tomlinson, his companion, who had his mouth full of maxims à la Rochefoucauld, and who always, in a sentimental way, varnished over the ill deeds of the gang; and besides him a numerous set of thieves, who loved Mr. Clifford as their captain, and talked elegant slang, and robbed with an infinite gusto. Of course this was produced on the stage; of course, also, the representative of Paul Clifford, in sticking-plaster boots and laced coat, fired off his pistol and bade defiance to the laws of the country with impunity. The very town rang with it; it was villany brought to a successful issue. Juveniles applauded from the gallery; their ideas of *mine* and *thine* were quite confounded; and a highwayman became, in their minds, synonymous with a hero and fine gentleman.

The better the thing was done, the more blameable was Bulwer. In this we hold he perfectly succeeded; to us there is a certain godly and artistic excellence in "Paul Clifford," which he has never surpassed.

"The Siamese Twins," the natural production of our author's satire—and Bulwer is, by no means an inferior satirist—was an intermittent production between his novels. He has ever been breaking out into poetry; and of the works he has given us in verse, this was the least successful.

Next to this came—as if in spite and defiance of the critics—a work which plunged him more deeply into literary immorality, and in which he gave a romantic glow not only to theft, but to murder committed in the perpetration of that theft. We allude to "Eugene Aram." No reader of the "Newgate Calendar" is unaware that a man of that romantic name did exist during the last century; that he was a man of some learning—a schoolmaster; and that he murdered an associate in a brutal manner, merely to get his money; that he was hanged for the crime, and that he made an ineffectual defence. Upon this slender foundation, by glossing over the bad and supplying the good Bulwer created an affecting

romance. Young ladies who despised their tradesmen, butchers, or shoemakers, let their tears flow for a murderer, who was tricked out in false sentiment. But the very success of the work—the sympathy which one human heart gave to the morbid feelings of another—was a triumph to the artist, and was all the dearer to the author because it was false. It was an exhibition of power and skill which pleased him then, but which he has long since grown out of; perhaps natural to a young man, but as blameable as it is weak and immoral.

To all this it may be answered, that Bulwer was not a man of genius, for men of genius seldom sin against true morality of taste, but that he was a consummate artist, working upon human hearts with words and ideas, and sporting with his work.

About the year 1831, Mr. Bulwer undertook the editorship of the "New Monthly Magazine," which, under the conduct of Campbell, had arrived at some reputation. In this he published the "Student," a series of papers, some of them excellent, some of them very weak and conceited. In 1833, appeared "England and the English," followed by the "Pilgrims of the Rhine," and that by "The Last Days of Pompeii," a most masterly and interesting work, full also of scholarship, but followed by one equal if not superior to it, viz., "Rienzi," which one critic has declared to be the "most complete, high-toned, and energetic of all the author's works."

It was perhaps too much to expect of Bulwer to keep to high tone and morality for two successive novels; and consequently, "Ernest Maltravers," his next production, and its successor, "Alice, or the Mystery," showed him in a retrograde movement towards the Byronic school, with a moral, savage and melancholy, in the triumph of the wicked and the affliction of the virtuous. His next work was "Athens: its Rise and Fall," a work which showed much learning and great taste. Passing over his plays, which we shall have again to refer to, we come to "Night and Morning," published in 1840, one of the most charming and natural of his works; next "Zanoni," "Eva, or the Ill-omened Marriage," "Liela, or the Siege of Grenada," and "Calderon the Courtier;" and amongst his latest are "The Last of the Barons," "Lucretia, or the Children of Night," "Harold," a learned novel, illustrating the Saxon period of our history, a period too little known; and his two last, and, in many respects, his most artistic and mellowed works, "The Caxtons" and "My Novel," published in "Blackwood's Magazine."

The limits of this article will now oblige us to consider Bulwer as a dramatist and as a poet. Shallow critics, because he has attempted many varieties of writing, and has succeeded in them, have called him a versatile author. He is no such thing. No sooner did he publish anonymously, and in a totally different walk of literature, than he was recognised. "The New Timon," his best and most manly poem, was at once attributed to him. It was in 1837 that this work was issued, purposely without his name; but, as he himself says: "My identity with the author of these poems has been so generally insisted upon, that I have no choice between the indiscretion of frank avowal and the effrontery of flat denial." This, of course, does not show versatility; and not only was his disguise purposely, but it was well assumed. His teachings had, in many novels, been declared to have been the reverse of Christian; but, in "The New Timon," he absolutely wrote upon the deepest mysteries of our Holy Faith, upon election and grace, and reads a lecture, and a beautiful one too, upon the necessity of faith.

"Therefore the godlike Comforter's decree—
"His sins be loosened who has faith in me;"
Therefore he shuns the cavils of the wise
And made no schools the thresholds of the skies;
Therefore he taught no Pharisee to preach
His word—the simple let the simple teach.
Upon the infant on his knee he smiled,
And said to Wisdom, 'Be once more a child!'"

Of his "Prince Arthur," a fine poem, but throughout without one burst of genius, although it abounds in fine passages, we can here say nothing.

Bulwer's first play, "The Duchess de la Vallière," acted at Covent Garden in 1837, was a failure. But he was not daunted by that, although, on the production of his next play, "The Lady of

Lyons," his name was for some time kept a profound secret. For various causes, the success of this piece was tremendous. It still acted every night in at least three theatres throughout England. The sum it must have brought to him, had he been paid for every performance, must have been immense; yet this unsuccessful play was much purer, better, and wiser, than his successful one. In the latter, a ranting, envious, and vain young man, whose mouth is ever full of the loudest praise of himself, marries a young and beautiful girl, by assuming another's character. The upstart braggadocio is elevated into a baron, and apologises in an indirect way for his deceit by a turgid sentence.

"He who feels repentance for the past
Must woo the angel Virtue in the future."

A sentiment true enough; but the dramatist had forgotten, that his rascality and deception Claude Melnotte had been placed in a higher and better social position than he could have gained by any quiet Christian virtue.

Next came "Richelieu," then "The Sea Captain," and "Money," and lastly, written for the benefit of, and presented to, the Guild of Literature and Art, the comedy of "Not so Bad as we Seem," which some of the first *littérateurs* of the day acted. "Richelieu" and "Money," both excellent plays, full of smartness and repartee, and irreproachable in construction and plot—the great secret of Bulwer—are the best and most successful of these plays.

Of his parliamentary career we shall say little; for it is not by his political opinions that he is known, although it was, we believe, by his support of the Whigs that he earned his baronetcy in 1856. His politics were always liberal, and however much of the gentleman he may have been in his writings, his sympathies were ever with the people. His speeches in Parliament were listened to with the attention he may have expected, partly because he had not the "ear of the house," and partly because of his delivery. Latterly, Sir Bulwer Lytton has turned to the political territorial lords, and during the Protectionist fever, wrote some clever letters to "John Bull" on the vexata *questio* of Free Trade.

Such has been the career of this extraordinary man, the master of whose works is something prodigious; and we must needs think that he himself worked his way to eminence, entirely by his own efforts, through failure and ridicule. With him the first step was frequently a false one; but he again pursued the journey, and reached the goal. He has practised writing as an art, and has illustrated that virtue which one of his critics discovers to be the end of his teaching, patience. He also shows us, as he told us but lately in speech at a mechanics' institute, what continuous application can do. He "only works three hours a-day—from ten in the morning till seldom later. The evenings, when alone, are devoted to reading—scarcely ever to writing." What an amount of labour has been performed in those three hours! He writes, we are told, very rapidly, averaging about twenty pages a-day of novel print. Let us add to these few facts, that the novelist is a disciple of Pius, and has himself been restored to health by the water cure, upon which he has published a pamphlet.

The most recent affair in which Sir Edward has been before the public, is in the establishment of a "Guild of Literature and Art" in conjunction with Mr. Dickens; and even more lately his works have been brought into a more extended circulation by a new re-issue of his volumes in a series published by Messrs. Routledge, those booksellers giving him twenty thousand pounds for the right of printing and publishing them during ten years.

Such is Bulwer; a great author, but not the greatest we have had. His latter novels are the best—experience, wisdom, Christian kindness, and that softness of heart and thought which age brings to good men, having wrought upon him much. Let us add, he has owed something to the example of a more productive but far greater author, William Makepeace Thackeray. Thus, his "Caxtons," written soon after the appearance of "Vanity Fair," is, in our opinion, the best and most genial of all Bulwer's works.

That he is no higher in one particular branch of writing than others, may, perhaps, be the result of that which the world calls versatility. He has, as we have shown, tried many styles of writing, and in each has been successful.

THE KORAN.

order to understand this remarkable book, which for more than five centuries has been the code of law for many millions of the human race, and to estimate its influence upon the character of those who acknowledge it as the repository of religious truth, it is necessary to be acquainted with the circumstances under which it was produced. In the latter part of the sixth century, religion almost disappeared in the thick gloom of ignorance and superstition. This was particularly the case in Arabia, where the descendants of Ishmael were idolaters, worshipping hideous images, and rites as senseless as they were barbarous, including even human sacrifices. The tribe of the Kendites buried female children, and by other obscure clans they were sacrificed upon their wives. The morality of such a people must have been very low, indeed, we know it to have been; for slavery and polygamy were recognised institutions; and some authors have accused them even of cannibalism. They do not appear to have had any notion of the immortality of the soul and of a future state; for the supposed transformation of the dead into owls, which haunted their graves, can scarcely be regarded as such.

The foreigners settled in Arabia were very numerous. Some families of fire-worshippers were scattered along the Persian Gulf, and in the south were the Sabæans, descendants of colonists from India, and image-worshippers. The Jews had emigrated to Arabia in great numbers after the destruction of Jerusalem, but the purity of their religion was lost amid the fanciful legends of the Talmud. Christianity had been established in several parts of Arabia, but so corrupted was it with the worship of images and relics, and the old and incredible legends of the saints, that it was little better than paganism. The sects into which the Christians were divided regarded each other with the most rancorous hatred; and, instead of cultivating the truth, frittered their mental energies away in discussing the questions of the digestion of the sacramental bread, and the number of angels who could stand on the point of a needle. The Collyridians deified the mother of Jesus, and made her the third person in the Trinity; and the Manicheans and Marcionites rejected the doctrine of the resurrection, taught the transmigration of the souls of evil-doers, and mingled with this spurious Christianity the Persian allegory of Ormuzd and Ahrimanes, or the contrast of the principles of good and evil.

To illuminate this gross spiritual darkness—whether among idolaters, Jews, or Christians—to extirpate the worship of images, and lead men back to the knowledge of the one True God, the author of the Koran conceived to be his especial mission. Hence he repeatedly declares, that there is but one God, eternal and omnipotent, to whom alone obedience and adoration are due; that all idolatry is sinful, and displeasing to God; that the soul is immortal; and that, at the resurrection and the final judgment, every soul shall receive the reward of his good deeds or the punishment of his evil ones. To this day, the muezzin's call to prayers is the declaration that Allah is great, and there is no other god but him; and wherever the Moslems have established their power, the objects of idolatrous worship—whether from pagans or Christians—have been cast down. Indeed, his followers have carried their hostility to idolatry so far as to abstain, not only from the pictorial representation of the Deity, but from portraying the human form, because we are told in the book of Genesis that God made man in his own image. It was not until the accession of the present Sultan that the rigour of this abstinence was departed from, Abdul edjid having sent his portrait, set in diamonds, as a present to Queen Victoria. But when the Greek churches fell into the power of the conquering Moslems, the representations of saints and martyrs on their walls were made to disappear beneath a coat of new wash.

Wishing to operate upon the entire religious world—dreaming, perhaps, of a universal pontificate—Mohammed addressed himself to the Jews and Christians, as well as to the idolaters; and the Koran contains abundant evidence of a wish to reconcile doctrinal differences, and make the Bible harmonise with the new dispensation. He was particularly desirous to make proselytes among the Jews, and frequently appeals to the Old Testament for collateral

evidence of the truth of his divine mission. With both the Bible and the Talmud he was well acquainted; for, during his journeys into Syria, previously to the proclamation of his mission as the chief and last prophet of Allah, he is said to have conversed familiarly on religious subjects with several Jews and Christians of learning and repute, among whom Abulfeda particularly mentions a famous rabbi, Abdollah Ibn Salaam, and Waraka, the nephew of his wife Khadijah, who, after deserting both the native polytheism and the Jewish creed, had embraced Christianity, and was well acquainted with both the Old and New Testaments. In order to conciliate the Jews, he directed his first disciples to pray with their faces towards Jerusalem; but when he found his advances rejected with contempt, and his pretensions derided, he instructed them to make their pious genuflections towards Mecca.

Mohammed admitted the divine inspiration of the Old Testament, but accused the Jews of having falsified certain passages which did not agree well with his own pretensions. According to the views of divine revelation promulgated in the Koran, the will of God had been made known in succession by Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, and Jesus—their respective missions rising in importance as the altered circumstances of society required a fuller revelation. Thus the authority of Abraham is greater than that of Noah, and so on in regular gradation; but Abraham was the special prototype of a true believer. "The patriarch," he says, in the second chapter of the Koran, "was neither a Jew nor a Christian, for he believed in the unity of God: he was a religious Moslem, and the friend of God; for Islamism is nothing more than the faith of Abraham." Islamism signifies entire dependence on God; and this high order of faith, which was so remarkably exemplified by Abraham, is the leading characteristic of the Moslem faith. But it was Ishmael—the father of the Arab race—who, according to the Koran, was the beloved son of the patriarch, and the chosen of God for the sacrifice; and from him Mohammed claimed descent in a direct line.

As Moses was a greater prophet, and promulgated a fuller revelation of the divine will than Abraham, so was Jesus a prophet of a higher order than Moses, and the Christian dispensation a more complete one than the Jewish. "Jesus Christ, the son of Mary, was truly the apostle of God," says the Koran; "and his words which he conveyed unto Mary, and a spirit proceeding from him, honourable in this world and in the world to come; and one of those who approach near to the presence of God. Yet Jesus was a mere mortal, and not the Son of God; his enemies conspired against his life, but a phantom was substituted for him on the cross, while he was translated to heaven." The heresies of the Eastern churches led Mohammed to charge the Christians with tritheism; and he seems to have expected their conversion, regarding the unity of God a purer doctrine than that which they held. During his lifetime they were treated with clemency and moderation, their persons and property protected, and their worship tolerated; and this wise and humane course—so different from his treatment of the Arabian pagans—was strictly in accordance with the precepts of the Koran, which says that "the prophet is nothing but a teacher and admonisher of the people, who shall not be governed by violence; the believers shall leave those who do not believe to the punishment of God, for he is the only arbiter, and will reward every one as he deserves."

Having thus briefly pointed out the extent to which Judaism and Christianity enter into the composition of Islamism, it is now necessary to notice those doctrines which are peculiar to the Moslem dispensation. As the last of the series of prophets and teachers, Mohammed takes precedence of Jesus; he is the seal of the prophecies; and with him the divine missions have ceased. The Koran is, therefore, the last revelation of God's will to man, confirming and verifying the Old and New Testaments, and setting forth the means by which salvation is to be obtained under the new dispensation. Faith and works are both necessary to insure admission into the highest heaven; but there are inferior degrees of blessedness, which may be reached by all who believe in God and have lived a life of virtue and benevolence. For idolaters there is

no hope; their portion is the lowest pit of Jehanum—the Moslem hell. Wicked Jews and Christians, dying impenitent, are condemned to portions of the burning pit where the heat is a degree less intolerable; and Mohammedans, of the same class, receive a little more favour as the reward of their faith. The heaven of the Moslems is eminently sensual—a paradise of odoriferous groves and pellucid streams, where the faithful enjoy the society of the dark-eyed Houris—celestial females, whose more than earthly beauty is described in the Koran in the most glowing language.

The practical duties enjoined in the Koran are: prayers at five appointed times each day, the face of the worshipper being turned towards Mecca; frequent ablutions, Mohammed well understanding the near relation of physical and moral purity; attendance at divine service in the mosques every Friday; fasting during the month of Ramadan; alms, to which the fortieth part of each person's income must be devoted; and a pilgrimage to Mecca, if pos-

plished, and the system which he founded to have done all the good that it can do. It has outlived the time when it had a great purpose to serve, and now only exists as a protest against idolatry. The fatalism which so strongly pervades the Moslem theology, and the strictness with which the powers and duties of the Sultan are prescribed by the Koran, form an insuperable barrier to the attainment of a high degree of civilisation and the development of its institutions. Absolute predestination leads directly to individual apathy and social stagnation. The recognition of the precepts of the Koran as the only foundation of Moslem law, though it has in many instances given a check to oppression by the restrictions which it imposes on the exercise of arbitrary power, has also become an evil by fettering rulers in their efforts to promote the advance of civilisation and effect desirable reforms. This is a great difficulty which Mahmoud had to contend with, and which now clogs the progressive tendencies of his son. Reform and is-



READING THE KORAN IN INDIA.

sible, once in the course of a person's life. Good works are much dwelt upon; without them, prayer and fasting, though they may advance the worshipper to the portals of paradise, will not obtain him admission. Circumcision was an Arabian custom, which Mohammed retained, probably because it was also practised by the Jews. Polygamy had existed in the East from time immemorial; the prophet merely regulated it, restricting the number of wives which a Moslem may legally have to four. Murder, adultery, perjury, and false witness, are enumerated in the Koran as deadly sins; and usury, gaming, and the use of wine and pork, are prohibited in strict terms. Creditors are also forbidden to imprison their debtors or make slaves of them.

We have now to examine the influence of these doctrines and precepts on the character of the people among whom they have for centuries been received. Looking at its effects from the lofty point of view occupied by the Christian and the friend of social progress, the mission of Mohammed appears to be accom-

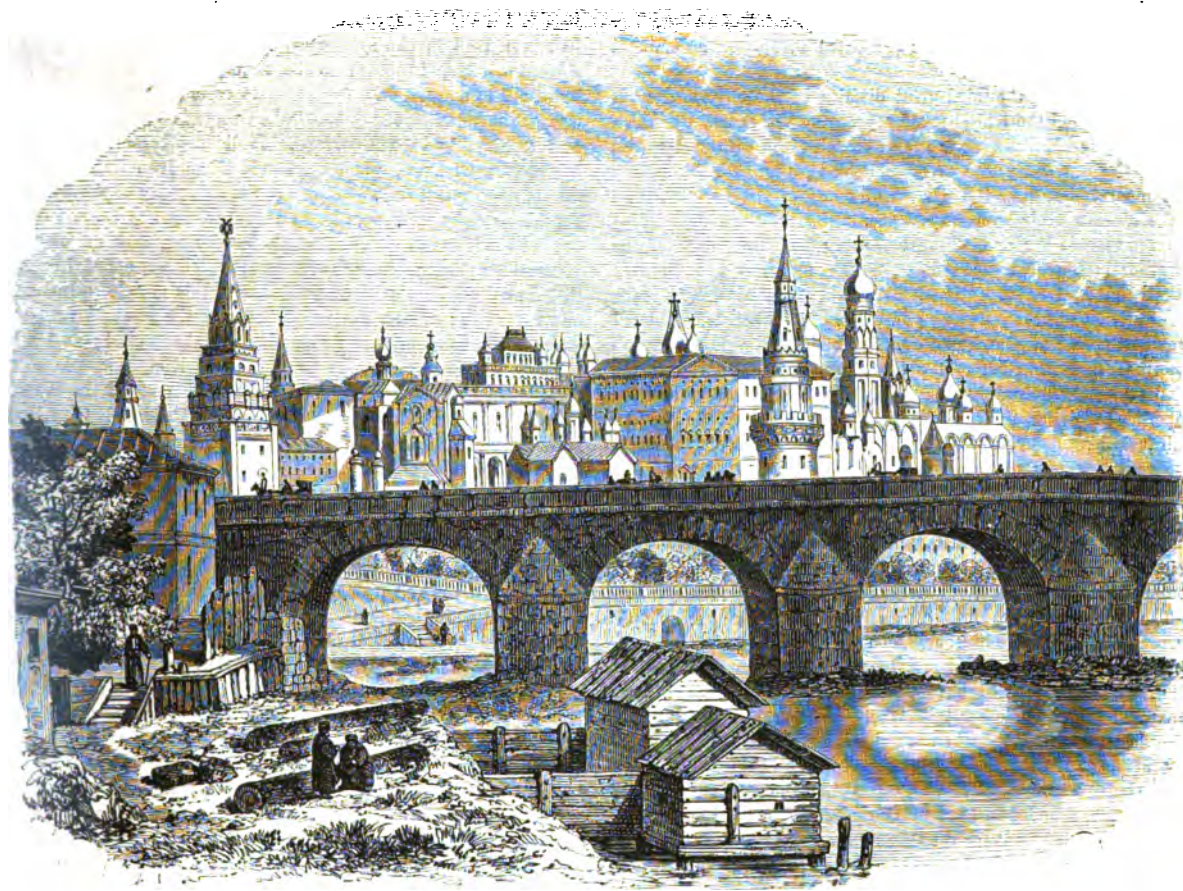
plished, and the system which he founded to have done all the good that it can do. It has outlived the time when it had a great purpose to serve, and now only exists as a protest against idolatry.

Without a change in the national faith, the progress of the Mohammedan nations must be very slow, leaving them always far behind those of Western Europe. Whether a religious reformation is possible, would be an interesting subject for investigation. To external influences they have hitherto been inaccessible, and the experience of our missionaries seems to show that the first change must come from within; that some point must be found in the Moslem creed itself whereon to plant the lever of progress. Islamism is not without its sects; the Shiites, one of the two great divisions, reject the traditions, and are more tolerant and liberal than the Sunnites, or orthodox believers. Among these it is possible that some Moslem Luther may arise to reform the Mohammedan church, and give a new reading to the Koran; after which it would be more susceptible to the influence of Christianity.

M O S C O W.

Moscow, the holy city of Russia, and ancient capital of her czars, is one of the most considerable cities in Europe; for, though its population is less than that of St. Petersburg, its superficial extent is much greater. Its circumference is generally stated at twenty-five and a half English miles; but a large portion of this space is occupied by gardens, parks, promenades, and open fields for military exercises and fairs. The gardens belonging to the mansions of the aristocracy are very beautiful, and laid out with much taste; in summer, these and the parks and the public gardens add much to the pleasantness of the city, but in winter their aspect is cheerless in the extreme. Moscow presents a fine and somewhat oriental appearance from a little distance, especially in the summer, when the gilded cupolas of the numerous churches are relieved by the masses of green trees among which they rise. The cupolas are of a bulbous form, like those of the Pavilion at Brighton, and are

The Kremlin, the ancient palace and citadel of the Russian emperors, gives its name to the central quarter of the city, which is surrounded by immense stone walls, with battlements, towers, and gates. Besides the old and new palaces, this quarter contains the imperial museum, the arsenal, the treasury, the palace of the patriarch, and thirty-two churches. The old palace was built in 1367, but only a portion remains, which the present emperor has had completely repaired and re-decorated, and furnished in the style of the period when it was first erected. The new palace was first built in 1743; and having been destroyed in the great conflagration of 1812, it was rebuilt four years later by the Emperor Alexander. This building, however, was pulled down by order of Nicholas, who has had a new palace of remarkable extent and magnificence built opposite the old palace, which is to be incorporated with it. The treasury, which is attached to the Voznesen-



THE CITY OF MOSCOW.

covered with tin, which, when not gilded, is painted green; it is the form of these cupolas, and the numerous towers and minarets, which give the city its peculiar appearance.

The tremendous conflagration of 1812, with the subsequent renovation and improvement of the city, has so altered its appearance, that the descriptions published previously to that epoch are no longer correct. "The extraordinary mixture and contrast of magnificent palaces and petty huts, so often noticed by foreigners," says Dr. Lyall, "though still occurring in a few places, no longer strikes the eye as formerly; Moscow is daily losing its Asiatic features, and assuming the appearance of the capitals of Western Europe. Happily for the lover of venerable antiquity, the Kremlin, which suffered comparatively little, notwithstanding the attempts of the French to blow it up, retains unimpaired its ancient irregularity and grandeur."

The skoi Convent, contains the crowns, sceptres, arms, and drinking vessels, of the grand dukes and emperors, the value of which is said to exceed that of the collection in the Jewel Office of the Tower of London. In the church of the same convent a great number of empresses and grand duchesses are interred. The principal churches of the Kremlin quarter are that of the Assumption, where the emperors are crowned and anointed, esteemed the most splendid in Moscow; St. Michael's, which contains the tombs of the grand dukes and czars from the time when Moscow became the capital of the empire till the death of Peter the Great; that of the Annunciation, which is considered by some to excel all the rest in architectural beauty, though smaller than the preceding; and that of the Transfiguration, remarkable only for its antiquity, having been built in 1328. After the palaces and churches, the most striking object in the Kremlin quarter is the Ivanovskaya belfry, at the bottom of

which is the great bell, said to be the largest in the world, containing the enormous quantity of 360,000 lbs. of metal. This tower was destroyed by an explosion in 1812, but has been rebuilt in the same style, and is much admired for its height and architectural beauty.

The Khitai-gorod, so surrounded by a wall, with towers and gates, is the trading quarter of Moscow, and contains the bazaars and principal shops, besides linen, cotton, and woollen manufactories, iron and brass foundries, distilleries, paper mills, etc., most of which are under the superintendence of foreigners, chiefly English, Germans, and French. The chief public buildings in this quarter are the municipal hall, a very handsome edifice, and the printing-office of the holy synod, which contains thirty presses for printing theological works in Slavonian, and educational books in Greek, Latin, French, and German, for the schools under the control of the synod. In the Khitai-gorod is the monument erected by order of the Emperor Alexander in honour of Minin and Pogarski, who delivered Russia from foreign domination in the seventeenth century, and placed Michael Romanoff, the first monarch of the reigning dynasty, on the throne. It consists of bronze statues of the two patriots, fourteen feet high, on a pedestal of red granite, adorned with bas-reliefs, and was executed by Martos, an eminent Russian artist.

The Beloi-gorod, the third great division of the city, surrounds the Kremlin and the Khitai-gorod, except on the south, on which side the river Moskwa flows; and contains the principal public offices, the university, the governor's palace, a number of churches and monasteries, and the palaces of many of the nobility, who make Moscow their winter residence. None of the public offices are remarkable for architectural beauty; but the palace of the governor is a magnificent edifice, and occupies a fine elevated situation. The palace of General Apraxin exceeds in length every other private edifice in Moscow; but that of Pashkoff is considered the finest specimen of architecture. Surrounding the three quarters described, and extending to the opposite side of the river, is the Zemlianoi-gorod, containing the dépôts of the commissariat and the imperial distilleries, the Imperial Philanthropic Society, the Medico-Chirurgical Academy, which has a good anatomical museum, and a fine collection of stuffed animals, fossils, and minerals; and the church and monastery of St. Anne, a handsome Gothic edifice, with a very splendid interior. This quarter was formerly surrounded by a rampart of earth, which no longer exists, the space being now planted with trees, so as to form a promenade entirely round the city, like the Boulevards of Paris.

The suburbs of Moscow form an irregular polygon, completely surrounding the Zemlianoi-gorod, on both sides of the Moskwa. Some parts consist of streets and lanes, in which superb mansions alternate with wretched hovels, while others are like villages, separated from each other by market-gardens, meadows, and even corn-fields. In the suburbs are the noble hospital, founded at the end of the last century by Prince Galitzin, and named after him; the extensive and magnificent hospital, in the Grecian style of architecture, founded in 1810 by Count Sheremetoff; the military hospital, founded by Peter the Great; the splendid barracks, built for a palace by Catherine II., and converted to its present purpose by the Emperor Paul; and a number of churches and monasteries, some of which are worthy the attention of travellers. The asparagus, grown in the suburban gardens, is celebrated all over Russia for its size and superior flavour.

The manufactures of Moscow have made considerable progress during the last fifty years. In 1808, the number of large manufactories of linen, woollen, cotton, silk, and leather goods, hats, paper, porcelain, and earthenware in the province, most of them in the capital, was 394, which, in 1830, had increased to 730. It is also a place of great trade, and, indeed, may be called the centre of the inland trade of the empire, as St. Petersburg is of the maritime trade. The annual value of the imports is estimated at five millions of roubles, or about £750,000. The population of Moscow is stated in the most recent accounts at 360,000.

The amusements of Moscow are not numerous. The principal theatre is a vast edifice, but very inferior, both in internal decoration and the character of the performances, to the imperial theatre at St. Petersburg. A tenth of the proceeds is appropriated to the support of the Foundling Hospital, founded by Catherine II. in the

year 1762. Concerts are given occasionally, but the chief resort of the aristocracy in the winter is the Assembly Rooms, where balls are given every Tuesday evening, from October to May, in a saloon, with an alcorved ceiling, supported by a colonnade of Corinthian pillars, of white scagliola. Only members of the aristocracy have the *entrée*, the annual subscription being for gentlemen fifty roubles, married ladies twenty-five roubles, and unmarried ladies ten roubles. Fêtes are sometimes given at the Pruniz Garden, with music, and an illumination at night. For the humbler class, there are low places of amusement, where the entertainments consist of singing and dancing, the performers being generally of the gipsy race.

According to Russian tradition, Moscow derives its name from Meshech, the son of Japheth, and grandson of the antediluvian patriarch, Noah, who settled on the spot shortly after the deluge. Until within a comparatively recent period, this idea was maintained by the best biblical commentators; and a Jewish rabbi, about half a century ago, made this application of the passage—“Woe is me, that I sojourn in Meshech!” In consequence of this, it is said that the prayer for the emperor, which, up to that period, had been read in the synagogue, has been omitted, except when some Christian, supposed to be acquainted with Hebrew, happened to be present. According to more reliable accounts, the city was founded by the Grand Duke George in 1147, and enlarged and improved by his son Andrew. It did not become the capital, however, until 1328, when the Grand Duke Ivan transferred the seat of government from Vladimir to the rising city of the Moskwa. At this time, however, and long afterwards, the city did not extend beyond the Kremlin quarter, which became as much an object of veneration to the Muscovites as Mecca to the followers of Mahomet. The capital has always been regarded with this mingled admiration and reverence: “Who can resist God and the great Novgorod!” was a common saying when that city was the capital; and when the seat of government was transferred to Kief, that place was regarded as “the holy city,” and the “mother of all the Russian cities.” Hence Moscow has also been called “The Holy City,” and more familiarly, “Mother Moscow,” or sometimes “Stone Moscow,” because the principal buildings are of that material, which is rare in the case in Russia, where, except in the large towns, even the churches are built of wood.

The history of Moscow embraces the usual series of fires, pestilences, famines, and tumults, common to most of the great cities of Europe. In the reign of Boris it was desolated by a famine so severe, that the inhabitants were reduced to cannibalism; and the city, except Constantinople, has been so often devastated by fire. These have been mainly owing, as in the case of the Turkish capital, to the general use of wood in the construction of dwelling-houses, great numbers of which are still built of that material. The tremendous conflagration of 1812, the effects of which have been already noticed, constitutes an important epoch in the history of Moscow, and is so used by the inhabitants in their calculations. With the importance of that event the Russians are so fully impressed, that the 25th of December has been made a day of thanksgiving for “the deliverance of the Church and the Russian empire from the invasion of the French and twenty other nations who came with them.”

Out of Russia, the belief is general that the conflagration, which destroyed two-thirds of the city, was the work of the Russians themselves, and that it was ordered by Count Rostopschin, the governor of Moscow, in order to deprive the invaders of winter quarters, and compel them to retreat in that inclement season. The disastrous consequences to the French are too well known to need relating here; and it is absurd to suppose that they would have destroyed a city, upon their possession of which all their hopes of success depended. But in Russia the belief is general that the destruction of the city was the work of the invaders; and much indignation is manifested on the expression of a contrary opinion. That it is still attributed to the French is probably owing to the fact, that Alexander charged them with it at the time as a means of exciting the passions of the army and people against them; and to avow the truth now would be hardly decent. Count Rostopschin would never acknowledge that he was the author of the fire, and published a pamphlet in 1823, in which he positively

les that it was the result of his orders. The truth, however, be known to many of the upper classes, though policy has ated its concealment; and, indeed, there are allusions in the ks of Russian authors which leave little room for doubt. amzin, the historian and poet, has a tolerably plain avowal of fact in a poem which has been thus translated by Dr. Bowring, as "Russian Anthology:"—

"Proud city! Sovereign Mother thou
Of all Slavonian cities now;
Work of seven ages!—beauty once
And glory were around thee spread;

Toil-gathered riches blessed thy sons,
And splendid temples crowned thy head;
Our monarchs in thy bosom lie,
With sainted dust that cannot die.

Farewell! farewell! Thy children's hands
Have seized the all-destroying brands,
To whelm in ashes all thy pride.
Blaze! blaze! thy guilt in flames be lost,
And heaven and earth be satisfied
With thee, the nation's holocaust!
The foe of peace shall find in thee
The ruined tomb of victory."

THE SEAL.

IN the exception of the whales and their allies, the seals, shape, at first sight exhibit a greater departure from our ordinary of *beasts* than any other mammalia. Although still undoubtedly quadrupeds, their legs are so completely enclosed within the skin of a body, that nothing but the feet project, and of these, the toes are united by skin, so as to form fins or paddles, adapted almost solely for the propulsion of the animal through the water. The position of the hind legs, too, is very singular: they are turned completely backwards, so as to form a sort of broad double-tail fin, very similar, both in appearance and action, to the tail fin of the hale. But in these, as in the fore feet, all the parts existing in the most perfect quadrupeds are to be recognised; whilst the tail of the whale is really a fin, and has nothing whatever to do with the hinder extremities. As might be supposed from the form of the limbs, the seals are by no means at home on dry land; when out of the water they flounder about in rather an awkward manner, by a wriggling action of the belly assisted by the fore paws. But in the water the fish-like form of their bodies and their powerful paddles render them very active; and in this, their active element, they swim and dive with great rapidity, in pursuit of the fishes and other marine animals which constitute their general food.

The common seal (*Phoca vitulina*), which is found in most seas, and is especially plentiful on the Arctic coasts, is of a yellowish-gray colour, usually covered with dusky or blackish spots. Its usual length is about three feet, but it sometimes measures as much as five or six. It has a rounded head, somewhat resembling that of a dog, whence it has obtained the name of "the sea-dog." The eyes are very large, soft, and black, giving it a most intelligent expression of countenance; it has no external ears, but the orifices are furnished with a valve, which the animal can close when under water, so as to prevent the ingress of that fluid. These animals are common on some parts of the British coast, but on the coast of Greenland they exist in innumerable herds, in spite of the destructive warfare that has been waged against them for ages, both by the native Esquimaux and by Europeans. To the latter the *seal-fishery*, as it is termed, furnishes only two products, oil and fur; but so indispensable is the seal to the very existence of the Greenlanders, that it has been said that the sea is his field and the seal-fishery his harvest. The skin of the seal, when deprived of the long and rather coarse hair which forms its outer coat, furnishes a soft downy fur of a light brown or fawn colour, which was formerly in considerable repute in England for making caps, great-coat collars, waistcoats, slippers, and similar articles of winter comfort; but it provides the Greenlanders with the whole of his clothing; and to a people who depend so much on a seafaring life for their subsistence, its capability of resisting water is not one of its least desirable qualities. The oil, which is used in Europe only for burning in lamps, not merely serves this purpose amongst the Esquimaux of Greenland, but is also employed by them for heating their winter dwellings, and, strange as it may appear to European tastes, it likewise forms one of their favourite beverages. Mr. McCulloch, however, in speaking of the oil, says, that "when extracted before putrefaction has commenced, it is beautifully transparent, free from smell, and not unpleasant in its taste."

But every part of the seal is of importance to these people. The skin not only furnishes them with the warm clothing so necessary in their climate, but provides their boats and tents with a waterproof covering, and when tanned forms a strong and serviceable

leather for their shoes. The intestines are used to form windows, curtains for the front of their tents, summer clothing, shirts, and a number of other articles; the sinews furnish them with threads to sew them together; the bones are used as tools and for the heads of spears; and the flesh forms their most important article of food. This is said to be far more palatable than that of the whale, and the fried liver is said by Scoresby to be esteemed even by Europeans "as an agreeable dish."

In fine weather the seals are very fond of basking in the sun; and vast herds of them are often seen thus engaged upon the field-ice. In these situations, which are called "seal meadows," the hunters endeavour to surprise them while sleeping, so as to intercept their attempted retreat into the water, to which, as an asylum, they always direct their course when alarmed. They are generally destroyed by knocking them on the nose with clubs, a single blow being sufficient to despatch them. The European seal-fishery has been carried on almost entirely by ships sent out every spring from Hamburg and Bremen; and some of these have captured as many as four or five thousand in one voyage. The whalers, also, frequently take to sealing, probably to make up for bad success in their regular occupation.

In their character seals exhibit many amiable points. They are affectionate to their young; and the latter, in return, are said to be most dutifully obedient to their parents; and the males fight valorously in defence of their wives and families. In confinement, especially when taken young, they are easily tamed, and then exhibit much of the attachment of a dog for their master.

There are many other species of seals, all inhabiting the seas of different parts of the world, but delighting principally in the coasts of the Arctic and Antarctic regions. Some, indeed, are found in hotter climates; and one, the Monk Seal (*Phoca monachus*), represented in our illustration, is tolerably numerous in the Mediterranean. It bears a considerable resemblance in form to the common seal; but the toes of the hind feet are destitute of claws, and the animal sometimes attains a length of from ten to twelve feet. This seal is often carried about the continent of Europe in shows, and some extraordinary accounts are given of its docility; thus it has been said to pronounce words; and Aldrovand describes a specimen, probably of this species, which had been taught to utter a cry of pleasure whenever the name of a Christian prince was mentioned, but to remain perfectly still when the Grand Turk, then the terror of Europe, was named.

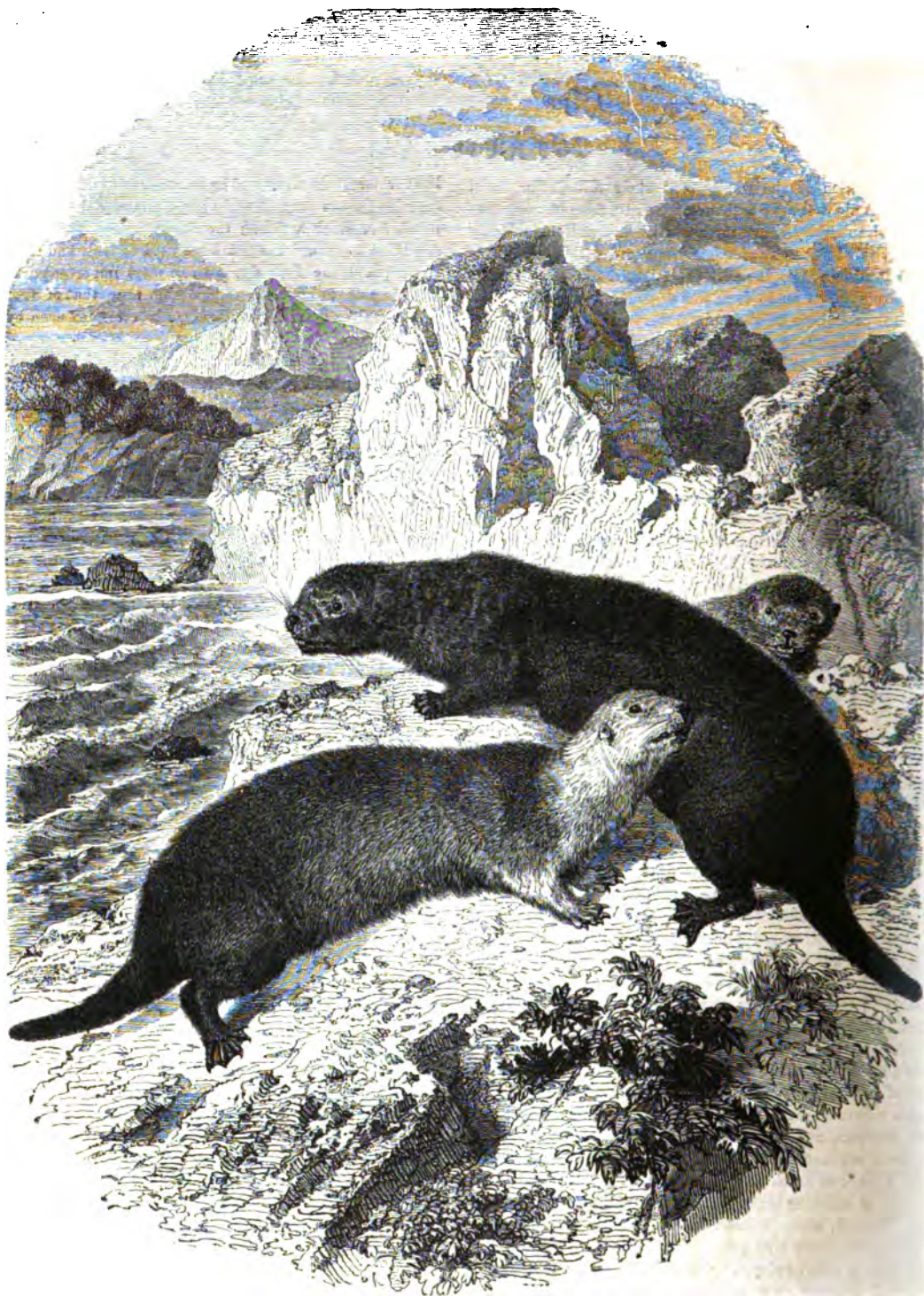
The largest of the northern species is the Morse or Walrus (*Trichechus rosmarus*), which is sometimes as much as twenty feet in length, and as thick in the body as an ox. The most striking peculiarity of this animal consists in a pair of formidable tusks, which hang down from the angles of the upper jaw, and are of great service to him in raising his unwieldy body out of the water, when he wishes to rest upon the ice or rocks of his Arctic abode. The walrus appears to feed, at all events in part, upon seaweeds; and a specimen, which lived for some time at St. Petersburg, was nourished on a sort of vegetable broth, of which carrots and other succulent roots formed an important part. The tusks of this animal furnish excellent ivory; and the subcutaneous fat or blubber yields a large quantity of oil; but the qualities of the meat are not so well ascertained, some voyagers describing it as excellent eating, when the prejudice arising from its dark colour had been overcome, while others have declared it to be so bad that even the dogs reject it with disgust. The walrus, which is also called the

Sea-horse, occasionally wanders to a considerable distance from its accustomed haunts ; and, according to Dr. Fleming, a specimen was shot in December, 1817, on the coast of Harris, in the Hebrides.

One of the southern seals, called the Fur Seal, *par excellence* (*Arctocephalus Falklandicus*), furnishes by far the greater portion

massacre was so indiscriminate—the mothers being killed before the young were able to shift for themselves—that the animal became nearly extinct.

Of the other species inhabiting the Southern Ocean, several attain a considerable size. One of the most singular is the Leonine Seal



THE MONK SEAL (*PHOCA MONACHUS*).

of the article known in Europe as seal's-skin. This species was formerly very common on the shores of the islands of the Southern Ocean, especially about the Falkland Islands, from which its name is derived. But in the course of a year or two, the avarice of Europeans destroyed as many as three hundred and twenty thousand of these animals ; thus defeating its own object : for the

or Sea Elephant (*Morunga elephantina*), the male of which has a curious appendage to the nose, resembling a proboscis, of about a foot in length. This seal, which lives in large herds on the shores of the islands of the Pacific Ocean, is often five-and-twenty or thirty feet long ; and as its fat furnishes a large quantity of most excellent oil, its pursuit has become of great importance.

FRANCOIS ARAGO.

FRANCOIS DOMINIQUE ARAGO, the eminent astronomer, was born on the 26th February, 1786, at Estagel, at the foot of the Pyrenees. His father was a small proprietor, owning some vineyards and olive groves in that commune, the proceeds of which scarcely sufficed to maintain his numerous family. But removing to Perpignan at the Revolution, he distinguished himself by his public spirit, and was enabled to place his son in a good school at

On leaving the Polytechnic, he received an appointment at the observatory of Paris, and was shortly afterwards associated with M. Biot, in the operation of measuring an arc of the meridian in Spain. The operation was one of toil and difficulty, for he had to travel on foot through the mountains which divide the provinces of Valencia and Catalonia from that of Arragon; but youth and a robust constitution enabled him to surmount every obstacle. While



Toulouse. The youth had already given evidence of superior abilities, and on presenting himself as a candidate for pupilage at the Polytechnic School, his first answer so astonished the examiner that he sent him to Paris at once, with a complimentary recommendation. At the Polytechnic he made rapid progress in his studies, and gave the first public evidence of his republican tendencies by refusing to subscribe his adhesion to the constitution of the empire.

engaged in his measurements, war commenced between France and Spain, and the mountaineers, whose ignorance incapacitated them from appreciating young Arago's scientific labours, attempted to seize him, alleging that he made fires in the mountains to direct the movements of the French troops. He found means, however, to reach the coast in disguise, but being unable to get away, he retraced his steps, and placed himself under the protection of the

authorities, who put him in prison for safety, but not till he had been wounded and narrowly escaped death at the hands of a furious mob. By the connivance of the captain-general of the province, he escaped from prison after a brief incarceration, and embarked on a fishing-boat for Algiers, where he hoped to find a vessel bound for Marseilles. In this hope he was not disappointed, and was within sight of that port, when the vessel in which he had embarked was captured by a Spanish privateer and taken into Rosas. The authorities there seem to have desired some pretext for confiscating the vessel, and confined Arago in a dark and dirty cell, alleging that he was a refugee Spaniard; for the vessel in which he had embarked was an Algerine one, in which the Dey had sent two lions as presents for the emperor. One of these had died on the voyage, and Arago found means to forward a letter to the Dey, informing him of the seizure of the vessel, and that the animal in question had been starved by the Spaniards. The Dey was terribly enraged, and addressed an angry letter to the Spanish government, demanding compensation for the seizure of the vessel, and threatening war in the case of refusal. This led to the surrender of the ship and the liberation of Arago, who proceeded on his voyage in her; but the crew were incompetent to the navigation, and losing their reckoning, landed him at Bougie, on the Algerian coast. From thence he travelled on foot to Algiers, disguised as an Arab, and on his arrival found the Dey dead, and the city in an uproar, occasioned by a conflict between two claimants to the succession. One of these was killed, and his victorious rival demanded payment from France of a pretended debt, imprisoning as a guarantee every Frenchman in Algeria.

After enduring many hardships, Arago obtained his liberation; and having narrowly escaped capture by a British cruiser, at length reached Marseilles. He immediately repaired to Paris, where he was elected a member of the Institute. Now commenced his long and glorious career of scientific discovery. To mention all that he has done in this way would far exceed our limits. His determination of the diameters of planets, afterwards adopted by Laplace; the discovery of coloured polarisation, and that of magnetism by rotation, which gained for him the Copley medal of the Royal Society, would alone suffice to place him in the first rank among the scientific geniuses of the age. In a few years he became a member of every great scientific society in Europe. He visited England, and received the honorary citizenship of Edinburgh and Glasgow; and in his own country he won the esteem and respect of all classes, and of men of all shades of political belief. His lectures on astronomy were invariably attended by crowded audiences; and the *éloges* which, after his elevation to the post of secretary to the Academy of Sciences, it became his duty to compose on the decease of any of its members, were superior to any that had appeared before.

The political opinions of which the eminent academician had given evidence in his youth underwent no modification in mature years, though he never took so active a part in politics as his brother Etienne. His sympathies were always with the people; and when the revolution of 1830 broke out, and the streets of Paris were red with blood, he went to Marshal Marmont, with whom he was on intimate terms, and besought him to seize the opportunity of redeeming his reputation from the stains of 1814, by resigning the command of the army, and thus staying the further effusion of blood. The marshal was deeply affected, but seemed to feel that such a step would subject him to the stigma of a double treason; his position was a painful one, he said, but he must do his duty to the king. Arago left his presence with regret; but the firmness of the marshal only retarded, without preventing, the downfall of the elder branch of the Bourbon dynasty. In the elections which followed the revolution, Arago was chosen to represent the department of the Pyrénées Orientales in the Chamber of Deputies, and joined the party of the extreme left, that of the ultra-liberals and republicans.

Two years later, when the barricades were again raised by the Parisians, he was one of those leaders of the opposition who assembled at the house of Lafitte, and, believing the insurrection triumphant, appointed a deputation to wait upon Louis Philippe, to dictate to him the terms on which he would be allowed to retain the sovereignty of France. But by the time the deputation reached

the royal presence, the insurgents had been driven back upon the Faubourg St. Antoine; and they judged it prudent to confine their mission to urging upon the king the policy of making some concessions to the people, and extending his clemency to those who had risen against his government. The insurrection being suppressed, and no hope remaining of a speedy subversion of the monarchy, Arago turned his attention to the best means of conserving the freedom which still existed, and, in conjunction with Lafayette, Armand Carrel, Garnier-Pages, Armand Marrast, Cormenin, and others of the republican party, established the Association for the Defence of the Liberty of the Press.

Though his republican opinions and his connexion with the new we have named rendered him ineligible for office under Louis Philippe in a political capacity, his reputation as an astronomer and mathematician was so high that he received the appointment of chief of the Royal Observatory at Paris, which he retained till his death. The active part which he took in politics during the late years of the reign of Louis Philippe did not diminish the ardour of his scientific pursuits; and the distinction which the Paris Observatory has gained in the annals of astronomical science was mainly owing to his genius and assiduity. Among the subjects upon which his powerful intellect threw additional light at this time was the scintillation of the stars, which he ascribes to the circumstances of their rays passing through atmospheric strata having various degrees of heat, density, and humidity, and combining in the focus of the telescopic lens, where they produce images of varying colour and intensity.

During the session of 1847, a union of the various sections of the left was effected on the question of a reform of the electoral law. Thiers and Dupin, unable any longer to endure their exclusion from office, tendered their support to Odillon-Barrot, who had been known as an advocate for an extension of the suffrage, and who readily accepted the aid of such distinguished converts. Arago cordially joined and promoted the fusion, as he would have done any measure which tended to further the greater end which he had in view. The nation received the project with unbounded enthusiasm; but, in the agitation which then commenced, the republican leaders kept in the background, permitting Odillon-Barrot, Thiers, and Dupin, to receive all the honour of the movement, while they secretly prepared the people for the struggle which they saw impending.

The result proved the soundness of their judgment, as well as the hold which they had upon the public mind. When the republicans were armed and successful, when every street had its barricade, and the blood of the people crimsoned the pavement, it was too late to talk either of a reformed ministry or a regency. The republic was established with the assistance of Odillon-Barrot and his colleagues, but very much to their disappointment and regret. The prominent part which the venerable academician had taken in politics for so many years, and the steadiness and consistency with which he had voted with the ultra-liberal party, obtained his nomination as a member of the provisional government, and the ministry of marine was assigned him. He had now an opportunity of assisting in the application of the principles for which he had contended from his youth, and he succeeded in obtaining for the republic the adhesion of the whole of the marine service. During the brief administration of the provisional government, he discharged the duties of his office with honesty and ability; and when the republic merged in the empire, he retired from the arena of political strife, and applied himself with undiminished ardour to those scientific pursuits which had already obtained him such high and honourable celebrity.

When all persons holding appointments under the imperial government were required to take the oath of allegiance to Napoleon III., Arago remained true to his principles, and refused. The emperor paid him the high but deserved compliment of dispensing with the oath, at the same time allowing him to retain his appointment at the Observatory. Having lived nearly sixty-eight years, he had seen the first republic and the first empire, the restored monarchy, the second republic, and the restored empire, and enjoyed the friendship of the most distinguished men of the day, the illustrious astronomer died on the 2nd of October, 1853, regretted by all who knew his worth or admired his genius.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE COAST OF AFRICA.

An American schooner not long since sailed from New York to the west coast of Africa with salt buffalo on board to exchange for ivory, which was to be taken to St. Helena for sale. Having landed, one evening, near Delagoa Bay, they wished to set sail on the following morning, but such was the violence of the sea and contrary winds that they could not possibly get out. In this trying position the captain and the second steersman resolved to go to Delagoa Bay by land and get more men, as all the sailors, with the exception of two or three, were attacked with fever. The undertaking was a venturesome one, even to rashness, considering the danger of falling prey to fever or the treachery of the natives. They took no weapons with them, thinking it of no use to burden themselves with them, and accomplished a journey of from twenty to five-and-twenty miles without any inconvenience. At length, however, they were joined by three natives, one of whom retired after a while on the pretence of fetching water, while the other two kindled a fire and began to roast some kind of corn, which they offered to the Americans. Meanwhile the one who had gone away came back with seven other natives.

The captain, anxious to save time, determined to proceed on his journey, though the sun was only just going down. To relieve themselves of the burden of their bundle of clothes, they entrusted them to the natives who followed. When they came to the foot of a steep hill, which afforded a fine prospect over a picturesque valley, they halted for the night and lighted a large fire. As might be expected, the curiosity, if not traitorous intentions, of the natives prompted them to look into the bundle to see what it contained. This the captain would not endure, and such was his violent indignation that a quarrel ensued, which was just what the natives wanted. Their object might have been easily conjectured when one of the three went professedly to fetch water and came back with seven comrades. Although a natural dread of the whites restrained them from open attack till night came on, their wild passions now suddenly burst forth with tremendous fury. They rose as one man, collected together in a body, and hurled their spears at the two unfortunate whites. The captain advanced boldly to meet them. Soon, however, having received several wounds, he was compelled to seek safety in flight. Exhausted by loss of blood, he was almost immediately overtaken and struck to the earth—to all appearance dead, though it is not certain that he really was so.

The steersman, who had turned aside when the first spear was hurled, was pierced by two in the right arm, and hit near the right eye. Yet he snatched up a spear and hurled it with dreadful violence at those who were standing nearest, two of whom immediately fell dead. But against such a disparity of numbers it was impossible for the most desperate courage to prevail, and he was at last struck down by a blow on the head from a club. As he lay in a state of perfect unconsciousness and without the slightest motion, they naturally thought he was dead. They dragged him to the fire, as he afterwards found, and stripped him of all his clothes, inflicting various injuries upon his person. When he came to himself again, he found he was lying naked upon the sand in a state of such utter exhaustion that he could neither speak nor move. By degrees his strength began to return, and he was able to look round at intervals without being noticed by the natives. At length he was horrified to see the body of the poor captain, which was lying near the fire, while some of the natives were engaged in cutting long strips from the fleshy parts of the body, and others were roasting them at the fire—all expressing by their looks a greediness to partake.

It is scarcely possible to conceive of a more horrible situation than that of the unfortunate wounded man. As if his own sufferings and fears were not enough, he had to bear in addition the distress and disgust of seeing his poor comrade, whose fate was even worse than his own, thus brutally mangled by cannibals. If he saw the least sign of the life which still lingered in him, he was sure to be instantly despatched by a more effectual blow of a club than the last. On the other hand, if he remained motionless and apparently lifeless, it was but too probable that as soon as they had partially satisfied the cravings of their unnatural appetite with the

flesh of the ill-fated captain, they would lay murderous hands upon him to finish their horrid meal. The very thought of what he must have endured all this time is enough to make one shudder. There he lay, as minute after minute passed by without bringing any prospect of escape, in speechless agitation, an involuntary witness of the most revolting barbarity.

At last, after the wretches had gorged themselves till they could eat no more, they lay down overpowered with drowsiness, and soon fell fast asleep. The poor steersman no sooner observed this, than he made a desperate attempt to rouse himself from his deathlike dreamy state, that he might avoid his apparently inevitable fate by flight; but how, or where he could flee, he had not the least idea. He tried to get up, but could not stand; still less could he walk. Every time he made the attempt he fell down from sheer exhaustion and debility. All he could do was to crawl along upon his hands and knees to some bushes that were near, and there hide himself. Happily, he managed to accomplish this without disturbing the slumbers of any of the inhuman monsters who were snoring away most lustily. In this retreat he lay in a state of utter helplessness the whole of the night, trembling every moment lest he should fall a prey to wild beasts, even if he escaped the fury of the natives, which seemed scarcely possible, and dreading the still more horrible death from starvation if he survived the other two dangers. But scarcely had the morning light arrived, when the savages, having now slept off their last night's gluttony, woke up, and looking round, quickly perceived that their prey was no longer within sight. They at once commenced a diligent search, and discovered the poor fellow in his place of concealment. He made signs to them for some water to drink, but not only was this denied him, but he was plainly given to understand that they looked forward with delight to the gratification of feasting upon his flesh in the evening, and they showed him a rough table upon which they intended to butcher him after an approved method of their own. They then left him to himself to dwell upon his miserable fate. Afterwards, when he cried with moans for a draught of water, they brought him something to eat instead, and forced him to swallow it in spite of all his efforts to resist. As may be conjectured, it was positively a part of the poor captain's body which was left from last night's meal.

When the shades of evening began to come on, the unhappy creature, who was by this time somewhat recovered from his wounds, made a second desperate effort to escape. He could now walk, and slowly and cautiously he pursued his way with a security which nothing but courage and despair could impart. The darkness of the night favoured his design, and sometimes stooping down among the bushes of the wood, and sometimes reposing in the open air when it was too dark for him to be seen, he gradually gained fresh strength to continue his course with an alacrity which increased with every step, as the prospect of deliverance became more and more distinct. At length he found he was getting near the shore, off which his companions were waiting his return. Forgetting his fatigues, and for a moment unconscious of his weakness and his wounds, he quickened his pace, and was soon safely out of reach of the murderous wretches who had pursued him for a considerable distance. His companions at once took him on board the schooner in a state of complete exhaustion, from which it seemed scarcely possible for him ever to recover. Happily, however, rest of body and peace of mind, together with the unremitting attention of his mates, at last restored him to his usual health.

During his short absence the fever had raged frightfully on board. Many of his comrades had fallen a prey to its ravages, others were still in a dangerous state, and even those who were recovering were too feeble to be of much service in managing the vessel. After a time the first steersman and two other sailors went in a boat along the coast to Delagoa Bay, to see if they could meet with any friendly assistance. Happily their little expedition was attended with success. They found a Portuguese vessel, in company with which they all sailed away as soon as the wind had become more favourable, and the violence of the waves had sufficiently abated to allow of their departure.

For the above particulars of an actual occurrence, we are indebted to the steersman, who afterwards served on board an English vessel, and made a voyage round the world.

FIELD SPORTS OF ASSYRIA.

THE excavation of the ancient cities of Nineveh, Babylon, and Khorsabad, has presented us with glimpses of the every-day life of their former inhabitants, their amusements, their religious rites, and their domestic customs, which would have remained lost to us had the accumulated sand and rubbish of ages continued to cover their ruins. In baring to the daylight and the curious eye of the visitor the long-buried towns of Pompeii and Herculaneum, we come upon the villas, the temples, and the theatres of the luxurious patricians of Rome, and acquire a knowledge of their manners and customs which renders intelligible many an otherwise obscure passage in Ovid, or Horace, or Juvenal; but in exploring the ruins of Nineveh, we survey the monuments of periods, in comparison with which that of the towns buried by the lava of Vesuvius is modern. We stand on the site of the oldest city in the world, dating from the epoch of Nimrod, the "mighty hunter," and walk through the chambers of the palace which Sennacherib raised and Sardanapalus destroyed.

and on a slab found in the same mound were sculptured a hind and fawn, and a wild sow with her young ones among tall reeds.

Other indications of the nature of the chase in that remote epoch were afforded by the designs traced on the bronze and iron utensils discovered in the excavations of Nimroud. Among these was a bronze plate, the rim embossed with figures of greyhounds pursuing a hare, and the centre representing encounters between men and lions. Another bore figures of stags, wild goats, bears, and leopards, with a rim of trees and deer. A third had figures of deer, hares, and lions, represented upon it. A large bowl has a hunting-scene represented in bold relief on its sides. The hunter stands in a chariot drawn by two horses, and driven by a charioteer, and turning round, discharges an arrow at a lion, which is already wounded; while another hunter pierces the animal with a spear. Above the second hunter a hawk is hovering. All these animals are still denizens of the woods and plains bordering the Tigris, though probably in diminished numbers. Speaking of the patches



ASSYRIAN CHASE IN THE FOREST.—FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

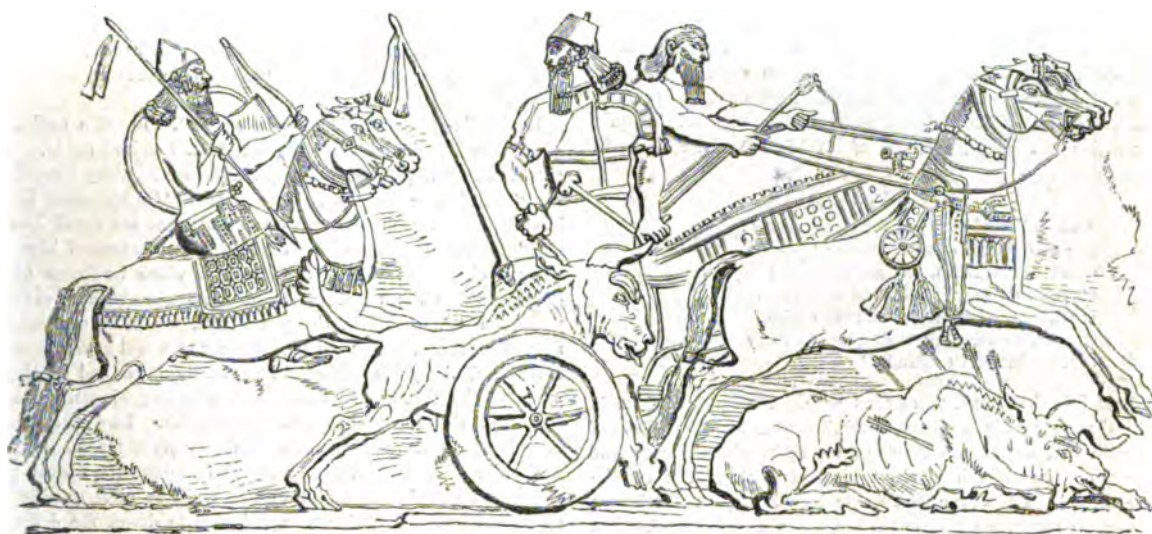
Notwithstanding the thousands of years that have glided down the resistless stream of time into the ocean of eternity since the palaces of Nineveh and Khorsabad were raised, the sculptures on their walls afford as much information on Assyrian life and manners at that remote epoch, as the vessels and ornaments, found at Pompeii and Herculaneum, do of the days of Pliny. In the present article we propose to notice the field sports of the Assyrians, as illustrated by the bas-reliefs now in the British Museum. In clearing away some rubbish at Khorsabad, one of Mr. Layard's overseers discovered two bas-reliefs sculptured in black stone. On one of these slabs, from a restoration of which the above engraving is taken, a fowler is represented discharging an arrow at a bird on the wing, apparently a partridge, or perhaps a wild pigeon. Behind the sportsman are two others; one carrying a bow and arrows, the other a hare in his hand, and a gazelle over his shoulder. Among the seals, also, which Mr. Layard discovered at Kouyunjik, was one representing a horseman in pursuit of a stag;

of bush which form green oases in the arid plain of Sinjar, Mr. Layard says: "Among them lurked game of various kinds. Troops of gazelles sprang from the low cover, and bounded over the plain. The greyhounds coursed hares; the horsemen followed a wild boar of enormous size, and nearly white from age; and the doctor, who was the sportsman of the party, shot a bustard, with beautiful speckled plumage and a ruff of long feathers round its neck. This bird was larger than the common small bustard, but apparently of the same species. Other bustards, besides many birds of the plover kind, rose from these tufts, which seemed to afford food and shelter to a variety of living creatures." The bustard, too, is not uncommon in the jungles of the Khabour, and the Bedouins frequently find their cubs in the spring. The footprints of these animals were also discovered by Mr. Layard and his party about the mound of Niffer; and in the jungles bordering on the Tigris, leopards, hyenas, jackals, deer, antelopes, and wild boar are frequently met with.

The chase of the more formidable animals, as the lion and the wild bull, appears to have been pursued in chariots, as that of the tiger is in India on the backs of elephants. One of the bas-reliefs from Kouyunjik, now in the British Museum, and engraved below, represents a hunting scene very similar to that of the lion already described, but the object of the chase in this instance is the wild bull. The chariot is driven by a charioteer, and drawn by two horses; the hunter holds by the horns a wounded bull, who is plunging over the wheels, and his spear is fixed in a socket made in the back of the chariot to receive it. A horseman, leading another horse, and carrying a spear in his right hand, is riding behind, and the hunter in the chariot is looking back towards him, as if invoking his assistance. Another bull, pierced with several arrows, and apparently in the agonies of death, is lying upon the ground, under the feet of the chariot-horses.

Probably the chase of the lion and wild bull was reserved for the kings and chief men, similar reservations having existed in most countries, while passing through what may be called the hunting

stage in the history of society. As the animals of the chase became scarce, the idea of their domestication would suggest itself, and society would gradually pass into the pastoral stage. In the arid plains of south-western Asia, the adoption of the new mode of obtaining subsistence would necessitate a wandering life, such as the Arabs and Turcomans have continued to lead to the present day; but, in time, fertile spots would be found where agriculture could be pursued, and there villages would spring up, to become cities as the population increased, and the mechanical arts began to be acquired and practised. Still, as in all semi-barbarous communities war and the chase are the only honourable occupations, the laws of the hunting epoch would be preserved, and enforced with the more strictness in proportion as the objects of royal and princely sport became scarce. The lion and the wild bull, from the character of savage majesty associated with them, would be regarded as appertaining to the amusements of royalty, while any one would be allowed to chase the deer, the gazelle, or the wild goat.



ASSYRIANS HUNTING THE WILD BULL.—FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

PEERS AND M.P.'S.

Nothing, observes Disraeli, is more singular than the various success of men in the House of Commons. Fellows who have been the oracles of coteries from their birth; who have gone through the regular process of gold medals, senior wranglerships, and double-firsts; who have nightly sat down amid tumultuous cheering in debating societies, and can harangue with an unruffled forehead and unfaltering voice from one end of a dinner-table to the other; who on all occasions have something to say, and can speak with fluency on what they know nothing about, no sooner rise in the house than their spell deserts them. All their effrontery vanishes. Common-place ideas are rendered more uninteresting by commonplace delivery; and keenly alive as even boobies are in these sacred walls to the ridiculous, no one appears more thoroughly aware of his unexpected and astounding deficiencies than the orator himself. He regains his seat, hot and hard, sultry and stiff, with a burning cheek and icy hand, repressing his breath, lest it should give evidence of an existence of which he is ashamed, and clenching his fist, that the pressure may secretly convince him that he has not as completely annihilated his stupid body as his false reputation. On the other hand, persons whom the women have long deplored, and the men long pitied, as having no manner; who blush when you speak to them, and blunder when they speak to you, suddenly jump up in the house with a self-confidence which is only equalled by their consummate ability.

Another thing very remarkable in the House of Commons is the decline of oratory there. It is common to talk of the decline of oratory. We are all of us apt to look at the men and times of earlier days as more grand and spirit-stirring than our own. It is true, as Campbell sings,

" 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view ; "

but still the fact is clear, that men do not talk of the orators of our times as our fathers talked of the orators of theirs. One reason may be, that oratory—the power of making a neat and appropriate speech—is much more common than it was. The average debating power is greater, and therefore particular stars shine less. But we are inclined to believe that the standard of excellence in the old House of Commons was higher than it has been since it has become reformed. The speeches of Chatham, Pitt, Sheridan, Fox, Grey, Plunkett, and the earlier speeches of Brougham, were delivered to an assembly, the *élite* of whom were the choice spirits of the age. The greater part of the members of those parliaments were men to whom politics were a profession—with too many a trade. A man could not then so readily ride into office on the shoulders of the multitude. To sway the House of Commons was then much more essential than it is now. A great proportion of the members were undergoing their training for parliamentary speaking, to whom a rigid observation of those who were to form their models was a part of their duty, as being a part of their political education. The majority of the remainder were men of education and long political experience, grown old in the habit of weighing the relative value of

different speakers. Another reason may also be given for the change. Mr. Francis, in his "Orators of the Age," says: "Another and a more influential cause of the altered tone of contemporary eloquence is the altered character of the House of Commons. The extension of the elective principle, which dates from the Reform Bill, has much augmented the numbers and increased the importance of a class of members for whom orators half a century ago would have entertained the most profound contempt—the *bond fide* representatives of borough constituencies. Public men find it necessary to conciliate them, and a particular style of speaking has grown into favour in consequence. Parliamentary orators now find it necessary to do something more than merely display their own talents. The commercial, calculating spirit of the *bourgeoisie*—though these borough-members will very likely reject the term—jeers at fine speaking. It comes to transact business, not to be amused; for that it has the theatre, or the last new novel. It has railway bills, local government bills, and free-trade dogmas to uphold or oppose; and its time is too precious to be wasted on prepared perorations or magnificent exordiums. It requires something practical, prefers figures of arithmetic to figures of rhetoric, and pounds, shillings, and pence to poetry. Still, however, there are some excellent debaters in the house. A few of them we will briefly refer to here.

Lord John Russell, of course, stands first on our list. Though the son of a duke, he is a man of decided views, of extensive information, and of high knowledge of parliamentary warfare. To gain his position has been the labour of his life. As he tells us in "Don Carlos:"—

"It was my aim,
And I obtained it; not for empty glory;
For as I rooted out the weeds of passion,
One still remained, and grew till its tall plant
Struck root in every fibre of my heart:
It was ambition—not the mean desire
Of rank or title, but great glorious sway
O'er multitudes of minds."

Yet Lord John has much to contend with. His outward form is frail and weakly; his countenance sicklied over with the effects of ill health and solitary communing; his figure shrunk below the ordinary dimensions of humanity; his general air that of a meditative invalid. But within that feeble body is a spirit that knows not how to cower, an undaunted heart, an aspiring soul. His voice is weak, his accent mincing with affectation, his elocution broken, stammering, and uncertain, save in a few lucky moments, when his tongue seems unloosed, when he becomes logical, eloquent, and terse. Then is his right hand convulsively clenched, his head proudly thrown back, the outline of his face becomes rigid, and his dwarfed figure expands as if he were a giant. Lord John is sometimes very happy, as when, in his letter to the electors of Stroud, he declared that "the whisper of a faction shall not prevail against the voice of a nation;" or when, in answer to Sir Francis Burdett, who charged him with the cant of patriotism, he told the baronet there was also such a thing as the *recant* of patriotism. One of Lord John's most celebrated speeches is that known as the Aladdin Lamp Speech, delivered by his lordship in 1819, and which Sir Robert Peel read to the house during the debate on the Reform Bill, in 1831. "Old Sarum," said Lord John, "existed when Somers and the great men of the revolution established our government. Rutland sent as many members as Yorkshire, when Hampden lost his life in defence of the constitution. If we should change the principles of our constitution, we should commit the folly of the servant in the story of Aladdin, who was deceived by the cry of 'New lamps for old!' Our lamp is covered with dust and rubbish, but it has a magical power; it has raised up a smiling land, not bestrode with overgrown palaces, but covered with modest dwellings, every one of which contains a freeman enjoying equal protection with the proudest subject in the land. It has called into life all the busy creations of commercial prosperity. Nor, when men were wanted to defend and illustrate their country, have such men been deficient. When the fate of the nation depended on the line of policy which she should adopt, there were orators of the highest degree placing in the strongest light the arguments for peace or war. When we decided upon war, we had nerves to gain us laurels in the field, and wield our thunders on the sea. When again

we returned to peace—the questions of internal policy, of education of the poor, of criminal law, found men ready to devote the splendour of abilities to the well-being of the community. And when we change an instrument, that has produced effects so wonderful for a burnished and tinsel toy of modern manufacture! No; such as the remaining treasure of the constitution is, I cannot consent to throw it into the wheel for the chance of obtaining a prize in the lottery of revolution." Amongst leaders of the Commons, Lord John has been signally successful. The post is one of prodigious difficulty. Its duties must be discharged in the face of a war of opposition. It demands readiness in debate, and resolution in confronting adversaries. There must be courtesy, and good temper, and firmness. Character is indispensable, as Lord John wrote with significance: "It is the habit of party in England to ask the alliance of a man of genius, but to follow the guidance of a man of character." "It is a curious fact," observes a writer in "The Athenaeum," "that a Dutchman has never yet led the British House of Commons. Only two Scotchmen, the Earls of Bute and Aberdeen, have been prime ministers of England. Two Irishmen, Castlereagh and Canning, have led the Commons; and amongst prime ministers Ireland counts three—the first Marquis of Lansdowne, the Duke of Wellington, and Mr. Canning. As successful leaders, Sir Robert Walpole and the younger Pitt are unrivalled in the duration of their power."

Lord Palmerston stands next in our list. In office under ten administrations, he is indeed the hero of a hundred fights. As a great member of parliament, his political power is very formidable. He is one of those of whom it is truly said: "On his policy Europe has two opinions; on his energy and eloquence the world has but one." Mr. Francis, who has painted a better portrait of him than any one else, says: "The dexterity with which he fences at the case opposed to him, touching its vulnerable points with his sarcastic venom, or triumphing in the power with which he can make a feint of argument answer all the purposes of a real home thrust, only equalled by his corresponding watchfulness and agility in parrying the thrusts of an opponent, guarding himself from attack, or skipping about to avoid being hit. Lord Palmerston besides all these practised arts, has also great plausibility, and work himself up admirably to a sham enthusiasm for liberal principles, and can do it so well that it really requires considerable experience and observation to enable one to detect the difference between his clever imitation and reality. He is almost unsurpassed in the art with which he can manage an argument with a show of fairness and reason, while only carrying it and his admirers far enough to serve the purpose of a party in the debate. He seldom commits himself so far as to be laid open to even the most practical debaters. They may ridicule him upon his excessive official vanity and imperviousness to criticism on that score; but they can hardly discover a flaw in the particular case which it suits him for the time being to make out. On the other hand, he possesses himself considerable power of ridicule; and when he finds the argument of his opponent unanswerable, or that it can only be answered by alliance with some principle that might be turned against himself, he is a great adept at getting rid of it by a side-wind of playful allusion." Lord Palmerston's most remarkable speeches have been on the Catholic question in 1829, on Spanish affairs in 1837, and in the Pacifico debate, when he defended the whole course of his foreign policy with extraordinary ability. His manner on this occasion lost its tone of jauntiness and levity, his occasional hawking passed, and for nearly five hours he poured forth a stream of political argument—

"Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without overflowing full."

A conservative member, walking home that night, said to a literary member of parliament: "I have heard Canning and Plunkett and Brougham in their best days, and I never heard anything to beat that speech." Sir Robert Peel's testimony, delivered in his last ever-memorable speech, could not be surpassed. When alluding to it, he said: "We are all proud of the man who made it." During the whole time, the attention of a crowded house was maintained unflagging. The details of his policy, which in other hands would have been dull and uninteresting, served with him as the vehicle of lofty sentiment, of brilliant repartee, of broad and irresistible

umour. It was universally admitted to be one of the greatest triumphs of parliamentary eloquence in our age.

William Ewart Gladstone is, perhaps, the most successful man in the house, and is another instance of what oratory can accomplish in the British Senate. Mr. Gladstone took his seat in the first reformed parliament, which met in the spring of 1833, as member for Newark, and took his place on the Conservative benches, under the leadership of Sir Robert Peel. He entered public life deeply and conscientiously attached to the then great conservative parties of the day—the conservatives in politics and the conservatives in theology. But Sir Robert Peel, who had an eye for talent, saw the young member possessed the requisites of a first-rate parliamentary debater, and in 1834 appointed him a Lord of the Treasury—an office usually considered as the first step in official life. In his twenty-sixth year he had succeeded in establishing for himself a commanding position in the house. After the great chiefs of the party—after Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Stanley, and Sir James Graham—there was no conservative orator that could command more attention—no one, the announcement of whose name would more quickly empty Bell-alley, or the smoking-room, or the library, and fill the benches of the house with eager listeners than Mr. Gladstone. His voice is clear and musical; his expression ready and fluent; his patience and resources—as evinced during the tedious progress of his budget—inexhaustible. There is a stateliness and flow in his periods which is seldom heard within the walls of St. Stephen's. He is sure, also, to take the question out of the beaten path of debate—to present it in some new and unexpected light—and to invest it, without any trace of edantry, with historical and classical allusions, rich and rare. The author of the "British Chronicle" says of Mr. Gladstone: "It is impossible to listen to him without admiring the beauty of his language—the stately march of his measured tones—and the perfect mastery he possesses of our language, and which never allows him to be at a loss for a word. His chief defect is an occasional obscurity of meaning, arising from the subtle and penetrating intellect of the man, which seems constantly suggesting doubts and modifications of the principle he is advancing; so that there seems to be carried on at the same time throughout his speech, not only the main proposition he is concerned to prove, but, in addition, a sort of under-current of thought, which insensibly modifies its harshness and blunts its edge. It ought to be added, however, that his later speeches have been singularly free from this defect; that he has shown himself more of the practical statesman and less of the schoolman. As a model of eloquence, he is undoubtedly, next to Macaulay, the most finished orator in the House of Commons."

Sir James Graham has exercised more influence than most men in the House of Commons. Big and burly—with a large body and a large head—he seems a power in himself. Mr. Roebuck, in an unfriendly criticism, thus describes him:—"To a clear and logical understanding he added great industry; and all his expositions were distinguished by an exceedingly neat and appropriate diction; a subdued and grave sarcasm lent interest to his argumentations; and while an accurate arrangement made his statements clear and effective, a sedate and collected manner gave weight and a certain sort of dignity to his discourse. As an administrator he shone afterwards without a rival among his Whig associates, and seemed by his abilities destined soon to lead his friends amid the stormy conflicts of party warfare. The result has not hitherto justified his last anticipation. Timid and fastidious, he needs the robust hardihood of mind requisite for a political chief. As a second, none can surpass him in usefulness and ability. The responsibilities of a chief, however, seem to oppress his courage and paralyse the power of his intellect. To the reputation of an orator he has no claim. He is, nevertheless, an admirable speaker, and ready and effective in debate; but that inspiration which passion gives, he never knew, and, unmoved himself, he is unable to win his way to the hearts of others. His sneaking, indeed, is almost without a fault; simple, clear, grave, often earnest; it always wins attention, because always deserving it. He, nevertheless, leaves his hearer unmoved; and is more apt, by his own cold demeanour, to repel and offend his audience, than by his lucid arrangement and accurate argumentation, to convince and lead them." While parliament meets, you may see him as Mr. Francis so graphically

describes him: "He looks like some red-tape minister of the Tadpole School, or some pompous placeman conceited of his acres. But, by-and-by, you learn to separate the more fixed habit of the features from the odd expression of the countenance, till you see that the superciliousness is real, though exaggerated by the physical peculiarity. There are no traces of ill-nature in his face; but, on the other hand, there is nothing to encourage. Meanwhile, he has seated himself, placed his red box on the table before him, stretched himself out to his full length, and awaits, with arms folded and hat slouched over his face, the questioning to which he knows he will be subjected at this particular hour, from half-past four to half-past five."

Such are the orators of the cabinet. Sir W. Molesworth, now he is in office, rarely speaks. Sir Charles Wood has not yet attained the rank of much more than a second-rate debater; and Messrs. Cardwell and Herbert are fluent, and nothing more. Undoubtedly, apart from the cabinet and their supporters, the first place is due to the late ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, who has won for himself his present position by his oratory alone. When you enter the house, you see on your right—fronting Her Majesty's Ministers in general and Lord John Russell in particular—a Jewish-looking individual, generally particularly well-dressed, with a waistcoat which renders him the observed of all observers. You are looking at the leader of what was once the great Protectionist party, whose battles he has fought—whose councils he has guided—whose chiefs at one time he placed upon the Treasury benches. Up in the gallery no one is watched so anxiously as he. Lord Palmerston is the next-best-stared-at man in the house, and then the diminutive Lord John. But all like to look at the man whose talents exalted him to the leadership of the proudest aristocracy on the face of the earth. So far as the opposition are concerned, the debate generally languishes till Disraeli rises to speak. His custom is to sit motionless as a mummy, all night, with his chin buried in his bosom, and his hands in his pockets, except when he takes them out to bite or to examine the state of his nails—a nervous action which he seems unconsciously to perform. His speeches are fine displays. His celebrated speeches on his budget, when, alone and single-handed, he bravely combated his parliamentary opponents, were pre-eminently such. But that part of them which is generally the best is the personal; as when he taunted Roebuck with his "Sadler's Wells sarcasm" and "melodramatic malignity," or charged Sir Robert Peel with catching the Whigs bathing and stealing their clothes. Disraeli's speeches will not be read as Burke's are read. They are happy—telling—eminently adapted for the party purposes of the passing hour—clever—sophistical; but not widely-reasoned, to last when the exigencies of the hour have passed away. Yet Disraeli's first speech was a failure. His subsequent success has, however, proved him to be a true prophet: "A time will come when you shall hear me," cried the discomfited Disraeli, as he sat down blushing and confused, after his maiden speech had been greeted with universal laughter; and time has proved him correct. He has a fine rich voice, which you can hear in every part of the house; and he has an unrivalled power of mixing up business details with general principles and with a happy variety of graceful phrases. There is a daring, saucy look in his face, which at once excites your interest. He is not a large man; but he looks well put together, with his head in the right place. But he never seems in earnest, or to have a great principle, or to extend his views beyond party objects; yet he is an admirable actor, and blends together the necessary business talk with the ornamental and personal as no other man in the house can. Generally he looks glum, and sits by himself—"a thing apart; amongst them but not of them." At times, however, he looks more cheerful. On that memorable December morning, when he was ousted from place and power—when the prize, the labour of a life, was rudely torn from the hand that had but just grasped it—the ex-Chancellor came out of the lobby gay and fresh as if the majority had been with him, not against him. There was an unwonted liveliness in his step and sparkle in his eye; but the excitement of the contest was hardly over. The reaction had not yet commenced. The swell of the storm was still there;—still rang in his ears the thunders of applause—audible to us in the lobby—which greeted his daring retorts and audacious personalities.

THE BOULEVARDS OF PARIS, BEFORE THE REVOLUTION OF 1789.

It is a strange thing to call up the appearance of an old city, to think, amid the ruins of the Colosseum of the imperial glory of the world's mistress; to picture to ours what London was in the golden days when the Roses fought, and "every knight was true as his sword, and every lady fair as the dawn;" and strange to walk the crowded Boulevards of Paris on some high holiday, and think of what wonderful changes have occurred since grim walls occupied their site and were named Boulevards.

The pencil of M. Saint Aubin has furnished some very interesting sketches of the aspect which old Paris bore, and from one of his designs our engraving is taken. The picture is full of life and animation, and the utmost attention has been bestowed on the details of the drawing; so that the costume, the decorations, the employments, the houses, the trees, everything, from the rough garb of the water-carrier to the gorgeously bedizened figures, made glorious with hoop and stomacher, of my ladies proudly walking with the cocked-hat nobles, and looking as if the water-carrier, and the market-woman, and the carter, and the rest, were made of other clay than themselves—all indicate the spirit of the times.

they fear is a revolution in costume; and one of those titled beaux, brilliant in scarlet and gold lace, whispers to the belle upon his arm that the flood-gates of society are in danger, for M. — has actually come to court in shoe-strings instead of buckles!

If those gay groups are thinking at all of the murmurs of the people—murmurs very soft and far away, like the murmuring in a sea-shell—they take courage in referring to the days of old, and calling to mind the masterly statesmanship of Louis Quatorze. They think of him who said, "I am the State;" and when the ambassadors of foreign countries begged to know who was prime minister, said, "I am my own prime minister;" and thinking of him, and how he always hushed popular murmurs with the strong hand—made stronger by an iron glove—they take courage.

But the murmuring people look further back than the days of Louis XIV. They think of the good King Henry, and how the effort of that prince's life was the good of his subjects, and the wish of his heart that every peasant might have a fowl in the pot on Sundays; and if ever comparisons were odious, they are odious there. Henry IV. and Louis XIV! Recent events have set the



THE BOULEVARDS OF PARIS IN 1789.—FROM A PAINTING BY M. ST. AUBIN.

There is something in the picture peculiar to those buckram days in the stiff, formal look of the scene, and still more so in the gay groups that throng the avenue and lounge at the tables. There they are, those butterfly flutterers, basking in the sunshine of their high and privileged condition. They have no fear of the coming storm; they see no cloud, as a man's hand, to darken their horizon; they are forgetful that the flood of light upon them is that of a setting sun—blood-red. They have heard, perhaps, that the people are complaining; that the people—a many-headed monster—are crying aloud for bread—only bread; that poverty and utter destitution have set the people thinking about whether the things that are, are the things that should be; whether the right is all on the side of might; and whether it would not be possible to break down a few barriers that separate high and low, titled and untitled, and effect thereby a change for the better. They, who are flaunting in all their gaiety and splendour, whose cabs and carriages and quiet sedans have brought them hither, and are waiting for them now—they suspect no evil; they rest in perfect security. The only sort of revolution

people thinking of Liberty. They have heard the strain borne from the other side of the Atlantic, and are beginning to learn the tune. Though overawed by bayonets, they dare not sing it loud;—as yet.

But things are ripe for a change. The sun will soon be set, and the red glow of its declining glory pass away; then night will come—black night, and with it nightmare-horrors. The murmuring in the sea-shell is growing louder and louder, and will soon swell into a roar, a shout of angry defiance and long pent-up fury, which shall echo from every side of Paris, be heard all over Europe, and plunge the world in war.

Sport away, Messieurs, while the day endures, display your peacock plumes, and feast and rejoice while the light lasts—night is coming!

Previously to the Revolution, the Promenade of the Boulevards exhibited the clear distinction of rank, and the better and common sort of people—the delf and the porcelain—walked on different parts of the road. After the Revolution things were changed, and my lord's broadcloth brushed the blouse of the mechanic.

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

is a common remark, and one borne out by experience, that genius is not hereditary on the father's side. We rarely find both father and son highly distinguished, at least in the same department. But, like all other general rules, this has its exceptions.

The second William Pitt was inferior to the Great Commoner in oratorical power, in commanding force of character, and in statesmanlike breadth of view, he was still a man of great eminence, and obviously exerted even a more powerful and lasting influence over the destinies of the country than his illustrious father. Again,

and what renders their case still more remarkable is, that another member of the same family, Miss Caroline Herschel, the sister of the father, is entitled to a share of the honour which encircles the name, having not merely assisted in their observations and computations, but herself discovered a comet.

It is much to be regretted that so few particulars are known with respect to the life of Sir William Herschel; for not only do his distinguished astronomical discoveries give an interest to everything



SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

though George Stephenson, who conferred incalculable benefits upon his species, and an immortality upon himself, by originating the great railway system, was a most remarkable instance of how much may be accomplished by heaven-born genius in spite of deficient education, it may be questioned whether his son Robert, who, besides being equally gifted by nature, has enjoyed the advantage of superior scientific education, will not leave behind him more stupendous monuments of engineering skill. Another striking exception to the above rule is supplied by the two Herschels, both of whom have won lasting renown by their astronomical investiga-

connected with him, but his history—at least the early part of it—was in itself more full of incident than is commonly the case with men of scientific or literary pursuits. Like Handel, the great musical composer, he was a German by birth, and an Englishman by adoption. He was born at Hanover, November 15, 1738. His father, who was a musician, brought him up, with four other sons, to that profession, giving them all a good general education. Having been placed in the band of the Hanoverian regiment of guards at the age of fourteen, he went over with them to England somewhere about the year 1757 or 1759. According to other accounts, he

came over here alone. The place where he first settled was Durham, whence he removed to Halifax. Here he remained for several years as organist and teacher of music, at the same time devoting his leisure hours to the study of languages. A variety of apocryphal stories are told of this part of his career, some of which are certainly incorrect.

It was not till about the year 1766, when he was organist to the Octagon Chapel at Bath, that Herschel began to direct his attention to that noble science which he afterwards cultivated with so much success. His knowledge of mathematics was very considerable, and his skill in applying it sufficed to demonstrate that he might have won the highest distinction in that department of science, if he had confined himself to it. With this preliminary advantage he commenced the study of astronomy under very favourable circumstances. Before long he began to feel the want of a better telescope than he possessed or could purchase. Here was a difficulty which, to an ordinary mind, would have appeared insuperable. It is at such turning-points as these that the true character of a man appears. The commonplace person, who lives only according to a prescribed routine, and has no resources within himself for trying emergencies, no sooner encounters an obstacle than his heart fails him, and he foregoes the object of his pursuit almost without a struggle. Not so the man of genius. To him difficulties are but incentives to pleasurable exertion. It matters not how unexpected or how unprecedented to him they may be, he is never at a loss for some means of overcoming them. Such was the case with Herschel at this juncture. Not being able to purchase, or in any other way procure, a telescope of the size and power he wanted, he determined to make one. As may be supposed, his first attempts were not successful; but, nevertheless, he still persisted in them, undaunted by repeated failures, till at length he succeeded in constructing a Newtonian reflecting telescope of five feet focal length.

Nor was Herschel long in turning to account the resources which he had acquired by his constructive skill and industry. He applied himself diligently to a careful observation of the heavenly bodies, and the study of all the phenomena which throw light upon their constitution, movements, and laws. The results of his observations were communicated in his papers of "Philosophical Transactions," one of the earliest of which contained an announcement of his having discovered what was then supposed to be a comet, but was soon ascertained to be a new planet. The discovery took place between ten and eleven o'clock on the evening of March 13, 1781. While observing some stars in the constellation Gemini, Herschel noticed one that appeared larger than the rest, and, on examining it with greater magnifying power, he soon found its position with relation to the other stars was changed, which proved that it was in motion. It is remarkable that the planet had been repeatedly observed, and its position recorded as a fixed star by various astronomers, one of whom, Lemonnier, could not have failed to discover that it was a planet, if he had but brought into one view all his observations of the same object. In a spirit of misguided loyalty—or, as many would say, unworthy flattery—Herschel proposed to call the planet Georgium Sidus, or the Georgian Star, in honour of George the Third, who was then king. But astronomers, who have other objects in view than the gratification of royal vanity, could hardly be expected to accede to such a title; still less could foreigners consent to pay such homage to a sovereign who had no claim upon their allegiance. Laplace, the celebrated French astronomer, with a praiseworthy desire to honour the discoverer, proposed that the planet should bear his name; and many acted upon his suggestion. But even this did not meet with general acceptance; and after some discussion, the name of Uranus, by which the planet is now known, was proposed by Bode and fixed upon as most appropriate.

The next discovery of Herschel took place in the early part of the year 1787, when he established the existence of two satellites of Uranus, and made an approximation to the time of their revolution. Ten years later he discovered the four other satellites of this planet. He had great difficulty in discerning them, and they have scarcely ever been seen since, whence some have been inclined to question their existence; but there appears to be no sufficient ground for doubt on the subject.

The effect of Herschel's discovery of Uranus, was to bring him at

once into public notice. His fame spread all over the continent, and he was appointed private astronomer to George III., with a salary of £400 a-year. He now removed first to Datchet, and afterwards to Slough, where he pursued his researches with unremitting ardour and great success. He married a widow named Mrs. Pitt, who was the mother of Sir John Herschel, the present worthy inheritor of the illustrious name. Of his private life at this time little can be said, because little is known on good authority. So scanty is the information respecting it, that even the date of his knighthood, and receiving the degree of Doctor of Laws at Oxford, cannot be ascertained. But what we do know is, that for a long series of years, from 1780 to 1821, he communicated to the Philosophical Society a great number of papers upon the subject of his astronomical studies, thus showing that to the very last he retained his ardour in the pursuit of truth; for on the 23rd of August, 1822, death brought his labours to a close, when he had nearly completed his eighty-fourth year.

It is beyond our province to give any detailed account of the discoveries of this great astronomer; but the bare fact that his various contributions to our knowledge of the solar system increased the number of heavenly bodies in it by one-half, shows how well-founded is his claim to universal admiration. Besides Uranus with its six satellites, and the two satellites of Saturn, he discovered the rotation of Saturn's ring, measured the rotation of Saturn and Venus, and by many observations and well-founded reasonings contributed largely to the advance of modern astronomy. Indeed it may safely be asserted, that to no one are we so largely indebted for what we know of the solar system. But his discoveries were not confined to the solar system. It was he who first opened our eyes to the infinite vastness of the universe, by showing that our system is only one of a countless number of others, which extend throughout the boundless regions of space, not only beyond mortal ken, but even beyond the most daring flights of human imagination. His discovery, in 1803, that many objects which looked like single stars, and had hitherto been taken to be such even by astronomers, were, in fact, pairs of stars revolving round each other, was the first step to more just conceptions than had previously prevailed upon this subject; and his grand speculations upon the milky way, nebulae, etc., contributed still further to this desirable result. Imperfect as is this sketch of what William Herschel accomplished, it may be sufficient to show that he made many valuable additions to our astronomical knowledge, and when we reflect how important a bearing this knowledge has upon various practical arts—especially that of navigation and all that depends upon it—we see how great a benefactor he was to mankind, and how worthy he is to occupy an honourable place in the grateful recollections of posterity.

AMBOYNA, OR THE ISLAND OF DEW.

THE ISLE OF DEW, as the Dutch call the chief of the Moluccas, is little known to the world. Though only occupying a space of thirteen geographical miles, it has 30,000 inhabitants. It presents a very varied aspect. It rises from the sea towards a centre, with a gradual but broken slope dipping into valleys, casting up ridges of hills, or expanding into little table-lands. Some of the hills present a very pleasing appearance, green and verdant to the summit, while some have only woods at the base. English and Dutch travellers vie with each other in their descriptions of the capital of the Spice Islands. Temminck talks of an atmosphere with the soft odour of aromatic plants and flowers, and of the plains shaded by sago and cocoa-palms. The prospect he declares to be enchanting in its beauty. Ver Huell is more enthusiastic in his comrade in description. The flowers of the island fill the air with fragrance. According to him, it is a perfect Eden, where the Sybarite might dwell in ease and luxury and voluptuousness all the days of his life. Some parts, however, are barren, but others are luxuriantly fertile. Here the nutmeg and the clove grow in perfection, and bring riches to the Dutch of more sure return than silver and gold-mines.

In addition to the spices, the island produces woods of fragrant essences and oils with medicinal virtues, exquisite

er cabinet-work, from which slabs for tables five or six feet in diameter are cut, one of which, of rare beauty, we have ourselves seen. Coffee, indigo, cotton, and pepper grow, but are neglected, as is cinnamon. But the island is almost wholly destitute of the necessities of life. The Dutch have always kept down ordinary agriculture, and forced the people to depend on their commerce for support. Rice is a great article of food, and this is supplied by Java, Celebes, and Bengal. Yams grow in great abundance, and are an extensively-used article of food. But the best resource of the islanders is the sago, or Papua bread. This is the pith of a palm, the humblest, the nipa excepted, of its tribe. It furnishes the principal food of the people, its delicate flour being baked into cakes. This is its native country—that is, in the region between Sumatra on the one side, and New Guinea on the other. The quantity of pith from a single tree is immense, often as much as 10 pounds. The refuse left in heaps produces excellent mushrooms. The epicures of Molucca even eat certain white worms generated in the same refuse.

One palm-tree on this island produces a poison, used to poison water, in the early days of the Dutch, by the natives. They now make an intoxicating drink from it. The betel nut, tobacco, and the wild banana, are also found. It is singular that all these

things are consumed on the spot, while the spices are utterly neglected. They send all away, without ever using them at all themselves. Teak is a tree much used, as also ginger.

Deer and hogs are the chief animals, the island being poor in quadrupeds. But birds swarm in the forests, in every variety of plumage—purple, bright blue, gold, green, and gaudy crimson. The edible birds'-nests are found here and exported to China with tressang, sharks'-fins, and small parcels of gold. To the same country they also send birds of Paradise (variously called Birds of God, Birds of the Sun, and King Birds). There is also a trade in feathers.

The people are of middle size, military in their character, very impetuous, but easily appeased. They were represented by the Dutch, who behaved to them with savage cruelty, as a ferocious race without any merciful ideas. They are now, however, a quiet race. They must have been a simple people when discovered, as they boiled their food in a hollow bamboo. They now use iron pans from China.

The island is celebrated in the history of Indian colonisation as the scene of a fearful execution by the Dutch of Captain Towerson and nine other Englishmen, nine Japanese and one Portuguese, known as the Massacre of Amboyna.

RELIGION AND ARTS OF THE ASSYRIANS.

It has been remarked in a former article on Nineveh,* that the character of the Assyrians was eminently religious, though their veneration was falsely directed, and took a superstitious and blasing form. There are some lofty conceptions, however, in their sculptured embodiments of the power and majesty of God; and something of the religious philosophy of the Chaldeans and Egyptians must have been known to their priests. But in speaking of them as a people, it is their public worship and the popular creed that we must notice, rather than the abstractions which the priesthood conserved for their own order. In all countries, the sun appears to have been the earliest object of religious adoration; but, except among the Persians, popular ignorance and superstition perverted this glorious symbol of divine power and beneficence, and hence Baal, or Belus, Crishna, Osiris, Apollo, etc. Baal was the supreme divinity of the Assyrians and Babylonians, and probably of the Phœnicians also, and as such is represented on a cylinder of green diorite found by Mr. Layard at Kouyunjik, and supposed by him to have been the signet or amulet of Sennacherib.

On many of the Assyrian bas-reliefs, and other antique remains of the same country and period, an object is represented called a sacred tree, one of the forms of which is represented in the annexed engraving (p. 284). On the cylinder in question, the flowers or fruit of the tree are in the form of an acorn, and the king stands on one side, and a figure, described as a eunuch, on the other. The king holds up his right hand in an attitude of adoration, and in his left is the sacrificial mace. Above the sacred tree is the figure of Baal, the body of the god in a circle, the symbol of eternity, above which are the three heads of Baal (an unusual mode of representing that deity), while from the sides spread the wings, and from below the tail and legs of a dove, typical of Mylitta, the Assyrian Venus. Among the sculptures excavated at Nimroud were several figures of Dagon, the fish-god of the Phœnicians, from which we learn that, in accordance with that intercommunity of worship which prevailed universally among the polytheistic nations of antiquity, the Assyrians imported into their pantheon some of the gods of the neighbouring nations. Among the twelve gods of the Assyrians, enumerated in a long inscription at the same place, are Asshur, probably a deified hero, and Ishtar, who is, not without probability, supposed to be the personification of the moon.

The predominant religious element, in the character of the Assyrians, is seen in the designs traced upon their domestic utensils, engraved upon their seals and amulets, and sculptured on

the walls of the palaces of their kings. Of the eleven devices of the impressions of seals found at Kouyunjik, seven appear to be connected with the mythology and religious worship of the country. Several of the bronze plates and dishes discovered at Nimroud are of similar character, and on some of them are represented deities of Egyptian origin, though evidently designed and executed by Assyrian artists. These remains of the mechanical ingenuity and artistic powers of the Assyrians, while they evince the extent to which the feeling of religion, mingled with the every-day concerns of life among them, are also valuable for the glimpses they afford us of their domestic economy. They were dug out of a chamber of the north-west palace at Nimroud, which Mr. Layard conjectures has been the repository of the royal arms and sacrificial vessels; but which Colonel Rawlinson (who discovered, in an adjoining chamber, an alabaster vase, which appeared to have contained preserved fruit) is of opinion was the royal kitchen. The walls were of common sun-dried bricks, such as are used throughout Asiatic Turkey and Persia for ordinary purposes at the present day, except about three feet from the floor, where large burnt bricks had been used. In one corner was a well, with a raised mouth of brickwork three feet high; it was filled up with rubbish, but on being emptied to the depth of sixty feet, brackish water was found. In clearing out the rubbish which filled up the chamber, two copper caldrons were found, about three feet deep, and two feet and a half in diameter; these were filled with a number of small bronze bells, several bronze plates, dishes, and cups, hundreds of ivory and mother-of-pearl buttons and studs, and various small articles in bronze and copper, the use of which is not very clear. The studs and buttons and some metal rosettes appear to have been used in the trappings of the Assyrian cavalry horses, and also of those attached to chariots.

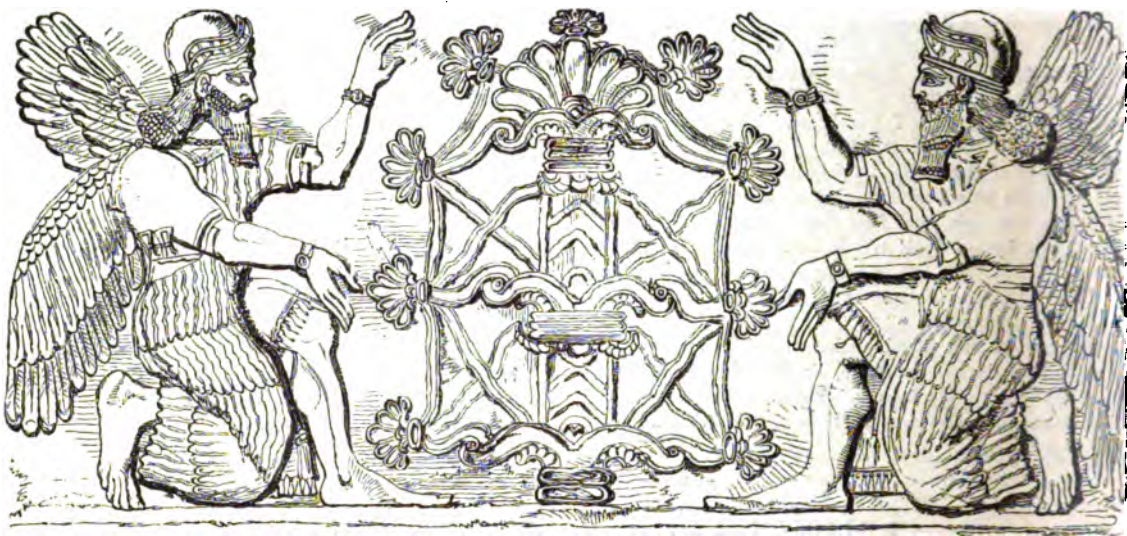
Beneath the caldrons a number of bronze feet of lions and bulls were found, which probably had been the feet of tripods for supporting vases and bowls. Two other caldrons contained several plates and dishes, a wine-strainer of elegant form, and the handle of a vase, all of bronze. Of eight other caldrons and jars, some of which had been crushed flat by the falling in of the upper part of the building, one contained bones and ashes; the rest were empty. Behind the caldrons was a heap of bronze cups, bowls, and dishes, of various shapes and sizes, lying one above another, without order.

Some of the bronze vessels thus discovered are plain, but many are elaborately ornamented with figures of animals, etc., either embossed or engraved. About 150 of them are now in the British Museum. The metal of which they are composed has been found to contain one part of tin to ten of copper, which are the relative

* THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. i. p. 206.

proportions used in the composition of bronze at the present day. The bells, however, have fourteen per cent. of tin, which shows that the Assyrians had made considerable advance in metallurgy, and understood the effect produced by increasing the proportion of

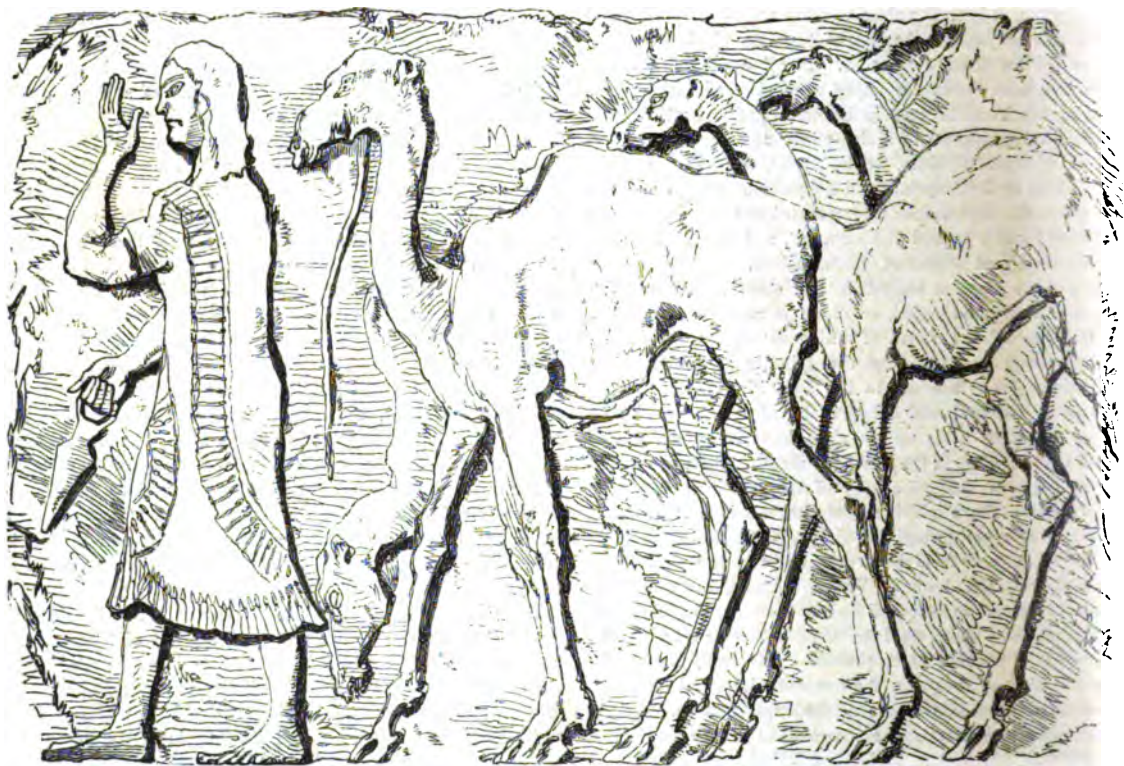
Some of the bas-reliefs from Kouyunjik, now in the British Museum, exhibit the progress which the Assyrians had made in ship-building. As their vessels were constructed only for navigation of the Tigris, they were of small size, but in their



WINGED FIGURES BY A SACRED TREE.—FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

that metal. By the decomposition of the metal, the effect of time and damp, the surface of these vessels was covered with a green coat of a crystalline nature, which has been removed since the vessels have been placed in the Museum. An alabaster jar, a lens

prows may be traced a considerable resemblance to the galleys of the ancient Greeks. In the accompanying engraving (p. 285) two kinds of vessels are represented—boats and ships with a single mast and yard—but both have a double bank of oars. The water appears to



A WOMAN WITH CAMELS.—FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

of rock-crystal, and two glass bowls, were also found in this interesting apartment, showing that the Assyrians were not only acquainted with the manufacture of glass, but also with the properties of the burning-glass.

well stocked with fish, which are swimming in every direction, while at the bottom, as we must suppose, the crab and the turtle crawl, and the star-fish agitates its arms in search of prey. A small kind of crocodile, and an animal of eel-like form, are also represented.

Another of these bas-reliefs portrays a battle in a marsh in Southern Mesopotamia, in which wicker-boats are used, precisely similar to those of the Afaij Arabs of the present day. In a similar scene, the Assyrians are bringing their captives ashore, one of the boats

lightness, guided and impelled them. The largest were built of teakwood, but the others consisted simply of a very narrow framework of rushes covered with bitumen, resembling, probably, 'the vessels of bulrushes' mentioned by Isaiah (xviii. 2). They



THE ENEMIES OF THE ASSYRIANS ESCAPING IN THEIR SHIPS.—FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

being towed by a man swimming on an inflated skin. The boats of the Arabs of the Afaij are thus described by Mr. Layard:—"They were of various sizes. In the bottom of some, eight or ten persons sat crouched on their hams; in others, only one or two. Men standing at the head and stern, with long bamboo poles of great

skimmed over the surface of the water with great rapidity. . . . This singular scene recalled vividly to my mind the sculptures at Kouyunjik representing the Assyrian wars in marshes of the same nature, and probably formed by the waters of the same river. The straits through the reeds, and the boats of rushes, are faithfully

delineated in the bas-reliefs, showing how little the barbarous inhabitants of these great swamps have changed after the lapse of nearly three thousand years."

The bas-relief which has been reproduced in our second illustration represents a woman, barefooted, carrying some vessel in her hand, followed by four camels. The foremost of the animals has a halter depending from his head; and all the figures are executed with considerable fidelity and spirit. The glimpses which we obtain into the every-day life of the Assyrians by means of these bas-reliefs reveal customs and modes that have been perpetuated to the present day; but in all the higher arts the glory of the land has departed. Mounds of earth cover the palaces of Sennacherib and Sardanapalus, and where their banners flaunted in the sunlight as they led their thousands forth to battle, the traveller now beholds only the tents of the wandering Arabs.

HEALTH OF TOWNS.

THAT it is healthier to live in the country than in large towns, is a plain matter of fact which experience renders familiar to all. But it is only within a comparatively short period that any attempt has been made to investigate the causes of this effect; though without such an investigation it is obviously impossible to devise any means at all likely to be effectual in improving the health of towns. If we would arrive at an intelligent view of the subject, we must carefully consider the phenomena which are engendered in the course of years by the impregnation of the soil of cities with substances which are deposited there in the shape of refuse, or gradually accumulate from various sources. Everything that comes into contact with man partakes more or less of the character of clothing, and is similarly affected by the action of those causes which are in constant operation wherever men are collected together. Clothes, as we all know, require to be frequently washed and changed; and if we cannot cleanse and renew the soil upon which we tread, and the emanations from which are constantly rising about us, we ought at least to endeavour to maintain its natural purity as far as lies in our power.

Let the soil be impregnated with organic matter of various kinds; let it receive water enough to moisten it, but not enough to cleanse it; let this water be charged with a solution of sulphate of lime, which, by its combination with the organic substances buried in the soil, will give rise to the most mephitic and poisonous gases; let the ventilation which might have carried off these deleterious emanations be impeded; let light, which facilitates the slow combustion of organic substances, be prevented from often reaching the ground; and we have combined all the conditions necessary to render the soil a pest-house of infection, a dreadful swamp under the show of splendour, whence silently go forth day and night the treacherous agents of so many diseases, which are in reality nothing but the natural and necessary results of this concealed corruption. Such, it cannot be denied, are the conditions to which culpable neglect too often gives rise in large towns, even in this enlightened age. Much has been said of late years about the health of towns, and something has been done towards its promotion; but those whose personal observation has made them best acquainted with the subject, are the loudest in their demands for further improvement.

The usual causes of the accumulation of those substances which tend to render the soil of large towns prejudicial to health, are, the necessity we are under of using organic substances for food, and the various consequences of that use, the employment of these substances in manufactures, the domestic animals which live among us, and the human corpses which were formerly—and are sometimes even now, if the statements in the public press are to be believed—buried in the heart of towns, and, wasting away by decomposition, after a number of years form a large mass of putrid matter. In towns lighted by gas—that is to say, in all towns of any extent—there is an additional cause of infection, and one which, if not counteracted, may become, in time, productive of immense mischief. This is the development of vapours which, after being carried along with the gas in the pipes, issue through the escapes, and spread in the earth, giving it a fetid smell that

betrays itself when there is any digging for repairs, make us wither and perish by poisoning the roots, and taint the water in wells.

It is obvious from the above remarks, that the means of preventing the soil from getting into an unhealthy state must consist mainly in endeavouring to diminish, as much as possible, the quantity of organic substances which penetrate into the earth. The most customary and simple plan is, to pave the streets with stone. Independently of the advantages of this plan on the score of convenience for traffic, and the prevention of the formation of ruts and puddles, it evidently diminishes the permeable portion of the soil, since it is only through the interstices between the stones that anything can reach the earth beneath.

Among other means of accomplishing this important object, the following deserve special mention. There should be numerous water-plugs frequently, if not constantly, open, so as to pour into the gutters a body of water sufficient to carry off all the filth from the houses before it has time to sink into the soil. Sewers and drains should be plentifully laid down and kept thoroughly watertight. To prevent the dispersion of the vapours and fluids exhaled by the gas, some recommend that the gas-pipes should be placed inside the sewers. It is alleged that such an arrangement would render the repair of escapes more convenient, but on this point there is some room for a difference of opinion. Cemeteries should be placed not merely quite out of the town, but also below its level; for if the water which runs through the soil finds its way by subterranean imbibition to the soil of the town, it is evident that the evil, against which we are anxious to guard, will be secretly gaining ground. Every species of manufacture which gives out much organic matter ought to be removed to a distance from the town, or carried on close to a stream of water, powerful enough to carry off everything of this sort at once. Lastly, the strictest vigilance should be exercised over all gardens, markets, and other places where organic substances are likely to accumulate.

But, besides resorting to such preventive measures as the above, it is of the greatest importance to employ suitable means for counteracting the infection which already exists in the soil. It is a fact, to which we can no longer shut our eyes, that in almost all our considerable towns the soil is more or less infected. This fact was prominently brought before the public mind with regard to London, in a recent report, drawn up with great ability by Mr. Simon, the medical officer to the City Board of Health. Unfortunately, it is not so easy, in the present state of our knowledge, to discover a remedy for the evil as to state how it might have been avoided. In this, as in other cases, prevention is better than cure.

The first step should be to let the oxygen of the atmosphere have free circulation wherever there are organic materials capable of becoming injurious to health by decomposition. It is well known that oxygen, especially when aided by the influence of light, has a tendency to convert organic matter into water, carbonic acid, and nitrogen, by a slow combustion, which, from the moderation of its action, involves no sort of danger. Thus, oxygen is a powerful agent, which destroys the sources of infection whenever it is brought into contact with them. Besides, the air, by penetrating freely into every hole and corner, has a tendency to dry the earth, the streets, and the walls of the houses. Hence, not only ought the streets to be of sufficient width, but the yards at the back of the houses should be large enough to admit the fresh air to that side as well as the other, for if this is not the case the work of purification is only half done.

The next means to be employed consists in the use of wells, a means which has never yet received a fair trial, but which, with proper management, is capable of being turned to good account. A single experiment by a skilful engineer may suffice to demonstrate this. Having sunk a well in an old farm-yard, the soil of which had been long impregnated with the manure to a considerable depth, he could not get any water from the well at all fit to drink, though the water of another well, situated at a little distance above this, was excellent. However, by dint of working the well, and using the water from it for purposes of cultivation, he at last succeeded in completely changing its condition. The water gradually lost its colour and its smell, till in the course of a few years:

became quite fit to drink. It is evident that, in this case, the well performed the part of an emunctory. It served to wash the body of the soil by means of the water which was drawn down to it, dissolving and bringing with it the animal substances through which it passed. This action is naturally very slow, and depends upon the quantity of rain-water imbibed by the earth, and flowing down to the interior of the well; but it cannot be denied that, in general, when there are many wells in a town, they contribute to the gradual purification of the soil, especially if, at the same time, the preventive measures above indicated be adopted. But here an important observation suggests itself with regard to paving, and that is, that the paving, which in some degree prevents the soil on which towns are built from being penetrated with infectious matter, in the same degree prevents it from being cleansed by the rain which falls upon it, and would otherwise sink into it. This was remarked by the sagacious Franklin, who, in his will, observed that the soil of towns being paved and covered with houses, the rain is carried off, instead of penetrating the earth and renewing and purifying the springs; in consequence of which the water from the wells becomes worse every day, till in old towns it is not fit to drink. He therefore recommended the municipal authorities of Philadelphia to have water conveyed thither from Wissahickon Creek by means of pipes. There is evidently no other means of remedying the evil than to have pure water laid on from without; but at the same time it is desirable not to abandon the use of wells wherever they can be sunk, because of their valuable action as emunctories, when the subterranean water that gradually accumulates in them is occasionally exhausted.

A third resource, and one which is likely to be more effectual than any other, consists in the raising of plantations near the town. As an eminent engineer observes, if the utility of trees in preventing the impoverishment of sloping ground, and mitigating the evil effects of violent or continuous rain, is undeniable, they must be no less serviceable in constantly counteracting the unhealthiness produced, or on the point of being produced, in populous towns by organic matter and the excessive dampness of the soil. The roots of the trees, by spreading out in all directions within the soil, relieve it of the moisture, charged with organic and saline materials, that it has imbibed. At the same time the more distant portions

of the roots, by virtue of the law of capillary attraction, give back to the earth a portion of the water with which they are overcharged; and thus, if the trees are sufficiently numerous and suitably arranged, a subterranean circulation is established. Hence we have here self-acting emunctories, far more efficient than wells, because they can be multiplied to a greater extent. It has been ascertained by experiment that a sunflower, placed in a glazed flower-pot covered with a sheet of lead, so as merely to let the stem come through, will evaporate as much as twenty-eight pints of water in the course of only twelve hours. What, then, must have been the quantity if the experiment had been made upon a tree? At the same time that the water is thus drawn off, it is purified. The pure liquid is diffused through the atmosphere, and contributes to freshen and improve the air. The salts and organic substances are absorbed by the roots, and serve as nourishment to the tree; so that, by this happy combination, the very deleterious substances themselves are employed to sustain the agents destined to counteract them. But in proportion to the efficacy of this measure in promoting the health and improving the aspect of towns, is the necessity of careful consideration with regard to the number and arrangement of the trees in different quarters, the choice of such as are suitable for their respective positions, and the steps to be taken in order that the roots, as they extend, may meet with sufficient nourishment without ever passing through beds impregnated with substances that are deleterious, or deprived of the oxygen of the atmosphere. Unless these precautions are adopted, the success of the method must be greatly impaired, if not altogether nullified, because the plantations cannot thrive.

We have yet much to learn on this subject, but when the public mind is more fully alive to its importance, it is to be hoped no method will be left untried which has any chance of proving effectual. Surely if anything were needed to convince even the most obtuse and inert of the urgent necessity of prompt and vigorous measures of some sort, the recent outbreak of that dreadful pestilence which is now making such fearful havoc in almost every portion of the globe, is more than sufficient for the purpose. A matter of this sort should neither be left entirely in the hands of official authorities, nor be altogether beyond their control. There must be a co-operation between private individuals and public bodies.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE ARSENAL AT VENICE.

THE tragedies of Shakspeare and Otway, the descriptive poetry of Byron and Rogers, and the truthful pictures of Canaletto, have given to non-travelling people a more distinct impression of Venice than of any other continental city. But the Queen of the Adriatic has another fame than that which she derives from the Muses. Unassociated as she is with classic memories and remains, Venice was, ere she fell, through her degeneracy, under the yoke of Austria, the oldest of the modern states of Europe. She dated her rise seven centuries earlier than the emancipation of the towns of Lombardy, and her independence survived that of Florence by three hundred years. "Venice," says Sismondi, "witnessed the long agony and the termination of the Roman empire; in the West, the birth of the French power, when Clovis conquered Gaul; the rise and fall of the Ostrogoths in Italy, of the Visigoths in Spain, of the Lombards, who succeeded to the first, of the Saracens, who dispossessed the second. Venice saw the empire of the caliphs rise, threaten to invade the world, divide, and decay. Long the ally of the Byzantine emperors, she, by turns, succoured and oppressed them; she carried off trophies from their capital; she shared their provinces, and joined to her other titles that of a fourth and a half of the Roman empire. She saw the Eastern empire fall, and the ferocious Mussulmans rise on its ruins. She saw the French monarchy give way; and alone, immoveable, this proud republic contemplated the kingdoms and the nations which passed before her. But, after all the rest, she sunk in her turn; and the state which linked the present to the past, and joined the two epochs of the civilisation of the universe, has ceased to exist."

But, long before the period of her final downfall, the naval power of Venice had departed and her commercial greatness passed

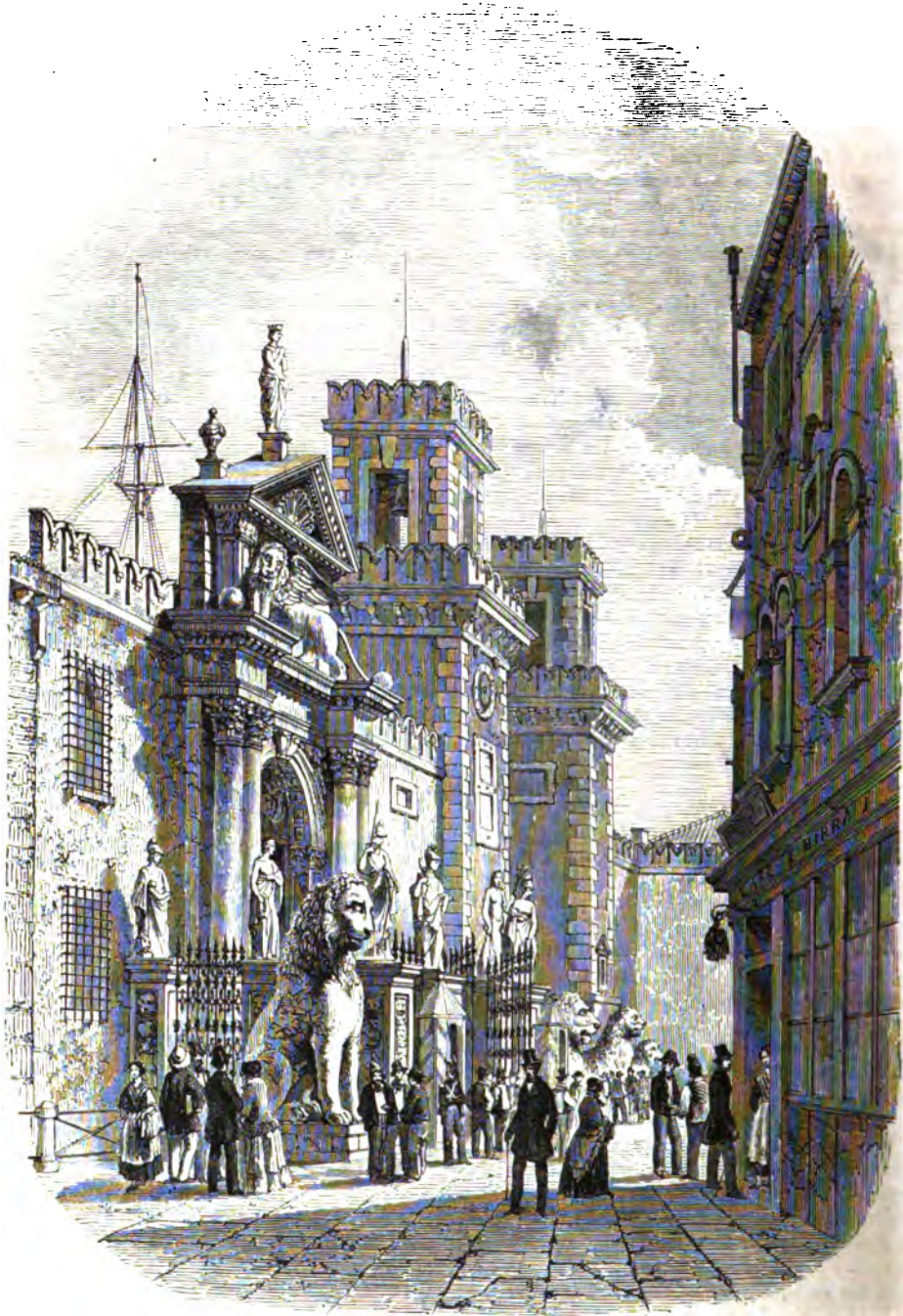
away. The discovery of the Cape route to India struck a severe blow at her commerce, and, together with the discovery of America, and the new direction thereby given to commercial enterprise, injured her more than the league of Cambray or the fleets of the Ottomans. Spain and Portugal rose in power and wealth as Venice declined. Under the Austrian rule, the last remains of her commerce have been transferred to Trieste; and now her quays are deserted, the Rialto is no longer a place "where merchants most do congregate," and on her sleeping canals

"Silent rows the songless gondolier."

The buildings which recall the former commercial greatness and naval power of Venice are the Dogana, or custom-house, the mole, and the arsenal, but the two former are of comparatively recent construction. The custom-house dates only from the 17th century, and the mole was constructed in the 18th to fill up the gaps between the low islands next the sea, and protect the port from the swell of the Adriatic. The arsenal, which dates its foundation as far back as the year 1304, and which the Republic, in the days of its prosperity and glory, repeatedly enlarged and embellished, is surrounded by strong walls and towers. Its entire circumference is estimated at more than two miles. The principal entrance on land, which is here engraved, is in itself a magnificent monument. The arch of the door is decorated with sculptures executed at the close of the sixteenth century by the disciples of Sansovino; the four marble columns which support the pediment and entablature are more ancient, having been executed or conveyed here about A.D. 1460, according to general belief. It was natural that the lion of St. Mark should be placed above the arch as the guardian and pro-

terior of the navy. On the summit of the pediment stands the statue of St. Justina, sculptured by Girolamo Campagna. It is a reminiscence of the victory obtained by the Venetians over the Turks on St. Justina's day, in the year 1571. The other statues placed on pilasters behind the railings, representing Victory, Wisdom, Power, and other allegorical personages, recall the same event.

winding about the mane of the noble animal, which have by tasked the ingenuity and learning of those who have attempted to decipher them. As yet all the efforts bestowed upon their interpretation have proved of little avail. Among others who have turned their attention to them, we may mention Akerblad and Vilhoisson, who supposed them to be Runic; Bossi and Hancarville, who asserted that they were Pelasgian; and Rink, who declared



ENTRANCE TO THE ARSEFAL AT VENICE.

The four lions in pentelican marble, one on the left, and the three others on the right of the entrance, are not the least remarkable ornaments about it. They were brought from Greece by Francesco Morosini, surnamed the Peloponnesian, in 1687. The one which occupies the most prominent place in the accompanying engraving formerly adorned the celebrated Piræus at Athens, which also bore the name of the Lion Harbour. There are two inscriptions

had detected Greek words, which when translated gave this sense: "A lion consecrated at Athens." Canova felt no hesitation in pronouncing this sculpture to be a Grecian work, and some scholars have conjectured that it was set up in the Piræus in memory of the battle of Marathon. The first lion on the other side was found on the road from the Piræus to Athens. The head is modern and badly sculptured—a remark also applicable to the other two lions.

SCENES IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

THOUGHTFUL writer, celebrated for the profundity and originality of his reflections, remarks upon the interest with which we con-

which attaches to the early history of the United States, that grand confederacy, which has already extended its territory, multiplied its



THE FIRST MEETING OF THE ASSEMBLY IN VIRGINIA.



JOHN ELIOT PREACHING TO THE INDIANS.

template a trickling rill which we know to be the source of a mighty river, whose waters roll on with ever-increasing breadth till they reach the still more majestic ocean. Such is the interest

population, and increased its resources, with a rapidity and to a degree beyond all parallel, and appears destined to play a still more prominent part in the great drama of human affairs.

It is a little remarkable that, for about a century after the first discovery of America—during which interval Spain was extending her conquests and possessions in the southern continent, and France sent out several expeditions to the north with various success—England made scarcely any effort to establish a colony in the New World. It is true that some exception must be made in favour of the Cabots, two enterprising merchants at Bristol, who, within five years from that memorable achievement, began a career of discoveries on the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland, which formed no unworthy sequel to so glorious a commencement. Speaking of the son, Bancroft says: "The career of Sebastian Cabot was in the issue as honourable as the beginning was glorious. He conciliated universal esteem by the placid mildness of his character. Unlike the stern enthusiasm of Columbus, he was distinguished for serenity and contentment. For sixty years he was renowned for his achievements and skill."

But though the intercourse opened by these explorers between England and North America was never wholly suspended, it never, on the other hand, ripened into any important results. It was not till the connexion established between England and Spain by the marriage of Mary and Philip, that any adequate notion of what Spain had accomplished, or any desire to imitate her example, appears to have been entertained in this country. As soon as the desire was felt, it received all the encouragement which so enlightened and powerful a sovereign as Queen Elizabeth could afford it. She took the deepest interest in the project of planting an English colony in the polar regions of America, which were supposed to abound in gold and other mineral wealth. The zeal with which the accomplished Sir Walter Raleigh entered into such schemes is too well known to require any detailed description here. Undismayed by the disasters which attended his first expedition, in which the largest of his three vessels was wrecked, and a hundred persons lost—including Sir Humphrey Gilbert, his step-brother, and Parmenius, a Hungarian, who went out for the purpose of writing a history of the expedition—he determined to gain a footing for England on those shores; and without difficulty obtained a patent, giving him absolute authority, as Lord Proprietary, over all the territory which he might discover between the thirty-third and fortieth degrees of north latitude. Accordingly, he despatched two vessels, which reached the coast of North America in July—a time of the year most suitable for impressing the new-comers with favourable opinions of the country. They landed in Florida, and afterwards sailed to the island of Roanoke, where they met with a most hospitable reception from the wife of the reigning chief. After a short stay they returned home, having their vessels well laden with cedar, skins, furs, and *sassafras*. On their arrival, they gave most animated accounts of the country they had visited; and the result was, that the virgin queen, who felt a pardonable exultation in having contributed to the discovery of so glorious a land, gave expression to her satisfaction by bestowing upon it the name of Virginia.

The territory to which this appellation was given, included that portion of North America which lies between the thirty-fourth and forty-fifth degrees of north latitude. It was divided into North Virginia, which was granted to a corporate body known as the Plymouth Company, and South Virginia, the property of another corporation called the London Company. Besides rendering homage to the British crown, they were bound to pay a rent of one-fifth of the gold and silver obtained, and one-fifteenth of the copper. The king was to be acknowledged the supreme authority over the colony, the government of which, with the exception of purely local affairs, was placed in the hands of a council in England. James I. even drew up a code of laws for the regulation of the colony, which, as might be conjectured from the narrow-minded pedantry of its author, breathed anything but a liberal and enlarged spirit. After a series of vicissitudes, including severe sufferings and heavy losses, which we cannot here detail, the colony at length struck its roots into the soil and began to flourish. In spite of the misdirection of the labour of the colonists to the manufacture of potash, soap, glass, and tar—articles in which they could not reasonably hope to compete with the nations on the Baltic—their industry before long became productive, wealth flowed in, and with the power it bestowed came the desire of more extended liberty. The natural

restlessness of a rising colony was still further increased by evils of misgovernment. It was no uncommon thing for persons to obtain appointments, through the influence of the English court, for which they were altogether unfit. The prosperity resulting from the good government of one governor was counterbalanced by the ill effects of the tyranny of another. At length, in June, 1689, the foundation of constitutional liberty was laid by the convention of the first colonial assembly at Jamestown—consisting of the governor, the council, and two representatives from each of the boroughs—the reform of many abuses, and the establishment of equal laws, representative government, and trial by jury. It is this interesting scene which our artist has chosen for illustration in the first of the accompanying engravings. Henceforward, the progress of the colony in freedom and general prosperity was uninterrupted. King James complained of what he termed, this "seditious to a seditious parliament," and attempted to restrict its liberties; but it was now too late.

The scene represented in our second engraving is one of still deeper interest. It brings before us a most devoted missionary instructing the wild untutored red Indians in the sacred truths of Christianity, convincing them of the evils of their present condition, and directing their thoughts and aspirations to a better life hereafter. As these savage tribes saw the white men gradually encroaching on their territory, and living by its industrious cultivation in a degree of comfort and plenty which painfully contrasted with their own miserable neediness, they not unnaturally began to look upon them with an evil eye. Jealousy gave rise to quarrels, acts of violence committed by one party were avenged with frightful cruelty by the other, whole tribes were massacred, and others disappeared never more to be heard of, notwithstanding the most searching investigations. But with all this violence and barbarity, there were instances of better feeling between the white and the red man. Eager as most of the Europeans were to acquire knowledge and increase in wealth, no matter at what cost to the uncivilized Indians, there were others who had higher objects in view. They sought to raise the Indians to a level with themselves by teaching them all the arts of civilized life, and especially by imparting to them the blessings of a pure and holy religion.

One of the earliest of the labourers in this noble field of enterprise was Alexander Whittaker, whose active exertions in preaching to the Indians on the frontier of Virginia procured for him the honourable and well-earned title of "The Apostle of Virginia." Another of this devoted band was Mayhew, "that young New England scholar," as he has been styled, who sailed to England with a view to excite the zeal of his countrymen in the good cause, but was unhappily lost with the vessel in which he sailed. Such, however, was the influence of his example, that his father, though seventy years of age, undertook to continue his labours, and preached and instructed the Indians with great success till he had passed the advanced age of fourscore. As a striking proof of the success of his efforts, it may be mentioned, that though the Indians were twenty times more numerous than the whites in Massachusetts, they abstained from all attempts to injure them, and lived in firm friendship with them. Villages of "praying Indians" were established; and at the University of Cambridge an Indian obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

But a still more remarkable instance of missionary zeal was afforded by John Eliot, "the apostle of the Indians," who began to preach in the year 1646. We cannot do better than quote what Bancroft says of this excellent man:—"His benevolence almost amounted to genius. An Indian grammar was a pledge of his earnestness: the pledge was redeemed by his preparing and publishing a translation of the whole Bible into Massachusetts dialect. His actions, his thoughts, his desires, all wore the hues of interested love. Eliot mixed with the Indians; he spoke to them of God, and of the soul, and explained the virtues of self-denial. He became their lawgiver. He taught the women to spin, the men to dig the ground. He established for them simple forms of government; and, in spite of menaces from their priests and chiefs, he successfully imparted to them his own religious faith. Groups of Indians used to gather round him, as round a father; and that their minds were awakened to reflection, often perplexed by their questions."

DOMINIQUE DE GOURGUE.

There are men who appear and disappear in history without leaving trace or track behind, who do some one deed, which at the time raises a sensation, and then sink into utter obscurity. Most persons recollect the brilliant oratorical display of Single-Speech Milton, who made one oration and spoke no more. Perhaps this might be explained by the fact that Burke was his private secretary then, and left him directly afterwards. The history of a man whose name is given above, is involved generally in utter mystery. But one act of his has secured for his name a permanent place in history.

Francis the First of France, jealous of the discoveries of the Spaniards, sent out one Verazani to conquer and discover for him. His journeys led to no result. Jacques Cartier of St. Malo, however, in 1534, was more successful. He entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and paved the way for the attempt to colonise by Robert in 1540. The new establishment was an utter failure; and a subsequent expedition under Cartier was never more heard of. At a later period, Admiral Coligny conceived that an asylum for French Protestants might be properly created in America, where they would be free from persecution. His plans for agricultural settlements were admirably laid down. Henry II. patronised the idea, and the late Charles IX. even countenanced it.

One Nicolas Durand de Villegagnon, a Knight of Malta, appeared and formed the strange scheme of feigning abjuration and proposing the reformed faith, to overthrow this plan. He joined Coligny in his projected colony in 1555. He was a brave, adventurous schemer, and wore the mask of religion and humility with perfect success. He obtained command of the expedition, and, sailing for America, encamped near where Rio Janeiro now stands. Coligny, on hearing that the pilgrims had hit upon a desirable locality, encouraged the emigration. A large party went out under Philippe Dupont, a zealous Protestant gentleman, who, after some dangers by the way, brought his people successfully to an end of their journey.

Villegagnon received them with all the austerity of a Puritan. He was severe both in religious and political matters. He made the emigrants work at the fort; and his hypocrisy and bigotry were beyond all power of description in these more enlightened days. The great mistake of his colony, however, was, that it was wholly composed of men; except five young girls, none would venture out to the far-distant land.

But the intolerance and cruelty of the governor was the great drawback to success, and at last he showed himself in his true colours. He re-professed the Roman Catholic religion, persecuted

and drove away all the Protestants, who nearly perished by the way. Returning to France, he died a zealous Papist, a noted persecutor of the Huguenots, and with the name of the Cain of America.

Coligny, though thus frustrated, determined to try another part of America. He chose Florida this time. Jean de Ribaut sailed at the head of the new expedition in 1562. He landed and founded Fort Charles; then, leaving a lieutenant in command, he returned to France. The lieutenant proved a brutal tyrant, who, after committing several murders, was put to death after an insurrection. This expedition was also a failure. A third expedition promised to be more successful. It took out a good number of colonists, who settled, and after some early difficulties, appeared to be in a prosperous way.

But Spain would not quietly allow a French colony in America, and accordingly a squadron was sent to exterminate the infant settlement, under one Menendez. His force was overwhelming. He attacked the fort, captured it and nearly all the inhabitants, whom, with characteristic Spanish brutality, he hung on the adjacent trees, with this inscription over their heads:—

“THESE WRETCHES HAVE BEEN EXECUTED, NOT AS FRENCHMEN, BUT AS HERETICS.”

The horrible cruelties of the Spaniards are not to be related in full. The horror of France was great, but the wicked king rejoiced, because the victims were Protestants. This feeling made the court pass over the fearful outrage without notice. But there were in the land men who lived in the hope of vengeance. One of these was Dominique de Gourgue, a gentleman of good family, of Mont Marson, in Gascony. He was a naval captain, and being engaged against the Spaniards, was taken prisoner, and chained as a slave to a galley. This galley was taken by the Turks, and released only in a battle with the Knights of Malta. He was considered one of the best navigators of the day.

When he found that the king and court would not take notice of the Spanish crime, his rage knew no bounds. He then sold his estate, fitted out three ships, collected hardy crews, and sailed for America. He took the Spaniards by surprise, attacked the fort, captured it, and hung the prisoners on the same trees where, but a little while before, his countrymen had perished. Then he wrote over them:—

“HUNG, NOT AS SPANIARDS, BUT AS ASSASSINS.”

The terrible avenger then returned to France, to perish, some say, in that horrible day of St. Bartholomew, which has handed the name of Charles IX. and his mother to eternal execration.

SKETCHES OF DOGS BY T. LANDSEER.

CAT-AND-DOG LIFE.

Of course, respected reader, you keep a dog. We don't, for we can't afford the tax; and in our chambers, besides, a dog would waste away its ignoble life far from fresh air and green fields and the vermin which are its natural prey. You tell us a dog is useful for self-defence; that he watches over your property and your person; that he warns off the ill-conditioned and evil-designing; that he worries a beggar as he does a rat. But what is that to us? Spaniards don't persecute authors; our property is in no danger. Our few treasures are all made fast by one of Hobbs's patent locks, and our peregrinations seldom extend beyond the confines of the metropolitan police district. Campbell tells us of the “nursling of a storm,” as he walks restlessly along his shattered bark, that

“Hope can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep;
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul;
His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times—
His cottage-home—his bark of slender sail—
His glassy lake and broomwood-blossomed vale,
Rush on his thoughts; he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the loved shore he sigh'd to leave behind;

Meets, at each step, a friend's familiar face,
And flies, at last, to Helen's long embrace—
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear;
While, long-neglected, but at length caressed,
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam),
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.”

Well, as we don't keep a dog, of course we can't realise such touching poetry. If we voyage on a bark, it is a Citizen steamer, as far as Putney or Kew, and a laundress welcomes us home. In the crowded streets, if we cannot take care of ourselves, there is always a guardian angel in the shape of an efficient policeman dressed in blue, with a glazed hat and a small staff; and if in less-peopled districts we lose our path, instead of having a dog to trail it for us, there is almost always a direction-post. Thus, as regards ourselves personally, we have made out a good and sufficient reason why we do not keep a dog. But you, O reader! are in a different category; you are not a poor author, fighting the rough battle of life

“Alone—alone—alone,
Alone on the wide, wide sea;”

but a substantial, well-to-do man of the world, with property to be

watched, and you keep a dog; or you are a lady, and you keep the pearl of pugs. The heart must love something; and so, till something else claim it, you love your pug,—something like Mrs. Tucker's in "Time Works Wonders,"—a beauty "that could not move for sentiment." "I see him, now," she exclaims, "with his beautiful face so black yet so benignant! Now cropping a daisy with his lily-white teeth; and now looking up and barking at me, as if he knew my inmost thoughts." Or you are a sportsman, and you keep a dog to travel with you and your gun over hill and dale, on the sunny moor or by the shaded loch; or you are a gentleman, with nothing to do besides reading the "Times" and the "ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART," and you have a dog to keep you company; or you are a professional man, and you keep a dog, that now and then for half an hour with him you may forget patients and clients—the unfortunate victims that cruel fate has thrown

the cat springs on her unoffending victim. Of course the dog defends himself, and the contest promises to be fierce and bloody: Mrs. Lydia shrieks in agony; you kick your unoffending dog out of the room; pussy, angry and mewling, takes up a secure position, and in time the turmoil dwindles into a calm.

Go in again, and the same scene is invariably repeated. This is a cat-and-dog life. It was so in days gone by, and so it will ever be, at any rate, so long as this tight little globe of ours rolls round the sun.

The same little drama is acted every day. In town and country, in the parlour and the kitchen, in garret or in cellar, it is the same. An Irishman cannot go to Donnybrook fair without a row, nor can a dog and cat meet without the same *contredanses*. It is not a mere matter of party feeling, or of temporary excitement, but of race against race. The cat is generally the aggressor, and the cat does



"CAT-AND-DOG LIFE."

into your hands. At any rate, be you what you may, call yourself what you will, you keep a dog.

Of course, then, you will agree with the writer of this article in what he is now going to state, that if you, with your dog, enter a room in which there is a cat, there will be such a terrible row, as if Bedlam had broken loose, or as if chaos had come again. You may try the experiment yourself, if you will not take our word for it. You call, for instance, on Miss Lydia Languish, a genteel spinster of uncertain age, with a growing fondness for cats, in preference, sir, to the deceitful sex, as she terms them, to which you and I, sir, have the honour to belong. Of course there is a piano in the room, and under that piano, with bristling hair and stiffened back, is the favourite cat. Your dog, feeling himself a stranger, and being a gentleman, follows you quietly into the room, not having the slightest idea of danger, or the slightest wish to make himself obnoxious or disagreeable. No sooner, however, does he make his appearance, than a low growl is heard, then a feminine shriek as

triumphs. However, when she does get the worst of it, she is pretty well served out. Life is often the penalty she pays for her audacity. She is generally saved by her power of flight, and her facility of escaping to the housetop; still, her hereditary foe, his passion roused and his blood boiling, remains barking and foaming below. Her swiftness is her salvation. When there is no way of escape for her—when she must stop and fight it out—she is generally terribly mauled and mauled. She is so in the picture before us. For once she has lost her match. The scuffle has been a terrible one. The affair has been a regular *Sinope*. The whole kitchen has been upset, the culinary mysteries have been ruthlessly invaded, the cook has been called from her solemn and mysterious rites, her favourite dishes have been upset in the fray, her utensils have been profaned. Blow after blow she levels on the dog's broad back; she might as well, like Mrs. Partington, try to push back the Atlantic with a mop. The felon is savage; there is blood in his eye, and he is only to be satiated with his victim's death.

It is a sad thing to think of, that cat-and-dog life. It is said people meet with it in the family circle; that sometimes husband and wife, parents and children, brothers and sisters, masters and servants, lead but a cat-and-dog life. This is a sadder thing still. Cats and dogs can be tamed, can live together, as we see in the Happy Family in Trafalgar-square; but discord on the hearth grows blacker, darker, every year. It is to be hoped our readers know nothing of such cat-and-dog life, but the name, and that they may never know it as some know it, as a daily curse and blight.

A TAIL-PIECE.

"Thoreby hangs a tail." Yes, truly, *Sic transit gloria mundi*.

"Behold before ye

Humanity's poor sum and story:

Life, death, and all that is of glory."

Every dog has his day; at any rate, so it has been in our pages. Dogs, well-conditioned and the reverse, of high degree or low,

your reverend divine once considered rat-catching glorious sport; your eloquent statesman once found no dearer joy than rabbit-shooting. They have done with dogs, as we have done with them—as, more or less, all England is learning to do without them; for our great cities are growing greater every day, and the tax-gatherer and the new police and the dog-stealer have no mercy on the canine race. Play, boy, whilst you can; find in your dumb companion a faith you will soon learn to doubt amongst men. Soon busy life will leave you but little time to play with dogs.

So we lay down our pen and bid the dogs—such of them as are left, for two of them have already been hung, we trust to meet the ends of justice, and to teach a moral lesson to the dogs around, a lesson not always taught when Jack Ketch hangs a man—a long and reluctant farewell. It is hard to part with old friends. It is hard to tear up old associations, but the dogs have got to the end of their letter. There is nothing left for them but to vanish into



"A TAIL-PIECE."

Earned or rude, peaceful or quarrelsome, nuisances or blessings to well-regulated families, have found a place in our pages. We have discussed them individually and collectively, in their goings-out and their comings-in, in the relationships which they sustain to each other, and in those which they bear to their lord and master, man; and now we have done with them, as most of our readers have done with them. There was a time, ere we had trod the world's ways and tasted the bitterness of life, when all around us was bright and fair; when we dreamt not of falsehood in woman or dishonour in man; ere the hard struggle for existence had engrossed our every power; when, light and free, with buoyant heart and careless step, we rambled at our own sweet will, with dogs, the choicest and truest of their race. There was a time when, we doubt not, the reader did the same. Those jocund days are gone, never to return. Their memory is left, and that is all. So it has been with every one of us. Your sober citizen was once a jolly boy; your paunchy capitalist once owned nothing better than a dog;

the palpable obscure. One is gnawing his last bone—another biting his last flea—another snapping the last time his companion's tail—and another, for the last time, poking his nose into the cupboard, which seems but little better furnished than that of the far-famed Mother Hubbard herself. The scene our artist has engraved is only paralleled by that which takes place when a city is captured, or when there is a general conflagration—when selfishness prevails universally, when the maxim is, "Every one for himself." No one seems to have the least regard for his neighbour. It is a general scramble—neither more nor less. Politeness, for the time, is quite out of the question; as much so as when you are waiting for tickets for an excursion train. It is not a pleasant phase of dog life that we are contemplating, but it is a true one, nevertheless. They are all sharp and desperate, and preying on each other. It is a painful picture to contemplate, because it is human. It bears too strong a resemblance to real life. Let, then, the curtain be dropped; and so we wind up with a "Tail-piece."

PHYSICAL ASPECT OF CHINA.

BY WILLIAM KNIGHTON.

THE Chinese Empire may be said to include almost all the east and centre of Asia. From the borders of Independent Tartary to the Pacific, from the frontiers of Siberia to the south of the Eastern Peninsula, all the sovereigns and princes of the various tribes and people of these regions regard the celestial emperor as their sovereign lord. From the fact of its thus extending uninterruptedly over vast tracts, all adjacent to each other, we are apt to think that it does not present that variety of people and manners which the other great empires of the world comprise. This is quite a mistake. There can scarcely be a greater contrast than between the roving Tartars, ever on horseback, and the polite citizens of Nankin and Canton, who regard the said Tartars as arrant barbarians; whilst the Tartar, despising the thrifty habits of the commercial Chinese, fully returns the compliment. And again, in the Eastern Peninsula—in Lao and Cochin-China—there is a semi-civilisation totally different from that of Nankin or Peking. The Malay, the Chinaman and the Tartar may be allied to each other, as respects the class of humanity to which they belong; but they differ essentially in tastes, habits, and physical powers. The Malay—the Italian of Asia—is quick-blooded, revengeful, jealous; accustomed to the use of his stiletto, the *kresse*, and but too ready to use it on the slightest occasions. His harmonious language is adapted for poetry and music, and he is fond of both. He sings of love to-day, and stabs his enemy to-morrow. The Chinaman is infinitely more phlegmatic, as unlike the Malay as the Dutchman is unlike the Italian; he sees no reason why he should put himself about for anything. He loves narcotics; and idolises opium as much as the Dutchman tobacco. His shop and his merchandise are his ruling passions, he seldom thinks of anything else, or, if he does, allows it to have little influence on his life. As to love, he would no more think of allowing it to give him all the trouble it gives the Malay, than he would think of allowing the few hairs that nature sparingly scatters over his face to be shaved off every day.

It would be a great mistake, therefore, to suppose that the empire of China is singularly homogeneous, merely because it extends over adjoining countries. Nor does it differ more in its various races and their characteristics than in its physical features. Vast deserts, second only to those of Africa, occupy large portions of its central high lands. The great desert of Gobi, for instance, in Chinese Tartary, occupies 800,000 square miles, and has its sandy, its salt, and its rocky districts; all equally barren, all equally deficient in fresh water, but some far more difficult for man to travel over than others. Here, as in all deserts, the summer's sun is scorching, no rain falls, and, when fogs occur, they are but the precursors of fierce winds, which blind the unfortunate traveller with salt or bury him in sand. In winter again, these districts are intensely cold. The icy blasts from the frozen plains of Siberia sweep over the country in rapid succession, producing a degree of cold on the elevated desert land, of which we, in England, can form no adequate conception.

China has its mountainous regions too, and in no country in the world do the mountains take more fantastic forms than in the province of Shan-si.

Temples like those amongst the Hindoos,
Churches, spires, and abbey-windows,
And turrets all with ivy green—
Build up a wild, fantastic scene.

Mountains rivalling the Alps in height—not the miniature mountains to which we are accustomed in England, but huge chains, of forbidding rugged exterior and appearance, full of glaciers and avalanches, and full too of peaceful, happy valleys between, where nature invites man to be happy, if he can only consent to accept the invitation.

By far the larger proportion of China proper is occupied by low ranges of hills, on which the tea-plant is principally cultivated. It thrives better, like coffee, upon the sides of these hills than in the low grounds, and forms the staple production of the entire region. If the original producer can get four-pence a pound for that for which we pay four shillings, he is a successful cultivator and will soon be enabled to extend his business—so vastly do duties,

transport charges, and exportation expenses enhance the value of an article, or rather increase its cost, for the value is but nominally, not really, increased. These ranges of hills are cultivated to the very summits—terrace above terrace, artificial layers of earth provided where nature has deposited none; the ascending stream from the summit flowing from terrace to terrace, it descends step by step, making each rich, the very type of productivity.

There is no country in the world so productive as China. Its vast alluvial plains, watered by magnificent rivers, present an amount of agricultural industry, and yield a proportion of vegetable and animal food, unknown elsewhere. Two hundred and thirty thousand square miles of rich soil, spread all along the eastern coast—country—a plain, seven times the size of Lombardy—and perfectly irrigated by its extensive river system and by canals. The Grand Canal, for instance, traverses the eastern part of the plain, 700 miles, of which 500 are in a straight line of considerable breadth, with a current running throughout the greater part. Almost the whole of this vast plain is cultivated by the spade. It yields rice and garden crops in abundance. The canals present to the European traveller an extraordinary sight, being so crowded with vessels that the water appears more thickly populated than the land. All along the margin of these wonderful reservoirs runs a stone quay admirably put together, whilst substantial bridges cross them at convenient distances.

Agriculture is, indeed, the art which the Chinese most highly prize, and to the successful prosecution of which the highest honours are awarded. Even the emperor is obliged by immemorial custom to honour tillage by engaging in the pursuit once every year—a religious ceremony which must not be neglected, and which was doubtless intended at first to teach the people that there was no occupation more honourable. In the beginning of June the emperor repairs in great state to the field appointed for the ceremonial; the princes of his family, the presidents of the great tribunals, and a host of mandarins accompanying him. Two sides of the field are lined with the officers of his household; the third is occupied by the highest mandarins from the provinces; the capital, whilst the fourth is left open for the labourers of the neighbourhood, who are to see their occupation illustrated by imperial majesty itself. The emperor approaches; music—discharged in a loud voice—pours forth its notes rhythmically and loudly, in honour of his coming. He enters the field alone, the *maiesty* stands by itself, nobility and commonalty gaze respectfully at it from the sides. Prostrating himself nine times before Tien, the lord of heaven, the emperor rises with a loud voice a prayer prepared for the occasion by the Court Ceremonies. In this prayer, a blessing is invoked on his labourers on that of his whole people, whilst gratitude is expressed for past favours. Then, with the assistance of the priests, he sacrifices a ox to the giver of all good, Tien, the lord of heaven. Whilst the victim is smoking on the altar, a silver plough is brought, to which are attached a pair of oxen, ornamented in the most magnificent style. The emperor lays aside his imperial robes, which he may easily suppose would have been somewhat in his way in the matter of the sacrifice, lays hold of the plough-handles and performs several furrows round the field. He then hands the implement to one of his chief mandarins, who acts similarly; and thus, one after the other, they proceed, each labouring in succession and displaying each his peculiar dexterity. A distribution of money and pieces of cloth to the labourers ends the ceremony, whilst the ablest of the present and the most expert finish the ploughing of the field. The emperor has been thus imperially begun. Afterwards, at the proper season, his majesty returns to commence the sowing. The produce of a field is, of course, only fit for the gods and is kept for sacrifices and oblations. Nor is it in the capital alone that this ceremony is performed. In each of the provinces, the viceroy similarly officiates, supported by the mandarins of the vicinity. There is doubtless much superstition, and much hypocrisy, mixed up with all this; but there is in it, too, the germ of much that is good—teaching the people that there is a dignity in labour that hallows and commands all honest employment by which man earns his bread. This it would be well if we could all learn. It would teach us not to despise any man on account of the work he has to do.

But it is to honour agriculture, especially, that this strange state-rememorial is yearly enacted, and, as I have said, no people are so successful in agriculture than the Chinese. They devote their attention rather to the necessary than to the agreeable, rather the staples of life than to life's luxuries. They have no fruit, for instance, to rival our hot-house delicacies; but they have excellent wheat, barley, rice, cabbages, turnips, and potatoes, whilst the pains and attention they have bestowed upon the culture of tea has rendered it difficult for Europeans in India to enter into competition with them at all. The Chinese camphor-trees, paper-umbrella, the aloe and the shi-shu, from which the excellent Chinese varnishes are procured, are all illustrations of the care with which high useful productions are reared, and the perfection to which at least care, combined with skill, will bring them. In the excavation of minerals the Chinese are by no means so expert as in the culture of vegetables. Yet there is no doubt that the country naturally abounds in minerals of all kinds, the useful as well as the more valuable. Coal and iron, silver, gold and copper, are all obtained in considerable quantities; were the celestials but to condescend to learn of the Western barbarians, there is little doubt that the quantity of each produced might be vastly increased.

The emperor's palace at Pekin may be taken as a specimen of the one made by the Chinese of the vegetable and mineral wealth with which their country abounds. Its walls include within their circuit a little town; indeed, M. Artier, a Jesuit, who obtained leave to inspect it, states, that it is a league in circumference, and that it is the residence of all the high officers of state, as well as of all the mechanics employed in the emperor's service—a complete town in itself. The front is embellished with paintings, gildings, and varnished work, "which really give to the building a magnificent aspect," whilst the furniture and the ornaments of the principal apartments, according to Artier, comprise "everything that is most rare and valued in China, India, and Europe." The gardens of the palace form a vast park, within which all varieties of natural scenery are admirably imitated. Hills and valleys, dales and narrow defiles, gently-flowing streams and brawling cataracts, are all to be found interspersed with rocks and woods of the most pleasing character, though often of the most fantastic forms. The waters, which flow in various directions throughout the park, are navigated by numerous pleasure-boats, whilst their banks are adorned with innumerable picturesque cottages, no two of which are alike. In each of the artificial valleys a splendid country-house stands, "capable of entertaining one of the first noblemen in Europe, with all his suite," says De Guignes. The cedar of which these houses are for the most part built, is not found nearer than 1,400 miles from Pekin. A lake, a mile and a half broad, stands in the midst of this ample park, from the centre of which rises a rocky island of sufficient dimensions to hold a considerable palace—a palace, we are assured, containing upwards of a hundred apartments. The mountains and hills around are covered with trees and fine aromatic flowers; the canals skirted with rocks so artfully arranged as to be a perfect imitation of the wild and imposing beauty of nature. "The whole," says De Guignes, who fails to find words adequate to express his admiration,—"the whole has an air of enchantment."

The Chinese can scarcely fancy that there is anything desirable in the world which they have not in China. They can scarcely conceive it possible that "the outside barbarians" can possess a beautiful object of nature or art of which some superior counterpart is not to be found within the extensive frontiers of their native land. Some such feeling as this may possibly have induced that neglect for external commerce which forms so conspicuous a feature in the political life of the country. Whilst their canals are crowded with boats, whilst inland navigation has been pushed to an extent not reached by any other people, foreign commerce has been jealously excluded, foreigners themselves despised and thrust off. We need not, therefore, be surprised at the total want of sea-going ships, belonging to Celestials, which the harbours of the empire present. They understand the navigation of rivers and canals, but they know nothing of ocean-sailing. It was not, indeed, until the war with the British that they discovered their inability to cope with the Europeans by sea, an inability which they attributed to the evolutions of the steamers that moved in defiance of wind and tide, and seemed by no means subject to the same laws as their

junks. The matter was brought before the imperial commission of Pekin. "Let steamers be built," was the order promulgated from the celestial cabinet. One *was* built as a trial. Externally everything was complete; the timbers were in their places, the funnel was there, the paddle-wheels projected from the sides. The imitation was perfect. "But still it will not go against the wind," whispered the mandarin, who was appointed to command it. "It must go like those of the barbarians," was the imperial fiat when the difficulty was mentioned in Pekin. "And go it shall," exclaimed the mandarin, his neck feeling uncomfortable as the peremptory order was borne to him. Up to this point it had been no go, but it was no go no longer. The jails of the neighbourhood were cleared. Two handles were affixed to the paddle-wheels, and a hundred men were set to work at each. Great was the cheering as the "steamer" laboured out of the port; great were the expectations. It was suggested to the mandarin that the barbarian steamers had always smoke going out of the funnel when the vessel was moving. "That's to keep the convicts warm below," said he; "but it's summer now, and they don't want a fire." The delightful intelligence was borne straightway to Pekin that the "steamer" was all right and would speedily drive the barbarians from the river. The mandarin was raised a step in the peerage forthwith, and extravagant hopes were entertained of the wonders he was about to perform. He was never seen more, however. A rough wind and a heavy sea were too much for the poor convicts, and the "steamer" was dashed upon some rocks near the mouth of the harbour, and all on board perished. Some fishing-junks witnessed the catastrophe and bore intelligence of it into the city. "We do not yet know how to propitiate the god of the sea," said the Court of Ceremonies, when appealed to by the emperor on the subject; "let the barbarians alone on that element." So the Chinese built no more "steamers."

CROCHET SLEEVE.

MATERIALS.—Brooks' Great Exhibition Prize Goat's-head Crochet Thread, No. 18, and Penelope Crochet-hook, No. 4. Make a chain of 150 loops, join the 2 ends together with 1 plain to form the round, and fasten off.

2nd round: Treble crochet.

3rd: Chain 5, miss 1, work 1 treble, repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

4th: Chain 5, work 1 treble in the centre of the 5 chain of last round, repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

5th: Chain 1, work 1 treble in the centre of the 5 chain of last round, repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

6th: Treble crochet.

7th: Work 1 double, chain 7, miss 4, work 1 double, repeat for 3 times, fasten off, then work this slip separate without going round, as follows, in rows:—

2nd row: Chain 3, work 3 treble in the centre of the first 7 chain of last round, chain 6, work 3 treble in the next 7 chain of last round, chain 6, work 3 treble in the next 7 chain of last round, chain 8, and fasten off.

3rd: Work 1 double in the end of the 3 chain of last row, chain 4, work 2 double in the centre of the 6 chain of last row, chain 4, work 2 double in the centre of the next 6 chain of last row, chain 4, work 1 double in the end of the 3 chain of last row, and fasten off.

4th: Double crochet (you should have 18 double in this row), fasten off.

5th: Work 1 double, chain 7, miss 4, work 1 double, repeat to the end, fasten off and repeat from the 2nd row 5 times; you then form the following scollop after the row of double of the portion done, at the end work 8 double, chain 9, miss 2, work 8 double, fasten off.

2nd Round for the Scollop: Work in the 9 chain as follows:—work 1 treble, chain 2, and repeat the same in the 9 loops of the 9 chain, work 1 treble, and fasten off.

3rd: Work 1 treble in the first 2 chain of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of the 2 chain all round (which will be 8 times in all), fasten off.

4th: Plain 1 at the top of the first treble, chain 5, work 1

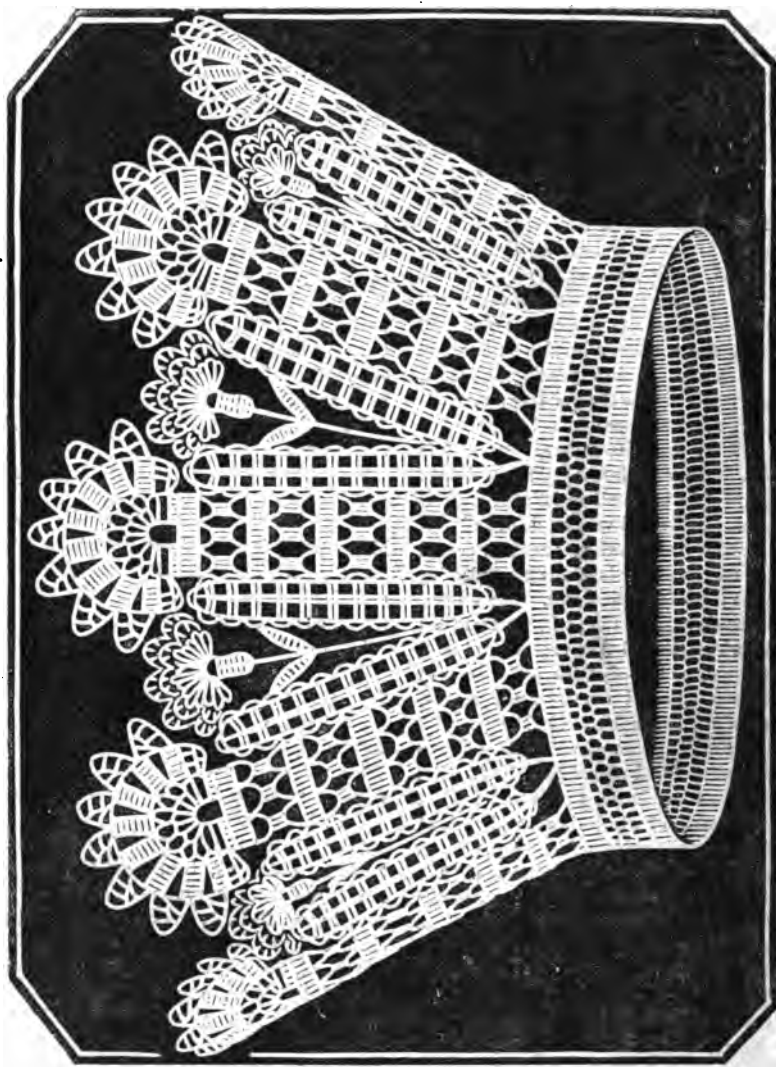
treble 3 loops from the end in the foundation in the double row, chain 2, work 1 treble in the next loop, chain 2, work 1 treble in the third or end loop, turn chain 5, work 1 treble in the centre of the first 2 chain, chain 3, work 1 treble in the next 2 chain, chain 3, work 10 treble in the 5 chain, plain 1 in the next 3 chain of the foundation, which completes one portion of the scallop; work 7 portions more the same in the 7 lots of 3 chain as shown in the engraving, fasten the last side down with 3 plain to correspond with the first, and repeat each portion in the last 3 loops of the 10 treble, in order to keep the points distinct.

You now commence another portion, the same as the one just done, 12 loops from the last in the foundation-band, and, after

FOR THE FLOWER.

Make a chain of 15 loops, turn back, miss 5, work 4 double, 1 treble, 1 double, 1 plain, chain 17, turn, and work the first 1 plain, 1 double, 3 treble, 1 double, 2 plain, chain 15, turn, and work the 15 plain, chain 7, turn, and work the seven, 1 plain, 1 double, 3 treble, 1 double, 2 plain, work the 10 chain plain, and form the stalk; then work on the other side the flower to correspond 1 plain, 1 double, 3 treble, 4 double; then work as follows in the 5 chain at the top, for the flower:—

1st row: In the first loop work 1 plain, chain 3, work 1 treble, chain 3, work 1 treble, chain 3, work 1 treble, chain 3, plain 1, repeat the same in each loop of the 5 chain, and fasten off.



CROCHET SLEEVE.

working the 5 portions as here described, you then work ten of the following leaves:—

PATTERN FOR LEAF.

Make a chain of 50 loops, turn back, and then work the 50 loops double.

1st round: Work 2 plain for the stalk part of the leaf, then chain 2, miss 2, work 2 treble, repeat to the end, and at the end chain 3, work 1 treble in the end, work back on the other side the same, to correspond with the treble opposite the treble; and after working the 2 plain the same as the first side, chain 4 for the stalk, turn back.

2nd: Work the 4 plain for the stalk, then chain 3, and work 2 double in the 2 chain of last round, repeat round, making both sides correspond, with 4 plain at the top of the plain for the stalk, chain 4, and fasten off, which completes the leaf.

2nd: Work 1 double in the first 1 plain of last row, then chain 4, and work 1 double between the 2 plain of last row, repeat to the end, chain 4, plain 1 in the 1 plain, fasten off.

3rd: Plain 1 in the centre of the 4 chain of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the centre of the same 4 chain as before, chain 3, work 1 treble in the same 4 chain as before, chain 3, work 1 treble in the same 4 chain as before, chain 3, plain 1 in the same 4 chain as before, repeat the same in each of the 4 chain of last row, and fasten off.

4th: The same as 2nd.

5th: The same as 3rd.

6th: The same as 2nd, which completes the flower; join this flower between two of the leaves, and the two leaves between the space of the sleeve, as shown in the illustration, fill the five spaces the same, which will complete the sleeve.

THE AMERICAN SPARROW-HAWK.



THE AMERICAN SPARROW-HAWK.

the head of the interesting class of birds—induced, no doubt, by the usual tendency of mankind to honour those who are pre-eminently
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endowed with the faculty of destructiveness—most naturalists have placed the rapacious tribes, which wage continual war upon all

their less powerful neighbours. It is true that, in these latter days, when old prejudices are gradually passing away, some naturalists have cast them from their high estate to make room for other perhaps not more worthy occupants; but in the popular mind the eagle is still the "king of birds;" and when viewing his majestic form, his piercing eye, and strong and lofty flight, bearing in mind at the same time the terrific weapons with which he is armed, it is not easy to imagine any more expressive emblem of those qualities for which men were and are still raised above their fellows.

The rapacious birds are characterised especially by the form of the beak, the upper mandible being considerably longer than the lower and hooked at the end, forming a most formidable instrument for tearing the flesh from the bones of their prey. The legs and feet, too, are very powerful, and the strong sharp claws partaking of the form of the beak, are adapted for seizing their victim with a deadly grasp. They are remarkable also for their great length of wing and strong and rapid flight—qualities in which, as probably in courage, the eagle is excelled by many of his smaller relatives, the falcons.

The males of these birds are generally much smaller than the females, and often differ from them considerably in colouring; their plumage also changes greatly with age, the young birds often appearing in a dress very different from that which they are ultimately to wear, and as the mature plumage is generally attained by degrees, the birds sometimes exhibit such multifarious characters in the different phases of their existence, as to have given rise to the establishment of half-a-dozen species in place of one.

One of the handsomest of the smaller hawks is that of which our engraving (p. 297) contains four representations—the American sparrow-hawk (*Falco sparrowius*). This elegant little bird inhabits almost every part of the United States, but is especially plentiful in the northern portions. The female is about eleven inches long, and twenty-three in expanse of wing; the male is about an inch and a half shorter, and measures two inches less from tip to tip. The head is of a bluish ash colour, with the crown reddish; round the head is a whitish border, in which are seven black spots; the back is reddish bay, barred with black; the under side of the body yellowish white streaked with brown; the quill feathers of the wings are black, spotted with white. The tail feathers are reddish bay, with a broad black band near the end, and beyond this a yellowish white tip; the two outer tail feathers are white. The beak is of a light blue colour, tipped with black; the cere and legs are yellow, and the claws blue-black. Such are the general colours of both sexes of this handsome bird, which differ nevertheless in several minor particulars which space forbids our pointing out.

The American sparrow-hawk builds its nest in a hollow tree; it chooses a hole pretty high up, where some large bough has been broken off. The female is said to lay four or five eggs, of a light brownish yellow colour spotted with a darker tint. Wilson, the American ornithologist, who devoted his life to the study of the birds of his adopted country, has left us a most animated account of this little hawk. He says: "It flies rather irregularly, occasionally suspending itself in the air, hovering over a particular spot for a minute or two, and then shooting off in another direction. It perches on the top of a dead tree or pole, in the middle of a field or meadow, and, as it alights, shuts its long wings so suddenly, that they seem instantly to disappear; it sits here in an almost perpendicular position, sometimes for an hour at a time, frequently jerking its tail, and reconnoitring the ground below, in every direction, for mice, lizards, etc. It approaches the farm-house, particularly in the morning—skulking about the barn-yard for mice or young chickens. It frequently plunges into a thicket after small birds, as if by random; but always with a particular and generally with a fatal aim. One day I observed a bird of this species perched on the highest top of a poplar, on the skirts of the wood, and was in the act of raising my gun from my eye, when he swept down with the rapidity of an arrow into a thicket of briars, about thirty yards off, where I shot him dead, and on coming up, found a small field-sparrow quivering in his grasp. Both our aims had been taken at the same instant, and, unfortunately for him, both were fatal. It is particularly fond of watching along hedge rows and in orchards, where small birds usually resort. When grasshoppers are plenty,

they form a considerable part of his food." The remainder of his sustenance is made up of small snakes, lizards, mice, and it rarely eats anything that it has not killed for itself, and this is occasionally rejected, if out of condition. In illustration of this, Wilson relates the following anecdote:—"One morning a gentleman observed one of these hawks dart down on the ground and seize a mouse, which he carried to a fence-post, where, after examining it for some time, he left it, and, a little while after, pounced upon another mouse, which he instantly carried off to his nest, in the hollow of a tree hard by. The gentleman sought to know why the hawk had rejected the first mouse, went up and found it to be almost covered with lice, and greatly emaciated. Here was not only delicacy of taste, but sound and proper reasoning—If I carry this to my nest, thought he, it will fill it with vermin, and hardly be worth eating." The voracity of the hawk may be imagined from the circumstance, also related by the American ornithologist, that in the stomach of one of these birds he found the greater part of the body of an American robin (*T. migratorius*), "including the unbroken feet and claws; though the robin actually measures within half an inch as long as the sparrow-hawk."

The blue jay (*Garrulus cristatus*), a very common bird throughout the United States, is one of the greatest enemies of the sparrow-hawk—at least as far as most vociferous attacks of the hawk may be regarded as signs of enmity. Like all his congeners, he has the greatest facility in imitating sounds; and, when disposed for a little quiet fun, can mimic the notes of other birds with an exactness as to deceive the most practised ear. He appears to be particularly fond of teasing the sparrow-hawk with his garbled nonsense, "imitating his cry wherever he sees him, and squeaking out as if caught; this soon brings a number of his own tribe around him, who all join in the frolic, darting about the hawk, and following the cries of a bird sorely wounded, and already under the clutches of its devourer; while others lie concealed in bushes, ready to second the attack. But this ludicrous farce often terminates tragically. The hawk, singling out one of the most insolent and provoking, sweeps upon him in an unguarded moment, and offers him up a sacrifice to his hunger and resentment. In an instant the tune is changed; all their buffoonery vanishes, and loud and incessant screams proclaim their disaster."

A much smaller bird than the jay, however, is able singly to drive this depredator from his haunts, at least during the breeding season, when affection for his mate and young prompts him to exert all his powers and dare every danger to save them from the destroyer. This is the king-bird or tyrant-flycatcher (*Micropodops tyrannus*), a bird of passage in the United States, whose dauntless courage makes even the eagle fly from his attacks.

THE WALLACHIAN ROBBER.—III.

Poor Zdenku was filled with serious anxiety. He racked his brain to no purpose in the attempt to discover why the formidable woman was so severe upon him. Meanwhile, his wife had managed to get an inkling of what was in the wind. From the glances of Maruschka and Dechurdschu upon Wantscha, who was crouching down in the corner, as well as from the alarm betrayed by Wantscha's looks, she gathered more than was spoken. Perhaps she also, with womanly ingenuity, guessed what had taken place at the garden-gate. At all events delay seemed to her dangerous, for she immediately sprang upon her daughter like a wild cat, dragged her out of the corner, forced her down upon the stone floor, and exclaimed: "She is your slave, body and soul, mistress! Tie a stone about her neck and throw her into the Temes where it is deepest; fasten her to a post and whip her till she stands in a pool of blood; tie her hands behind her back and sell her to the Turks! Do what you please with her, only do not withdraw from us your protection and favour."

Wantscha, who had in the meantime a little recovered from her surprise, attempted to resist. But her efforts were all in vain. Her mother kept her down with hand and knee, and compelled her by blows to submit to her fate. Zdenku stared in blank astonishment at the strange scene, which was a new riddle to him, instead

blution of the former one. But Maruschka smiled with malicious satisfaction, and after watching the woman's unmotherly behaviour some time, at last said: "Let the girl alone, Czinka. And, Wantscha, come to me; I will offer you a bit of good advice and you give it a wise hearing."

The ill-used girl arose, and, while she arranged her disordered hair smoothed down her clothes, she looked in no humour to listen obediently to any advice. She shot malicious glances at Maruschka, every now and then flashed scorn and indignation at Deschurdschu.

Maruschka took care not to be discomposed by her untoward and behaviour. With an apparently friendly tone, which was redeemed from hypocrisy by the touch of scorn with which her words were seasoned, she said: "I think you are a good child of our father and mother. They both love you beyond measure. There is only one thing that lies nearer their heart than their own, namely—what is quite reasonable—their own welfare. They would, perhaps, not hesitate to sacrifice their life and their property for your life; but assuredly they will not lose all they have to gratify your whim. Do you understand me, Wantscha? Are you aware that your father and mother are beggars, the moment I withdraw my protecting hand from their flocks, their threshings, and their house? If not, let me tell you so now. They will, before, find some means of conquering your stubborn will; and if they had not the power to do this, I am sure you are much good to a daughter to bring down a curse upon your father's house."

plunge those to whom you owe your existence into the deepest misery. You would not exact such a sacrifice at their hands, even to save your life. You are too dutiful and too noble for that."

Wantscha burst into tears. Her spirit was broken. As soon as the powerful mistress declared herself a suitor in the name of Deschurdschu, the poor girl abandoned all idea of resistance. Maruschka could brook no refusal at any time, and her tyrannical disposition was now irritated by the keen sting of jealousy. Nobody was better than Wantscha how to act on the spur of the moment. Once, resigning herself to her fate, she said with repeated sobs: "Obey, mistress."

"You do well," said Maruschka, and turning to Zdenku, added: "Join the hands of this pair together. Your daughter consents to become the bride of my faithful servant."

Full of joy, the rough old Deschurdschu sprang towards the poor man, who offered no opposition to his embraces. At last light broke upon the sluggish peasant, her father. "Is that all?" muttered he.

"I was wondering what would come of all your threats. It is hardly worth while to talk so ominously just for this. However, it is all one to me. You have got a good wife, old fellow, and a little property. Take her, and may Heaven bless you both!"

With these words he betrothed his daughter to an old man, whose recommendation was his being a *protégé* of the overbearing ale robber. Czinka laid her hands on the heads of the affianced pair, and said, as she thought of Petru's dangerous schemes, "That noble also is now at an end; we shall be able to sleep in peace. I be praised for this!"

Maruschka and the happy bridegroom remained all night at Skaberg. The amazon was even gracious enough to spend a great part of the morning there, and at last sat down to a late breakfast which served as the betrothment feast, which was prolonged beyond expectation. Her malicious exultation over Wantscha's hardly-

repressed tears gave an additional relish to the food, and the flask which her husband left behind also contributed to lengthen her stay. She did not move from her seat till she had completely drained every drop of the liquor. By that time the day was far advanced, and their departure, which was originally fixed for the morning, did not take place till the afternoon. The trees on the mountains were already stretching their broad shadows towards Turkey, when the poor lass at length found an opportunity of giving vent to her feelings with tears in quiet retirement, while her merciless tormentor and hated bridegroom were roaming through the wood.

Both the travellers stepped on apace, looking anxiously around, and listening attentively to every sound, like sportsmen who in unfrequented wilds make war upon the animal creation. After they had gone a good distance, Maruschka stopped at a steep elevation, from which she looked down into a valley where a herd of wild boars were taking their midday repose on the marshy soil. It was not, however, the wild boars that attracted her attention. She had seen in the distance beyond, the shadow of a man moving among the trees. The man had disappeared amid the foliage, before she had time to distinguish who he was. After a time the form appeared again through an opening in the trees, and Deschurdschu, who observed it, could not help exclaiming, "It is Micklos! What can he want here?"

"We shall soon know," replied Maruschka, upon which she put two fingers in her mouth and gave a shrill whistle, which echoed far and wide. The man sprang with a sudden bound behind the trees before he ventured to look round. But when he had done so, he came slowly out from his concealment, waving his hat, and indicating by his friendly greeting that he recognised his leader's wife. He was a Hungarian by descent, named Nicholas, which the old Wallachian corrupted into Micklos.

Maruschka beckoned him to come over to her. He assented, and immediately disappeared for the purpose, but did not take the shortest way. Probably he thought it advisable to avoid the armed cavaliers, and the furious wild sow with her numerous tribe of young ones. In this uncultivated region the wild boar still retains its original fierceness, though in Germany its nature is so far softened that a single shot is sufficient to put a whole herd to flight. Micklos came cautiously on, but all the more safely. "Where have you come from?" asked Maruschka, "and where are you going to?" "To our chief," replied Micklos. "There is likely to be a capture. The imperialists started very early this morning on a hunting expedition upon the mountain. One of them has missed his way. They are blowing the horn and calling out for him like mad ones. He must be a good prize, otherwise they would not make so much noise about him."

"By the time you get up to where he is, they will have found him long ago," said Maruschka.

Micklos put his finger to his nose, and said: "Yes, if they know what I know. They are looking for him up there, but he is on the other side. I saw him fire down in the ravine. I stood on the top of the mountain and listened on both sides, while they could not hear anything. The man has fired at least six times, and each time further away from the right path."

Maruschka winked with a smile of satisfaction. "You must be right," said she, "and I will accompany you to hunt the huntsman."

MILITARY WATCH-TOWERS IN THE CRIMEA.

THE climate and the soil of the Crimea are remarkably varied so much so, indeed, that a description which might be perfectly applicable to one part, would require to be directly reversed in order to be applicable to another. The fact is, the peninsula consists of two distinct portions, which are separated from each other by the river Salghir flowing from west to east. The northern portion is almost wholly composed of extensive plains, which, though bare of trees, are not deficient in rich pasture, except where marshes and lakes are found. Some of these salt-lakes, which are very numerous towards the sea-coast, are fifteen or twenty miles round. Throughout the northern part of the Crimea the climate is de-

cidedly unhealthy, being oppressively hot in summer, and bitterly cold, as well as damp, in winter.

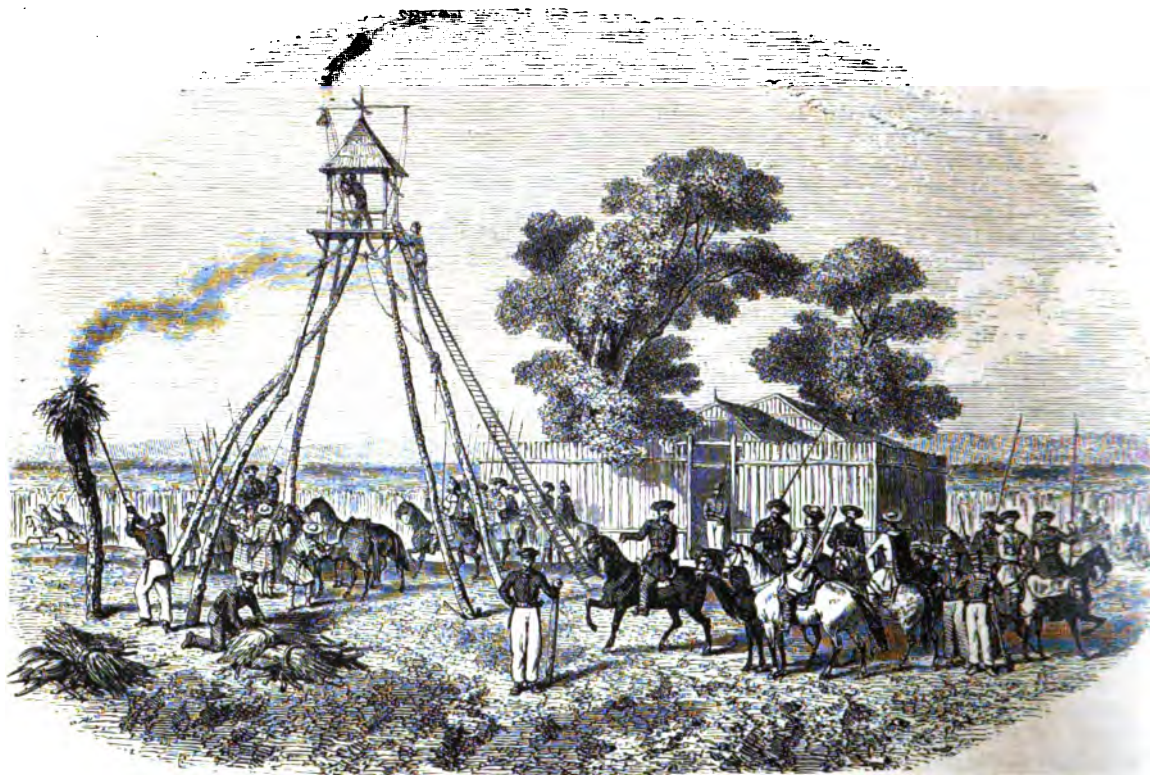
On the contrary, in the south—particularly in the valleys and on the mountain slopes—a delicious mild temperature prevails, and fruits of all kinds are produced in rich abundance. Among the productions of this region may be mentioned, corn, hemp, flax, tobacco, olives, vines, mulberries, pomegranates, figs, and oranges. Dr. Clarke gives the following description of a district in the south of the Crimea:—"If there exist a terrestrial paradise, it is to be found in the district intervening between Kutchukoy and Sudak, on the south coast of the Crimea. Protected by encircling alps

from every cold and blighting wind, and only open to those breezes which are wafted from the south, the inhabitants enjoy every advantage of climate and of situation. Continual streams of crystal water pour down from the mountains upon their gardens, where every species of fruit known in the rest of Europe, and many that are not, attain the highest perfection. Neither unwholesome exhalations, nor chilling winds, nor venomous insects, nor poisonous reptiles, nor hostile neighbours, infest their blessed territory." This bears pretty evident marks of being tinged with the hues of the writer's glowing fancy, though in some respects confirmed by the testimony of other travellers. However true it may be of the particular district in question, there is certainly no other part of the Crimea so highly favoured; for at certain periods of the year reptiles of various kinds infest even the south, the air is far from salubrious, and fevers are pretty prevalent.

The most important place in the Crimea—at least in relation to other countries—is Sebastopol, a very formidable stronghold of Russian power. Highly favoured by nature with a spacious har-

or forty feet from the ground, and supported upon four stakes or trunks of trees. In many cases there is no ladder like that in the engraving, but, as a substitute, pieces of wood are fastened crosswise, at intervals, to two of the supporting stakes. The Cossacks, who are keeping guard on the watch-towers to observe the movements of the enemy, set fire to a faggot of wood attached to a cross-beam above, whenever they think it necessary to give a signal. It is scarcely possible to form an adequate idea of the patient endurance exhibited by these sentinels. In spite of the severest cold, they remain whole days and nights on these watch-towers, exposed to the rain, snow, and wind, immoveable and erect as statues, with their faces turned towards the quarter pointed out, never suffering themselves to be diverted for a moment from their duty by what is going on behind them.

Ker Porter, in his work on "Travels in Georgia," has given a view of a watch-tower which he saw near Mozdock, in the Valley of Robbers, facing the Caucasus. Another traveller, Robert Lyall, gives a drawing of one which he saw on the Kouban, and states, that



A WATCH-TOWER IN THE CRIMEA.

bour and a commanding position, it has been very strongly fortified on scientific principles with an array of ramparts, bastions, batteries, and curtains, which are well calculated to strike terror into the heart of the bravest commander of a powerful fleet and numerous army. Nor can we reasonably wonder—however much we may regret—that so much hesitation should have been exhibited with regard to venturing upon an attack on this chief source of that domineering influence which Russia has been long exercising and extending over the Black Sea. With such a home for a powerful navy, she might bid defiance to every attempt to rob her of her supremacy in this part of the world. But now that it is wrested from her grasp, she has lost the right arm of her strength, an effectual check has been put upon her aggression, and there will be some hope for the cause of peace, freedom, and civilisation.

At the present time, when the glorious achievements of the Anglo-French troops in the Crimea are much talked of, our readers may be glad to have a representation of one of the military watch-towers there. Their construction is very simple. A wooden platform or trellis, four or five feet square, sometimes, but not always, surrounded by a sort of balustrade, is raised to a height of thirty

from the top of the watch-tower at Petrovskoye he was shown a marsh full of reeds, where about a thousand Circassians were said to have been drowned in October, 1821. The engraving which accompanies these remarks is taken from a drawing of one of the watch-towers ranged at regular intervals along the military line by the river Kouban, which forms the boundary between Russia and the tribes west of the Caucasus. "These posts of observation," says the artist, "are merely a kind of watch-towers raised on four props to a height of fifty feet above the ground. Two Cossacks are on guard there day and night. On the slightest movement of the enemy in the vast plain of rushes by which the river is bordered, a signal fire is lighted and hoisted to the top of the watch-tower. If the danger is more than usually imminent, they set fire to an enormous torch of straw and tar. At this signal, which is repeated from post to post along the line, the whole force take arms, and almost in an instant five or six hundred men are assembled at the point which is threatened. These military posts, each of which generally has a dozen men, are placed very near each other, particularly in dangerous passes, and at regular intervals small forts are raised with batteries and several pieces of cannon."

NEW ENGLAND IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES II

It seems to be a law of the human mind, that the feeling of loyalty and the desire of conserving old institutions diminishes as the dis-

inherent in human nature, and distance from the seat of power suggests ideas of independence.



EJECTION OF THE SHERIFF BY THE POPULACE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.



GEORGE BAXTER HOLDING UP THE CHARTER TO THE INHABITANTS OF RHODE ISLAND.

ance is increased between the individual and the land of his ancestry. A new soil, whereon all the faculties of man have full scope for their development, fosters that love of freedom which is

The law to which we have alluded showed itself in operation in the American colonies of Great Britain at a very early period. The vessel that conveyed to America the intelligence of the restoration

of monarchy in England, bore from the vengeance of Charles II. two of the judges who had signed the warrant for the execution of his father—Whalley and Goffe. Endicot, the governor of Massachusetts, received them with kindly hospitality; and before the royal order for their arrest reached Boston, the fugitives were enabled to escape to New Haven. The authorities of the Bay State, being required to execute the warrant, published a proclamation against them; but no one betrayed them, or made any attempt to accomplish the royal purpose. Dixwell, another of Charles's judges, joined them shortly afterwards, and, in spite of all the efforts to apprehend them, they passed the remainder of their days in America.

It was not until nearly twelve months after the receipt of the news of the restoration that Charles was publicly proclaimed in New England, and then all demonstrations of joy were strictly prohibited. The restrictions which the English government had placed upon their commerce had aroused a feeling of indignation among the colonists, and the General Court had drawn up a declaration of rights, which evinces their boldness and the advanced state of development which their political ideas had already attained. They claimed a degree of liberty which left the crown but small prerogative, though not more than had already been conferred, by royal charter, upon the colonists of Connecticut and Rhode Island. But his baffled intentions of revenge probably rankled in the mind of Charles II., for he refused the same rights to Massachusetts, and a struggle immediately commenced between the colonists and the government at home.

A remonstrance was drawn up for presentation to the king; but some of the sturdy democrats thought this unnecessary, arguing, that their compact was to pay a certain amount to the king, and that all notice of him beyond that was only by way of civility. The remonstrance was received unfavourably, and Massachusetts was ordered to send Bellingham, the governor, Hawthorne, an influential magistrate, and three other gentlemen, to England, to answer the charges made against the colony. The General Court assembled to deliberate upon the measures to be adopted; and, after fortifying themselves with prayers and psalms, they decided upon refusing to comply with the royal mandate. The colonists triumphed; England was then engaged in war with Holland, and in no condition to reduce them to obedience. The Navigation Act became a dead letter; not a single custom-house was erected, and the port of Boston, enjoying all the benefits of unrestricted commerce, became the most prosperous on the shores of the Atlantic.

The charters conferred by the king upon the colonists of Connecticut and Rhode Island have already been mentioned. The results were such as gladden the heart of the philanthropist to contemplate. Free and self-governed, enjoying all of independence but the name, the population of Connecticut doubled in twenty years, and such a degree of material prosperity and social happiness was attained as had never been known before. "To describe its condition," says Bancroft, "is but to enumerate the blessings of self-government by a community of farmers, who have leisure to reflect, who cherish education, and who have neither a nobility nor a populace." Contemporary writers speak of it as realising the Homeric fable of the Age of Gold. So great was the general prosperity, and the sense of morality, that locks and bolts were unknown; the richest of the colonists had no other fastening to their doors than a simple latch. We again quote Bancroft. "There were neither rich nor poor in the land, but all had enough. There was venison on the hills, abundant fish in the rivers, and sugar was gathered from the maple of the forest. The soil was originally justly divided, or held faithfully in trust for the public and for new-comers. Happiness was enjoyed unconsciously; like sound health, it was the condition of a pure and simple life. There was for a long time hardly a lawyer in the land. The husbandman who held his own plough, and fed his own cattle, was the great man of the age; nor was any one superior to the matron, who, with her busy daughters, kept the hum of the wheel incessantly alive, spinning and weaving every article of dress. Fashion was confined within narrow limits; and pride, which aimed at no grander equipage than a pillion, exulted only in the common splendour of the blue and white linen gown with sleeves reaching to the elbow, and the snow-white flaxen

apron, which, primly starched and ironed, was worn on five days by every woman of the land. The time of sowing and time of reaping marked the progress of the year; and the dress of the working day and the more trim attire of the Sabbath marked the progress of the week.

"Every family was taught to look up to God as the fountain of all good. Yet life was not sombre; the spirit of frolic mingled with innocence; religion itself assumed a garb of gaiety, and the annual thanksgiving was as joyous as it was sincere. Frugality was the rule of life, both private and public. Half a century after the concession of the charter, the annual expenses of government did not exceed eight hundred pounds.

"Education was always regarded as an object of deepest concern, and common schools existed from the first. A small college was early established, and Yale owes its birth to ten worthy fathers who in 1700 assembled at Brandford, and each one laying a few volumes on a table, said, 'I give these books for the foundation of a college in this colony.'

"Political education was a natural consequence of the constitution. Every inhabitant was a citizen, and every citizen, irrespective of wealth, condition, or any other circumstance, was possessed of the franchise. When, therefore, the progress of society and of events furnished a wider field of action than mere local politics afforded, the public mind was found equal to its circumstances; emerging then from the quiet of its origin into scenes where a new political world was to be created, the sagacity which had regulated the affairs of the village gained admiration in the field and the council."

The constitution of Rhode Island was as liberal as that of Connecticut. George Baxter, of whom nothing more is known, arrived with it on the 24th of November, 1663, and was received with solemn joy, worthy of men who fear God, love their fellows, and respect themselves. Our second illustration represents Baxter holding up the charter to the gaze of the immense concourse of people that was assembled on the shore to receive it. The scene is described by Bancroft in his history:—"The letters of the agreement were opened, and read with good delivery and attention; then the charter was taken forth from the precious box that held it, and was read by Baxter in the audience and view of all the people; and the letters, with his Majesty's royal stamp and broad seal, with most becoming gravity, were held up on high, and presented to the perfect view of the people." Perfect liberty of conscience was secured by this charter, and Rhode Island, like Connecticut, became, in the words of the pious John Haynes, "a refuge and receptacle for all sorts of consciences." The constitution of Maryland, while disregarding the minor distinctions of sect, required subscription to the faith of the Gospel; but that of Rhode Island was based on the broad and beautiful principle of universal brotherhood, and excluded no man, whatever his belief, from the rights of citizenship.

New Hampshire was at this period a portion of the state of Massachusetts, and shared in its prosperity and happiness; but in 1679, the English government, which had neither forgiven nor forgotten the obstinate resistance of the sturdy colonists of the Bay, separated New Hampshire from its jurisdiction, and erected it into a royal province, the president and council of which were to be appointed by the crown. The change was unwelcome to the people; and the discontent with which they viewed it was increased by the attempts of one Mason to enforce a claim to the lands of the province, a claim which had long lain dormant, but which was revived with the concurrence and support of the English government. Mason deputed as his agent a needy adventurer named Cranfield, who arrived in the province with a mortgage on all the lands for twenty-one years, and the appointment of governor conferred upon him by the home government. He calculated upon realising a splendid fortune, as, by an arrangement between Mason and the government, one-fifth of all quit-rents had been allotted to him as his salary; but in this anticipation he was greatly disappointed. The colonists opposed a steady and determined resistance to all his measures. Associations were formed for the purpose of hindering the collection of the taxes which he imposed. The sheriff and his officers were forcibly expelled wherever they presented themselves to distrain upon the goods and chattels of the inhabitants.

ts; and in one place he was seized, and having his arms bound hind him, and a halter about his neck, was in that ignominious manner conducted out of the province.

The contumacy of Massachusetts was yet to be punished. In 1780 the royal arms were put up in the court-house, the oath of allegiance was required, and new efforts were made to enforce the provisions of the Navigation Act. The General Court, fearing for the charter, but still desirous of maintaining the right of self-government, gave validity to that measure by an act of its own. The king was exasperated rather than mollified by this step, and was more determined than ever to annul the charter. A deputation to avert his anger was unsuccessful. The entire population was roused and agitated; the General Court deliberated a whole

fortnight as to whether the king's forbearance should be purchased by implicit submission to his will. The majority were still firm. "The civil liberties of New England," said they, "are part of our inheritance; shall we give that inheritance away? It is objected that we shall be exposed to great sufferings. Better suffer than sin. It is better to trust the God of our fathers than to put confidence in princes. If we suffer because we dare not comply with the wills of men against the will of God, we suffer in a good cause, and shall be accounted martyrs in the next generation and at the great day." This view of the matter was accepted and persisted in; and on the 2nd of July, 1785, the act for annulling the charter arrived in Boston, where it was received with all the signs of mourning and woe.

FRENCH HAY; OR, LOST AND FOUND

A TALE OF ENGLISH VILLAGE LIFE.

BY MRS. BURBURY, AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE SACKVILLE," "THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL BOYS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER I.

SOUT sixty miles from London, on one of the great turnpike roads, long which, before these railway times, there used to be an immense traffic, stands my native village. It is certainly one of the loveliest spots on earth, and that many besides myself have thought so, is evidenced by the number of beautiful residences which have been built about—not lately though; for poor old John Tolley, who called, when I was a girl, to call himself architect and builder, and held his head as high as any man in the place, having a monopoly of the whole trade, now lives in a small cottage by the church, and is glad to get a day's odd jobbing at the better sort of mason's work, when he can.

For building is quite gone out of fashion at French Hay; nor indeed is it needed, since many of the best houses, which I remember filled with dashing county families, whose gay doings used to keep the whole place alive, are shut up now. Some are entirely deserted, and some are still kept on, though seldom occupied. One of the loveliest and most beautiful of those, upon whom the latter fate has fallen, is the Chauntry, an irregular though most attractive mansion building, the property, and once the frequent residence, of the Brandons, the oldest baronets in the shire.

Nowhere that I have ever been, is there, of its size, so exquisite a flower-garden, or, as Lady Ethel Brandon used to call it, a leasance, as at the Chauntry. The lawn, of that delicious turf, into which the feet sink at every step, is perfect. Here and there it is studded with beds of flowers shaped in the most fantastic and successful forms fancy can devise; groups of beautiful but untidy statues stand about, covering the sward beneath, with hundreds of their delicate white leaves, while close by, are quaint tufts of the sweet heliotrope, which sigh out their fragrant breath at the feet of their pale queen the lily. Gleaming from under the dark shadows cast by the trees, are glowing knots of brilliant verbena, which, when the slanting rays of the evening sun fall upon them, look like downy spots of scarlet velvet; waving and tossing about in their untrained luxuriance, their naked wiry-looking stems hidden among the ivy out of which they spring, are multitudes of Lady Ethel's favourite hops, while nodding to them here and there, though keeping fast hold of their supporters, are passion-flowers and jessamine.

Round this charming spot, girdling it from intrusion, is a belt of evergreens and forest trees, the sombre hues of which are enlivened by the gay blossoms of all those kinds of flowering shrubs which flourish out of doors in England.

Along the top of this sweet lawn runs the west front of the house to which it belongs. It was a nunnery once, and although of course it was greatly altered, when first it fell into secular hands, much being added, and much pulled down to render it fit for general habitation, all was done in such good taste, the additions and deductions so artfully made, that even those best acquainted with the building cannot always fix the boundary line, nor tell which sunny parlour and genial chamber belonged to "the sisters," or to a later date.

Most of the rooms are low, and oak-panelled, with carved ceilings and deep embayed windows; two or three are tiny, odd-shaped places, such as one can easily fancy to have been cells of the recluses; these are now converted into pantries and storerooms down stairs, and dressing-rooms above. The traditional refectory has become the drawing-room; the chapel, with its lancet windows of richly-stained glass, its fretted roof, and wide folding-doors, is now the library; and the parlour of the Reverend Mother the dining-room. What is now the entrance hall was the great convent kitchen, and the old larders and butteries that adjoin make capital ante-rooms.

Ever since the time of Henry, when at the dissolution of monasteries the Chauntry fell into the hands of his especial favourite, Sir Thomas Brandon, Knight, and afterwards Baronet, it has been a pet and a hobby of the family. Each succeeding owner has done something for it; and when its last possessor, the stately Lady Ethel, died, and it passed to her only son, the present baronet, it was as perfect as wealth and exquisite taste could make it.

Unhappily, however, for the Chauntry and French Hay, Sir Robert inherited little of his race's love for either place; and being a fashionable young man, fond of travelling and society, he never visits them except during the shooting season, when a posse of sporting men come down with him, and after a few weeks' slaughter in the preserves and over the manor, they disappear as suddenly as they come.

A stranger passing through French Hay, and glancing at the residences I have described, interspersed as they are with many smaller, though equally attractive abodes, would naturally conclude that the society of the village must be excellent. The whole place gives one that impression, and such is the invariable conclusion to which all visitors come upon the first day or two of their sojourn; while as invariable is their after verdict, that French Hay, with all its natural attractions, is—made by the people themselves—the most stupid, narrow-minded, silly little place on earth. I have lived there off and on all my life, and although I love it very dearly, especially the old churchyard, where my parents, brothers, sisters, husband, and children lie, I confess that the more I see of the outer world, the more convinced I am of the justice of the view which strangers take of my birthplace.

Several times within my recollection families have come to French Hay, taken some of the pretty vacant houses, and showed the greatest willingness to hold out the right hand of fellowship to their new neighbours. Disposed to be friendly with the inhabitants, they not unnaturally expected those individuals to show at least an equal courtesy to them; but no, this is too much the fashion of larger, less exclusive places, for the French Hay people to adopt it; and so, one by one, they drive all visitors away, and with a strange infatuation congratulate themselves upon their unfeigned success—unfeigned I say, because, with one exception, I never knew any persons courageous or patient enough, or who thought the *élite* of the village worth so much, as to endure their rudeness and wait for the turn of their caprice. And the history of this exception, so far as it has to do with French Hay, is the subject of the present tale.

About midway up the village street is a small residence, with a large garden. Both were, about five years ago, in a most forlorn and dilapidated state, for neither had been occupied since the mysterious death of the owner, who had been found dead in her bed many years before. She had been a stranger in the place, was utterly unknown even to the lawyers who purchased and conveyed the property to her, was seldom seen out of her own premises, and brought with her the only servant she ever kept, a handsome but cunning-looking German maid, who could not speak one intelligible word of English. During the three years she lived in the village her charities were unbounded, her attendance at church as regular as the clergyman's, and her determination to know nobody as positive and well kept as that of the French Hay people themselves.

She was generally called the "Lady at the Cottage," but the lawyers and clergyman spoke of her as Miss Lascelles. The contemptuous nonchalance with which she treated the people, the resolute manner in which she absolutely refused to recognise the inquisitive folks who called upon the shallow pretext of asking her subscription to various charities—which she never gave them—all piqued the inhabitants into a great wish to know her. They could not bear to be set at defiance in their own way. If she had shown the slightest or the most craving wish for society, they would not, had she needed it ever so much, have given it to her; but as she didn't, and treated them as if there were no such persons in existence, they would have moved Heaven and earth, ay, and even the lower powers themselves, to secure her acquaintance.

Well, after tantalising the people during three long years, Miss Lascelles was, as I said before, found one day dead in her bed. The German servant had left her a week previous, and one morning, when the old charwoman who had been engaged to come every day for the purpose, arrived to unlock the door and make the fire as usual, she found her eccentric employer dead in her little tent bed. An inquest was of course held forthwith, and a verdict returned by the coroner's jury of "Found dead." The lawyers who had conveyed the property to her now came forward and stated that they had also made a will, an unsigned copy of which they produced, and which specified a large amount of real and personal property bequeathed to a half-sister, with whom the testatrix said that she had been at enmity for years. The attested will had been delivered by the men of law to their client, but now, after the most diligent search, was not to be found, although, the day after the funeral, a young man appeared who called himself heir-at-law to the deceased, and having no one to dispute his claim, took possession of everything. At his next visit he was accompanied by the German servant, who stated herself to be his wife.

After this time Mr. and Mrs. Abbott never visited French Hay; they left the whole management of their property there in the hands of the lawyers, and went abroad.

The cottage remained tenantless, nothing was done by way of repair, and consequently it speedily fell into a very woful condition. It continued in this way getting worse and worse, and less likely to let, when, to their great astonishment, the solicitors received an application from a widow lady with two daughters, who wished to take it.

The applicants were strangers; but thoroughly imbued as the men of law were with the exclusive habits of the place, they waived the objection, in consideration of getting rid of that very unpleasant additional paragraph to their half-yearly letter, "we are sorry to say that there appears very little probability of letting the cottage." They therefore thought it prudent to accept Mrs. Vyvian as their client's tenant, and as soon as the place could be made habitable, the new occupants took possession.

Public curiosity was now on the *qui vive* again; for although the people of French Hay won't be sociable, yet they are by no means averse to gaining information by means of that occupation usually called gossiping, and knowing everything that is to be known, good, bad, or indifferent. Nothing, however, in this case appeared likely to be learned in the usual way; the strangers had brought no servant, but engaged a girl from the village; therefore all hope of information from that unfailing source, "a trustworthy servant," was cut off. They knew nobody, looked provokingly unlike patients for the chattering doctor, carefully avoided charwomen, and either made their dresses themselves, or had not yet required any. They

seemed bent upon puzzling their neighbours, and succeeded. It was all very provoking; the French Hay people felt themselves absolutely injured; that tiresome cottage seemed destined to be a perpetual disappointment to them.

The mystery and notoriety of Miss Lascelles' death certainly compensated a little for the unsatisfactory knowledge they had had of her life, but such a thing might never happen again; they could not always expect such a reward for their patience; these new people might live on for years, and die at last like the rest of the world, never in any way affording the least return for all the anxiety which was lavished upon them—it was too bad.

I was absent during the first few weeks of the Vyvians' residence in the village, and returned to my little cottage to find them almost the sole subjects of conversation. At first I did not enter very warmly into the matter, having been too much accustomed to the selfish inquisitiveness of my neighbours, who like to take all and give nothing, to heed their perplexities or mortifications very much. But a circumstance which happened nearly a month after my return, brought me in contact with the strangers, who interested me exceedingly.

The circumstance was this. At the bottom of my garden is a tiny paddock, which runs up to that of the Vyvians. This paddock was occupied by a superannuated goat, formerly the property and pet of my little granddaughter Mary, who was my darling while she lived, and is Gov's angel now, and which for her sake I cherished very carefully. Now this goat had two very evil propensities—a love of breaking through hedges and deserting her own proper domain, and an insatiable love of roses. Both these propensities Mrs. Nanny had a habit of indulging at the expense of the nearest garden, and while that now occupied by the Vyvians was tenantless, there was no great harm in her marching through the gaps in the hedge, and munching up the great cabbage roses which were running wild in all directions; but when the cottage became inhabited, the garden cultivated, and the luxuriant shrubs cut down into proper size and shape, Nanny's visits became decidedly improper, and were forbidden accordingly. The fence was re-made, the gaps blocked up, and every provision for the rover's comfort attended to in her own field; but if we hoped so to confine the lady's peregrinations within the proper boundaries, it showed that we knew very little of a goat's perseverance and resolution. The more we tried to control her rambling, the more she exerted herself to baffle and outwit us; and so sure as we left her at night snug and comfortable in her own little paddock, with freshly mended fences and gapless hedges, so surely the morning discovered her browsing with the utmost *sang froid* upon Mrs. Vyvian's roses.

This was very provoking, and annoyed me exceedingly. I could not help it; I did all in my power to induce this dishonest old lady to behave properly, yet without effect; and my new neighbours, who could have no idea why I persisted in keeping such a troublesome and very ugly pet, must think me wilfully ill-disposed. It was very provoking.

At last, early one morning, I received a message from Mrs. Vyvian saying that the poor old rambler had just been discovered lying at the bottom of the garden-steps with her leg broken; that they feared to move her without my presence, and begged that I would come at once. Upon obeying the summons, I found my poor goat, evidently much hurt, lying where she had been just found, and the two loveliest girls I ever saw, standing pityingly beside her. I did not know their names then, but I learned afterwards that they were Blanche and Sybil.

"Oh, I am so sorry, so very sorry," said Blanche, coming forward almost apologetically; "we never thought the poor creature would come here, or we would have shut down the lids. I am very sorry."

"She is in such pain," continued Sybil; "I am afraid she is more hurt than even a broken leg, and this is such a cold damp place—cannot we move her?"

"You are very kind," I said. "I am ashamed to give you so much trouble, and that my poor old pet has behaved herself so ill as to trespass here at all; but I fear that she cannot be removed at present. She is very heavy, and in the attempt to carry her should only hurt her more. If you will allow it, and pardon my intrusion, I will send the farrier to see her."

'Oh do, pray do," cried both the girls at once, "and stay until comes. Here is mamma; she will send Mary to bring him." Mrs. Vyvian now approached, and with graceful courtesy seconded daughters' invitation, and offered to send Mary for the farrier.

Mr. Lance attempted to lift her to ascertain if she had met with any further injuries, were so plaintive, that after hearing his opinion that he could not save her life, we entreated him to desist from an examination which only tortured, and could do her no good. To



KANNY'S ACCIDENT.

accepted both, and when Mr. Lance came, the fair girls heard with almost as much grief as myself, that the poor old goat was hurt so seriously that there was very little probability of her recovering. Both her fore legs were broken, and her cries, when

this he willingly acceded, and after helping us to place the poor creature upon a thickly-doubled carpet, which Blanche brought to save her from the hard cold stones, he left us.

Until now, when I was about to lose her, I had never known how

much I loved the poor dumb thing—how intimately she was connected in my thoughts with the memory of my darling little grandchild. I had tended and cherished her from, as I thought, a natural compassion for her age, and regard to our long friendship; but now I knew that it was for the sake of her who was gone, and because I felt, every time I looked upon her, that she formed a link between the living and the dead. Very few words sufficed to make the Vyvians understand my feelings, and from that day to the one upon which the poor truant died, they nursed her with tender and unremitting care.

The acquaintance thus commenced was eagerly improved on my part. The gap I had made in the hedge between the gardens, in my visits to Nanny, remained unended, and although at first I talked every day of setting Jerry to make it up, yet it was neglected so long, that in time I began to look upon it as a sort of "right of way," and a convenience which ought not upon any account to be dispensed with. In this view my neighbours perfectly agreed, and therefore there it remains, an aperture for the passage of a neat little road, patted hard and smooth by the busy feet which traverse it so often. For the first few days of our intimacy there was a slight shyness and reserve upon the part of my charming neighbours; not stiffness or mystery, but a certain undefinable something, which showed, that although perfectly willing to be kind and courteous, yet that they felt the uncivilised way in which the French Hay people had treated them, and did not covet an acquaintance with any member of the fraternity.

After a little time, however, this wore off, and they became as cordial and frank as if we were of the same rank and had been friends from childhood.

The intimacy thus permitted soon afforded me opportunities of learning my new friends' history. It was an old tale, and has been often told.

Mr. Vyvian had been a solicitor, who, upon his marriage with the only child and heiress of an East Indian nabob, had retired from practice, purchased a magnificent place near York, lived in first-rate style, bestowed the best education money and talent could afford upon his two lovely daughters, became director of an apparently flourishing railway, quarrelled with the board for some flagrant breaches of trust committed by them against the shareholders, and before the necessary steps could be taken to make his withdrawal from the concern public, the whole bubble burst, and Mr. Vyvian, who was, with one exception, the only solvent man among the directors, was selected by the creditors to proceed against, and being declared responsible, the entire of his property was given up to satisfy claims he had never incurred, and debts he had never sanctioned.

Three days after all was settled, and upon the very morning he had fixed to leave his splendid home to go forth penniless with his family, Blanche discovered her father dead in his study. From the position in which the body was found, it appeared as if he had died in the act of unlocking his desk, for he lay at the foot of the table upon which it was placed, and the key was in his hand. This was all that Blanche said, or was asked, upon the inquest; and if she knew or suspected more, her knowledge was confined to herself and God. To the bereaved and ruined wife and daughters, this was a terrible aggravation of their woe. Delicately nurtured as they had been, poverty would have been hard enough to bear, even with their natural protector; but now, helpless, moneyless, and ignorant of the world, they were indeed forlorn.

In this sorrow their mutual love and perfect devotion to each other was their best support. Each thought more of her companions' grief than her own, and made it a duty to bear up manfully for their sake; thus aiding and aided, they helped each other on. Nothing of all their riches and possessions remained, but a pittance of fifty pounds a-year, which had been left to Blanche by her god-mother, upon which they were now to learn to live. Somehow or other they heard of French Hay, its beauty and economy, the cheapness of its rents, and the loveliness of its neighbourhood,—everything, in short, but its unsociability; and after much consideration determined to fix their abode there. At first they were, like all strangers, enchanted with their new quarters; but a very few weeks sufficed to show how greatly they had erred in supposing that the beauty of the place had acted expansively upon the hearts

of the inhabitants, or that the people were weak enough to follow the usual superstitious absurdity, of treating strangers after the apostolic injunction. Accustomed from infancy to courtesy and kindness, the poor sensitive girls felt the neglect and ill-breeding of their neighbours keenly. And my heart has ached sorely many and many a time, when I have seen Blanche's pale cheek crimsoned by Sybil's proud eye flash, at the rude vulgarity they now encountered. To kindly generous natures like theirs, society is a necessity, a want, and Blanche and Sybil Vyvian could as easily have lived without food or light, as without sympathy and love.

Hundreds there are who never feel this want, who can live on for ever self-engrossed and satisfied, who care for no smile, who pay for no love, who neither pity nor ask for pity, who can lose themselves who should be as their own soul, or gain the brightest prize the world offers, without feeling one human craving for sympathy; who stand alone like the desert rock, isolated in the midst of an universe, an unrecognised member of a great family, self-exiled from tenderness or pity. Hundreds of such blots upon God's fair creation are to be found, and to people whose moral perceptions are clear and true, they are more to be pitied than the wretched creatures whom all men shun. But the Vyvians were none of these, and, as I have said before, they felt the arrogant and self-righteous imperfections of their neighbours keenly.

To me their society was a great acquisition and delight—they were so unaffected, highly educated, and elegant in all their tastes and ways; and I think that after a little while, superior to me as they were in everything, they began to enjoy their visits to my little cottage, and feel some portion of the pleasure they gave.

Strange it was to see those beautiful graceful beings flitting about my formal little rooms, where nothing so lovely had been seen since my darling young lady left them on her bridal day; and poor Betty—who used to be my school-room maid at the Hall, and left it to accompany my fortunes when I relinquished my post to marry the village curate—loved the sight of their bright young faces as much as I did.

It was some time before, even intimate as we became, I discovered the extreme poverty against which my dear new friends were struggling. There was so much dignity and delicacy about them, and they managed so well and skilfully, possessed so thoroughly that rare talent of never talking of themselves, that it required more than my penetration, and more than even French Hay impudence, to discover their economy, or mention it when one had. But at last I found it all out, and when they knew that I had, they gladly gave up all attempts at concealment, and studied no longer to keep up appearances which cost so much thought, care, and unnecessary and ill-to-be-spared money.

This was a great relief to us all; it removed all restraint, every subject upon which we could not talk at ease; and the confidence added strength, I do think, to the bond between us. I am sure that it did between me and Blanche, but of Sybil I was not quite so sure—at least at first. She was so proud, so sensitive and imaginative, that she could not bear any allusion to their poverty except from herself. Pity was to her fancy only a shape for insult, and she would have lived on prison fare, and rested upon a bedless floor, sooner than endure even the shadow of such a thing from a stranger.

But in Blanche—sweet, gentle, just-hearted Blanche—this delicacy was so tempered by religion and good sense, that she appeared really to rejoice in the perfect confidence which now existed between us, and the counsel she could now take in her troubles. Oh, the long, earnest discussions we held upon the profits of poultry, pigs, garden-produce, everything which might be reared or cultivated in their small premises, and disposed of to advantage. But the garden had been so long neglected, the wall-trees had run so completely wild, the pig and hen-houses were so utterly demolished, that no hope of emolument from their use could be looked for at present. Poor Blanche's next project was to take in needle-work, or do fancy things for the richer, less accomplished inhabitants. "I knew every one," she said; "could not I procure her employment in this way? Sybil and her mother need know nothing of it," she thought; she "had so much time, and if I would only let her come and work at my house, they would never suspect." Poor girl! how earnestly she pleaded, willing to encounter the ill-paid toil of a sempstress, or

labour of any sort, to help those she loved; and won over by her entreaties, I promised to do my best.

This proposal was made early one morning, while I was busy in my garden trimming the borders. Blanche had not slept all night, she was so eager to tell me her plan and engage my assistance; and so came the moment she could escape from home unobserved. Our conversation took place in the garden, and no sooner was it over, and Blanche gone, than I saw her beautiful sister cross the little paddock and come towards me.

I do not think I have ever described Sybil; therefore, to give my reader some faint idea of her matchless beauty, I will try to paint her, as she stood before me that day. She was neither so tall nor so slender as Blanche—not that she was either short or stout; but while her sister was slightly above the middle height, Sybil was “a thought,” as our northern neighbours say, below it, and while the elder looked as fragile as a fairy, Sybil’s slender though beautifully rounded figure, haughty step, and queenly gesture, reminded one more of an Andalusian princess than a simple English maiden. Her rich dark complexion, under which the bright blood coursed red and free, her large well-opened eyes, as brown as her wavy hair, and her tiny crimson-lipped mouth, with its small glittering teeth, aided the continued mistake of strangers, who always took Sybil Vyvian for a child of the sunny South, and made her, when her sister was not by, the only object upon which the eye could rest. This bright autumn day, when she stood amid the gorgeous dahlias, her little hand resting like a snow-flake upon the deep ruby blossom of one which she admired beyond all the rest, I thought that the earth had never borne so beautiful a burden, and that the glory of her loveliness was more than worthy of a crown.

For a long time she talked in her clever, eloquent way about the flowers, and beauties of the place and season; but it was easy to see that her heart was not in her talk, and that her gay words only covered a deeper purpose. At last, unable to conceal it longer, she exclaimed, in her usual impetuous way: “Dear Mrs. Norman, I want you to help me; I want to go out as a governess—to give daily lessons!”

The rake fell from my hands; and I stared at her with the most unfeigned amazement. Her face crimsoned as she saw my astonishment, which, foolish old woman as I am, I could not suppress, and she laughed with a somewhat embarrassed air, when I stammered out,

“You a governess! you, my dear Miss Sybil?”

“Yes, me; why not me?”

“I don’t know—I never thought—but dear me, how glad I am, to be sure.”

This was a very awkward speech, and many people might have fancied from it that I was glad of the dilemma; but Sybil was too generous to misjudge my stupid words, and with her usual quickness read at once their real meaning.

“I knew you would be glad to help me,” she said; “and so, when I made up my mind what to do, I came at once. It is better not to dwell upon these things, isn’t it?”

“But you will never bear it, my dear young lady; I know what a melancholy life a governess leads.”

“Yes, yes, so do I—a resident governess; but I don’t intend to leave home, only to be a daily teacher; give so many hours a-day, you know.”

This plan, which suggested the idea of the high-spirited creature before me being subjected daily to the slights and patronising imperfections of her exceedingly unamiable neighbours, distressed me very much, and like a silly impulsive old woman, I cried out,

“Oh, you could not bear it; you must not think of it.”

But the mind of the young girl I addressed thus rashly was better disciplined than mine, and she replied,

“Oh yes, I must. Blanche could not bear it, but I could; people won’t be insolent to me, they will see that I won’t take it; and besides,” she continued, the flash of her eye fading into a proud humility that was most beautiful to see, and which made my foolish heart leap with admiration, “I shall never give them any cause; I shall be so well-behaved, so humble.”

From that hour I loved Sybil with my whole heart; more, far more, than I loved her gentle, almost perfect sister. There was something grand and brave in her resolution, involving as it did so

much sacrifice and self-conquest, and I looked up to her with reverence as well as love.

Sybil saw it, and her kindling eyes sank, while brilliant tears came over them, dimming their proud lustre.

Ever after this we were firm friends.

When our conference was over, and we had settled all things in our own minds, how Sybil was to bric the news to her mother and Blanche, and how and what I was to do, I sallied forth upon my errand. Many of the ladies in French Hay had children, and two had governesses; but how the others fared was only known to the parties concerned. Judging from the manner of the young people, neither very much time nor talent was lavished upon their education; and giving their parents credit for sufficient taste and affection to see and wish to improve their very unpromising state, I went hopefully about the work of introducing my young friend to them.

With all my knowledge of French Hay conceit and self-sufficiency, the idea of people refusing to avail themselves of such an opportunity as was now offered to them, never entered my head—it is so much easier to believe men and women to be downright insane than silly—but I ought to have known them better, and not then to have supposed they would do such a common-sense, other-place sort of thing, as allow a person whom they had not known all their lives, to teach their children what they couldn’t. However, the stupidest people learn in time, and after a few visits, I became perfectly convinced of the hopelessness of expecting any reasonable things for my friends.

Some asked me who the Vyvians were, where they came from, and what introductions they had. Others inquired if I knew that Mr. Vyvian had been a bankrupt; that they kept no regular servant, and that the cottage was not more than half furnished. Others shrugged their shoulders, paid me ironical compliments upon my easy good-nature, and hoped that I shouldn’t have cause to repent it. Everybody was ready with good advice, warning, or reproof, and I returned home with a heart whose feelings were divided between shame, anger, and mortification. The first, however, quickly gave place to the last, when I saw the sorrowful disappointment of Sybil, whom I found waiting for me on my return.

Her hopes, fed by my own, had been so highly raised, that their destruction was almost more than she could bear; and when she rose and went to the window, feigning to admire my new stand of roses, I knew, by the palpitation of her throat, and the quivering of her eyelids as she stood in profile before me, that she was weeping.

After a little time, and with many generous expressions of thanks for my exertions, Sybil took leave, and I was left to my own mortifying reflections.

Oh! how I longed to be rich, and how I repined at not being able to place these good and beautiful girls above the necessity of such labour as they were now striving to obtain. But, alas! my pittance is so small, that it requires the very strictest economy to make it answer our exceedingly modest wants; and when my poor old servant has one of those frequent attacks of illness which so often alarm me for her life, and cause me again and again to entreat her to give up her labour and accept the comfortable, almost luxurious home urged upon her by her nephew, Farmer Lawrence, it takes much careful and secret management, a little self-denial, and a great deal of thought, to procure for her all the delicacies her state requires. Still, although I knew that I was helpless, and that no planning or thinking could make me otherwise, I sat pondering and pondering, imagining all sorts of impossibilities, until my reverie was disturbed by the unusual apparition of a visitor from the Yew Tree. Mrs. Warrenne and I are certainly the least social of neighbours, and a visit from her to my cottage is one of the rarest and smallest pleasures I have. She is very conceited, very proud of her position as the wife of the principal solicitor in the place, very exclusive, and not very learned. She plays very well, and her costly piano and harp monopolise one of the best rooms in her house, while this solitary accomplishment is paraded at all times, and to all people, in the most unmerciful manner.

She is a very handsome woman, and dresses magnificently, at least her admirers say so; but for my old-fashioned taste, she wears too many colours at once, cares too little whether they contrast or

match well, and seizes too quickly upon the French caricatures which come to the "head milliner" of the village as direct importations from Paris, to be well dressed. This day she wore a superb violet satin pelisse, with a large green velvet mantle, a white chip bonnet ornamented with ostrich feathers tipped with blue, and ribbons to correspond.

I rose hastily as she entered—her visits always flurry me at first, she makes such a parade, and compliments everything so outrageously—and relinquished my easy-chair; none other in the room being, I thought, capable of accommodating uncrushed her splendid habiliments. After the usual minute inquiries after my health and pursuits, my garden and fruit, I discovered that some deeper motive than a mere civility call had obtained me the honour of this visit. What it could be I could not imagine, for it never entered into my head to conceive that the gorgeous lady before me, and my poor little self, could have one single object of interest in common; and I waited in some curiosity, until, finding that I would not talk unasked, the lady should begin herself.

CHAPTER II.

"So I hear old Peggy Morton is dead at last. What a relief that must be to you; I used to pity you so much, going down that muddy lane every day as you did; my patience would have been exhausted long before. But you are so good, so charitable; you know all the poor; and by-the-by that reminds me, I hear that you know those strange new people who have come to the old White Cottage."

I bowed and simply answered, "I have the honour of knowing Mrs. Vyvian and her daughters, if it is to them you allude."

"The honour!" repeated my elegant visitor; "why, I hear one of the young women wants to go out as governess."

I made no reply, for I felt so indignant at the contemptuous tone and words of the rich lady that I feared to speak. The idea of my beautiful queenly Sybil being spoken of in terms such as one would use in talking of a cook! I could not endure it.

"I really felt quite sorry for you when I heard their circumstances; kindness is so often imposed on now-a-days; and I came to see if you knew sufficient of them to warrant me in offering to assist you."

I opened my eyes to their widest extent, and she continued—

"I mean, of course, if I find them respectable. Pray what are this young person's acquirements?"

"What young person?" I asked, as civilly as I could.

"Why this girl I have been talking of—this *protégée* of yours at the old White Cottage."

"If I understand you to mean Miss Sybil Vyvian, I believe that she is very highly educated and accomplished."

"Sybil Vyvian! Good heavens, what a name! what affectation! what can a girl with such a ridiculous name as that teach?"

"Everything that it is requisite for a lady to know."

"Impossible! it is too absurd. Can she read and write?"

"I have never seen her write; and her reading has been chiefly confined to Italian, when she has been so good as to gratify my love of listening to a sweet voice. I do not know whether she can read English."

"Italian! She has been to school then?"

"I think not. She and her sister were educated at home."

"Then you think she might be capable of instructing my two youngest girls, until they are old enough to be placed under Mademoiselle Minnette. She will not teach any pupils under twelve, and really Georgina and Adelaide have been sadly neglected. Of course, what with my music, and visitors, and rides, and one thing or other, I have no leisure to throw away in the nursery. You have no idea of the demands upon my time—they are really tremendous; but one must sacrifice something to one's position, you know."

I bowed, or at least I tried to do so. She went on.

"As you have taken so much interest in this young person, perhaps you will send her to me. If I find her promising, I will certainly employ her for your sake; but don't let her make too certain of success; I am very particular, you know—I consider that I have a right to be so, though people do say that I am rather too fastidious in my ideas," here she laughed conceitedly; "but really, when one has lived all one's life in a certain set, and held a certain

position, one is apt to become more particular and *exigeante* than the rest of one's neighbours."

I did not assent, and I did not dissent—when one does not quite know what it is safest to say, it is best, I always think, to hold one's tongue. This I do for the satisfaction of my companion, as well as myself; but it is provoking to find, as in this case, that people are so perversely stupid, as to think the silence proceeds from awe, or admiration.

After a great deal more equally disagreeable conversation, my visitor rose, saying—

"I am really delighted to have called this morning; it is such a satisfaction to feel that one has been able to indulge in the luxury of charity. I shall be quite anxious to see this young woman; pray send her to me as soon as possible. I promise to be as merciful in my judgment as I can, in justice to myself; therefore tell her not to be alarmed; and by-the-by it will be as well to warn her, also, against expecting too much in the way of salary; she will have very little to do, and she is so inexperienced, that she must not expect to receive much; it will be a great thing for her, coming to me at all, she must consider that."

When Mrs. Warrenne was gone, I sat still for a long time, thinking what I should do. I could not bear the idea of my sweet Sybil being subject to the insolent rule of such a vulgar, ill-bred woman, as the lady who had just left, and yet I had no right to withhold her. I felt that she was quite right to exert the talents God had given her, in behalf of that parent who had, during her prosperity, afforded her the means of cultivating them; and yet the thought of her being patronised by Mrs. Warrenne was intolerable. So "merciful" to Sybil! the remembrance made me jump up from my chair, and walk about in a pet. A few turns, however, brought me to reason, and I sat down again, sadly and angrily; I saw that I must tell her the offer I had received, and refrain from dissuading her from accepting it.

Having once made up my mind that I must do a thing, I always think that the sooner it is accomplished the better. I hate to ponder upon miseries that I can't help; so I sent a little note to Sybil, asking her to come and take tea with me, resolving then to ease my mind of a burthen I felt afraid of acting dishonestly by.

She came, and without once looking at her, or making a single comment, I told her all.

"Mrs. Warrenne? Is that the lady who dresses so extravagantly at church?" asked Sybil, "and leaves that overpowering scent of patchouli for our benefit whenever she passes us on the road?"

"The same."

"She lives at that lovely place nearly opposite the Chantry, does she not? Oh yes, I see, here is her card. How smart it is; she ought to be a lady with such a good name as this; but there is something about the card not very lady-like."

"It is just like its owner then," I exclaimed involuntarily.

"I suspected as much," replied Sybil quietly; "she has not the look of an aristocrat, even in a revolution she would escape the *lanterne*; no mob would convict her of the crime of being better bred than themselves. But how comes she by this old Norman name? though, to be sure, her husband may be a gentleman."

"He is very much after his wife's fashion," I said; "and before he went to London to be articulated, and married this rich elderly lady, his name was Warren—like the blacking man's, you know."

"I'm glad of that; I have a foolish fancy about names; I cannot endure that vulgar persons, however wealthy, should bear names which all one's life we have been accustomed to honour and reverence as belonging to the old chivalry."

"Nor I; but we must bear it sometimes."

"Yes, when people steal them as they do crests, or purses, or spoons. But to return to my employer that is to be. How many children shall I have to teach, and what will their mamma pay? See, Mrs. Norman, how mercenary I am already."

"There are two girls, very ignorant and very hoydenish, but whom I fancy are to be your pupils. As for the terms, those of course depend upon yourself. Ask a full remuneration at least. Mrs. Warrenne is as mean as she is fine, and will not pay well if she can help it; but if she has begun to think that her little romps deserve better treatment than her cats and puppies, she ought to know more than how to eat and walk, for both of which

accomplishments they are indebted to their nurse, she will be obliged to recompense your labours something higher than her housemaid's."

And now will you do me one favour more—will you go with me to Mrs. Warrenne? I shall want some one to speak for me, you know."



MRS. NORMAN AND SYBIL SURPRISED BY SYBIL.

"How very bitter you are to-day, Mrs. Norman," said Sybil with a sigh and a smile. "Do not try to set me against this occupation; I do not like it well enough to run a tilt in its defence. Let us therefore talk no more about it, but accept it if we can at once,

I agreed; not that I thought Sybil Vyvian required my poor recommendation, but only that I might be some protection—not more than a servant would be, certainly, but still some second person before whom Mrs. Warrenne could not browbeat her wholly,

"We went. How Sybil bore the interview I cannot tell, for even I, to whom none of the great lady's condescensions were addressed, could scarcely endure it; but she did go through it wonderfully, only insisting upon two things, neither of which Mrs. Warrenne would yield at first, but to both of which she consented at last, upon finding Sybil resolute, and rising to leave. These two things were: a room to herself when she taught her pupils, and the remuneration she had herself fixed. The conference over, we walked quickly home—at least Sybil did; for my part I ran; I was obliged to do so, to keep pace with her.

When we reached my cottage my companion impetuously threw off her bonnet and mantle, tossed back the hair from her brow, and sat down upon the old sofa, covering her face with her hands. I could see that she was very pale, and that her breath came short and quick, as if she were suffering much and labouring to conceal it; so I said nothing, but putting on my spectacles and taking an old newspaper, I watched her without being suspected. At last she rose, and gathering up her wraps advanced towards me, saying—

"I've had a battle with myself, but I have conquered; and now I hope you will never see me so weak and silly again. Never tell Blanche or my mother the folly you have witnessed—it would distress them uselessly—for I will go on. I will not be so weak again."

"Weak! my dear young lady!" I said, looking up at her colourless cheek and eye, in which the proud light was quenched with the rain of sorrow. "Weak! I think you have borne to-day like a heroine."

"A very second-rate one, I'm afraid, and it is that which vexes me; I do so despise that vulgar, insolent woman, with her airs of condescension, that I am angry with myself for feeling them so much. And yet, try and reason as I will, I cannot help it; it is such a terrible change: I never seemed to feel how very poor and insignificant we had become until to-day. Oh, it was so different once; and with a sudden impulse she threw down again the bonnet and mantle she had taken tip, and sought no longer to restrain the fiery tide of emotion which had been controlled so long.

At last, to my great satisfaction, the passion of grief wore itself out, and my favourite was calm again.

But the glimpse I had thus obtained into the recesses of that proud and sensitive young heart made me tremble for the ordeal through which she was self-pledged to pass, and I would willingly have given ten years of my short remaining span, to have been able to save her from the suffering I saw that she must bear. I walked with her through the little paddock to the garden hedge, and there; while she wrung my hand, she said—

"I will not say come in to-night; I had better be alone when I tell mamma and Blanche."

I thought so too, and went back full of angry sorrow, to muse upon the seeming inequality of earthly power.

I had not been seated at my knitting long, when a faint tap sounded on the door, and following it, appeared Blanche Vyvian. I started at seeing her, for I knew at a glance that she had been weeping, and I anticipated a reproof for the part I had taken in the recent arrangement.

I was right. She did come to chide; but it was done so gently, so gratefully, and so sorrowfully, that I felt condemned while I listened, and chid myself for an officious, meddling old woman.

"Sybil will never bear the office long," she said; "we have petted her so much, that she has never heard a rude sentence addressed to herself in her life. Nor is it fit that she should. I am the eldest and most able to do as she proposes; oh, why did I not think of this plan before! She is so sensitive, so impetuous, that she will be tortured to death with this woman; and so generous, that she would think nothing too much or too great to do for mamma and me. Oh, Mrs. Norman, why did you not tell us what she meant to do?"

I stammered out some excuse; but I was so thoroughly ashamed of the whole thing, the engagement I had been the means of forming, and the person I had introduced, that I could say very little.

"Mamma is extremely unhappy; she cannot bear the idea of either of us encountering the harshness of the world, and Sybil fancies that she ought to do something, because she says it is my money that keeps the house, and that she is a burthen, instead of an assistance. My money! Oh, how I wish I could resign it

absolutely to mamma, without the possibility of her refusing it. It makes me miserable to appear in such a false position as this, now. Sybil would give ten thousand times more than money, if she gave her talents and endurance to this wretched scheme. She must not do it—we must not let her, my darling generous sister."

"I ought to have said that," cried a voice which made Blanche and me start, for we had been so absorbed in our conversation, that we had not seen Sybil glide in through the open door. We detected her presence until she spoke, and wound her arm lovingly round her sister's waist. "I ought to have said that; and yet there is not much generosity in treason either. What are you doing here, Blanche, corrupting the fealty of my sworn friend? Oh, Mrs. Norman, Mrs. Norman," she continued, shaking her head at me, "I did not think you were such a traitor as to hold counsel with enemies—those who would subvert my plans. I expect you will return to your allegiance instantly."

"My dear young lady."

"My dear Sybil," exclaimed Blanche and I together; but neither could proceed further, for putting one tiny hand upon her sister's mouth, and extending the other in warning to me, Sybil cried:

"I will not hear a word. Convicted traitors are unworthy the indulgence. Blanche, I command you, on pain of my sovereign displeasure, to forbear tampering with the loyalty of my subject. Mrs. Norman, I shall dismiss you from my councils absolutely and forever, if I have further cause to doubt your true faith and devotion to my cause."

"But, dearest Sybil!" exclaimed Blanche, removing the speaker's hand gently, and holding it tenderly between her own, "you must listen to me, and give up this plan; indeed you must."

"Indeed I must not," replied Sybil, affecting to toss her head; "do you think that persons of my importance make up their minds without due care and deliberation, and change them as often as my new friend, Mrs. Warrenne, does her bonnets? Certainly not."

"But mamma, Sybil; only think of her—remember her distress."

"Mamma does not know half my capabilities yet. She believes them confined to tying up flowers, and making pincushions; but I am bent upon enlightening her and the world on that subject, and proving myself to the Demoiselles Warrenne, and the whole rising generation of this good town of French Hay, what Madame Genlis was to the youth of France. I have an ambition—I wish to be quoted."

"But, my darling sister," pleaded Blanche, looking at me in despair, for the quick ear of affection had speedily detected the saviness of Sybil's heart, under the gay banter of her speech.

"But, again! Why, Blanche, that is the third *but* you have spoken in less than three minutes. I had no idea that you laboured under such a poverty of language; really I must devote a little time to you as well as my sweet—what are my pupils' names, Mrs. Norman?"

I could not answer. Like Blanche, this forced gaiety alarmed and distressed me. I could better have borne to see tears and grief, however poignant, and I turned away to hide the sorrow, which could only increase without consoling.

But Sybil, quick as love itself, to understand, and appreciate love, comprehended the movement instantly, and, abandoning her feigned high spirits and indifference at once, said mournfully—

"You are both too clear-sighted for my shallow art, I see. You have discovered my secret, and that I do not really like this occupation any more than you do; but if you love me as I hope, you must try not to disgust or dissuade me from accepting it. If you do, you will only add to my difficulties, for I have resolved. I see my duty clearly and plainly, and, with God's help, I am determined to perform it."

"There can be no duty in making those who love you miserable, Sybil," said Blanche, in a low voice, almost overborne by her sister's firm manner and resolute words.

"I shall not make you miserable. After a time—seeing things in a calmer, and therefore truer, light—you and mamma will become reconciled to the step, and will find that its disadvantages are more in imagination than reality, and that whatever these really are, will be tenfold compensated by the reflection that I am doing wisely, if not pleasantly, and exerting myself in that station in which God has placed me. Am I not right, Mrs. Norman?"

"I thought so this morning, but I am scarcely so sure now. Your sister seems so very much averse to the plan, that—"

"Oh! it is dreadful; it would break mamma's heart to see Sybil cast down and humbled by the vulgar impertinence of such a person as this Mrs. Warrenne. She will never consent."

"Then you must help me to coax her, darling," said Sybil; "she will not hold out long against our united petitions."

"But I cannot ask her to yield to what my own sense and feeling tell me is wrong; I cannot argue against my own conviction; and the plan is not one atom more detestable to mamma than to me."

"You dislike it because you fancy that I shall not be able to bear being treated as a dependant, instead of an equal, by my employer; but surely, Blanche, you cannot think that my mind is so undisciplined as to be unable to endure what hundreds of my superiors, in every sense of the word, have borne."

"Endure! oh yes, you will *endure*. Pride, and love for us, will ensure that; but where do you think ours must be, to let you endure?"

"Where they ought to be—in my right-doing. Besides, Blanche, do you really think, seriously and truly, that the intimacy and countenance of such a lady as Mrs. Warrenne is essential to my happiness, and that I shall feel exclusion from her society so very great an affliction? Do you honestly believe now, that the endurance of so heavy a sorrow will be beyond my power?"

"No; but—"

"Well then, darling, if you do not fear that, and think that I may continue to exist without, what is it you do fear? That the labour will be too severe? It will not be nearly so great as we used to go through every day with mademoiselle. That the stupidity of my pupils will drive me to despair? They cannot be worse than those urchins you and I taught so indefatigably at Lynwood. That—"

"No, no, Sybil, it is none of these I fear. I neither doubt your strength of body nor powers of teaching. It is the degradation, the certainty of the daily humiliation to which you will be exposed, under the rule of a low-minded, purse-proud woman, who, valuing people according to their riches, will treat you as an inferior and a slave, because you are poor—that I fear."

"Well, if she does, it must be borne," replied Sybil; "but I scarcely think she will," and again the proud smile curled her lip. "What do you think, Mrs. Norman?"

"I don't know." I answered abruptly, for my heart was sorely divided between the girls; my reason going with Sybil, and my feelings with Blanche.

"That is right, Mrs. Norman; do not encourage her. I am sure you would not, if you saw how very wretched mamma is. I never saw her so thoroughly cast down before."

"Then, of course, I will give up my wish. I will relinquish this plan in favour of another which I would fain have declined, but which now affords the only alternative. I will accept the situation of companion which Mrs. Lynwood offered me before we came here, and which is certainly as free from the objections which you and mamma feel to this, as it is possible for any situation to be."

"And leave us, Sybil?"

"Yes. But it will be a harder trial to me, Blanche, than to you. Still I will bear it, for I am resolved to do something. I do not wonder at the repugnance you feel to my engagement with Mrs. Warrenne, for I dare say that, had you proposed it for yourself, I should have felt and expressed the same. I should have thought of you, and your feelings, to the exclusion of duty and common sense—I cannot therefore blame you. It may be, perhaps, that I am selfish in thus obstinately pursuing my own conviction, but the experience of the last few months has not been without its effect, and have learned to believe, that there is more real degradation in a life of idle dependence, than in any honest fitting labour, which, on directing, falls in our way."

"But you are not living a life of idle dependence. I did not think you could be so ungenerous, Sybil."

Blanche spoke bitterly—she was evidently deeply hurt; and Sybil, who, as she had said before, wanted nerving, instead of disheartening, and who was arguing against her own feelings—against her heart, although not against her judgment—was quivering from head to foot.

The occurrences of the day had greatly tried her, and I saw that a few minutes, a very few words more, and she would give way to such a burst of emotion as would effectually end the subject for ever; either frightening Blanche from any further opposition, or strengthening and confirming her in it.

With an officiousness, therefore, which is certainly of all sins that to which I am least prone, I ventured to interpose, saying—

"My dear young ladies, forgive my interference in a matter of which you must be so much better judges than myself, and do not think me a meddler, if I beseech you to remember that in an arrangement so nearly touching the welfare of all, your mamma should be the umpire. I can easily understand all that she feels and dreads, but let her hear Miss Sybil's reasons and plans, and then decide. Loving each other as you do, you must not allow that love to make you ungenerous, or either of you to insist upon relieving the general difficulties in your own way."

"You are right, quite right, Mrs. Norman," replied Sybil, frankly; "selfishness is not independence, or generosity—I see it now; so, Blanche, darling, let us make a compact: I will tell mamma all I feel and wish, and promise to be guided by her, if you will also promise, in memory of our long unbroken love, and in tenderness to my earnest desire, not to interfere with, or prejudice her decision. I will not ask you to aid my cause, only do not oppose it."

Oh! the beauty of Sybil's glorious countenance as she said this—the unspeakable lustre of those magnificent eyes, as, swimming in tears of feeling, she turned them upon Blanche. Surely, if ever the soul spoke, casting aside all earthly trammels and asserting its divinity, it spoke then. No mere human power or emotion could have emitted such light, or thrilled to our hearts so wonderfully. And the voice, too—rich and musical as the tones of a flute, yet tremulous with the same passion which sent the light to her eye and the glow to her cheek—pierced my heart strangely.

Never before did I see any living creature who exerted so powerful an influence over her fellows, as Sybil Vyvian. Yet it was not her beauty—beautiful as she was; nor her grace, or talent—others may have equalled her in these (although I confess that I have never, in the course of a not very secluded life, seen her equal);—but it was the singular depth and honesty of her character; her perfect truthfulness and singleness of purpose; her transparent purity; her devotion to those she loved; her utter unselfishness; and, as much as anything, her extraordinary earnestness.

Whatever Sybil said or did, was done with her whole heart, with a concentration of purpose and energy, which generally bore down all before them. Her only fault, as far as I could ever discover—and I knew her well—better, I think, than even her doting mother—was her pride. Once she told me she had been ambitious, but that dream had passed. "It would be too absurd," she said laughing, "to be ambitious now and here—except, indeed, I confined my aspirations to an increase of pupils or salary, both of which good things are certainly the objects of my ambition at present."

Well; the harmony which only excess of love had disturbed, being restored, and outward composure recovered, the sisters bade me farewell for the evening, and with arms twined round each other's waists, returned through the paddock to the cottage, promising to apprise me early the next day of their mamma's decision.

After they were gone, and the little bustle of supper and door-locking over, I sent Betty to bed; and sat alone, recalling and re-weighing the events of the day.

It was strange, but the visits of these good and beautiful girls always left me sad; their voices struck some hidden, long-silent chord on the harp of memory, and without being able to detect which, or what string it was, that thrilled so powerfully, I was always conscious in their presence of a singular fascination to which I seemed no stranger, and in their absence of a want and void, as if something I dearly loved was gone again.

Vainly and eagerly I strove to realise and identify this fancy, trace home the feeling to its cause, but without effect; the more I pondered, the more bewildered I grew, and the deeper involved in labyrinths, out of which there seemed no way.

Very vague, certainly, was all I knew of the Vyvians' history, previous to the time of their settling at the White Cottage, but with

it I was perfectly content. I have never at any time much curiosity to learn people's antecedents, and prying into what they either wish to conceal, or do not choose to tell, is one of my abominations. It is a meanness which I hold in utter abhorrence, and one of which I hope I should be no more likely to be guilty, than of pocket-picking, or any other kind of sly, sneaking robbery. Besides, I have a great faith in physiognomy, and a sort of canine instinct which warns me against very bad people; and with these protections I am satisfied, feeling safer in trusting them, than in hunting up stray bits of gossip, which are nine times out of ten most utter falsehoods from beginning to end, and ferreting (pray forgive the word for its expressiveness) out secrets, which, like lost bills advertised in the newspapers, are of no use to any but their owner.

Thus it was, that, at the period of which I am now writing, I knew no more of my dear new friends than I have already related; nor had the faintest foreshadowings of the existence between us of that bond, which in itself would have sufficed to draw me to them with a love surpassing that of sisters.

As has always been the case with me ever since my darling little grandchild Mary died, a day of excitement is invariably followed by a sleepless night; therefore, although warned by the loud church-clock that morning was fast approaching, I did retire to bed at last, it was not to sleep; and no sooner did I hear the blacksmith's hammer ring upon his anvil, than, without disturbing Betty's rest, I rose, dressed myself quietly, and going down, went busily to work among my flowers.

It was a glorious autumn morning, about the middle of September. The dew lay late upon the grass and flowers; and, as if they had toiled all night to decorate the shrubs and tall grasses with drapery which the dew-drops were to gem, the whole of my little shrubbery, the great dahlias, and even the pale evening primroses, were festooned by the gossamer spider, whose fragile web, sparkling with brilliants, floated in all directions. From the grateful earth, moistened by the tears of night, came up that delicious fragrance which sluggards know only by name; while every sound far and near—the early sportsman's gun from the stubble-lands, the closer and more familiar village noises—rang through the bright air with a clear, echoing thrill, which was quite exhilarating.

Early as it was, I was not long left alone; for old Jerry, who loves the morning as dearly as I do, and who, having in his youth been employed in the Royal Gardens at Windsor, remembers the good old king perfectly, always quotes to the idlers of the present day, his majesty's well-known remark upon one of the noblemen at court, who, in the king's opinion, "looked as if he had lost an hour in the morning, and was running after it all day, and couldn't catch it."

To Jerry, the repetition of this stinging sarcasm was always a triumphant and crushing reply to the excuse of any sluggard who dared to attempt a justification of sloth, and who, when likened by the old man to the bustling object of his royal master's contempt, was looked upon as fairly extinguished.

To their early habits, even more than their beauty (which Jerry admired much after the same patronising fashion as he did that of a successful graft, or a new rose), were Sybil and Blanche indebted for his good opinion and approbation; and the readiness with which he offered the help of odd hours and half-days, when, as was frequently the case, his still active hands had finished up every particle of work on his own premises.

Upon the White Cottage garden, therefore, he exercised a vigilant superintendence, and this morning, having glanced round mine, uttered his customary phrase of satisfaction and congratulation, talking to the plants as if they really understood every word he said, he exclaimed—

"Well, now ma'am, by your leave, I'll just go over to the cottage for a bit; there's a few jobs as wants doing there, as the young ladies can't manage, and a couple of hours or so will put them to rights. I see'd the shutters open as I came by; so, if you've no call for me 'till ten o'clock, or thereaway, I'll go now—but, dear heart alive, ain't that Miss Sybil herself as is coming across the paddock. Well, to be sure, what a pattern they do set the gen'lefolks about here, surely. Morning, Miss," he added, touching his hat to the visitor—for Jerry was a thorough aristocrat, and respected his "betters" in proportion to their real supe-

riority, and not according to their riches—"I was just a-coming to ask leave to spend a couple of hours in your place. I ain't got nothing as wants doing here, and it's a shame to be idle such weather as this—bad enough when rain and snow comes, and one can't work—but it's my maxim that while a man, ay, or a woman either, can strike a stroke, they're in duty bound to do it—if not for themselves, for a neighbour."

And smiling, as he quoted the popular line, he passed on, leaving me holding Sybil's hand, and gazing anxiously into her face.

She was cheerful, though not gay; and with her usual quickness reading the question I could fain have asked in my countenance, she said at once—

"Mamma has consented."

"Readily! or, at least, as readily as you hoped?"

"No. I dare scarcely say that. Last night she refused absolutely, but this morning—you know Blanche sleeps in her room—she came to me as I was dressing, and, upon certain conditions, withdrew her opposition."

"You owe the concession to your sister, then?"

"Yes, I am certain of it. Blanche and I talked over the arrangement yesterday evening after we left you, and although she did not like the plan then any better than she had done at first, yet seeing how earnestly my heart was set upon it, she became less violently averse to the proposal, and more ready to see and acknowledge its advantages. I fear, however, that both she and dear mamma have passed a sleepless night, for they look wretchedly ill to-day, and I heard their voices nearly the whole night."

"Then you fared no better. Unless you were awake yourself you could not have heard them."

"No; but I am stronger—want of sleep does not affect me as it does mamma and Blanche."

And Sybil said this, with eyes as heavy and aching as it is possible to conceive, and a countenance from which her vigil had banished every trace of colour; while I, looking upon her sweet face, over which the fitful gleam of her old smile played, felt again that strange unexplainable thrill, which her presence, even more than that of Blanche, always caused.

A long time we stood thus; each talking to the other with that perfect unreserve and frankness which so seldom exists between the young and old, but which, when it does exist, is more honourable and salutary to both, than those who have never known it would believe.

At last, to our great surprise, for engrossed in conversation we had taken no thought of time, the eight o'clock bell burst suddenly upon the silence, and at the same moment Mrs. Vyvian appeared at the gap in the hedge, shaking her head at us.

"Ah, truant, truant," she said affectionately, as her daughter and I hurried up to her with an exclamation and a greeting; "what more mischief have you been planning so early, Mr. Norman?" and she held out her hand to me, while the clear tone of her voice slightly faltered as she spoke. "I owe you many thanks for your kindness in this matter, although now I cannot pay them as I should. I know that my Sybil has chosen wisely and rightly, and that you have fortified and aided her, and soon I hope I shall have grace to acknowledge both obligations as I ought to do; but at present I have not achieved sufficient self-control, to remain full of fears and doubts, and can only beg you to have patience with me."

"Oh yes, mamma," cried Sybil almost gaily, "we will be as patient as that wonderful Grizel in the old story-book, if you will only ask us to breakfast, but truly forbearance and kindness are more than any frail human beings should be expected to exhibit again at once."

"Ah, well, if you will promise to exert the one, I will gladly relieve the other. Come, Mrs. Norman, I make no apology to you for a frugal breakfast-table; coffee is already waiting, and I shall be certain of pardon from Blanche for my delay if I prevent you as my excuse."

Frankly as the hospitality was offered, frankly it was accepted; and Sybil going forward, I followed leisurely with her mother, to take my first meal in the cottage, feeling, as I did so, that, like the stranger who shares the salt in the Arab's tent, the act sealed a friendship.

ARENT, OR ARNOULD VAN DER NEER.



There is a constantly-recurring interest in an examination of the works of Dutch painters. Apparently so similar, their diversity is

They please us in the same way that White, the historian of Selborne, delights us among writers. They are in general natural and true, even when their subjects are not always in good taste. In forming the artistic mind of modern times, it is to be wished that some of our painters would in this respect study the old men of Flanders, who sought to be true rather than brilliant. They idealised nature, they comprehended and rendered the poetry of landscape and still life, and yet they neither distorted it to serve a purpose, nor painted impossible oaks, nor trees which a naturalist would be puzzled to discover the name of.

The pictures of this school of artists have increased in value, and have been appreciated just in proportion as men have become observers of nature, and lovers of the simple and the beautiful. Mankind at first are dazzled by bright colours, an array of glitter and show quite foreign to reality; but as reason and sound conceptions make way, we are led to better notions of what is true and pure in art, as in other things.

This is pre-eminently true at the present time. Never, in the history of the world, was art more generally a favourite study. A taste for pictures, and pictures of a very high order of merit too, has penetrated to the ranks of the millions; but the painters of ordinary life are always more readily understood than those who take their subjects from past history. Martin is a painter whose name is familiar. His "Delshazzar's Feast" is looked upon with surprise, and almost with awe. But Landseer is understood, and more freely talked of.

The artist of whom we are about to treat is eminently calculated



and marked. No two of them are exactly alike. They are all, however, pervaded by a quiet domesticity which has peculiar charms.

to be popular; and yet, though his pictures are in so many great galleries, the greatest uncertainty exists with regard to him. We have not his portrait, and we do not exactly know his name. Some call him Art; others Arthur; some say Arnould; and the learned M. de Burtin baptises him by the name of Arent Van der Neer. We do not know with any precision either the date of his birth, or that of his death, or by what magic in study he succeeded in the rare and difficult art of rendering night effects with so much poetry and truth.

The historians of the day do not condescend to speak of him; and Descamps himself, who wrote at a period when the paintings of Van der Neer were already celebrated, has only given him two or three lines in a short biography of Eglon Van der Neer, speaking of the father *à propos* of the son, as if so eminent a landscape-painter were not worthy of a frame to himself.

Van der Neer was the painter of winters and fires; but he was also the painter of the melancholy beauty of night. He loved and studied night, of which the poet, Young, thus writes:—

"Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world:
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause—
An awful pause, prophetic of her end."

The life of this solitary and unknown artist was passed wholly in contemplating landscapes sleeping 'neath the moon, when it shows itself from behind a wooded hill, or when it rises behind a pool bordered by huts, or lined by a hamlet. From the first sign of twilight to that undecided and mysterious hour, which the delicate La Fontaine has painted so pleasingly in one line—

"Lorsque n'étant pas nuit, il n'est pas encore jour,"

when we observe passing before us, like a panorama in the sky, a slow and solemn succession of peaceful *tableaux*, which appear monotonous to the ordinary man who has only noticed them once, but which, to the judicious and romantic artist, present an infinite variety of effects and shades. We are familiar with artists who have improvised moonlight effects with ability, either by means of a few dashes of black and white pencil upon azure paper, or by some pencil-strokes learnt by heart, and cleverly dashed off upon a blue ground, with accessories of architecture, and some gently-rippling water. Those who have seen these rapid pencil sketches dashed off, will with difficulty be persuaded, at all events will scarcely understand, how Van der Neer has been able to see in the course of the night and in its aspects almost as much variety as Joseph Vernet in day effects—that he even noted the different hours of the night so distinctly, that on examination we can really recognise them. This is indeed what has made Van der Neer a painter of the very first order of merit in his peculiar way.

The study of the effects which are produced at night by lights and shadows has introduced into painting one of the great and successful charms of poetry, and that is mystery. Certain landscapes which, in the broad daylight, would have been completely wanting in interest, are wrapped at night in fantastic tints, are elevated to lofty proportions by the way in which the shadows stand and fall, and are idealised beneath the influence of those pale lights, which, no longer illuminating and showing the ordinary life of man, make the earth appear more tranquil and great, and water more solemn and vast in its effect. What a picture does Shakespeare give us of moonlight!

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Becomes the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But, in his motion, like an angel sings,
Still choiring to the young-eyed cherubim;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

We all know the effect of moonlight scenes upon our own vivid emotions. If in the silence of the country we suddenly discover a little glimmer of light from the window of a hut; if, presently, behind the distant trees of that sleeping landscape, we behold a cavalier gliding away like a ghost, how many emotions rise within us, and how ready are we to cry—

"What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete feel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horribly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?"

Such a picture, and such a subject, finds us prepared to be interested and attentive. Why does that lamp burn at such a hour? Is it that some terrible drama is being prepared; or is it sickness—a watching mother, a babe near to death? No matter what; we are interested. And then why is that man creeping along as if afraid to be seen? Imagination—which would have been quite tranquil had such a thing been noted in the day—when the moon is up, and yet it is not night," for "sunset divides the world with her," is moved and warmed directly there appears that mystery which always attends the movements of night. All this to become greater, to be poetised under the influence of the moon, and though the earth is still, there is yet sufficient of motion and life in the quickly flying clouds, reflected on the surface of the water in the deep bosom of the sea. What strange, majestic, and marvellous spectacles do we sometimes see! Sometimes the moon advances surrounded by a procession of light fleecy clouds, which she borders them with a luminous fringe; at others, leaving the court far behind, like a saddened and deserted queen, she crosses the vast plain of the air alone; sometimes, clearing her red sulphurous disk from the vapour of the horizon, she hangs for a time suspended over a dark brown mass, until by degrees her forehead is quite cleared up, and she stands out upon the firmament whose dark azure is slightly dashed with green.

The moon has ever been the favourite subject of poetry, and never has it been better described than by Milton and others whose words have suggested many a brilliant and successful poem. The crescent moon has been a favourite phase, because it presents a singular appearance in the sky. Under favourable circumstances the whole lunar circle may be seen, the dark part appearing somewhat smaller dimensions, in proportion to the illuminated portion. The appearance is popularly described as that of the new moon with the old one in her arms. It arises from the light rays from the earth to the lunar surface; hence called *earthshine*, or *lumière cendrée* by the French, or ashy light, on account of its inferiority, in quantity and brightness, to that which is received from the sun. It only serves to render the unilluminated portion of the moon very faintly visible; and the dark part of the body appears disproportionate to the size of the crescent, causing the optical illusion which the presence of a strong light causes that of apparently augmenting the magnitude of objects. These causes contribute to render the dark portion of the lunar disk invisible in other stages of her progress: the increase of the directly-illuminated part diffusing a stronger light, which proportionally nullifies that which is reflected from the earth; and the actual diminution of the earth itself. When the moon is a crescent to us, the earth is about full to her; and, consequently, more light is then transmitted from the earth than in other circumstances, which has the effect of then bringing that portion of her disk exposed to the solar rays into feeble visibility. The effect is produced when the moon is half full, owing to the cause, the reason stated, being less influential.

Arent Van der Neer did not live in a land which was so much suited to the poetry of grand effects. Had he exerted his art on the borders of the Rhine, amid the accidents of the landscape presented by a varied style of landscape, with rugged mountains on mountain-tops, he might readily have found landscapes accessible to the majesty of night. But in Holland, near the dam, Van der Neer had only before his eyes long level plains, lakes surrounded by huts on a level with the water, common and a lowering sky. Nevertheless, to this flat country Van der Neer succeeded in giving an interest quite poetical, when he

moonlights; and with no other resource than clumps of trees,atched roofs, and marshes, he had the art to produce pictures of charm and sentiment. The Dutch easily recognise the lages he has painted. They are nearly all situated between the y of Amsterdam and that of Utrecht. As you leave the borders the sea and approach Utrecht, you see, it is true, the fertility of country increase, the canals are bordered by gardens, which a kind framework of verdure for them, vegetation is abundant and more lively, the trees send forth more vigorous ots, the meadows are of a brighter green, and the trelliswork of avenues disappears under the weight of foliage. But though ure becomes brighter here to the eyes of the traveller, it still rs to the painter nothing but perspectives without life and about grandeur; and it required all the genius of Arent Van der er to render for ever celebrated pictures where the beauty of the del is so little compared with the power of art. One of the et famous is that which is called "The Van der Neer of Zam-ta." That is the German name of a Dutch family called Van de tte, for a long time naturalised at Cologne, to whom the picture longed. It passed to the gallery of M. de Burtin, who has given the following description of it, which is worthy of being read refully, and which gives a very good idea of the general style of an der Neer.

"It represents," says the amateur, "the village of Brambrugge, versed by the Vecht, whose limpid and transparent waters are rdered on both sides by houses mixed up with trees as far as euwersluis, from which we can see land in the distance far away the horizon. Amid the numerous barks which ornament the er, we notice two sail-boats, one of which is drawn by a white ase, the driver of which is on its back; the other, full of ssengers, is stopped near a wooden bridge over a piece of water mmunicating between the village and the Vecht, and from which e men gaze at the boats. Two boats are placed conspicuously in nt, one with fishermen in it, the other with a peasant, who is rying over some oxen. Several trunks of trees lying on the ound, reeds on the edge of the water, willows, fish reservoirs nder the bridge, a stockade, and some trees which hide a part of e church and houses in the foreground, add beauty to this mirable composition, in which, despite the shades of night, hing is black, nor cold, nor dry, as in many other works of this aster; but, on the contrary, everything, even to the sky itself, warm, clear, transparent, soft, harmonious, and of a charming lvetly hue. The water reflects everything as in a mirror, and the ght of the moon, shed upon the right of the river, produces a very ensing and piquant contrast to the demi-tint of the left side."

This description, leaving out some details, is applicable to many ctures by Van der Neer. These landscapes have, in truth, a mily likeness, from the elements of which they are composed. hey are, in general, sheets of sleeping water gently rippled by the ight wind, barks which serve as a set-off in the foreground, and llages, the streets of which are planted with trees, their tranquil ad stumped masses being in contrast to the clearness of the star, hich of itself makes up the drama of the picture. But if there is me monotony in the way in which Van der Neer composes his moonlights—we mean in the style of managing the lines, of distri-uting the masses of light and shade, and of arranging the different rounds—on the other hand, what variety is there in the tints, ad how many shades delicately observed, distinguish landscapes like one another at the first glance! Other painters have reproduced the same effects, while varying their models. Van der Neer, ithout scarcely changing his models, has infinitely varied the fects of his pencil, or rather his own impressions. Some particular illage floating on the water, with its moored barks, fishermen's ets spread out in the foreground, and the wretched clothes which re drying on the bush, has often served as a subject for the ndscape-painter. But, then, the village has been studied by the rist at different seasons of the year, and at different hours of the ight. Sometimes the whole magic of his effects is concentrated in he west. While the earth, wrapped in deep shadows, is yet nable to participate in the light which is rising on the horizon, me few feeble rays, scarcely visible, escape from the upper part of he luminous disk, work their way between the boughs of the rees and the rustic boats, glide over the surface of the canal, and

break in sparkling pearls over every tiny wave raised by the motion of the wind. On other occasions, having attained its utmost height in the heavens, the moon looks down upon the prairies, the woods, and hamlets, of Van der Neer, and everywhere spreading its blue glimmer, forms a great layer of light over a similar layer of gloom. Often the same landscape passes through all the degrees of twilight, and appears indistinct and fantastic at that hour when, in the absence of the stars, a mysterious veil hangs over the country, and would make the dawn of day look like its setting, if a painter like Van der Neer did not know how to seize the exact shade which separates the fresh and silvery tones of morning from the golden and vigorous tones of evening—shades and tints which can be more readily recognised in his pictures than in the engravings, admirable as they are, of Jacques Philippe Letas, of whom we shall speak more fully by-and-by.

Nature is, in some respects, like living beings. True painters readily represent her to themselves as a woman with passions, radiant joys, sadnesses, and moments of calm and uneasiness. Sometimes smiling and agitated, tempestuous and serene, she pleases, by her rapidly-changing caprices, those who really love her. Some love her melancholy, like Ruysdael; others delight in her merry moods, like Berghem. Van der Neer, while yielding to varied impressions, has followed the bent of his character, which impelled him to seek in nature only the variations of his sadder moods. Not only did he in preference choose her night-scenes, but in his day-scenes he preferred selecting the winter. Often to the melancholy of his moonlights he added the additional painful excitement of night fires. His finest picture of this kind—a picture which has made him illustrious—is that which is to be seen at Copenhagen, in the gallery of the king, representing a fire seen from the grand canal of Amsterdam. Nothing more solemn can well be conceived. Between the spectator and the fire are several bridges covered by people, and the agitated outline of the crowd is relieved admirably against the sinister light of the centre of the picture. The vague colours, the uncertainty of the distant masses, the indecision of forms—of those, at all events, which are not relieved with vigour upon the fire—and the depth of space—all contribute to make the picture seem larger than it is in reality. The houses of Amsterdam, arranged in perspective along the quays, and rendered with an exactness and a charm which are quite worthy of a Van der Heyden, give the idea of a considerable town, so that upon a small canvas the picture of the fire appears immense. On this occasion, the painter has cautiously refrained from attempting a struggle between two lights, by opposing a contrast between the vast blaze and the moon. To make a sublime picture, all he needs is the night and a fire. This is, then, truly the finest Van der Neer which can be seen. The fire effect is observed twice, in the town, and in the water of the canal, which ripples and shakes, resembling a running stream of hot lava. The flames sparkle, crackle, and produce a thousand piquant effects on the windows of the houses, and wherever the waters of the Amstel reflect the sparks; but all these brilliant details are admirably toned down, and the ensemble presents a spectacle so imposing, so dramatic, of such lugubrious beauty, so full of life, so full of grandeur and unity, that we are rarely more affected by any production in the history of art.

"Fire," says Valenciennes, * "does very well by night, when its light contrasts with that of the moon; but what is essential to produce a good effect is to paint water at the same time. Without water a landscape is dead, especially at night. Great tranquil masses admirably bring out the reflection of the moon and that of the natural or accidental fires which are introduced into a picture, like volcanic eruptions, torches, and burning houses. Nevertheless, if the eruption or the fire is too great, the effect of the moon will disappear, and in this case its light will only be accessory to the light of the fire which is to be represented. There is more charm in allowing the moonlight to predominate, and leaving the fire to be but a secondary effect."

There is much sense in these reflections; and we could almost fancy that they were a kind of criticism on some works by Van

* "Elements de Perspective Pratique à l'usage des Artistes," with advice and reflections on painting and landscape. Paris, 1801.

der Neer, if the writer had not said a little before of this excellent and admirable landscape painter—"Van der Neer has scarce'y painted anything but moonlights; and he has succeeded in rendering them with a charm, a transparency of tone and colour, and a warmth of tint, which give us great delight. His waters are limpid and deep, and of astonishing planimetry. In truth, we believe we can say that this painter has most fully succeeded in rendering such effects as those to which we allude."

A man, who loved nothing but silence and night, and who delighted in painting elegies of the moon, and who preferred the country when it was covered by ice, or feebly lit by poetic glimmerings of light,—such a man, we say, must have lived and died obscure. It is, therefore, not surprising that we know nothing of his private life, of his habits, nor of how he began to be a painter. Some have thought that Albert Cuyp was his master; but this is scarcely likely, if we recollect that Albert Cuyp often painted in the figures of Van der Neer's landscapes. It is very unlikely that

and which bears as its title, "The Life and Works of Dutch and Flemish Painters," has little to say of Van der Neer. "Some foreign writers fix the date of his birth," he says, "in 1619; others in 1613; and that of his death in 1683. With Huber,* we may allow that the time at which he flourished was 1660. These same writers, Pilkington and others, fancy that he was born at Amsterdam. It is beyond a doubt that he lived for a long time in this city—a great number of his landscapes, chiefly taken by moonlight, representing views of villages known to be in the neighbourhood of Amsterdam, and between that city and Utrecht. We find also, some similar views by him taken at sunrise, and during the day. But, in general, his paintings are moonlight effects, this being the style in which he excels, and, indeed, in which he has no equal. His pictures are composed of villages built on the borders of the water and near river-banks, where the moon is reflected on the water, and the scene is animated by ships, boats, and numerous figures. His skies are the parts in which he shows most art and



EVENING.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN DER NEER.

the master, instead of taking his pupil for assistant and comrade, should become the assistant of the pupil; that is, that he should consent to embellish—by painting in the accessories—the pictures of one of his disciples. However this may be, and without denying that Albert Cuyp was strictly the master of Van der Neer, we believe that this landscape painter was seduced by the works of Elzeimer, which had been brought into Holland by a gentleman of Utrecht, the Count Palatine, Henri de Goudt; that he adopted and continued the traditions of this unfortunate painter; that, in fine, the love of study, and a passionate love of nature, did the rest. It is remarkable, moreover, that the Dutch historians, living in the country where Van der Neer flourished, and writing in our day, have found nothing new during two centuries to tell us about their countryman. Since Houbraken, who assures us that Arnould Van der Neer, in his youth, was major in the house of the lords Van Arkel, we must accept the theory that no new fact has come to light relative to the life of a painter so well known by his works. In fact, M. Imwerczcll, in the book he published in 1843, in Dutch,

beauty. His winters are also admirable and excellent representations of nature. They are very rich in composition. His colours are varied, his touch easy and prompt; and in all his pictures there is a harmony of tone which enchants. In former times, his pictures were found in abundance in Holland; and that is what explains why his talents—less common than his pictures—were not appreciated at their full value. Foreigners, taking advantage of the low prices at which the pictures of Van der Neer were sold, have not failed to fill their cabinets with them, and his works have now become exceedingly rare in Holland. They are now, therefore, sold for very high prices when they appear in public sales. In 1825, 'A Winter,' from the cabinet of M. Vranken van Leken, was sold for £120; it is now in England, in the possession of Mr. Henry Bevan. But another picture by the same master, engraved in the gallery of Lucien Bonaparte, under the title of

* Author of "Notices on Engravers and Painters." Dresden, 1787.

Paese con Figure ed Animali (Landscape with Figures and Animals), was sold by public auction at London, in 1837, for £808."

It is rather surprising that an Amsterdam writer, in order to trace the life of a Dutch painter, should be reduced to repeat what has been said about him by foreign writers. And what could have been the value of the memory of so many great painters, if they had not taken the trouble to raise monuments to themselves, and written their own history, in their masterpieces?

Winter and its icy plains, and its sad and dreary amusements, necessarily excited the attention of a painter who loved nature in her melancholy moods. But if Van der Neer is inimitable in his trees and his moonlights, he is not without a rival when he represents frozen canals, covered by sledges and skaters (p. 324). He may then be readily confounded with Isaac Ostade, his contemporary. Some naked trees, with a foliage of snow, mills, boats fast in the ice,

and making it fall on the subjects of the picture before and behind, and on the side, a little more faintly than in the representation of day; "in order that it may be taken for a true moonlight, and not for the light of the sun, which it greatly resembles in its sudden touches of light and its sharp shadows," with some stars shining in an azure sky, appearing here and there between the clouds. If we were to follow up the lessons of *Lairesse*, the moon would have to be supposed out of the picture, and it would only be from the flat masses, the decided and sharp outlines of shadow, and the full colour of the local colours, that we should make its presence felt in the sky, without exposing it to the eye. We should then have to weaken the reflections, which are never so intense by the cold light of the moon's rays as by the warm beams of the sun.

If beside these lessons of the learned professor, we place a fine night-scene of Van der Neer, we shall see how difficult it is to



THE RISING OF THE MOON.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN DER NEER.

crowd of skaters—some timid learners, motionless in their awkwardness, while others, launched out like arrows, cut the frozen mirror in straight lines, or turn in elegant and spiral curves on one spot. Such are nearly all his winters; and, if those of Arnould resemble those of Isaac, it is because the two masters, in their perfect *naïveté*, both resemble nature.

It is curious here to make a comparison—and perhaps we shall never find a better occasion for so doing—between the academic precepts of a professor and the examples furnished by an artist who allows himself simply to be guided by a sentiment of art. *Jean de Lairese*, in his "*Grand Livre des Peintres*," declares, as if he had to paint a moonlight, he would not conceive that he parted from truth by following the principles which he has licitly in his representations of the sun; that is to say, never producing into a picture the luminary itself, but only its light;

establish absolute rules in painting. Sometimes, it is true, it has occurred to Van der Neer to hide the moon behind a clump of trees; but then we must say its effects deceive us; there, where he has endeavoured to render a bright night, we fancy we see twilight spreading over the earth after the setting of the sun. And nothing can possibly be more unfavourable to the force of the impression than this uncertainty in which we are left, as to the nature of the phenomenon we observe. Whatever *Lairesse* may say about its being more important to light up a picture than to bring in a luminous body, the first duty of the painter is to produce a lively and effective impression, and that it may be lively, it must be one, that is to say, there must exist in our minds no uncertainty, no indecision about the nature of the object represented, unless the vagueness of the scene is the intention, the poetry, as it were, of the picture, as is often the case with those of Rembrandt. When

viewing a landscape like those of Van der Neer, the spectator who is not able to say whether he is gazing at the dawn or at twilight, whether it is the sun which has just finished shining, or the moon which is just beginning to shine, must be also unable to feel the proper emotions which the painter intended he should experience. Besides, what becomes of the scene if the principal actor is left out! If the star is not introduced into the picture, the artist loses all those resources which he can derive from the arrangement of the sky, when the moon plays the first part in it. For it is to the firmament that the attention is first drawn in pictures of the night. There the drama of light is going on, and there is seen the movement of the clouds which appear to carry on the life of the earth that sleeps.

"I should like," adds Lhuisset, "to render the lights more strong and the colours redder and yellower, to use torches, burning piles of wood, sacrifices, and other artificial lights, the shadows of which would be less defined than those of the moon. This, according to my view of things, would produce a very great effect, principally if these accidental lights were placed in obscure corners. But we must, above all, take care to throw over the whole more obscurity than light, and to introduce colours brighter than the sky."

To these observations of the learned professor, we prefer the simple piece of advice—to follow in all things the principles of unity. We may, doubtless, remain faithful to this principle, even if we introduce into a moonlight the fires of fishermen, the glare of torches, or any other artificial light, so that it be secondary and really subordinate, as is the case in many of the night effects of Joseph Vernet. But Van der Neer appears to us more expressive and more imposing, when, suppressing the contrasts which would attract the eye or occupy the mind, he brings down to us, in all their unity, the grand impressions produced by the spectacle of nature in the solemn hours of silence and of night.

There is in the feeling of melancholy a sweetness which appears, from their own confession, to have remained a long time unknown to the French. It is only of late years that the breath of the North has wafted to them its vague and romantic emotions. The consequence is, that the pictures of Ruysdael and of Van der Neer were never more highly appreciated, or better understood there, than they are now. Alfred Michiels thus speaks of them:—"What dreams, what wandering thoughts, rise in the mind when gazing on the canvas of Van der Neer. Above all, this painter loves the moonlight, and pictures it to us with magic ability. A slow, winding river flows through the picture. Tufts of reeds stick up along the banks; some buildings rise a little further off, and behind the huts we see the dentated line of the forest tops. The melancholy star silvers the surface of the wave; a brilliant train divides it; a pale light is reflected into the smallest creeks, now coating them with a light glazing of illumination, now giving them a frame of white. The clouds which surround the radiant orb are touched by different shades, and a dim, religious light falls over the darkness. The queen of night is the centre and the divinity of this obscure world, the forms of which would disappear without her. The genius of Goethe could not have invented anything better."

At the time when Van der Neer painted his silent and nocturnal landscapes, nobody in France would have thought of discovering any sentiment which might have moved the heart of the painter in his productions—nobody would have written such a page. These poetic ideas were beyond the intelligence of the rude, profligate, and warlike men of those days. They were gross and material in everything. They knew nothing of what old Montaigne so quaintly says, that to translate is to spoil: "*J'imagine qu'il y a quelque ombre de friandise et délicatesse au giron mesme de la melancholie!*"*

Bryan says: "Some place his birth in 1613, and it was said that he was living in 1691. The picture by Van der Neer and Cuypp, in the National Gallery, was offered for sale in Lucien Bonaparte's collection, and bought in at 360 guineas; at Erard's sale, at Paris, it was purchased by Lord Farnborough for more than

double that sum, and bequeathed by him to the nation." The writer gives an account of a son, Egdon Hendrick Van der Neer, born in Amsterdam in 1643, who received his first instruction from his father; but his taste leading him to a different branch of the art, he was placed under the care of Jacob Van Loo, a painter of history and portraits at Amsterdam. When he was twenty years of age, he went to Paris, where he passed four years and painted some small portraits and domestic subjects, which are generally admired. On his return to Holland, he attempted some historical and fabled subjects, which have little to recommend them but delicacy of colour and careful finishing. He was more successful in his pictures of conversation and gallant subjects, which are tastefully composed and carefully drawn, in which he appears to have imitated the style of Terburg and Netscher. His pictures of this description are justly held in high estimation; they are very highly finished, and though less mellow and harmonious than those of Metsu and Miéris, they are well coloured and touched with great delicacy.

Pictures by Van der Neer are very rare, and this necessarily adds to their value. Still there are some found in almost every museum in Europe, and in most of the celebrated private collections of France, England, and Germany.

The Louvre only possesses two pictures by this master:—

1. "A Border of a Canal in Holland." This is an evening effect. On the right are three cows, of which two are lying down near a boat; to the left is a row of trees and houses along the canal. In the foreground is a man leaning on some wooden pails. Further off, we see a man impelling a boat along with a pole, and among the houses, the spire of a church. We read on a plank to the right the monogram of the artist, *AV. DN.* The animals, says the catalogue, are ascribed to Albert Cuypp.

2. "A Village on the Road-side." To the right are houses on the borders of a canal, and in the foreground we see the reflection of the moon and some ducks; on the road are some fallen trees, a dog, and some figures; further on, a peasant, and a cavalier followed by a footman. To the left are trees and houses, surrounded by an open fence. At the foot of a tree is the monogram of the painter, *AV. DNEX.* This picture was bought for the Louvre at the sale of M. de Monay, the 24th May, 1852, for £270.

Dresden Museum. Three Van der Neers:—1. A little landscape, representing some buildings on a lake. It is painted in wood. 2. A Dutch landscape. The day is falling; it is already moonlight. A river, the banks of which are bordered by trees and buildings, cuts the country in two. In the distance, a large town. 3. The fellow to this. A plain, water, barks, clouds, very admirably executed. The whole makes a magical moonlight effect. Both these are also on wood.

Pinacothek Museum of Munich. A fine large picture, representing a lake in the midst of a forest, the trees of which are reflected in the water. This picture proves that the most celebrated moonlight painters was equally able to paint nature by daylight.

Belvidere Gallery at Vienna. "A Moonlight." We see a beautiful garden and a building on the banks of a river cut by dykes. In the distance is a town, near which some ships have cast anchor.

In the Copenhagen Gallery is "The Fire," to which we have already alluded.

Ducal Gallery of Gotha. There are here six pictures by Van der Neer. In this number is one with the monogram of the artist, and the date 1643. This is also a moonlight. On the foreground is a river, with a bridge. The second is a country site, lit up by the light of the setting sun. Of the four other pictures, the majority are night effects, with the monogram *M*, composed of the letters *AV. DN.* interwoven.

Her Majesty the Queen possesses a fine Van der Neer. It represents, as usual, the borders of a canal in Holland, with a night effect. We see a carriage and horses; to the right, a *château* surrounded by trees; in the background, a city.

Bridgewater Gallery, belonging to the Earl of Ellesmere. 1. "A Dutch View by Moonlight." 2. "A Dutch Village and Neighbourhood by Moonlight."

There are no Van der Neers, or were not recently, in either the collection of Sir Robert Peel, which is so rich in Dutch masters, the first class, or in the Grosvenor Gallery, or in the possession

* "I fancy there is some shade of daintiness and delicacy beside the fireside of melancholy itself."

of the Earl of Westminster, or the Marquis of Lansdowne, or the Duke of Sutherland.

A picture by Van der Neer, representing a winter scene, was in Mr. H. Beckford's gallery in London. M. Waagen speaks of it in his book on the arts of England as a prodigy of truth and transparency.

Goettingen Gallery, belonging to the famous university of that name, has one of the masterpieces of this painter: it is "A Fire."

In the famous collection of pictures of Winckler, of Leipsic, sold towards the commencement of the century, there was a "Winter" and two "Moonlights."

The pictures of Van der Neer, being all principal pictures aiming at effect, have been engraved, and by the best masters, in the landscape style. We find the list of engravings of this master in the catalogue of the celebrated Winckler Cabinet, the sale of which took place at Leipsic in 1801.

The prices of Van der Neer's pictures have been variously estimated:—

Sale de la Roque, 1745. "Landscape" painted on wood, representing a setting sun, the edge sculptured and gilded, £5.

Lebrun Sale, 1806. "A Moonlight, with a River," on which are two boats. To the right a fisherman's bark; the men drawing their nets. This picture was sold—it is scarcely credible—for £2. At the same sale, "A Landscape" by Moncheson, the figures by Adrian Van der Velde, was sold for £3 2s.

Cambry Sale, 1810. "A Dutch Site," with the perspective of a village to the left, and a river on the opposite side, £9.

Erard Sale, 1832. "Landscape by Moonlight." A marshy plain, with dwelling-houses to the left; on the right trees. A little enclosure, several roads, many trees, posts, a river, etc., £230.

Sale of Count C—, at Antwerp, 1842. "Skaters on the Amstel," £200.

Cardinal Fesch's Sale, 1845. A large "River," with a bark on it; several fishing-boats, a fine open country; some beautiful houses peeping through trees. On the foreground, three persons in a lane; the moon, a lovely sky, clouds exquisitely painted. 400 scudi (about £100).

Same sale. A "Winter." There are about a hundred figures skating on the icy river, beyond which is a large town with its steeples, occupying a considerable space of ground. All the different features of such a landscape admirably rendered. A poor man with a log. £41.

Sale of William II., King of Holland, 1850. "A Landscape," (Dutch) as usual, with a canal, moonlight, boats, and figures. A fine night effect. 1000 florins.

Montcalm Sale. "Moonlight." £360.

W. Neer. f. X N X D
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JACQUES PHILIPPE LEBAS.

We have already alluded, in our biography of Van der Neer, to this eminent man. A sketch of his life will be interesting—the more, that it was considerably chequered by events of an amusing character. Son of a *maitre-perruquier*, or hairdresser, Lebas was born in Paris, on the 8th of July, 1707. His mother, having become a widow, had no resource but the interest of the sum derived from the sale of her husband's business, which brought her in about six pounds sterling a year. On this, it will be readily understood, she could scarcely exist with her child. Certainly, she could not send him to school. All the education he had, was simply learning the letters of the alphabet; and Lebas often, in after-life, would express his gratitude to the merchants and artisans of the city of Paris, whose signs and names over their doors had been his first spelling-books. The mother of Lebas, seeing that he had a natural aptitude for drawing, placed him with an architectural-engraver, named Herisset, of very ordinary talents. For a young apprentice, full of fire and hot blood, this cold, geometrical work

was very unsuitable. Fortunately, Lebas having one day met with some engravings by Gerard Audran, was at once struck with the true character of his own genius. He seemed to foresee his destiny; and, despite the ardour of his temperament, he resolved to acquire all the qualities necessary to an engraver—the first of which, undoubtedly, is patience. At the age of fourteen, his mother took him to an old-clothes man, and dressed him from head to foot, before launching him upon the world. But how was he to make himself known? and how to get work without being a little known? This is the eternal circle in which the early genius fre's and fumes. People will not employ him because he is not known; and yet all must be tried before they gain renown. Poor Jacques Philippe had no credit, no protector—unless we regard his indefatigable activity, and his ambition to be one day a celebrated artist, and the feeling within him that he is destined to be so, as his safeguard and impulse to that arduous exertion, which was his characteristic through life.

In these days flourished the Drevets, the Cars, the Dupins, the Ducanges, and the Cochains. The eighteenth century was a fine time for engraving. Everybody was trying to beat others in bringing out splendid publications adorned by plates—series of portraits, books of art, of science, and books of travels—illustrated in a very magnificent style. The richer nobility who possessed pictures, began to engrave them—some to give more value to their collections—most of them to encourage artists, who were then, with literary, learned men, and philosophers, at the head of French society. Lebas had a few plates to execute for the Crozat gallery. The first was "The Preaching of St. John the Baptist," which was executed in the broad, vigorous, and admirable manner of Gerard Audran, by whom the youth had been so marvellously struck. "Roman Charity," after Noel Nicolas Coypel, and an engraving after Paul Veronese, completed his *débuts*. He was not as yet a master in style, and yet his "Roman Charity" is engraved in a good and striking way, which leaves little to be desired. The work was executed according to the laws of perspective; that is to say, with that lightness of tint which leaves the distant figures on their proper ground and which it is difficult to attain to with an instrument so precise as the burin. Coypel was so delighted with his engraver, that he insisted on Crozat's giving him double the price agreed on.

Jacques Philippe Lebas was of a warm, passionate, impetuous, and singularly impulsive nature. At the age of twenty-six, he thought of getting married; and one day, walking in the street, suddenly saw a woman of majestic mien and with a very charming face. He was struck by her, admired her, followed her, reached her home, proposed, was accepted, and married at once. It was only on inquiry that he found she was poor—far poorer than himself. This young woman's name was Elizabeth Duret. Her marriage with Lebas was a very happy one, though the serenity of their sky was troubled by a few clouds; one of which was that they had no children. "When I married," Lebas would often say, "I acted exactly like a young man without thought. I gave my wife lace, diamonds, and fine dresses. The day after my marriage I had no more money. This made me serious. Without saying anything, I took the diamonds and lace in my hat-box out into the street and sold all. When I came back, I showed the money to my wife, and said, 'My dear (*ma bonne amie*), I have sold all your finery, but I have got money. I am going to spend it in copper plates. Be patient, keep up my courage. I ask nothing but the time to finish a few plates and bring them out, and I promise to give you back with interest what I have taken from you to-day, without your having had the time to enjoy it.' I kept my word. I shut myself up. I fagged away at the copper (*j'ai pioché le cuivre*). Madame Lebas attended to her household affairs, and swept her own staircase. In a short time I found myself in a position not only to give her back what I had taken from her, but to be useful to her in every way, and procure for her all the luxuries of life."

To acquire the fortune which he desired to make for the sake of his wife and his mother, Lebas hit upon the idea of establishing a business as an engraver—becoming a dealer, in fact. This required considerable capital, and compelled him to open a school. He collected all the young artists in whom he saw any signs of talent.

With an infinity of tact and judgment he soon saw what each one of his pupils was fit for. He employed them all, each in his peculiar way, and the best results ensued. He was an excellent master of a school. He encouraged some by steady and well-directed praise, others by ironical laudation, being a great master in the art of flattery and joking. If a young man showed any signs of being pleased with himself, Lebas complimented him, embraced him warmly, and sent him away overwhelmed with delight, until the moment when his comrades explained the true character of the perfidious flattery of Lebas. No pupil ever allowed Lebas to embrace him twice. The school was large and well attended. There were out-door scholars and boarders, that is, pupils whom Lebas fed, lodged, and taught gratuitously; they, however, giving him their time. While amusing the class by his fun and humour, he also set them an example of unwearied activity, worked every day until five or six o'clock in the evening,

the name of the master, and the usual address of the dealer: "*A Paris, chez M. Lebas, Ru: de la Harpe, Maison du Payeur, à la Roze Rouge.*" "Lebas," says Watelet, "quite convinced that the number of connoisseurs is very small, thought that the artist whose name is oftenest seen in print is the best, and the reputation he acquired proved that he was correct. But it would have been more solid had he acknowledged only those pieces which he engraved himself, or, at all events, which he had touched up after his best pupils." It must be allowed, however, that his piquant and delightful touch gave life, movement, and grace to even the worst productions of his pupils. At all events, such is the opinion of good judges, and especially of Watelet.

In art, as in everything else, reputation brings money. Madame Lebas saw the prediction of her husband verified. Opulence fell upon the house commenced under such humble auspices. But Lebas, a true artist, naturally disinterested and generous, used his



MORNING.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN DER NEER.

without ever leaving off those merry characteristics of mind and language, which were the most marked features of his character.

Assisted by so many arms, the impatient engraver was able to undertake and carry out many very vast operations, such as "The Ruins and Monuments of Greece," with the text of Leroi; the large views of Flanders after Teniers; the battles and camps of the Emperor of China; the festivals, rejoicings, and illuminations of the city of Havre, at the time of the visit which Louis XV. paid to it; the vignettes for the Paris breviary; and other series of engravings, some of which, it must be said, seemed rather publishers' speculations than works of art. These speculations succeeded. Lebas soon saw himself at the head of an extensive house, which had connexions and correspondents all over Europe. The engraving trade was inundated by pictures bearing the name of Lebas. Landscapes and historical subjects, geographical charts, subjects from natural history, fire-works and public festivals, theatrical decorations, vignettes, frontispieces and tail-pieces for books, all coming out of the numerous school of Lebas, and bearing

fortune without precaution, without care, and without order, as many men do who have no children, and who believe themselves beyond the reach of want. Too witty, too impulsive to become a business man, Lebas, if he sold a picture on credit, took a note of it on a stray piece of paper, which he was sure to lose before the day was over. If he accepted a bill, he never thought of entering it in a book, and was in the habit of being startled by the sudden presentation of the forgotten document. One day, when, as usual, he had been surprised by one of these bills, he asked the bearer to give him till the next day. The creditor replied by a threat of protesting the bill. Lebas rose in a towering passion, seized the creditor, put him down by main force in an arm-chair, locked him in the room, and rushed out in slippers and dressing-gown. In half-an-hour he returned, having borrowed the money of a friend.

The liberality of Lebas was inexhaustible, and assumed various delicate forms. His generosity was shown particularly to artists. Having one day called to see a landscape-painter of some reputation named Lacroix, he found him ill and short of money. Present-

Lebas rose and went away, returning, however, after a short period, under pretence of having lost something. He looked about a long time for the article, and took the opportunity of putting down a packet of louis. Lacroix having recovered, went round to Lebas, and spoke to him of his money debt, and especially of his debt of gratitude.

"I don't really know what you mean," said Lebas quietly, and changed the conversation.

After having published his "Works of Mercy," "The Prodigal Son," "The Chemist," "The Black Pudding Maker," and other subjects from Teniers, which are really masterpieces of the engraver's art, Lebas was compelled, as he himself relates, to give up the manner of Audran—that beautiful and warm manner which showed even the clamminess of painting—to create one more expeditious and more in consonance with the taste of the public. This concession

like the pencil in the hands of one drawing. Free from all the caprices, which, in the biting of aquafortis, may defeat more or less the intention of the artist, the dry point, by its movement, its suppleness, its shades of lightness or energy, perfectly expresses the will of the engraver—his way of comprehending and feeling—his individuality, in fact. Wielded by Lebas, the sharp graving tool has done wonders. It has produced unexpected results—inflections full of elegance and grace, and, to use a strong word, full of wit. This style, of which he was almost the inventor, Lebas made use of with success in his agreeable pictures after the Flemish, Dutch, and French painters, which, by their great variety and number, astonished and enchanted all amateurs. They were landscapes from Teniers or Ruysdael, portraits of Berghem, his "Four Hours of the Day," cavalry halts of Wouvermans, his "Italian Hunt," his "Milk Pot," little landscapes from Van Ostade, his



MOONLIGHT.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN DER NEER.

was a weakness; the more so that Lebas could not plead necessity as an excuse, and because, moreover, so superior an artist ought rather to have sought to form public taste than to have bowed to it. But, by great good fortune, Philippe Lebas, when changing his manner, took up another quite as good, though rather more superficial. Before him, the dry point (that is to say, the point acting on the nude copper) had only been used for some light demi-tints, and even for this very rarely. Rembrandt alone had made use of this process with his ordinary genius. Lebas used this style of work, and perfected it to such a degree that he engraved whole skies, however coloured they might be, with the dry point, and succeeded even in rendering the shades of his figures by uniting, when necessary, a dashing vigour with a cleanliness which had in it nothing monotonous or stiff.

The dry point is, of all styles of engraving, that which best realises the conception and idea of the engraver. In his hands it is

"Dutch Family," familiar scenes by Chardin; and love-makings in swings and in bowers, by Lancret. He gave, too, "The Early Morn," of Karel Dujardin; "Daybreak," by Vandervelde; the landscapes and water-pieces of the great Claude, and "The Seaports" of Joseph Vernet.

To each of these masters Lebas gave a character and vitality. He was free and off-hand with Teniers, mannerist with Lancret, piquant with Berghem and Dujardin, soft with Vandervelde, liquid with Wouvermans; he imitated the precision and firmness of Chardin; he rendered what were called the *fouillis* (the dark lights) of Boucher, and made them much more agreeable in the engraving than they ever were in the original picture. He engraved, after Claude, two of the masterpieces of the Louvre, "The Ancient Port of Messina," and "The Village Reward." He showed himself, in this case perhaps, less broad, less grand than Woollett; but it is remarkable that, on the present occasion, he

thought fit to temper the habitual coquetry of his point, introduced much style into his manner, and reached a rich tone of harmony, though not, perhaps, all the intensity of effect which Woollett had obtained.

The five hundred pieces engraved by Lebas—an enormous and almost incredible figure, when we reflect that they are pieces engraved with the burin and the sharp graving tool—did not prevent him giving himself to pleasure, to the cultivation of the world, nor from shining there by the liveliness of his fancy and the exuberance of his spirits. This amiable temperament was combined in him with a true sense of the dignity of the arts and his own self-respect. M. Hequet, his friend, quotes many examples of this. A lady of the court, of distinguished rank, begged him to give lessons to her son, at the same time taking every due care for the young man. Lebas consented; but having perceived, from the very first lessons, that he was made to wait, and that the young nobleman often only came in to give his master a *cachet*,* paid for very dearly, was by far too delicate to receive money he did not earn. Having one day noticed in the ante-chamber a valet with a very pleasing countenance, he ordered him to announce him in the mother's apartment. "Madame," said he on entering, "I wish you to allow me, when Monsieur the — is not prepared or not inclined to take his lesson, to allow me to give it to this young man," pointing to the lackey; "I shall then not lose my time, nor will you, madame, lose your money; and as your lackey will take lessons much oftener than his master, he will derive more advantage than him, and will soon know enough for Monsieur the — to continue his studies under him, and learn all that you appear to wish he should learn." The proposition of Lebas was received as he anticipated, and the master took his leave of his noble pupil.

A few years before his death, a noble lord having lent him a picture to engrave, Lebas, when the plate was finished, asked permission of the proprietor of the original to dedicate the production to him as a testimony of his gratitude. The reply he received was, that permission was granted to him on condition that the affair cost nothing to the person who accepted the dedication. "I will make a present to Monseigneur," said Lebas, "of the right to call himself the protector of artists; and will give him an engraving framed with his arms, and twelve copies as a proof of his title." Haughty with the great, Lebas was delightful with his equals and with the humble. In their company, he laughed at his obscure birth; and if, on any occasion, he took upon himself to criticise the wig of a visitor or the hair of a portrait, he would add in the simplest tone possible: "I know something about it; I am the son of a hairdresser."

Portraits were not in the style of Lebas. He was, in general, rather weak in them. That of the painter Cazes, which he executed for his reception to the Academy in 1750, did not merit the reception it met with. It was the custom at that time to require, that candidates who presented themselves to be received in the class of engravers, should execute the portraits of two academicians, the plates of those received being the property of the Academy. Lebas competed for the prize, and sent the two portraits of Jacques Cazes (after Aved) and of Robert Lorraine, after Drouais. But Lebas failed in his attempt, less from the errors of his burin than from the imprudence of his tongue. Some words imprudently uttered by him with regard to an academician, were repeated to this person by an officious friend, such as are always to be found; so that on the day of arbitration our academician made a bitter criticism on the work of Lebas, and by chance found in his pocket a burin, with which to touch up and demonstrate the defects. According to this impartial critic, the engraving had too many faults; and it was really like the coolness and impudence of M. Jacques Philippe Lebas to have said the day before to his pupils: "To-morrow, gentlemen, you will be received at the Academy!" So Lebas was rejected, but not without violent protestations from the

minority. Duxont le Romain went so far as to say, that he should like to see a pencil put into the hands of any of those academicians and Lebas. He was certain that the engraver would beat them all.

It was thirteen years after this failure that our artist presented himself again. This time the Academy departed from its ordinary rules in favour of Lebas; and, instead of two portraits of academicians, they gave him as his trial-engraving the pretty picture of Lancret, known as "La Conversation Galante." The picture is well known, and as much admired. What brightness, what freshness, what transparency! It seems to have been dashed off under an earnest impulse of enthusiasm, without hesitation, fatigue, or doubt—a very labour of love. The somewhat fantastic trees of Lancret, transported by him from the gardens of Watteau, were executed boldly by Lebas with his point, as the painter had grouped and massed them with his brush.

Received unanimously in 1743, Jacques Philippe Lebas obtained the following year the brevet of engraver to the king's cabinet. In 1771 he was elected "councillor of the king in his Academy," and also received, with the pension of 500 livres, granted by Louis XV to Laurent Cars, who had not lived to enjoy it. Nothing was wanting to raise the name of Lebas with foreigners. The reigning prince of Deux-Ponts and the king of Sweden attached him to their courts as engraver, and gave him the title.

Lebas was often accused, and not without propriety, of executing his plates in the same way that people painted fans—that is to say, with the assistance of several artists fully up to each speciality of style. One did the heads, another the draperies, another the landscape. This was true in the case of a great many plates, to which Lebas put his double signature as an artist and as an engraver. He himself groaned over this custom, of which he regarded himself as by no means the inventor; and he sought to correct the evil effects of it by making his pupils apply to different branches of art. He had, moreover, quite sufficient tact to see their particular aptitude of style, and always showed them models of masters who could be imitated without peril, reminding them always of the words of the French fable-writer:

"L'exemple est un dangereux leurre :

Où la guêpe a passé, le moucheron demeure."†

During his whole life, Lebas was on the best terms with artists, learned men, and men of letters. Voltaire, of whom Madame Lebas requested as a favour some pit tickets for the first representation of "Merope," sent her tickets for the best boxes, saying that he owed this mark of respect to a comrade. Lebas was intimately connected with many artists, especially with Chardin, after whom he engraved four pieces so much sought after nowadays: "The Morning Toilet," "Good Education," "The Drawing Lesson," "Economy." One day, when he went to call on his friend Chardin, he found him in his workshop before the picture of a dead hare, which he had just finished painting. "I should like very much to have that picture," said Lebas; "but, then, I have got no money." "That can be arranged," said Chardin: "you have got a waistcoat on there that takes my fancy very much. 'Done! Take the waistcoat! (Va pour la veste!)" cried Lebas. He immediately stripped off his coat, threw the waistcoat on a chair, and walked off with the picture under his arm.

We must not omit to quote, among the friends of the painter, Cochin, who, before being the friend of Lebas, had been his pupil, or at least his assistant. For a long time Cochin had gone to work every morning at Lebas's unknown to his father, whom he allowed to think that he had just begun his day, when he had already gained his *three francs* by two hours early work. At a later period the younger Cochin made himself a name in literature, by writing on the subject of art. He had acquired great influence, and a powerful name. When it was determined to engrave "The Ports of France," which Vernet had painted for the king, Cochin was charged with the undertaking. He confided the whole of them to Lebas, reserving to himself the right of touching up the plates and sharing the profits. We read at the bottom of several of the plates, *L'Acad. Cochin filius socii sculpsit!* But the most intimate friend

* It is usual in France, when you take lessons at so much a lesson, to buy of the professor so many *cachets* or medals, which you give to him one at a time. When you have no more, you renew the supply. The same is done in eating-houses, where a diminution in price is made on twenty dinners.

† Example is a dangerous lure; where the wasp has passed, the gnat sticks.

Lebas was Descamps, the author of "The Lives of Flemish Painters." A confidant of the domestic quarrels, he was always the means of making peace in the family. Our readers should peruse in the Memoirs of M. Hecquet, already alluded to, the acts and deeds of this jealous husband, who had no excuse to be so; and, above all, a certain adventure which amused the pupils of Lebas for a very long time. Uneasy about some of his wife's walks and journeys in the town, our French husband rushed one day out into the street, called a cab, and dashed after his wife in his morning costume, which was none of the most complete. The cab, instead of following the carriage in which Madame was, followed another, which was taking a worthy abbé to the Marais. The coach stopped, the abbé got out, the jealous husband rushed furiously into the house which he believed his wife to have entered, abused the *concierge*, made a horrible noise, called for his wife, burst open a door and fell upon the unfortunate abbé, who, seeing the angry artist in a very simple *négligé*, burst out laughing in his face.

The admirable woman and devoted wife, Madame Lebas, died in 1781. Her husband, who was then seventy-four years of age, was profoundly affected by her death. At an age when one wants repose, he for the first time felt annoyances, afflictions, discouragements, and distress. His undertaking, the figures of "The History of France," which required considerable advances of money, had placed him in great pecuniary difficulties. The wilful slowness of Moreau the younger, with whom he was on cold terms, in giving him drawings for this work, which was brought down only to Louis IX.; the necessity he was under of leaving the house where his wife had just died, after living there forty-five years; all combined to overthrow the courageous old man, and he died. This event took place in 1783, just as it became evident that his "History of France" was a great success.

Amid all the annoyances of his last days, he still had some remnant of his old fun and humour. "In 1782," says Hecquet, "we were at the Trianon. We were in the apartment of Madame the Princess of Montbazou, whose windows opened upon a little garden with water and fountains, where the dauphin was walking, or rather carried about, by his attendants. The little prince having stopped before the window, Lebas began, by making faces, swelling out his cheeks, and striking them with his hands, to make the child laugh. It was hinted to him that these demonstrations were not respectful, considering the rank of the child! Lebas immediately checked himself, and, turning round, addressed the heir-presumptive to the throne, who was but one year old: 'I am Jacques Philippe Lebas, engraver and pensioner of your grandfather. I am delighted to have been the means of making his grandson laugh.' More natural than those who were silly enough to take him away from the contamination of laughter, the child showed, by its cries and lamentations, its regret at being taken away from such joyous company!"

On the 9th Thermidor, in the year IV. (1796), the National Library purchased the collection of the works of Lebas, made by Hecquet, for the sum of £120. It is a very valuable part of the riches of that great and admirable institution, which, with many defects, is so superior in many other things to the British Museum. We have the more readily told the story of Lebas's life—he whose name is put to so many engravings with which connoisseurs are familiar—because his life has scarcely ever been written. In fact, the materials have only recently been discovered to exist, since the revolution of 1848, when some of the eminent literary men who took a part in that demonstration obtained access to certain of the archives which had been buried and lost to the world from the carelessness and negligence of certain parties. Bryan says of him: "A celebrated French engraver, who has left a considerable number of pieces, executed in an excellent manner. He was born at Paris in 1708, was instructed in the art of engraving by N. Tardieu, and was one of the most ingenious artists of his time. He excelled in landscapes and small figures, which he touched with infinite spirit and neatness. He availed himself much of the freedom and facility of etching, which he harmonised in an admirable manner with the graver and dry point. The popularity of his works procured him a number of scholars, whose talents were employed in advancing the plates which he afterwards finished and published

with his name. His prints after Teniers are more than a hundred."

He was a very great man in his way, and deserves a niche amid the many who have a claim to a place in the wide world-history of art, which is of all countries, even more than literature, because art requires no translation. The eyes and the heart are alone required for us to comprehend and feel its beauties. It is an excellent and notable sign of the times that art is understood and appreciated."

A PICTURE.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

Rome, June, 1854.

DURING my residence in this city, about which cling such memories of the past—memories of conquest, of war, of terrible struggles for the world's mastery—and which is yet the centre of so much that is important, I have become acquainted with very many facts which, if all recorded, would be worthy of a volume. I am fond of wandering about into the darker alleys of this "city of the soul," this "mother of dead empires," this "Niobe of nations," which stands

"Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;"

and, though glad at times to mix with the gay throng that crowded the halls of princes, prelates, and bankers, I have sought, according to my usual characteristics, as much as possible to initiate myself into the mysteries of humble life. I have never neglected art, that study which, of all others, repays so well the labour and time bestowed on it; and though I have not, with Coleridge, experienced "an acute feeling of pain on beholding the frescoes of Raphael and Michael Angelo," because they owe their preservation solely to the durable material on which they are painted, I have studied them with earnest love. In fact, my days have been spent, and would be still, but that I am about to leave for Florence, in marvelling at the beauties of painting and sculpture I see around me—my evenings in wandering in Rome and the outskirts in search of studies of manners. I aim, in my artistic productions, at the style of Ostade or Cuyp, rather than that of our Titian. It was in consequence of this feeling of mine that I met with an adventure which I purpose recording at a future time on my canvas—the more, that it has a connexion with a countryman, and is, therefore, interesting.

I had extended my walk to some distance one evening. The night came on suddenly while I was wrapped in contemplation; and, turning round, I scarcely knew where I was. I saw distinctly before me the ruins of an old tower, which told me about what distance I was from Rome; and yet I felt little certainty of finding my way. I was not sufficiently familiar with the road to trust to myself as a guide, but after a few minutes' hesitation I set off, as I thought, along the path which I had followed in the light. In ten minutes I had lost my way. I could speak Italian, and could have asked the road, but there was nobody to ask. This made me reflect on the sage remark, that a man may be a fool in many languages, and I said many things to myself which were of a nature scarcely worthy remembering. I endeavoured to persuade myself that I was on the right road, but it was of no avail; so at last I stood still and looked around. I was near a ruin, whose

"Broken arches, black as night,"

just allowed a glimmer of departed day to peer through them, and show me a little of the scene around.

I soon found that I was also near a little stream, as I heard, not by the roar of waters from the headlong height, but by the gentle rippling of the tiny waves. I began to suspect that I really did not know where I was. I stood still. The scene was new to me; and yet, at sight of that pile of ages long ago, as the light began to stream from star and planet on oriel, buttress, and scroll, I suspected I had seen the place before from a distance. My eyes began to accustom themselves to the gloom, and presently I distinctly saw a kind of rude hut, such as are commonly built in out-of-the-way places by Roman peasants.

I at once felt fatigue. Before I had never thought of it, but now hunger, thirst, and weariness, came all upon me at once.

The hut was below me in a kind of hole, and I had to descend some rude steps to this dwelling, perhaps purposely concealed, for what I knew, and I conjectured hardly safe for any one who had with him ought to lose. But I had nothing to lose, and on that score was easy. My dress was plain. I wore a blouse and cap, and my shoes were heavy and rudely fashioned. Still I clutched my stick as I turned to the hut, and approached a side whence came a light.

"Is there any one at home?" said I, in a loud and, I hope, cheerful tone.

"Si, signor," cried a rough and rather harsh voice. "What do you want? Who are you?"

"I am hungry, tired, and thirsty; and I am an American traveller and artist, studying nature, who has lost his way."

There was a dead silence for a moment—a silence I could feel, but not understand.

head, and altogether a pretty simple face that might have been little noticed but for her eyes. They were of that deep, dreamy cast which strikes the painter because they tell a tale of sorrow, or regret, or hope; at all events, always indicate some passion which it is useful for him to study.

My attention, however, was called away by my supper, of which I partook freely; all the while, however, casting glances towards the young woman, who was absorbed, I began to fancy, by some memory of the past.

"You seem partial to Americans," I said at last, addressing the old man.

"We have no cause to be," grumbled he in a half good-natured tone.

"Hush!" said the girl, rising and standing erect, her right hand held out;—this is the instant I hope to seize in my picture—
"hush, father! Do you not remember it was thus he came!"



THE SKATERS.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN DER NEER.

"Welcome!" then exclaimed a voice—a voice of touching sadness and melancholy. "Welcome, stranger: no American was ever turned from this door."

I was, I confess, a little startled by this reply, but certainly more gratified than startled; and I advanced to the open door and entered the hut. It was only a hut, a poor, mean building with one room, as I at first thought, and three occupants. There was an aged pair, still active and healthy, in the dress of peasants, and a young woman, not far from thirty, of handsome, yet melancholy mien, on whom my eyes were the more fixed, that she examined me with a curiosity and anxiety quite painful to behold. She then sat down by a table, and gazed with a vacant look at the wall, as I thought, it being dark, and the place illumined faintly by a sorry lamp.

The old people gave me a stool, and I had leisure to examine the young woman while they prepared a frugal meal of bread and cheese and wine, with some grapes, always welcome. She was dark, with black hair, black eyes, a small but well-shaped fore-

head, and altogether a pretty simple face that might have been little noticed but for her eyes. They were of that deep, dreamy cast which strikes the painter because they tell a tale of sorrow, or regret, or hope; at all events, always indicate some passion which it is useful for him to study.

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"Hush!" said the girl, rising and standing erect, her right hand held out;—this is the instant I hope to seize in my picture—
"hush, father! Do you not remember it was thus he came!"

It was a dark and gloomy night, and he had lost his way; do you not remember?"

It was about ten years before that a youthful traveller lost his

way under somewhat similar circumstances to my own, and sought shelter in the same hut, where then dwelt Francisca Patrana and her parents. He was a gentle but enthusiastic youth, who felt grateful at once for the hospitality offered and accepted. He spent the evening in conversation, chiefly with the young girl, and went away next day, promising to return. He did return, though they did not expect it, and so often that it soon became clear he was smitten with the charms of the young girl. His visits were discouraged. He cared not. He painted the hut at first, and then, after some coaxing, the young girl, who began to take a deep interest in him.

At last he offered his hand and his heart. A romantic and fervent spirit, he knew only that she was beautiful and good. She was uneducated, but that was a delightful thing for young love to remedy. He was refused at first, because of the difference of religion; but his earnest and sincere eloquence overcame all difficulties, and it was finally settled that the whole party should at an

them, and not a single stumbling-block stood in the way of their great happiness. How she longed to see the happy land he painted in such glowing colours! and how he too desired, with pride and joy, to be the being who should open up to her its beauties and its new graces!

To marry in Rome was difficult, if not impossible. Every preparation was then made for their departure. At last the letter came, and all was ready. Just then he died. He was of a delicate, frail nature, and caught a fever, against which youth laboured in vain. He died, and left behind him one who, though not his widow, because she had not been his wife, yet was determined to be in everything his relict on this earth. She saw him to his lonely grave, and returned to her hut saddened, blighted, hopeless, and yet—for he had conquered all her prejudices—hopeful of another world, where they must meet again.

She kept his picture, *that one*, and the lesson-books he had given her; but she touched them no more; the chord was snapped that



A SEA-PIECE.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN DER NEER.

early period emigrate to America, and there the young couple should be united. The old people heard the plan at length with complacency, and the youthful artist wrote over to his home for money to return.

All went well. He painted and taught. The young girl was apt and willing, and she learnt to read and write, and imbibed much knowledge from her enthusiastic lover. His studies were now confined to nature. He was always near the ruin, and it was in the hut in which I was listening to the tale that he painted his picture, which gave unbounded delight to all parties. And there it was, too, that she coned over her books, her grammar, and her little elementary works—a very school-girl in earnestness and devotion.

And he was never tired of teaching, nor she of learning. It must have been a pleasant and cheerful thing to see that couple, so attached, so earnest, so single-minded, pursuing their mutual tasks; he, yearning and battling for fame, she, for simple knowledge. And the time passed so pleasantly all the while, for all smiled on

made them musical. And yet I saw with what veneration she still regarded them. All efforts to make her change, to induce her to wed, were useless; she was the bride of the departed, and as such she solemnly announced herself to her parents. They combated her will in vain. She would not be comforted, and would not be left.

And thus I found her and a subject for my pencil, which, if I can ever realise, I am sure will place my name in some little niche where the smaller specimens of art may find shelter. And there I left her next day, much moved by meeting with one to whom she could speak unreservedly of the lover who had been dead ten years, and yet whom she looked on with such freshness of memory. I saw her no more, my stay in Rome being but short; but I write this hurried letter to record the deep impression the scene made on me.

Perhaps I should have rather told of the seven-hilled city's pride, of what remains besides the cypress and the owl, of broken thrones and temples; but thus is it ever with me; one little bit of nature

makes me forget all the glories of the greatest art, because it moves my heart. Not that I despise the mighty monuments of times past, but that real life moves me more deeply when it presents itself to me in such a form, and especially—egotist that I am!—when it comes wrapped round in the enchanting witchery of a subject for a picture.

AN ARTIST'S IDEA OF CONSTANTINOPLE AND ENVIRONS.

THE East has always been the peculiar ground of the artist. Thence he has drawn his most rich materials. Martin, and Turner, and many others have made us familiar with much that is great and splendid in the fields and hills of Orient, now to be made further familiar as the scene of military operations. It is pleasing, however, to turn from the terrible stories of "our own correspondent," narrating all the horrors of war, starvation, and cholera, to the views of an artist. Mr. F. Hervé visited the land some time back as a portrait painter, and brought back, not only rich sketches of the country, but communicated much pleasing information.

He visits the place to paint; and hence it is natural that he should tell us, that though there are few spots in Europe which have called forth more panegyrics than the charms of the Bosphorus, yet the reality far surpasses all preconceived ideas. The position, the very sensation that you are between the extreme points of the great divisions of the globe known as Asia and Europe, is enough to rouse the mind to a certain degree of enthusiasm. It is hard to say on which side most beauty lies.

You gaze on palaces of the purest white marble, with doors of bronze and gilded cornices, tall minarets, rising with chaste and taper elegance beside the round and massive tower, light trellises, shaded terraces, latticed windows, all savouring of mystery and romance. Then you turn from the present to the past, as your eye catches a sight of the heavy castles of other times, with their gloomy turrets frowning on each other from the opposite banks as they peer up in solitary grandeur—here a fantastic and ephemeral style of architecture, there a heavy massive line of solid walls and lofty towers, which raise their proud heads on high.

Every form of habitation is to be found in the Bosphorus, from the habitation of the peasant to the palace of the monarch. There is the lowly fisherman's shed, formed of a few planks, pitched up and plastered together with mud and clay, with a hole to creep in and a hole to look out from, the waves oft dashing against its base, and the rain entering its roof; whilst not far off stands the Sultan's gorgeous palace, where the sculptor's art is profusely displayed, where gaudy painting and the richest carved work unite their powers to adorn the splendid monument of Ottoman pride, and its polished marble walls, its granite balustrades, its porphyry columns, are crowned by a resplendent crescent of gold. All this may outrage the pure and classic eye of the chaste architect, for we know that it is in bad taste; but the effect is most brilliant and imposing; and as there is a succession of these palaces on either shore, when the sun shines upon them, it produces one dazzling blaze of eastern magnificence.

But art alone has not lent enchantment to the view. It is not possible for us to comprehend, here at home, what nature is under the

"Blest power of sunshine!"

in a land where it may be truly said, on many occasions:

"There was not, on that day, a speck to stain
The azure heaven; the blessed sun alone,
In unapproachable divinity,
Careered, shining in his fields of light.
How beautiful, beneath the bright blue sky,
The billows heave!—one glowing green expanse;
Save where, along the bending line of shore,
Such hue is thrown, as when the peacock's neck
Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst
Embathed in emerald glory."

And all this lights up a place gifted by nature with almost sublime charms. It is nature that has given the bold and varied outline,

the rocky mazes and the myrtle bowers; she it is that gives us the gigantic and overshadowing plane-tree, the growth of centuries, and the shelter of thousands of men and herds, to gaze at and admire. See the rugged oak, the spreading elm, the weeping ash, the bright sycamore, the dark-green fig, the stately cedar, the orange, the lemon, the soft acacia, the trembling aspen, the drooping willow, the sable yew, the tall poplar, and, the loftiest of all, leaving every other far beneath, the sombre cypress, rears its aspiring stem. And then, above, there is the almost bare rock, clad at times by the hardy pine of the North.

And then, besides these and many other trees, there are fruit-trees innumerable. The mulberry and the vine are the most frequent. The latter climbs about the awnings and palisades in all directions, and producing, in almost all parts of the East, a vile compound, has been the fertile source of death in our army. The shrubs are endless and innumerable; the laurel, the myrtle, the box, the arbutus, and laurustinus are everywhere to be seen. Of the flowers it would be in vain to attempt to speak.

The palaces, harems, and villas of the rich Turk—less frequent now than in Hervé's time—and of the foreign merchants, are a graceful and pleasing addition to the beauties of nature. Their gardens are perfectly fairy-like in many instances. They surround the dwellings, and then go back, getting wilder as they ascend, until they, too, reach the barren crag. There they rise, terrace after terrace, communicating by winding steps, often of marble, with beds of flowers and dark-green shrubs rising on all lands, and then the bowers, arbours, alcoves, obelisks, kiosks, pagodas, fountains, temples, awnings, lattice-worked screens and trellises.

Elsewhere upstart the blue cupolas of a mosque, half hid by an umbrageous curtain of trees, except where the slender minarets rise alongside the dark trees. And then from some window peers a dark-eyed Greek girl, watching the boats as they pass; or an Armenian or Turkish lady darts a modest look and drops her eyes; while Turks smoke lazily near the water, boats richly carved and gilt float by, filled by men in embroidered costumes, though now, in general, the European garb is alone seen. The boatmen, however, still preserve their old dress.

Well, and with all this beauty of scenery, with such a sky, and such temptations, neither Turks, nor Greeks, nor Armenians, nor Jews, nor any other of the mixed and nondescript dwellers in Turkey have the slightest conception of art, or the slightest leaning towards a study of it. The Greeks are very behindhand. They neither comprehend music nor painting, as the daubs in the inside of their churches will readily show. As to music, some *Scholas* were once singing very sweetly the air of "Il Pescatore," and an American remarked to a Greek friend how well they did it. His reply was curious. "They sing well indeed! they have some knowledge as to using their mouth, but they have no idea whatever of using their noses!" It is through the nose that the Greeks usually sing.

There have been many young Greeks sent to Europe to learn various accomplishments. Singing and painting they could never surpass. We have heard Greek singing enough, and the less we hear of the future the better. What half a century of civilisation may do we know not, but the arts are nowhere in so deplorable a state as amid the ruins of temples and monuments in Greece, in Athens itself, and in the country of the Turk, where religion sets its face against every form of the art of painting and sculpture.

The prejudice is wearing away, however, and this—like everything else—denotes that there is a crisis of civilisation about to take place. The presence of the allied armies may be the cause of Turkey awaking to real civilisation, literature, and the arts, and finally to Christianity—not the Christianity of Greeks and others in Turkey, but to the purer Christianity of countries where civilisation has gone hand-in-hand with religion. Then may we hope to see even high art taking root in a country formed by nature for all that is lovely and great, and they too may produce works from which

"We gaze and turn away, and know not where,
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart
Reels with its fulness; there—for ever there,
Chained to the chariot of triumphal art,
We stand as captive, and would not depart."

As one indication of the approach of a better state of things, we may mention that, as the French army in the East is accompanied by Horace Vernet—whose business is to produce worthy pictorial representations of any striking scenes, any remarkable objects, and any brilliant exploits that may meet his view—so Omar Pasha has an artist in attendance upon him for a similar purpose, who is said to be engaged upon a painting of the siege of Silistria, that glorious struggle in which Turkish valour, assisted and directed by the English skill of the gallant Lieutenant Butler and his friend, effectually repelled all the attacks of a Russian horde, in spite of a great disparity in numbers. It may, perhaps, be some time before Omar Pasha's enlightened views on general subjects and just appreciation of the value of art are shared by the mass of the subjects of the Sultan; but the influence of his example, seconded by the high position he deservedly holds in the estimation of all, must, sooner or later, bring about this desirable result.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ART UNION.

SOME of our readers may smile at the fact of an exhibition of the Art Union of London being included in matter, great part of which relates to the works of EMINENT MASTERS. But the article will not be so irrelevant as it might upon the first blush appear.

The object of our work is to cultivate amongst all classes in this country a taste for the beautiful, and the beautiful includes, according to the sententious German, the good! It is not unnatural, therefore, that any glaring departure from the rules of Taste and of True Art should be noticed and reproved, for it is by reproof that education is promoted, and by the example of the bad that the good is inculcated.

Very few people are ignorant of the constitution of the Art Union. It is a society, instituted in 1837, and incorporated in 1846, having for its object a promotion of the knowledge "and love of the fine arts, and their general advancement in the British Empire by a wide diffusion of the works of native artists," and also "the elevation of art and the encouragement of its professors, by creating an increased demand for their works, and an improved taste on the part of the public."

That an institution having so generous and so great an aim, should have so signally failed, as this and other exhibitions will show, is more to be deplored than to be wondered at. Taste requires education, and is by no means a mere natural production. It requires also time to grow. It is not to be presumed, that because a man or a woman wins a prize at the Art Union, they should be sufficiently judges of pictures to select the most meritorious out of so many galleries; and the fortunate prizewinner has the Royal Academy, the British Institution, the Society of British Artists, the National Institution, the Water Colour Society, and the New Association of Painters in Water Colours, to select from. It might probably happen that if the fortunate or unfortunate prizewinner had only one gallery to choose from, something like a good selection might be made; but under the present system the body of prizewinners, with a perverseness which is puzzling, clear the whole of the galleries of their dross and refuse.

It is another unfortunate circumstance that the drawing of the Art Union takes place very late in the year. Therefore, if there be a good picture by a rising artist, prizewinners are pretty sure not to get it, because buyers of taste and of art education have had the run of the galleries before them; and, moreover, to render, we suppose, any collusion between the buyer and the seller impossible, the committee of the institute have framed their by-laws in such a manner that one may be construed into a direct prohibition of the prizewinner's using any judgment other than his own—a good rule in some respects, but exceedingly injurious in others.

Thus it is, that the result is frequently very seriously injurious and noxious to British art. Those who have to choose the pictures are of all classes, and the sellers of the pictures are as various. Some there are who get a pretty good painting; but the majority are so bad, that the effect of the gallery to an eye accustomed to good art, is really very sad indeed. But, besides this evil, the Art Union has another effect. It disheartens the artist who may be

very clever, but may not have sold his picture, when he sees one with not a tithe of the talent which he has, get for his production a price which is preposterously high. But it has a worse effect upon the artist who sells his painting. Having an eye to the Art Union prizewinners, he has put an enormous price on his production, because he is just as likely to get it as a smaller one. Judges do not buy his pictures—but others do; and the prizewinner must give the full price, or else return part of it into the reserve fund of the society. We happen to know a case, wherein a young artist asked £200 for a picture exhibited in the Royal Academy, purposely to catch the Art Union prizewinners—a work for which, had a dealer bought it, he would gladly have taken £50. He sold his picture; and it so elated him, that his works had such prices put on them that he never sold any more. He is now in one of the English colonies, taking portraits, and gaining a very fair living; but a great or even a talented artist he never will be.

The pictures, also, on account of the advertisement which their exhibition affords, are obliged to be exhibited, and therefore to be chosen from exhibitions of the current year. Artists are not, consequently, allowed to paint upon commission; but, if they were permitted to do so, surely something more creditable might be obtained. In a word, as a purpose of art education for the spread of taste, this society is a dead failure; and, although it undoubtedly gets rid of a great many pictures, still there is not one out of the one hundred and ninety-nine exhibited, for which we would give—and we believe there is no professional person in London would—half the price which the artist has obtained for it. From this censure we may, however, except three; and also the lithograph by Maguire; and the whole of the statuary models, from 195 to 199, both inclusive.

A hasty run through the gallery will, we have no doubt, convince the reader of the truth of remarks which, however harsh, have for their aim the advancement of art and the improvement of taste. The society ought, without any hesitation, to remodel their rules; so that it might be an honour, instead of the reverse, to be selected by a prizewinner of the Art Union.

The present exhibition is held in the rooms of the Suffolk-street Gallery. In the great room the first picture which attracts the visitor will be, in all probability (No. 4), "Common Fare," painted by Mr. Sidney Cooper, and selected from the Royal Academy at the very large price of £367 10s. Mr. Cooper is a first-rate artist when combined with Mr. Lee as a landscape-painter; but in "Common Fare," which represents a group of sheep and a half-starved donkey on a common, he, to a certain extent, fails. The landscape is unpleasant; the position of the donkey, on the apex of a hillock in the centre of the picture, being too prominent; and the effect is, on the whole, unpleasant. Parts of the picture are unexceptionable; the sheep are excellently painted. The amount of the prize is £250, the prizewinner having added the remainder.

(No. 13), "Gipsies leaving the Common," by E. Williams, sen., for which a gentleman has given £60, is a very common specimen of a picture manufactured without the slightest attention to nature; vivid colours and crude greens being the staple commodity.

(No. 19), "A Scene from the Play of the Hunchback," by A. J. Simmons, has, luckily for the artist, fetched £40. Had it to be sold in any sale to-morrow, it might realise £10.

(No. 21), "The Lady of Shalot," by R. S. Lauder, R.S.A., has been chosen from the new institution at a price of £80. It bears the quotation from Tennyson:—

"But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights."

But it is in reality nothing but a very pallid specimen of humanity, with a pretty but unmeaning face, looking into a mirror. What relation it bears to Tennyson's mystic poem we cannot say.

(No. 22), which hangs just below, is a contrast in every particular. It is a sweet landscape, "Evening on the Mackno, North Wales," with a wild duck flying quickly over the still waters of a lake. The colour and the feeling are both good. The taste exhibited in the choice of this does honour to Mr. Allen. The price affixed by the artist, Mr. Dearle, is twenty pounds.

(No. 26), "Game and Fruit," by Duffield, is a very fine picture, which we noticed when before exhibited. We would particularly

call attention to the painting of the blackcock and the partridge. Mr. Cooper, a prizewinner of one hundred pounds, has selected it.

(No. 28), "A Fishing Village," from the coast of Normandy, by J. Wilson, jun., for which Mrs. Saunders has given one hundred and fifty pounds, is a meritorious but by no means a first-class painting.

(No. 31), "The Siesta," by C. Landseer, exhibits a girl lying upon two antique chairs. The position is awkward, and the drawing, especially the foreshortening, not well managed; but on the whole, the picture is more worthy than nine-tenths of the others.

(No. 34), "The Young Boat-builder," is so bad, that it should be gibbeted, not exhibited.

(No. 36), "The Rehearsal of the Village Choir," by F. Underhill, is the production of one, who, with more time and finish, may do much better. The faces of the young girls, whom the music-master is drilling, are very sweet and arch.

(No. 37), exhibits the sort of picture which is likely to be bought by prizeholders. It is of the genteelly pious order. Not that we quarrel with simple piety, but with its theatrical exhibition. It is called the "Mother's Prayer." A lady with a doll-like face, without one atom of devotion in it, watches over her child in bed. It

(No. 68), "The Youthful Hairdresser," exhibits quite as simple an incident; but, from the nature of its treatment, is very much better. A little girl is nailing the wig on a wooden doll, the stolid look of which gives the piece a very comical air. The dress and face of the girl are well painted by the artist, Miss M. A. Cole.

(No. 76), "Keeping Guard," by J. Hardy, jun., is interesting and well painted, with the exception of the sky, which is exceedingly murky and heavy. A dog is watching by some game, which his master has deposited near him.

(No. 84), "The Monastic Life of the Emperor Charles V.," exhibits great knowledge of drawing and a good eye for colour and arrangement. The present little picture is but a sketch, and some crudeness must therefore be pardoned. The picture is decidedly the best ten-guinea prize in the exhibition.

(No. 90), "The Brunette and the Blonde," or course being the portraits of a pale young lady, and of another with a Spanish chocolate complexion, is a work by Mr. R. S. Lander, for which he has been lucky enough to get sixty guineas.

(No. 103), "A Bible Class in a Scotch Pariah School examined by a Committee of Presbytery," is one of those pictures which strike you with two subjects for wonder—the one, that it ever got hung in any gallery; the other, and the greater, that having been hung, it ever got sold; the artist mistaking coarse caricature for character,



MOONLIGHT ON THE WATER.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN DER NEER.

is calculated to touch maternal hearts, and we have no doubt that Mr. Fisher, in selecting it, was guided by his female friends.

(No. 46), "Isola dei Pescatori," an Italian landscape, by G. E. Hering, is very meritorious. With the exception of a certain harshness in the shadows, it leaves little to be wished for.

(No. 54), "A Cabin in a Vineyard," has at least a great name to help it, that of Mr. Uwins. We criticised it in our notice of the Royal Academy. A mother who has left her children asleep in the *cabane* of the garde de vigne, returns to look at them. The figure of the mother is somewhat graceful, but beyond that the picture is unmeaning and lackadaisical.

(No. 61), "Evening," by E. Williams, sen., is excessively after the manner of a tea-board in its finish and treatment. It bears a great many more marks of manufacture than of study from nature.

(No. 66), "What shall I sing?" instances one of those prettinesses with little meaning and small skill in execution, which, nevertheless, captivate the many. A young lady in a curious dress, a mixture of modern and fancy costume, holds a guitar in her hands, and seems to ask the beholder the question which gives its title. It is perfectly unworthy both of the artist and purchaser.

and being content to exhibit a picture without tone, or finish, or colour, properly so termed, in it.

But we will not detain the reader any longer. The water-colour department of the exhibition is perhaps a little better than that of the oil paintings; the best amongst them being "A Head of a Roman Monk" (No. 186), by Carl Haag, to which we called attention in our notice of the Water-colour Society. The statuettes are much more creditable, especially "The Dancing Girl reposing" (198), and (199) "Innocence," after an original by Foley.

The print, to which subscribers are entitled next year, is not worthy even of the Art Union; the artist, Mr. J. J. Chalon, seldom producing anything worthy of engraving, and, in this instance, Mr. Willmore, the engraver, by no means doing what he should have done. Any one familiar with the works of Woollett will at once see what a tremendous distance there is between the water which he represented, buoyant, sparkling, and deep, and the heavy graver and point lines of Mr. Willmore, which look like nothing in nature and little in art. The thirty wood engravings, illustrative of "Childe Harold," promise much better; but we must decidedly register our opinion, that the Art Union is every year less worthy of its position and of the patronage it obtains. Unless the council makes some very great efforts towards improvement, the sooner it gets replaced, or extinct, the better for British art.

2020



CHURCH OF ST. PANTALEON, AT TROYES.

THE CHURCH OF ST. PANTALEON, AT TROYES.

THIS church, which stands in the western part of the town of Troyes, in the department of the Aube, was consecrated to St. Pantaléon, in honour of Pope Urban IV., who was the son of a poor shoemaker in this town, named Jacques Pantaléon. St. Pantaléon, we may remark, suffered martyrdom at Nicomedia, in the reign of the emperor Galerius, about the year 305. The church dedicated to him is an edifice of small dimensions, constructed in the Renaissance style, on the ground occupied in more ancient times by an oratory. A Latin inscription, fitted into one of the pillars, records that it was erected in 1527. The front gateway, however, is of no more ancient date than the middle of the eighteenth century.

St. Pantaléon's is a succursal church—what in England is called a chapel of ease. The walls of the nave and the chapels are ornamented with a great number of sculptures and paintings. The twelve pillars which sustain the arches are ornamented with statues of the saints, twenty-one in number, under richly-carved canopies. The countenances of all the figures have an expression of pleasing *sauvete*. The cause of there being an odd number of these statues, while that of the pillars, in front of which they are placed in two rows, is even, is, that the place of one of them is filled by the pulpit, as will be seen by the engraving. The execution of these statues is generally attributed to an artist named François Gentil, who also sculptured the group of St. Joachim and St. Anne, which is seen in the chapel on the right of the altar. The first chapel on the right of the nave, called Calvary, contains several groups in the same style, among which may be distinguished: a figure of the Virgin, called the Mother of Pity, which is regarded as the *chef-d'œuvre* of Gentil; Pilate showing Christ to the Jews, and the Virgin supported by the Magdalen and St. John, sometimes described as the "Three Marys." The altar-screen of the chapel is decorated with a group of figures, three feet high, representing St. Crispin and St. Crispinian, occupied, the former in cutting a piece of leather, the latter in sewing the sole of a shoe, while two soldiers are about to seize them. Calm resignation is admirably expressed in the countenances of the two saints, and forms a striking contrast to the fierce joy depicted in those of the barbarous soldiers. The costumes are those of the reign of Henry II., an anachronism very frequently committed by the artists of the middle ages. The arcades of the nave and the choir are adorned with six pictures by Carré, the pupil of Le Brun, representing the principal events in the life of St. Pantaléon; and two by Herluison, which represent the Nativity and the Entombment of Christ.

All the churches of Troyes have painted windows. Those of St. Pantaléon are painted in black and white only, but in a good style of decoration: the subjects of these compositions are taken from the lives of the prophet Daniel and Jesus Christ. They were executed in the sixteenth century by Macadie and Lutereau. The columns of the screen before the principal altar are also worthy of notice.

The other religious edifices of Troyes are: the cathedral, dedicated to St. Peter; the parish churches of St. John and the Magdalen; and four succursal churches—those of St. Nicholas, St. Renny, St. Urban, and St. Nisier. The cathedral is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture, but the exterior is much less handsome than the interior, the pavement of the choir and the beautifully painted windows being generally admired. The same remark will apply to the other churches of Troyes; that of St. John has a shrine finely sculptured by Girardon, and a good painting of the "Baptism of Christ," by Mignard; and in the church of St. Renny is a bronze figure of Christ by Girardon, which is considered one of that artist's finest works.

A VISIT TO HASLAR HOSPITAL, NEAR PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND.

We paid a visit, not long since, to Haslar Hospital. This fine building, which is situated upon the Gosport side of Portsmouth Harbour, near Blockhouse Fort, was first projected in the year 1742, and was sixteen years in completing. It is devoted to the reception of invalid and wounded seamen and marines, and the officers of each service, with a separate space set apart for lunatic patients. The building stands four stories high, and consists of a main body 576 feet long, and two wings 533 feet each. It contains

114 roomy wards, each capable of accommodating twenty patients; and we were informed that, in the time of war, there have been as many as 1,700 patients at one time in the hospital. Enclosed within the walls of the establishment is an airing-ground for convalescent patients, measuring thirty-three acres, pleasantly laid out with walks, grass-plots, flower-beds, etc., and a small chapel, in which divine service is performed by a clergyman, who resides in the hospital.

By the courtesy of a gentleman connected with the establishment we were conducted over some of the lunatic wards. A painful sight—but, withal, interesting and instructive. It was a sight, too, not unaccompanied with a sort of melancholy pleasure, to witness how much care and kindness had done to recompense these poor creatures for their heavy loss—the heaviest, perhaps, of all—the loss of reason. All seemed happy. Groups of old weather-beaten sailors were everywhere to be seen recounting past scenes of perils on the deep, which in all probability had never been encountered, save in the visions of "the heat-oppressed brain" of the narrator. Here was a man who had formerly been a "boat-swain." He was still indulged by being allowed to carry his official whistle, and shrilly did he "pipe all hands a-hoy!" doubtless imagining himself still upon the deck, far out at sea.

One man approached us, in whose calm, pensive face, browned though it was with tropical sunshine, there seemed something so peaceful that we could not think him mad. Laying his hand upon our arm, he looked eagerly into our face, and said in a hurried whisper: "You have seen her?" We knew not what to answer him; but the friend who accompanied us came to the rescue. "Yes," he replied, "we saw her yesterday." "Well," exclaimed the lunatic, his eyes fairly flaming with excitement, "has she not written?" Our friend shook his head. "No, no; she dare not write—she knows they stop all her letters," was the rejoinder, in a sad desponding tone. Then hastily looking up again, and darting his eyes around (we can find no other word to express the lightning-like rapidity of the motion), the poor fellow lowered his voice to a scarcely audible whisper. "But she will come to me!" "Yes." Another change from anxiety to ecstasy. "Yes; she will—I knew it! When?" "To-morrow," said our friend. "To-morrow! to-morrow! to-morrow!" he cried, with increased vehemence at every repetition of the word, until at last he fairly screamed "to-morrow!" and ran exultingly away. When he had gone, our friend informed us, that he fancied some great lady was in love with him, and every one he saw, he thought a messenger from her. And so for years had he been alternating between despair and happiness, when he thought first of her letters being stopped—and then, that she would come—and every day he felt she would come—"to-morrow." Poor fellow! the falsehoods of our friend were blissful truths to him. He knew that "she" was coming, and was happy. How cruel would the cold, stern truth have been, which told him "she" had no existence, and could never come. Truly, in cases such as this, there is a falsehood better far than truth. We went on through another of the wards, where we found a man sitting at a table, drawing pictures of ships—or, rather, of a ship—for every one he drew—and they were many—was the exact counterpart of every other. Whatever the size of the picture, there was exactly the same deep blue waves, with exactly the same quantity of white foam upon each, washing exactly the same pea-green coast, upon exactly the same spot on which stood exactly the same vermilion-coloured cottage. While, in the ship itself, every line of the complicated rigging was identically the same in every picture. And all these lines (so strongly was his one ship impressed upon the artist's brain) were perfectly correct. Not a rope in the whole ship was wrongly placed, nor was there one omitted; but all were carried out to such minute detail, that were it required to give a diagram illustrative of the uses of the various ropes on board a ship, perhaps no better one could possibly be had than this poor madman's drawing. At the same time, all the rest of the picture was as unlike anything on earth as it is possible to conceive. The bright-red cottage stood at an angle of

about forty-five degrees out from the pea-green shore, while this shore in its turn stood up perpendicular to the horizon, and the waves which washed the beach were rushing tumultuously up an amazingly steep hill. These drawings the artist sold to any visitors that happened to notice him; and there were few who passed him without laying out sixpence or a shilling in his strange productions. But what struck us most was that he had, in his odd wandering ideas, conceived the notion of *printing*! Whether he had ever seen the art practised, or whether it was a passing thought, which, fitting with other madman's fancies through his brain, had been arrested there by his one darling thought of painting ships, we know not. We are inclined to think, by the way in which he spoke of it, that the latter was the case; and that, in the retirement of Haslar Hospital, this poor old lunatic had (as far as any previous knowledge of his own was concerned) absolutely invented printing! We had stopped to watch him painting, and had purchased one of his very largest productions for the sum of one-and-sixpence. He had fixed prices for his pictures, and he seemed to estimate their value entirely by the number of square inches contained in them—much in the same way, by-the-by, as exhibitors of certain panoramas advertise them as covering so many thousand square yards of canvas. While we were standing watching him, he suddenly looked up from his work, exclaiming, "Do you live *outside*?" We did not understand the question, and he saw it; so he explained: "I mean," he said, "they don't keep you in here—do they?" We assured him they did not. "Then," said he, "I will tell you how you can make a deal of money. I would do it myself if I were *outside*, but I can't in here. Look now," he continued, taking in each hand a copy of the ship, the coast, and the cottage. I get sixpence for this size, and a shilling for this. It takes me a long while to do them. But if I were *outside*, I could make a stamp the same as the picture, and then put the paint on the stamp, and squeeze it on the paper so." And he pressed down an imaginary stamp upon the paper lying before him, with all his force. "I could do them very quick then, sir—couldn't I? Now, if I was *outside* like you, sir, I would do it." We thanked the poor fellow for the hint, and promised we would make a stamp at once and set about it; and then walked on, leaving the inventor of this great art still compelled to resort to the old process of hand-labour, simply because he was not *outside*.

We left the lunatic wards, after engaging in conversation with several other patients—some of whom assured us they were kings and princes; others were sorry to say they had no grog to offer us; and no end of them sent messages by us to be delivered in towns and villages of which we had never even heard the names. Promising everything, acquiescing in everything, and purchasing everything—for there were other producers besides our friend with the ships; one man spending his whole time in making stuffed balls, another in making black dolls (!), which were made and dressed in a style that would be the envy of any nursery in England—passing amongst all the varied songs, whistles, orations, dances, and other sounds and sights around us, the doors of the lunatic wards at last closed behind us.

We then proceeded to the Museum. This is a well-arranged and tolerably extensive collection of skeletons of human beings, mammals, birds, fishes, reptiles, serpents, and other species; stuffed and preserved fishes; some stuffed animals, and a very good collection of birds; some strange-looking weapons—axes, knives, etc.—from various savage tribes; a Chinese shield, made of wicker-work—a curious material to ward off a blow, but bearing upon it a painting of a hideous face, to frighten the foes away; a few fossils; Captain Cook's speaking-trumpet, and some other relics; and various articles which our space will not allow us to point out. Altogether the Museum is an interesting collection; it has been formed principally by donations from naval officers and others, who "go down unto the sea in ships," and bring from foreign climes their varied curiosities.

However, it is time we left Haslar, and proceeded back to the town of Portsmouth. To do this, we go to Gosport, which is close by, and then cross the harbour by means of a mode of conveyance which is, we doubt not, new to many of our readers. This is the Floating Bridge. Though called a bridge, it might with equal, if not greater propriety, be called a steam-boat, for

though without either paddles or screw to work it, it is still a floating vessel, and propelled by steam. It consists of a large vessel made of wrought iron, about one hundred feet in length by sixty in breadth. It plies between Portsmouth and Gosport four times in the hour, and is capable, if necessary, of accommodating from twenty to thirty carriages, and about five hundred passengers at each journey. The manner in which it works is somewhat singular. Two very large chains are stretched right across the harbour from one beach to the other, the chain-sinking to the bottom when not in use, so as not to interfere with the passage of vessels over them. Within the body of the Floating Bridge are two steam-engines of sixteen-horse power each; these engines give motion to two large wheels, the circumferences of which are grooved so as to receive the large chains of which we have spoken. These chains passing over the wheels, it follows that, as the wheels revolve (the ends of the chains being fixed), the bridge itself must be drawn towards this fixed point, in the same manner as a man standing in a boat and pulling a rope, the other end of which is fixed to the shore, causes his boat to approach the shore. The chain is thus lifted out of the water as the bridge goes on, and after passing over the wheel, is allowed to sink again behind the bridge.

Arrived at Portsmouth, we disembark at "The Point," close by the Quebec Hotel—an excellent house, by the way, for the visitor to Portsmouth to take up his abode in—and then proceeding up through the town, we turn up on to Southsea Common for half-an-hour's walk before dinner. Southsea Common is a large, a very large open tract of land, one side of it being washed by the sea, the other bounded by handsome terraces and buildings forming the town of Southsea, the fashionable suburb of Portsmouth. The bathing at Southsea is said to be equal, if not superior, to any in England. A handsome carriage-drive and promenade, close by the water's edge, along the whole length of the common, and affording a beautiful view of Spithead and the opposite shores of the Isle of Wight, has recently been constructed by public subscription, aided by a grant from the Treasury of £387 10s. It is called the Clarence Esplanade; it consists of a fine carriage-road forty feet wide, and a foot-path of twelve feet, and is upwards of a mile in length.

At the end of the Esplanade nearest to the town have been erected two statues. Inscriptions affixed to these inform us that they are placed there "in honour of Horatio, Viscount Nelson, K.B. hero of the Nile and Trafalgar," and "in honour of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, K.G., statesman, hero, conqueror." In honour of Heaven save the mark! What is the fatal destiny which hangs over every British hero? How is it that so few escape having their effigies stuck up in such form, that once a-year at least, upon the 5th of November, any little boy in the kingdom would be completely justified in seizing them, and burning them for "Guys!" Poor Nelson! his celebrated exclamation, "England expects every man to do his duty," strikes reproachfully upon the heart when we behold his sculptured caricature. So long has England been "expecting," and yet no man has as yet done his duty by removing this. However, Wellington, poor man! is, perhaps, even worse. His statue baffles description, as does Nelson's also. Suffice it to say, the "statesman, hero, conqueror" has legs whose gigantic proportions, compared with the rest of his body, might well be supposed to typify the firm stand he always took against the enemies of his country; though why these tremendous limbs should be encased in Jack-in-the-water boots, which by no means fit him, or why he should be made to stand there all day upon some cannon-balls, which must be a very uncomfortable, not to say unsafe footing, we cannot discover. As to Nelson, he leans upon an anchor of most uselessly-diminutive size, especially when compared with the immense coil of cable to which it is attached. The intention of this strange want of proportion, we must say, puzzled us likewise; the only thing we can think of is, that the artist, conscious of the beauties of his work, was anxious to give the statue "rope enough," in hopes that the old proverb would be carried out. However, there he still stands, in an attitude which strongly suggests the idea of the hero of the Nile being about to do a little juggling with a telescope which he is balancing in his hand. These two statues, we are informed by the inscriptions, were

sent to the mayor, aldermen, and burgesses of Portsmouth by Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, in 1850.

From Southsea Common the fleet at Spithead forms a very pretty object in the landscape. A new regulation has recently been introduced with regard to ships coming into port. Formerly the ships were "paid off," and the crews sent ashore, their pockets full of money and their heads full of anticipated "sprees" on shore; and then, after having squandered all their wages and ruined their health by a continued course of debauchery, they were left helpless, friendless, to seek another ship or starve. Now, however, instead of being paid off and discharged, a fortnight's leave is given them to go ashore, and six months' wages kept back, both as a security for their returning to the ship, and as a fund for them to fall back upon when all the rest is gone. Some of the sailors like this alteration; but we fear the majority—reckless fellows as they nearly all are—have a very different idea. One man we spoke to seemed to think it a great hardship to be compelled to go back to the same ship again. He said: "You see, sir, after a three years' cruise or so with the same shipmates, we know too much of one another." A true sailor's longing for change! Another improvement—a far greater one, perhaps, than this—is the establishment of a Sailors' Home at Portsmouth, where they can live while on shore at a most reasonable rate, and have all their money and clothes taken care of for them, instead of their being driven to the frightful dens of infamy where so many of them, until now, passed all their time as long as a single shilling remained in their possession. This Home has been established a few years back by charitable donations, and has been found to work admirably.

But to return to Southsea Common. One of the most general sights to be seen here is the exercising of the different regiments stationed in the town, who go through the various military manoeuvres on the common, accompanied by their full bands, some of which play very beautifully. Another sight, of a very different kind, but one not without its interest to the thinking mind, is also frequently to be seen here. We allude to the gangs of convicts who are employed in improving, levelling, and draining the common. We never see these wretched outcasts of society, led out in gangs like horses or oxen, no longer free agents, but taken to work whether they will or not—labouring, not to obtain a future good, but to extenuate a by-gone wrong committed;—we say we never see a gang of convicts, without an irresistible desire springing up within us to try to fathom the mind that lies below the fixed, sullen look that every face wears—to think what each man's feelings are. One pair of eyes meets ours, and is instantly cast down; we think we see almost a blush rise to the convict's face. He is a young man, and we feel that man may yet perhaps be reclaimed. He passes, and a second comes, whose fierce frowning

brow speaks plainly of defiance: every man's hand is against him—his hand shall be against every man. He hates society; for he has wronged it, and society has punished him. Another we fancy a mere animal; he does not care. He gets his food and lodging—he got no more by stealing: what matters where he is? He doesn't care for people staring; let 'em stare—they don't hurt him. These, and a score more varieties, we are sure we have detected. But enough. Portsmouth is a great receptacle for convicts, several hulks being situated in the harbour. These, however, are now nearly empty, a new convict-prison having recently been erected in the town, capable of containing a thousand convicts. To this prison convicts are now sent, instead of to the hulks. A large number of them are employed in the Dock-yard, the Gun-wharf, and other public places, attended, wherever they go, by sentinels with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, thus rendering escape impossible.

But we will leave the convicts to their labour, and pay a visit to one of the establishments we have just mentioned—the Gun-wharf. The Dock-yard would require an article to itself. The Gun-wharf, as its name implies, is a vast storehouse for artillery. From this place the guns are shipped off to all the vessels as they require them; and here, when ships are laid up in ordinary, their guns are brought and stored away until again required. Wherever the visitor turns his head, long rows of cannon, of all conceivable shapes and sizes, are arranged side by side, presenting a singular appearance as they gradually diminish in perspective. Immense pyramids of cannon-balls, shells, etc., piled upon each other, are to be seen ranged around, some of the piles containing upwards of 20,000 balls. The shots used in the naval service, to be seen at this establishment, are of all sizes, varying from 3lb., which is the smallest, to 96lb., the largest. Then there are Turkish cannon-balls (taken in battle), made of solid granite; Chinese shot of different kinds; French, Spanish, and Portuguese cannon; and various descriptions of guns and shot from other countries. But, perhaps, the most interesting object (not a pleasing one, for the whole atmosphere of the place seems redolent of slaughter) is the Small Armoury. Here are shown all the varied instruments employed by civilised humanity to knock each other's brains out, cut each other's throats, or blow each other into atoms by means of "villanous saltpetre." It is a distressing thought how much ingenuity has been displayed in the invention of instruments of destruction. Well, well, standing here, surrounded on every side by muskets, swords, and bayonets, it is not for us just now to moralise on war. An evil we know it to be—a hideous, unmitigated evil: whether a necessary one or not—that is the question. We will leave it unanswered for the present, and only say that, if it ever should come near the English shores, there is ample preparation for it.

MOZART.

THIS eminent composer, one of the greatest musical geniuses of the last century, was born at Salzburg, in the kingdom of Bavaria, on the 17th of January, 1756. His father was sub-director of the chapel of the Archbishop of Salzburg, who in those days was also a temporal prince of the empire. In the intervals of leisure afforded him by the duties of his office, he gave lessons on the violin, and taught the rules of musical composition to a select number of pupils. He was also the author of a work on the violin, which was held in much esteem in his day, and may still be referred to with advantage by students of the divine art. The musical taste and talent of the father were transmitted to the son, who, before he had attained his third year, evinced his aptitude for music by the delight which he took in the lessons on the harpsichord, which his sister, four years his senior, received from their father. His great pleasure was to find *thirds* on this instrument; and, when he succeeded, he expressed his joy in the most exuberant glee.

The sensitiveness which is the almost invariable accompaniment of genius, and which was very acute in the case of Mozart, was manifested at a very early age. "Do you love me?" was a question he frequently put to those about him, as soon as he began to talk; and, when ironically answered in the negative, tears filled

his eyes immediately. The ardour with which he applied himself to the acquisition of the elements of knowledge, and the interest which he took in his studies, were extraordinary for his age. "While learning the elements of arithmetic," says one of his biographers, "the tables, the chairs, even the walls, bore in chalk the marks of his calculations. And it may not be irrelevant to state, what we believe has never yet appeared in print, that his talent for the science of numbers was only inferior to that for music: had he not been distinguished by genius of a higher order, it is probable that his calculating powers would have been sufficiently remarkable to bring him into general notice."

The powers of application and memory were possessed by the child in a remarkable degree. The easy minuets and simple lessons which his father taught him at four years old, more to amuse him than with belief in his ability to master them, were each learnt in about half an hour. Soon after he had attained his sixth year, he astonished his father by composing a concerto for the harpsichord, methodically and correctly written; this was shown to several professors of the art, who pronounced the most favourable opinions, their only objection being that it contained too many difficult passages. He afterwards composed some short

pieces of music, which his father noted down; and it is to be regretted that none of these early productions have been preserved. The encomiums which these compositions elicited determined the elder Mozart to cultivate the musical talent of his son, and also to introduce him as a prodigy at the courts of the German princes. He first took him to Munich, and the favourable reception he met with there from the elector of Bavaria encouraged him to proceed from thence to Vienna, where the wonderful child performed before

to describe the progressive improvements of his son during the first stages of infancy. However, at eight years of age, I was frequently convinced of his great knowledge in composition by his writings: and that his invention, taste, modulation, and execution, in extemporary playing, were such as few professors are possessed of at forty years of age."

On taking their leave of the British public, the family returned to the continent; and while staying shortly afterwards at the Hague, six more sonatas were published. From the court of the Stadt-



BAS-RELIEFS OF THE STATUE OF MOZART, AT SALZBURG.

the emperor Francis I., who was as much delighted with his vivacity as amazed by his proficiency in music.

In the year 1768, the family made an extensive European tour, and passed several months in Paris, where the child-musician performed on the organ in the chapel-royal, before the king of France and all the court, and gave several public concerts, which were well attended. From Paris the Mozarts proceeded, in the following year, to London, where they remained until the summer of 1768. Here also he exhibited his talent before the royal family, "and

holder the party proceeded to Paris, where the patronage young Mozart's talents received induced them to make a long stay. In 1768 they returned to Salzburg, where Mozart, by desire of the emperor Joseph II., composed his first entire opera, "La Finta Semplice," which was highly commended by Metastasio, and also by Hasse, who was then in the zenith of his reputation. It was never publicly performed, however, and is now unknown; the modern standard of criticism cannot, therefore, be applied to it, but, in all probability, whatever merit it possessed was only of a relative



BAS-RELIEFS OF THE STATUE OF MOZART, AT SALZBURG.

underwent," says the biographer quoted before, "more severe trials than any to which he had been before exposed, through which he passed in a most triumphant manner." During this residence in the British metropolis, he composed and published six sonatas, which he received permission to dedicate to Queen Charlotte. "Of Mozart's infant attempts at music," says Dr. Burney, "I was unable to discover the traces from the conversation of his father, who, though an intelligent man, whose education and knowledge of the world did not seem confined to music, confessed himself unable

character. He was only thirteen years of age at the time, and nearly twelve years elapsed before he produced an opera which he survived his period.

In the following year the Archbishop of Salzburg appointed him director of his concerts; but shortly afterwards he accompanied his father to Italy, where he added largely to the laurels he had already won. The pope was so much pleased with him that he conferred on him the order of the Golden Spur; and while in Rome he gave a remarkable proof of his large concentrativeness and powers of



memory, by noting down the whole of the famous "Miserere" of Allegri, after hearing it performed in the pontifical chapel. At Bologna he was introduced to the celebrated Martini, who expressed the warmest admiration of his talents; and he was elected a member of the Accademia Filarmonica. His second opera, "Mitridate,"

1778. In 1775 he composed the cantata, "Il Re Pastore" for the archduke Maximilian of Austria, and in the course of the four succeeding years he produced several other works, none of which, however, though highly admired at the time, obtained the celebrity so deservedly acquired by his subsequent productions.



BRONZE STATUE OF MOZART, AT SALZBURG.—BY SCHWANTHALER.

was written at Milan in 1770, and performed twenty nights consecutively in the opera-house of that city. "Lucio Silla," produced three years later, had twenty successive representations; but neither of these operas has been reproduced in more recent times. Two masses for the chapel of the elector of Bavaria, an opera buffa, "La Finta Giardiniera," and some other works, were also produced in

In 1779 Mozart rested from his wanderings, and settled in Vienna. He had now attained his twenty-fourth year, and contrary to what has been usually observed of juvenile prodigies, his genius shone the brighter as it became more mature. The society of Vienna was very agreeable to him, and he had not resided there long when he became attached to Mademoiselle Constance Weber, a young actress of talent

and celebrity, who combined personal attractions of the highest order with the most enchanting amiability of disposition. Finding his attentions received in a manner flattering to his hopes, he made her a proposal of marriage, which was courteously declined by the young lady's parents, on the ground that his reputation was not then sufficiently established. Animated by the hope of obtaining the hand of the fascinating actress, Mozart directed all his powers to the production of a work which should surpass all his former efforts. He composed the opera of "Idomeneo," a work which he always regarded as his best, and the first in which he displayed those masterly powers that distinguish his later productions. There are parts of great originality and grandeur, but some of the airs are too much in the style of that period, which has since become obsolete; and on the whole, it is inferior to those masterpieces of operatic composition which he produced a few years later. His own estimation of it may have been considerably influenced by the circumstances under which it was composed.

When this opera was produced, the principal character was personated by Mademoiselle Weber, who was as much interested in its success as the author, and may be supposed to have exerted her talents to the utmost. The success of this work added so much to Mozart's reputation, that the parents of the young lady made no more objections, and his genius was rewarded by receiving her hand in marriage. The union was a most happy one, the young actress proving an affectionate and warm-hearted wife, and a zealous and useful counsellor.

Mozart's next operatic production was "Die Entführung aus dem Serail" (*L'Enlèvement du Serail*). It was at a rehearsal of this opera that Joseph II. said to the composer, "My dear Mozart, this is too fine for our ears; it has too many notes." "I beg your majesty's pardon," returned Mozart, whom consciousness of genius had imbued with considerable independence of mind; "there are precisely as many notes as are necessary, and no more." The emperor made no rejoinder, but was evidently disconcerted by the reply; however, on the first public performance of the opera he applauded it in the most rapturous manner. "Le Nozze di Figaro," the *libretto* of which was abridged from the comedy of Beaumarchais, and which, at the present day, is one of the most popular of Mozart's productions, was brought out, by desire of the emperor, in 1786; and in the same year he produced a short opera called "Schauspiel Direktor," a work very inferior, and now scarcely known.

In the following year the *chef-d'œuvre* of this eminent composer, his celebrated opera of "Don Giovanni," the *libretto* of which was admirably made up from several dramas on the same subject, was produced at the Italian opera-house at Prague. "I have written this opera to please myself and my friends," said Mozart, who was conscious of its being a production of no ordinary merit, and above the comprehension of the bulk of the public. Indeed, though it created a great sensation at Prague, it was not appreciated when produced in Vienna, nor even in Paris, thirty years later. The honour of according it the reception it merited among the capitals of Europe, was reserved for London, where it was not produced till 1817, when it was put on the stage of the Italian opera in the most spirited and liberal manner. The enterprise of the lessee was rewarded by a degree of success which had attended no previous speculation; the profits amounted to no less than ten thousand pounds, and its production was regarded as constituting an epoch in our musical history. The comic opera, "Cosi fan tutte," was produced in 1790; "Die Zauberflöte," a still popular opera, in the following year, the strange *libretto* being furnished by M. Schikaneder, the proprietor of a theatre in one of the suburbs of Vienna, where it was first performed. "La Clemenza di Tito" was brought out the same year, on the occasion of the coronation of Leopold II.

Of the symphonies, quintets, quartets, sonatas, masses, and numerous smaller vocal pieces of Mozart, we have not space for even an enumeration. His additions to Handel's "Messiah" would alone suffice to earn him a niche in the temple of fame, so refined and correct is the taste which dictated them, and so complete is the manner in which he has identified himself with the genius of the great composer. They were made for the Baron von Swieten, and the oratorio has since seldom, if ever, been performed without them.

Men of exalted genius are seldom blessed with that robustness of constitution which marks men of inferior powers. The man of learning may attain a vigorous old age, but the man of genius does so very seldom indeed. It is a remarkable fact, that many of these delicate and sensitive natures have dropped off at thirty-six: Burns, Byron, Shelley, Keats, are cases in point. Mozart was strikingly handsome, but he was small and slight in form, and fragile in constitution. His health began to decline a few years after his marriage, and the tender devotion of Madame Mozart was then shown in the patient and unwearied manner in which she nursed and watched over him. Though his imaginative powers remained in full vigour to the last, his health continued to decline; but his end was undoubtedly accelerated by an attack of a fever which prevailed in Vienna in the latter part of 1792, under which he sank on the 5th of December, in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

The last and most sublime composition of Mozart was his "Requiem," which he may be said to have composed on his death-bed. Concerning the origin of this famous mass, a strange story was told at the time of his death, and has been often repeated. It is said that, some years before that event, a stranger presented himself to Mozart, and, refusing to reveal his name, commissioned him to compose a funeral mass. Mozart undertook the commission; but as time passed on, and he saw no more of the mysterious stranger, he did not execute it, and at length ceased to think of it. A short time before his death, it is said that the unknown appeared to him again as he was setting out for Prague, and reminded him of the undertaking. Mozart again promised to execute the work, and on his return to Vienna he applied himself to the task. The rapid decline of his health warning him of his approaching death, he became impressed with the conviction that the stranger was a visitant from the world of spirits, and that he was composing the "Requiem" for his own funeral. The manner in which this idea wrought upon his imagination contributed to the sublimity of the work, which was scarcely finished when he died, some minor details being subsequently filled up by his pupil, Süssmayr. Such is the story, for which we cannot vouch; probably there is some truth in it, embellished from the imaginations of those to whom it has been related.

Had Mozart lived a year longer, he would have made a second visit to England, having made an agreement with the enterprising Salomon to write symphonies for his concerts, and superintend their performance in person. He left two sons, one of whom adopted his father's profession, but without having inherited his genius; the other was many years in the civil service of Austria.

The statue of Mozart, represented in our engraving, was cast in bronze at Munich by the inspector-royal Stiegelmayer, from the model made by the sculptor Schwanthaler, and inaugurated at Salzburg, the birthplace of the composer, on the 5th of September, 1842. The homage to his genius was tardy; but we have shown that his finest productions were not fully appreciated until some years after his death. Moreover, for nearly a quarter of a century after his death, the whole of Germany was the scene of desolating warfare, in the turmoil of which music was only cultivated so far as it could be made subservient to patriotism, and the claims of its departed masters were forgotten. The *fête* of the inauguration was a splendid and imposing one, worthy of the man thus honoured. The occasion had drawn to Salzburg a great number of foreigners—princes and princesses, counts and countesses, composers, authors, and musicians—admirers of the genius of Mozart; and the musical academies of Naples, Rome, Florence, Milan, Venice, Vienna, Prague, Berlin, Munich, Hamburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, St. Petersburg, and Warsaw, were each represented by some of their professors. More than fifty thousand persons were present. When the statue was uncovered, a salvo of twenty pieces of artillery was fired, all the bells in the city rang out a joyous peal, and an orchestra of six hundred performers filled the air with sweet sounds. At night, two thousand persons, professors and amateurs, assembled at the foot of the monument, which was illuminated by Bengal fires, and sang a hymn written for the occasion by Count Ladislaus de Serker, and set to music by the Chevalier Neukomm. On the following day, at noon, two thousand and eight hundred amateurs executed the "Requiem" of Mozart on the same spot.

ORIGIN AND INAUGURATION OF THE FRENCH LEGION OF HONOUR.

NAPOLEON I. was as yet only First Consul, and was residing at the chateau of Malmaison with Josephine, while his victories were preparing for him the imperial crown, and his architects were restoring the palace at St. Cloud. One Monday evening in the month of February, 1802, the conqueror of Marengo reached Malmaison at about six o'clock. Dinner was soon on the table, and after dinner the company separated into two circles. Madame Bonaparte retired to the drawing-room with the ladies and several gentlemen, among whom was M. De Ségur, a veteran colonel of the dragoons of Noailles, at that time a senator, and afterwards master of the ceremonies, one of the most agreeable men of his day. The First Consul withdrew to the council hall, as it was called, with Monge, the Inspector of the Ecole Polytechnique, General Duroc, Didelot, Councillor of State, Denon, Director of the Museum, and Arnault, the tragic poet. They all stood before Bonaparte, and he conversed with them standing, as was his custom. In the course of the conversation, he said to Monge—"I did not see you at the Tuileries yesterday, at the grand reception of the ambassadors."

The inspector excused himself, on the score of his numerous engagements.

"I know your industry," replied the consul; "but you lost a magnificent spectacle. All the representatives of the Powers were there, adorned with ribands and crosses of the different orders of the world. How did you like it, Denon?"

"It was a glorious sight. Nothing sets off a man so much as those brilliant colours and enamelled crosses."

"That is only an artist's prejudice," said the republican Monge; "these decorations are mere playthings."

"Playthings, if you choose to call them so," said Bonaparte; "but mankind admire and like them. They are in their eyes real proofs of greatness. Let us fairly consider the point. Distinctions please all men; such has always been their character. Do you know by what means Louis XIV. managed to make head against all Europe? It was the cross of St. Louis."

The First Consul went on to develop and illustrate this thought with that ability and perfection of detail, which his exalted genius and thorough knowledge of history rendered easy to him.

"Well, we must re-establish the cross of St. Louis," said Monge ironically, he having been a member of the commission which had abolished it in 1793.

Bonaparte said nothing in reply, but gave him a very significant look, at the same time no doubt saying to himself—"Instead of re-establishing an old one, I will establish a new one, and you shall be the first to be admitted to it." He then proposed that they should join the ladies, which they did.

Having now mooted the point, he waited two months without saying anything more about it. At the end of that time, in a council at which, besides the three consuls, several distinguished politicians were present, he again insisted on the importance of decorations, and announced his intention to create an order like those which existed in Europe. Cambacérès and Regnaud strongly supported him, the latter refuting the objections of the republicans by saying that the most democratic states had recognised such institutions. On the 4th of May, Roederer read to the Council of State the proposal for instituting the Legion of Honour. Bonaparte explained the reasons and objects of the proposal in an extemporaneous address which ended with these words:—"The Legion of Honour will be the commencement of the reorganisation of France." This amounted to a declaration that the work of reorganisation was as yet unaccomplished, and that the Legion of Honour would be the key-stone of the arch that was wanted to give it stability. General Matthew Dumas desired that the decoration might be exclusively military; but the conqueror of Marengo replied by insisting upon the importance of political, intellectual, and moral excellence with a degree of impressive force that silenced all objections. At the next meeting of the council he was still more eloquent and decisive. Yet the proposition narrowly escaped being adjourned. It was, however, adopted by the Tribune and Legislative Body in due course. Two years were to elapse before the complete organisation of the order, at the expiration of which

period it was hoped the finances of the state would be in a position to endow it with an ample income. During these two years the opponents of the plan had free scope for their objections and remarks. "Wait a little," said Bonaparte; "those who sneer at it to-day, will eagerly solicit it to-morrow. It will become the object of ambition to all Europe." Moreau, Madame De Stael, and others, were liberal of their sarcasm, and some had to undergo the penalty of exile for their freedom of speech.

At length the day arrived. Bonaparte was now no longer First Consul, but emperor and the master of the world. On the 14th of July, 1804, at the very hour when the old constitution had fallen with the walls of the Bastille, fifteen years before, the new one rose with the Legion of Honour. As the 14th fell on a Saturday, the ceremony was put off to the next day. It took place in the Chapel of the Invalides, where the ashes of the emperor now rest. After a grand review, the emperor arrived on horseback at the Invalides, coming through an innumerable crowd of eager observers. He ascended the throne in the choir. In a gallery opposite were the Empress Josephine and her daughter Hortense, who was afterwards married to Louis Bonaparte. Besides these, there were eighteen marshals of the empire, only four being away on the field of battle. After mass had been performed by Cardinal Caprara, and the gospel read, M. de Lacépède, of the Institute, the Grand Chancellor of the Order, rose from his seat. Napoleon had resolved to honour intellect by placing him at the head of the Legion of Honour. Lacépède pronounced the inaugural discourse, and called over the names of the grand officers, who took the oath required by the statutes before the throne. Then the emperor delivered a speech such as none but he could deliver, and, reading the oath to the legionaries, asked them in a loud voice whether they would take it. All, with one voice, answered in the affirmative. Two large basins were brought, one of gold, containing the gold crosses for the officers, and the other of silver, containing the silver crosses for the simple members. The symbols and the device were the same for both classes: a number of standards collected together, the effigy of Napoleon, and the words "Honour and Country," borrowed from the old monarchy. M. de Ségur, Grand Master of the Ceremonies, took a cross of each metal, and gave them to M. de Talleyrand Perigord, Grand Chamberlain; he passed them to Louis Bonaparte, Constable of the Empire, who placed them on the breast of Napoleon. At this moment, three rounds of applause re-echoed through the building. Then the distribution commenced. First came the members of the Institute, comprising all the most distinguished philosophers, literary men, and artists of the day, and headed by Monge, the very man who had previously ridiculed honorary distinctions as mere playthings. After these, the military officers of high rank received the new decorations at the hands of the emperor. *A Te Deum*, by Lesueur, followed the distribution of the crosses; and in the evening there was a concert at the Tuileries, a general illumination of the city, and a grand display of fireworks on the Pont Neuf. But the army not having been able to be present at the Invalides, Napoleon went to them at Boulogne, where a second *fête*, equal in splendour to the first, was celebrated. On the 16th of August, at 10 o'clock in the morning, the emperor, in the simple uniform of the light horse, appeared in the camp on horseback, and took his seat in the bronze chair by Dagobert, which is still to be seen at the Museum of Sovereigns. From this elevated position he commanded a view of the harbour, the two camps, the batteries, the harbour of Vieux, and the coasts of England. Salvoes of artillery thundered forth, and the crosses were placed in helmets and cuirasses. At the sound of eighteen hundred drums, sixty thousand men began to march, and the legionaries, leaving their ranks, came one after the other to receive the cross from the hand of the emperor.

Such was the origin, and such the inauguration, of the Legion of Honour, an institution which no doubt contributed to the restoration of order, and is still attended with important advantages. The want of some such honorary distinction—suitable for political, literary, scientific, and artistic eminence, as well as military and naval exploits—has long been felt in England, and was painfully evident at the close of the Great Exhibition, when the Royal Commissioners found it impossible to mark their sense of the value of the services rendered by certain parties, in a way at once appropriate and acceptable.

THE ROBIN ACACIA.

Among the arboreal antiquities of the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, is a venerable acacia, the first that was ever brought to Europe. This acacia, known to botanists by the name of *Robinia pseudo-acacia*, was planted where it now grows by Vespasian Robin, son of

gardens at that period. The following is the inscription on the label attached to this interesting memorial of the first establishment of the gardens :—"*Robinia pseudo-acacia* (North America). First acacia grown in Europe ; planted by Vespasian Robin in 1635."

THE ROBIN ACACIA (*ROBINIA PSEUDO-ACACIA*).

John Robin, who obtained it from North America, the tree having been previously unknown in Europe. The planting of the tree was coincident with the definitive institution of the Royal Garden by an edict of Louis XIII., which was registered in parliament in May, 1635 ; and it is now the only survivor of the trees planted in the

It was Linnæus who gave the genus *Robinia* the name under which the species composing it are known to all botanists of the present day, and which recalls the numerous services rendered to botany and gardening by John Robin, the celebrated author of the "Jardin du Roi Henri IV."

THE WILD BOAR.

From the testimony of Fitz-Stephen, a monk of the time of Henry the Second, it appears that the wild boar was an inhabitant of the forest which in his day covered the whole northern part of the county of Middlesex, approaching within a few miles of the gates of London. But the forest has disappeared long since (the tract of

"stags, bucks, boars, and wild bulls," the two last are not now to be met with in any part of the British Islands, if we except the few so-called wild bulls carefully preserved in Chillingham Park. The wild boar, like his enemy the wolf, has long been totally extinct in this country; for we are informed by Pennant, that though



THE WILD BOAR.

wooded country known as Enfield Chase is supposed to be the only vestige now remaining of it), and with it the game which no doubt afforded the nobles of those days many an opportunity of indulging in their favourite amusement of the chase. Of the wild animals enumerated by Fitz-Stephen as denizens of the forest of Middlesex,

Charles the First endeavoured to introduce the breed by turning some into the New Forest in Hampshire, they were destroyed during the civil wars. The occurrence of the wild boar in different parts of England is, however, proved by the laws made for his protection. Thus the laws of Howel the Good, Prince of Wales in the

tenth century, permitted his grand huntsman to chase this animal from the middle of November to the beginning of December; and William the Conqueror, whose memory should be held in the highest reverence by all preserving squires, took the wild boar, with the stag and the roebuck, under his especial protection, enacting that any one found guilty of destroying one of these animals should be punished with the loss of his eyes. Barbarous as this certainly is, the modern penalty for killing a pheasant or a hare is scarcely less hurtful to the individual, and decidedly more prejudicial to society.

On the continent of Europe, however, the case is very different: the wild boar still finds a home in the forests even of France and Germany, and his pursuit is still one of the most exciting sports of those countries. His formidable weapons render the chase of the wild boar rather a dangerous occupation both for the huntsman and his dogs; and the former is not unfrequently compelled by the boldness of his charge, which has obtained for him in Germany the appellation of "knight of the forest," to take refuge in the branches of the nearest tree.

The canine teeth of the boar, which grow to a considerable length in old animals, must be reckoned amongst the most dangerous weapons to be met with in the animal world. The upper canines spring from a singular projection of the sides of the upper jaw, and, instead of taking a downward direction, as in most animals, grow upwards on each side of the snout. The lower canines follow the same direction, and are applied to the sides of the upper pair; so that, by the constant friction of their surfaces, both pairs of teeth are worn to a sharp edge, and kept constantly in the best possible condition for inflicting a severe wound. This apparatus is applied with great force by a slight upward movement of the powerful head and neck of the animal when within reach of his foe; and when the boar is at bay, he will often, by taking a single step forwards, lay the foremost of the dogs dead at his feet. These weapons arrive at their full perfection when the animal is about three years old, and, before this period, they are said always to remain in the company of the old ones for protection. As the boar increases in age, his teeth gradually become more curved in their form, so that the points are no longer available, and the weapons become far less formidable; and a boar of five or six years old is said to be by no means so dangerous as one of from three to five years.

In their native forests, these animals collect into flocks, and, when danger threatens, the well-armed boars press forward to face the enemy, often forming a circle, in the centre of which the females and young are placed, and in this position they defy the attacks of their foe. The domestic hog is observed to retain the same habit; and a curious instance of the exercise of this instinct, by some of the half-wild hogs of Jamaica, is given by Mr. Gosse, in his interesting book upon the natural history of that island. The account is from the pen of Mr. Hill, of Spanish Town. He says: "The best display of woodland instinct that I have witnessed was recently exhibited in some young-pigs of the blue breed, brought from the commons and forest-runs of a mountain-farm, and domiciled in town. Three of these country pigs, a boar and two sows, had taken up with a black pig and some four young followers, evidently town-born and bred. In tramping home, after feeding out, for the night, some of the town dogs, of a good enough quality of the hound and terrier breed, set upon them. Instantly the country hogs turned round, and coolly taking up their position in the angle of a wall, put the black pig and four young ones within the corner in their rear, and threw themselves before them. . . . The dogs that came upon them, being reinforced by a troop from the several yards round about, became a pack of twelve or fourteen in an instant. Among these were some five small curs. The three blue pigs were undaunted. They stood their ground with their faces to their enemies, and though the dogs beset them with a determination to fight in earnest, they successfully kept off their assailants. The curs barked, and grabbed at them between the legs of the larger dogs; the larger dogs rushed at them six in a line together. The young boar, with well-developed tusks, stood in the centre, and stepping every now and then one pace forward, made his upward ripps at the dogs, and effectively struck them without receiving a single touch himself."

By means of his strong cartilaginous snout, the boar can readily turn up the ground in search of roots, and he also uses it in forming a hollow for his sleeping-place. This he lines with grass and dead leaves; and this habitation, if we may credit every statement we hear, sometimes presents a picture of conjugal comfort such as can hardly be credited in swinish life. It is said that when the boar has lain himself down for his night's repose, his partner covers him over carefully with litter, and then creeping in under the same shelter, the happy pair sleep cozily until morning. In some cases, several of them form a common sleeping-place, in which they lie with their heads all directed towards the centre.

The wild boar is of a black or blackish-gray colour, and is thickly covered with stiff bristles. In the pine forests of Germany these, by continual rubbing against the stems of the trees, become so completely agglutinated together with resinous matter as to form a sort of shield, which is said to be hard enough to resist a bullet. In his form, the wild boar generally differs from his domesticated relatives only in being more gaunt and meagre, but his strength and ferocity are much greater. His flesh is in the best condition from October to the end of the year; and it is during this period that he is hunted. He is usually pursued with dogs; and as a well-tusked boar seldom exhibits any great fear of his enemies, but flies slowly, often turning round to threaten his assailants, the dogs employed in hunting him require more strength and courage than fineness of scent; in fact, independently of the danger to which they would be exposed, good hounds would soon be entirely spoilt for any other description of hunting if employed in this sport.

Wild swine occur in all parts of the earth; but the species appear to be different in different localities. The Indian wild boar appears to be a distinct species from the European, although very similar in habits and appearance; and the African species are distinguished by a singular bony protuberance on each cheek, which may be seen very distinctly in the fine boar of the Camaroon Warthog (*Potamocharus penicillatus*), now in the Gardens of the Zoological Society in the Regent's Park.

The wild hogs of our great continent, like the wild horses and cattle, owe their origin to individuals of the domesticated European breeds, which have escaped from servitude, and resumed, with the independent forest life, most of the habits of their European ancestors. They are plentiful in the larger islands of the West Indian Archipelago, and an interesting account of their habits will be found in Mr. Gosse's "Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica," from which we have already quoted.

THE EDDA.

About the year 1100, a native of Iceland, named Sæmund Sigfusson, animated by a zealous desire to preserve the mythological, heroic, and didactic poems which had been thus far handed down by oral tradition, made that collection of them which is known as the Edda. Most of these Runic poems are believed to have originated in the period between the commencement of the sixth and the close of the eighth century; and the original language and rhyme were scrupulously preserved by the collector. The verses are short, in lines of six and eight syllables, and the style of all of them is rude and concise. The predominant subjects are the amours and rivalries of the gods; but the exploits of the heroes of ancient Germany and Scandinavia are also recounted, and held up to admiration. There exist two ancient manuscripts of this work, one of which is preserved at Copenhagen, and the other at Upsal.

About a century later, the Icelandic chronicler, Snorro Sturleson composed a prose Edda, in which the Runic myths were accompanied by a commentary relating the historical facts connected with them, explained the allegories, and developed the dogmas. To this work, so valuable to the elucidation of the Scandinavian mythology and traditions, are appended the Sagas, or biographies of celebrated warriors, composed at different epochs, and full of curious details of the marvellous adventures of the hardy and daring pirates of the North.

The subject of the first poem in the Edda of Sigfusson is "The Vision of Vala," an inspired priestess, who relates, in vigorous and stirring rhymes, the creation of the universe, and the causes and manner of its destruction and renewal. It is interesting to trace

the resemblance which exists between this Runic cosmogony and those of Hesiod and Zoroaster, as set forth in the Theogonia and the endavesta, and between all these and the Genesis of Moses. In the beginning, we are informed, there existed only chaos, typified by the giant Ymer: the gods created the earth, and seeing that it was sterile and desolate, spread over it the starry firmament, placing the sun in the centre, to shine above the mountains and warm the earth into verdure. Then they made Ask and Embla, the parents of the human race, and assembled in the plain of Ida to forge the metals, and fabricate therefrom implements for their use. We have also the allegory of the tree of life, above whose spreading branches a luminous cloud continually hung; and the appearance of the Nornes, three august virgins, the Fates of the Runic mythology, whose names are Urda, Verdandi, and Skulda.

A race of dwarfs appear on the scene, whose chiefs are Modgignir and Durin, the representatives of the active and passive principles in nature. These pigmies are the genii of the winds, the torrents, the cascades, the clouds, and the glaciers; they are also the forces which give verdure to the foliage of the forest and the verbage of the plain, and to the flowers their colour and perfume. The Greek imagination did not more completely people the earth and ocean with supernatural forms.

The peace of the infant world is broken by the murder of Balder, son of Odin, by his brother Hoder, whose sad fate causes the earth to mourn, and Freya (the moon) to withdraw her light. Vali avenges the death of Balder; and Lok, the evil genius of the world, the tempter to the crime, is bound upon a bed of fire. There, in the realms of torment, a dark flood rolls its fetid waters, to which are consigned perjurers, murderers, and adulterers. There the dog Farm howls frightful discord, and the untamed wolf Freki rattles his chain. But in the gardens of the blessed, the sound of the harp is heard, the woods are melodious with the song of birds, and the heroes are awakened by Fialar, the cock of the shining plumage, to their daily banquet and mimic fight.

The earth becomes filled with corruption and bloodshed; the brother falls by the hand of a brother; hostile armies crimson with blood the green of earth's carpet; cruelty and impurity are universally practised. Signs are seen which portend the end of the world: the branches of the tree of life are strangely agitated, and the luminous cloud disappears. The Iotes, the enemies of the gods, take courage; Lok is on their side, and with them comes the wolf Freki and the black dragon Nidhogre. Swords of fire are their weapons. The mountains tremble, and the genii of the earth retire into the recesses of their sacred caverns. After a terrific battle, the gods

are overcome by the giants; and then comes the triumph of evil and the destruction of the world. The lights of the firmament are extinguished, the earth sinks beneath the waves of the stormy ocean, and darkness and silence reign supreme over all. This state of things does not, however, continue always: a new earth rises from the sea, the heavenly bodies again shine forth from the darkness, the gods return to life, and the reign of peace and virtue commences, under the laws of Forsete, the god of justice, and son of Balder.

The religious system of the Scandinavian nations of antiquity is abundantly displayed in the various ballads of the poetic Edda which follow the remarkable Vision of Vala. In the song or poem of Vafthrudner we have a trial of knowledge between Odin and a giant, each striving to give the best explanation of the marvels of creation. The song of Grimmer is a description of the twelve celestial abodes. In that of Alvis a wise dwarf enumerates to Thor the various orders of beings, in the language of the gods and the Iotes, the dwarfs and mankind; the enumeration is supposed to typify the different nations that succeeded each other on the Scandinavian soil. These are followed by three poems on the exploits of Thor, two on the death of Balder, one on the amours of Freya, and two on the genealogy of the kings. The series is closed by the remarkable poem called the Banquet of Egir, the deity who presides over the ocean, in which Lok, who is the impersonation of irony and malice, rallies the assembled gods, and holds up to ridicule the sacred mysteries.

From these ancient Runic poems has been gathered all that is known of the Scandinavian mythology, which may be thus summed up. An invisible and eternal spirit, called Alfader, the universal parent, ruled from the beginning the principles which, in combination, produced the world. A pestilential vapour, first condensed by the cold of Nefelheim (the North Pole) into an enormous mass of ice, was afterwards thawed by the heat of Muspelheim (the South Pole), and became the giant Ymer, who, during a profound sleep, gave birth to Hrymur, the demon of frost and progenitor of the Iotes, and Surtur, the demon of fire. One of the gigantic race of the Iotes, named Bor, by his marriage with the giantess Belsta, became the father of Odin (life), Henir (light), and Loder (heat), who attacked Ymer and destroyed him. His dismembered body produced the elements: his flesh became the earth, his blood the water, his bones the mountains, his hair the plants, his brains the clouds, and his eyes the celestial luminaries. In the centre of the earth rose Ygdrasil, the tree of life, whose topmost boughs reached the heavens.

TOURING IN IRELAND IN 1854.

On several previous occasions we gave numerous illustrations of Irish scenery. We now propose to resume the subject. The first of the accompanying engravings is a sketch of Crookhaven, a most picturesquely situated little town, the focus, or at least the future focus, of what promises to be the scene of vast mining industrial enterprise in this part of Ireland, as it would have been long before this, but for untoward circumstances, now happily fast passing away, which have hitherto retarded the prosperity of the interesting portion of the empire we are at present speaking of.

Reverting again to the main road, on the way to Killarney, and between Crookstown and Gougane Barra, we come to the spot indicated in the first of the annexed smaller illustrations.

Inchigeela is about twenty-four miles distant from Bandon, possessing a church, parsonage, chapel, police-barrack, an inn, and several neat whitewashed houses. Here we again obtain a view of the river Lee, which runs close by the village. After quitting Inchigeela, a short and pretty drive brings us in sight of the Lakes, about three miles in length. Here the Lee expands itself into a broad sheet of water, and three continuous lakes present in their entire course a diversified series of the most animated scenery, dotted with little islands. The road along the side of the lakes is very beautiful, and winds round the northern margin of the shore, from which point the best view is Gougane.

Quitting the northern shore of the lake, we follow the course of

the Lee, and enter a lonely valley, encompassed with mountains, and after a few miles' ride arrive at the village of Ballingeary, or "the Place of the Wilderness," thirty miles distant from Bandon, and within four miles of the source of the river Lee. A spacious chapel, a national school-house, a road-side inn, and some few houses, constitute the village, from the bridge of which is seen a wild moory glen through which flows the Ballingeary stream, winding down the valley, and emptying itself noiselessly into the Lee. A rude and ancient church stands upon an eminence, about a mile up the glen, and several antiquated buildings are observable in the vicinity. A few miles further on we approach Gougane, through a narrow road, situated at the base of a steep mountain, presenting the appearance of a craggy wilderness, and arrive at the head of Keimaneigh Pass, within a short mile of the Holy Lake of Gougane Barra, situated at the bottom of a circular chain of mountains, wild in the aspect of its surrounding scenery; but the tourist can form no conception of the scene of lovely loneliness till he contemplates it within its perfect amphitheatre of rugged hills. A short curve in the pathway at once displays the whole scene to view; and a more complete picture of wild desolation or majestic mountain grandeur it is impossible to conceive. The small island, whence its sacredness, is nearly midway in the lake; and on the island are a group of graceful ash trees, and the ruins of a chapel, the hermitage of Saint Finnibar of the Silver Locks, before he

journeyed to found his great church at Cork. The well here was supposed to be consecrated; and there was a great bi-annual pilgrimage of peasants, who had faith in the power of the water to

Should the tourist have an opportunity, we would advise him to ascend the top of the mountain which overlooks the Lake of Gougane, and which is accessible, although with much toil and



CROOKHAVEN HARBOUR.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.

cure all diseases, both of man and beast. The lake of Gougane covers five hundred acres. Its waters are generally placid, and in their still depths the giant hills around are reflected. Proceeding

difficulty, in the summer season. The summit is a mass of black rock, in the form of a druid's altar, from which a magnificent view of Bantry Bay is obtained; the Killarney, Glengarriff, and Ber-



INCHIGEELA CASTLE, ON THE ROAD TO BANTRY BY GOUGANE BARRA.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.

along a causeway, we are brought to the little verdant islet, where numerous small fountains gush out in tiny streams, the source of the "silver Lee,"

haven mountains are also seen to great advantage; while underneath, the Pass of Keimaneigh, and the surrounding scenery of Gougane, form a glorious landscape. Returning from this local

ene, we re-enter the main road; and a hearty luncheon having been disposed of at the refreshment-room provided there, and a change of horses effected, we start again, and soon arrive at the celebrated pass of Keimaneigh, thirty-four miles from Bandon. Mr. John Keimaneigh, in his "South of Ireland," speaking of Keimaneigh Pass,

paring realities, sometimes giving form and substance to airy nothings."

On arriving at the end of the pass, a beautiful view of Bantry Bay opens before us; and presently we approach the waters of the Atlantic Ocean. Wending our way round the head of this



LAKE OF INCHIGUELA.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.

observes: "Nothing in mountain scenery of glen, or dell, or defile, can well equal this gloomy pass. The separation of the mountain round at either side is only just sufficient to afford room for a road of moderate breadth, with a rugged channel at one side for the water, which, in the winter season, rushes down from the high rounds, and meeting here, hastens onward to pay the first tribute

splendid harbour by an excellent and picturesque road, we enter the enchanting valley of Glengarriff, fifty-three miles from Bandon.

It is of this ravishing spot that the cynic, Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, throwing aside for once his captiousness, exclaims—"Were such a bay lying upon English shores, it would be a world's wonder; perhaps if it were on the Mediterranean or the Baltic,



PASS OF KEIMANEIGH.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.

offered to the Lee. A romantic or creative imagination would here find a grand and extensive field for the exercise of its powers; every turn of the road brings us to some new appearance of the abrupt and shattered walls, which at either side, rise up darkling to a great height, and the mind is continually occupied with the quick succession and change of objects so interesting, resolving and com-

English travellers would flock to it in hundreds. Why not come and see it in Ireland? It is less than a day's journey from London, and lies in a country far more strange to most travellers than France or Germany can be. The best view of this exquisite scene—the charm of a soft climate enhancing every other—is obtained from the height of the hilly road leading to Killarney, and at the

foot of which is a pretty cottage, preferred as a residence for many years by Lord Bantry to the stately mansion at Bantry. The summit of this hill, which is in fact within a private demesne, may be attained if the tourist will make up his mind for a fatiguing walk; but the result will amply reward him."

Not long since there existed at Glengariff only a single hotel, and even that was an indifferent one. But now that her most gracious Majesty's visit has made an Irish tour the fashion, visitors will find in the very centre of the fairy solitudes of this "rugged glen" (for such is the literal translation of "Glengariff"), not an ill-furnished and uninviting wayside *posada*, but a splendid caravan-sary on the most comprehensive and elaborate metropolitan scale, charges excepted; for in this respect, Mr. Roche, the landlord, is fortunately not ambitious of rivaling the Babylonian Bonifaces; and the same may with truth be said of his diligent and well-catering neighbour, the proprietor of Eccles' most admirable hotel. By boat Glengariff is seen to the fullest advantage. Having taken a general view of the delightful amphitheatre surrounding Roche's Hotel, we proceed to Cromwell's Bridge, passing Garnish and Brandy Islands, and enter the limpid waters of the Glengariff river.

SELF-DENIAL;

OR,

PASSAGES OF A LIFE.

BY A WAYFARER.

I.

I ALWAYS thought our village the prettiest spot on earth. There was the house of the rector, buried in foliage and surrounded by grounds kept with scrupulous care, and yet half-wild with their growths of trees, with the tiny stream that flowed behind the kitchen-garden, and the little pond, where we as children used to float our boats and fish. It was an ancient house, too, with memories of the past clinging to it with as much tenacity as the ivy that clothed its aged walls. It had been the scene of tragedies, that were darkly whispered still, but which had occurred when the Parliamentarians and Royalists held our village in turns.

It was scarcely dawn of day, when a window of the rectory was cautiously raised and a head protruded. It was the head of a youth about nineteen, not unintelligent, I believe, but much sunburnt, as if its owner were fond of rambling in the fields in sunny places, and utterly careless of his complexion. This youth looked around observantly, and then cast a bundle on the greensward. Next came a double-knotted sheet, which served as a rope-ladder, and the youth was down.

I had fled from my father's house, and was alone in the world, with nothing but a few clothes and little more than a shilling in my pocket.

We had had a conversation the night before about my future destiny. My father had wished one thing, I another. He had insisted; I had resisted, and raised my voice in passion. With a sternness which was his characteristic, and that made me quail at the moment, he had ordered me to bed. I had obeyed, as far as going to my room constituted obedience; but I had not even undressed. I heard him come to my door and listen about an hour later, and I thought I even heard a sob; but however this may be, I steeled my heart against every soft emotion, and buried my head in my hands.

At dawn of day I fled.

I had received a careful, even a polished education; and my father had given me the choice of the church, physic, or the law. I chose the army, to which my father had a most unconquerable aversion. I had an equal dislike to those professions offered to me; and thus it was we quarrelled. He painted the profession of arms in such odious colours that my anger got the better of my reason.

"At all events, it is better than the drudgery of physic and law, or the trade of religion!" I said, in a voice that raised the echoes of the house.

There was a look on my father's face that made me feel sorry for my coarse language; but I had no time to manifest my grief; for, with words stern and cold, he ordered me to bed.

But of what is past let me speak no more. I have made my choice. I have resolved to do battle with the world, and I have

commenced the strife, for I am on the highway to London, and alone. I had made up my mind to walk. It is true I could have travelled outside the coach easily, on the strength of my father's name; but I did not think this honest. I was wilful and obstinate; but I was proud in the right way also. I had selected my path; it was my business to find the means of subsistence for the future.

I walked slowly down a lane that led behind the house where I had been born, and where dwelt my parents, my sister, and a younger brother. I turned to gaze upon one window round which the honeysuckle crept; and as my eyes fell upon it, they were moistened;—for there, ignorant of all that was passing, slept my mother. Then an impulse came over me to turn back, and yield. But I pictured a cold smile on my father's face, and I turned firmly away and walked rapidly down the green lane—scene of many of my happiest hours of study and innocence.

I had avoided the village, because I feared the questions which might be put to me. Somebody would be surely up, and I should, I thought, betray myself. I lost nothing, I knew, by taking the cross lane. It only took me to another part of the great road that led to London. Like all outcasts, I rushed at once towards the great modern Babylon, which attracts and lures, with unexampled success, so many from the green fields and quiet nooks of England.

It was about an hour after sunrise when I halted, and sat down by the road-side. I had with me a good hunch of bread and cheese, and I was near a little brook that rattled clear and sweet over the well-worn stones. I was rather faint, and tried to eat. I confess that I burst out crying. It was very weak; but I very do believe that the thought of the neat breakfast-parlour, the warm coffee, the hissing urn, the fresh eggs, and delicious bread which usually formed our morning repast, had an influence over me which I was ashamed to acknowledge to myself.

If we honestly review our characters and inclinations, we shall often find that trifles have an influence over our acts and proceedings which, in general, we are too proud to acknowledge: for myself, could I have crept back unseen to my room at that moment, I think I should have done so; have breakfasted, begged my father's pardon, and become saw-bones, lawyer, or clergyman, just as he had decided. But I feared ridicule above all; and at that moment an occurrence took place which somewhat diverted my thoughts.

I was eating my hard crust and drinking water out of a broken glass, when I heard footsteps, and, raising my head, saw approaching me a youth about my own age—short, red-haired, merry-looking, a stick in his hand, a bundle on his back—to all appearance, by his clothes, a mechanic on tramp for work.

"Good morning," said he cavalierly. I suppose, having seen my slender provender, he allowed himself the more liberty of speech.

"Good morning," I replied, rather surlily.

"Going my way?" he continued with perfect good humour, at the same time sitting down on the opposite side of the little brook which escaped across the road under a neat little wooden bridge.

"I am going to London," I said again surlily.

"Are you?" he resumed. "Then you've got a very bad trade in your shoes. Those light things will never take you to London, and that suit of clothes will be spoilt with dust. What trade are you, mate?"

"I have no trade," I said fiercely. "I am going to London because it pleases me to go; and I have my own reasons for being dressed as I am."

With these words I rose, and snatching up my bundle, hurried away without once looking behind. I soon, however, heard my questioner, after indulging in a hearty laugh, come whistling up behind me. I, however, paid no attention to him, but trudged on wrapped in my own thoughts, which were not of the most agreeable kind.

I felt an oppression and sinking at the heart which was of the most painful character. I could have sobbed and cried as I went, but kept down my rising emotions, because I was on a high-road with people constantly passing, and also because every hour or so I came to a village, once to a town. I did not stop in any of them the more because my persevering friend of the morning kept close behind me, never speaking, not even coming near me, but whistling

a happy and merry way that was peculiarly annoying. About nine o'clock he hailed me.

"Aren't you going to eat?" he said in his rough way. "This is the last house for ten miles to come."

I made no reply, but raising my head, saw before me a house of refreshment for the poorer class of travellers. I went in, for I was really hungry, and I dined with an appetite which I had rarely known before, not having often walked so many miles without eating. When I had paid for my dinner, I was penniless. I could not conceal the look of blank surprise which suffused my face when I made this discovery; I felt it, and I hurriedly rose and left the house.

"You won't do to travel," said my tormentor following me, and his time coming close up to my side; "if you spend many one-and-sevenpences for meat and bread and ale, you'll soon come to our last shilling."

"I have spent my last penny," replied I, turning round and facing him with a dogged manner that reminded me of my school-days; "but what is that to you? I ask you for nothing: leave me then in peace."

"Young gentleman," he said gently, touching his cap at the same time, "I see you aren't used to the road, and I only want to be civil. How are you going to travel six days without money?"

"I really do not know," I said, seating myself on a green bank, and yielding to the painful reflections evoked by this simple question.

"I expect you don't. You are green, I can see. But look at me—I'm only a boy; I've travelled three years. I work my way—you can't. Now you haven't started for pleasure, else you'd have money; you can't get your living, I can see; so you've run away from home. Never mind, Jack Prentice doesn't care; and if you want to go to London, why he's the lad to tell you how."

"Mr. Prentice," said I, without any of the pride and haughtiness I had hitherto assumed, "you are quite a stranger to me; but your manner seems kind. I shall be very happy to follow your advice."

"Do you value that watch and chain much?" he asked quickly.

"They are a present from my mother," I faltered.

"Then of course you do value them—very good. Well then, young gentleman, I won't advise you to sell them. But take my advice—borrow some money, and leave them as security. You can go to London comfortably, and get your watch again when you like."

I stared at him. I had not taken lessons in the ups and downs, and miseries of life, and I, as yet, knew nothing of the system he alluded to. My ignorance and surprise could have been seen in my face. But he left me no time for reflection.

"Well! worse and worse—you never heard of *that* before? I thought everybody had. I've been for father and pledged his rousers, when he used to drink in bed—he don't drink in bed now, so somehow he's lost the habit of pawning. But it's useful, too, sometimes. It's useful to you now. So the first town we come to, that's L—, we'll do it."

He rose, and led the way, and I no longer hesitated to accompany him. I was brought, for the first time, into rude contact with the world. I began to see its asperities and difficulties, and I was thankful for a guide, however humble. I found him a droll, humorous, experienced lad. He was a tailor, and had with him all the needful materials for mending. He had his regular beat, and at the present season was on his way to London, where he even thought of settling.

His father had a large family, which he had originally brought up exceedingly well; but having taken to drinking, they had all got dispersed. One or two had done badly, and one or two (witness Jack) appeared getting on in the world. Jack had recently been down to visit his father, and found things much changed. Old Prentice had become a sober man, and was so comfortable in his home, that his son Jack was quite delighted. He told me some odd stories of his life which amused me very much, and made the journey seem not half so wearisome.

We soon reached L—, where, by some process which at the time I was at a loss to understand, I became possessed of £3, leaving my watch as security for the loan. I can't say I felt much

confidence in ever seeing it again. But I was utterly helpless without the money, and made the sacrifice. It was a painful one, but the alternative was also bad. I took off the guard, which was of braided hair, and placed it next my heart.

I thought, as I went along, of the many thousands who, like myself, had started from the quiet of the country in search of fortune. I almost shuddered as I remembered poor Oliver Goldsmith. I had no pretension to his talents, and I recollected his battle of life. There were many others whose names floated across my brain, and I felt sad. I had not the slightest conception of what I could do. I had a vague idea of trying to write for the press. I had read too much not to know how difficult it is for a mere tyro to succeed when so many men of experience and of talent are out of employment at times. Still, I intended to try.

Jack Prentice often asked me what I meant to do when I should have reached London. I did not think proper to reveal to him my hopes and flights of fancy. I said I did not know. The young workman smiled and shook his head. He had decidedly a very bad opinion of my prospects, to say nothing of my common sense. Still he stuck to me, gave me advice, and was both useful and agreeable to me on the road.

When we reached Kew we parted. He had business there for a day or two. He gave me his address in London, and I promised to see him soon. We shook hands heartily, and I went on my way. The road has become familiar to me since, but then it was all new. I was much struck by the noise, by the traffic, by the houses that increased as I went, that became continuous streets, a town, a wilderness, until, stunned, overwhelmed, and almost fainting, I reached Hyde-park Corner. Quite overcome by the novelty of all around me, I flew towards some green I saw to my left, and lay down upon the grass.

Nobody noticed me. That was what struck me with most force at first. Had I entered a hamlet, village, or small town, and fallen fainting on the green, I should have had many hands held out to raise me up. I thought the Londoners selfish, hard-hearted, and brutish. I made a mistake. The men of the great city are no worse than others. But the rapid and complex life of large towns is such that men must attend to their own business; while imposture is so rife, and wretchedness so common, that a tall lad in shabby genteel clothes, covered with dust and carrying a bundle, could not hope to arrest the notice of foot-passengers or riders.

After a few minutes, I rose and penetrated timidly into the great street which led deep into the heart of the city. I no longer walked—I strolled and gaped. The crowd, the palaces, the noise, the movement, overwhelmed me. I believe no intelligence, however great, has failed to feel crushed for a moment at the first contact with a great city.

But I was exhausted and hungry, and I did not know where to go. Suddenly an idea, luminous and rapid as a lightning flash, came across my aching brain. My friend, Charles Ogilvy, was in London, reading for the bar. We corresponded occasionally—indeed, very seldom—but we did write a long letter at times; and the last time he dated his letter from a street leading out of the Strand.

I saw a policeman, and asked him the way to the Strand. I was in it. I had walked right to it without knowing it. I slowly continued on my way, looking at all the names I saw written up. Suddenly my eye lighted upon the right one, and, at the same moment, I recollected the number. It was 13, — street.

I felt a load of care, sorrow, and misery taken off my shoulders as I knocked, very gently, at the door.

"What may you please to want?" said a shrill Irish voice from the area.

"Is Mr. Charles Ogilvy at home?" I asked, in rather a timid, nervous tone.

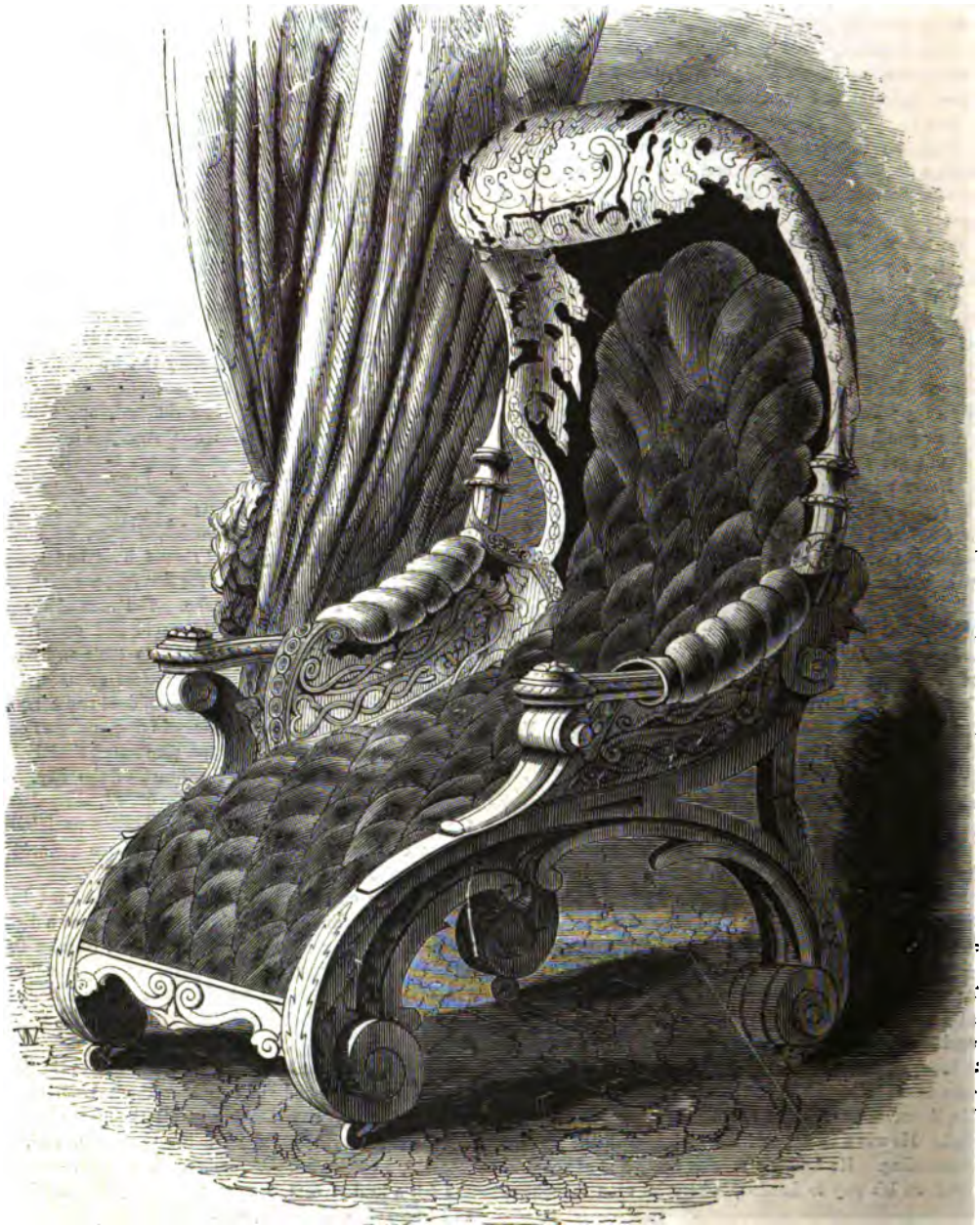
The girl bobbed down and disappeared with a startled cry, it appeared to me, quite astonished at any one asking for Mr. Ogilvy; and then I heard a movement in the passage, and the door was opened by a very pretty, but somewhat slovenly, young person, who begged me to walk in, not without a smile at my appearance. I repeated my question, and was told in a very sweet voice to go to the top of the house, and knock at the door which faced the stairs.

PAPIER MACHE CHAIR.

THE polished French claim the honour of being the original inventors of the papier maché. In Paris the manufacture of the article is carried on very extensively; but far beyond the articles produced there—articles both of utility and ornament—stand those of the Birmingham manufacturers.

The old method of manufacturing papier maché is as follows:—The paper for use is gray in colour, but similar in texture to

formed article is taken from the mould, the several parts are planed, filed, and trimmed, so as to be quite correct and level. The process of stoving then follows; after which the varnish is laid on, and brought to a smooth, hard, brilliant surface. The article is then coated with several layers of shell-lac varnish, coloured, which, after being hardened, are scraped quite level. The different varnishings and smoothings are carried on for a period varying from twelve to eighteen



PAPIER MACHE CHAIR.

ordinary blotting paper. Prior to using it, the paper is well saturated with flour and glue mixed with water, in about equal proportions, and is then laid on the mould of the article intended to be produced. These moulds are of iron, brass, or copper. The mould, coated with the first layer of paper, is then dried for twelve hours. A careful smoothing by a file follows, after which another deposit of paper is made. The processes of drying and smoothing are successively repeated with each additional layer of paper, until the article assumes the required strength and thickness. When the newly-

days, according to the purpose for which the article is required. The exquisite surface is produced by manual polishing with rotten stone and oil; but the finish is obtained by the process of handling alone.

Various alterations and improvements have been made from time to time in the manufacture of papier maché; and sometimes the paper is reduced to pulp, cast into the form required, and then rendered compact and solid.

The specimen which we present is of a chair in papier maché, the grace and elegance of the design deserve especial attention.

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

the last year of the fifteenth century, in the city of Florence, was one of the most talented and skilful artists in metal which at or any subsequent age has produced. We allude to Benvenuto Cellini, the son of a citizen of the Florentine republic, who was himself an admirable carver in ivory, a maker of musical instruments, and a good musician. So much was he attached to music, that he

both to leave Florence. Benvenuto repaired to Sienna, where he worked for some months with a goldsmith named Castoro; and afterwards went to Bologna, where he got employment from a Jew; and earned a great deal of money, as he tells us himself in his autobiography. Six months afterwards he obtained permission to return to Florence, but having an altercation with his father, he once



STATUE OF PERSEUS, AND OTHER WORKS OF CELLINI.

neglected his avocation, and would have made Benvenuto a flute-player, but the youth manifested an early taste for the art of design, and at the age of fifteen placed himself, contrary to his father's wish, with a goldsmith named Sandro.

He had already become a skilful workman, when an affray in which he and his brother, a youth of fourteen, who was in the military school of Giovanni de Medici, were engaged, compelled them

more left home, and proceeded to Pisa. There he made great progress in the goldsmith's art, and remained nearly a year, at the expiration of which he returned to Florence, and was laid up two months with fever. Having recovered his health, he worked under Sandro again, and made the acquaintance of Torrigiano, the designer of Henry VII.'s chapel, in Westminster Abbey, who offered him employment, but he was unwilling to leave Italy. "At this time,"

says he, "I produced a piece of basso-relievo in silver, about as big as the hand of a little child; it served for the clasp of a man's belt, clasps of that size being then in use. Upon it was carved a group of foliage, made in the antique taste, with several figures of youths and other beautiful grotesques. This piece of work I made in the shop of a person named Francisco Salimbeni; and, upon its coming under the inspection of the Goldsmith's Company, I acquired the reputation of the most expert young man in the trade."

In his nineteenth year he again left home privately, accompanied by a youth of his own age, and proceeded to Rome, where he obtained employment under a goldsmith named Firenzuola, immediately after his arrival in the city. At the expiration of two years, he returned to Florence, at the request of his father, and again worked under Salimbeni, with whom he gained a genteel subsistence, taking great pains to become perfect in his art. It is evident from his actions and his own admissions, that Cellini was a man of a very hot temper, vain of his acquirements, and of a restless disposition. In doing honour to the skill of the artist, we must not conceal the failings of the man. He had at this time a quarrel with a young man named Guasconti, whom he stunned with a blow of his fist, and was sentenced by the Council of Eight to give four bushels of meal to a community of poor monks. Irritated more than ever, he made a furious attack on Guasconti and his relations, slightly wounded the former with a dagger, and with difficulty made his escape from the city, in the disguise of a friar.

He proceeded to Rome, where he at first worked for a goldsmith named Santi, but having gained a high reputation for talent and skill by setting some valuable diamonds for a lady, and making a large silver vase for the Bishop of Salamanca, he established himself in business, and was patronised by Pope Clement and several of the cardinals. He passed his leisure in making drawings after Raffaele and Michael Angelo, and also of the antiquities of the city; and during the prevalence of the plague in Rome, he passed much of his time in shooting wild pigeons among the ruins of the Coliseum and the Forum, and sometimes made excursions into the country.

After the disappearance of the plague, he seems to have lived a rather gay and dissolute kind of life, and the candour with which he records his immoralities shows how lax were the morals and manners of the age.

When Rome was menaced by the Imperialists in 1527, Cellini raised a band of fifty men for the defence of the city, and went with three of them to the Campo Santo, where the Duke of Bourbon was leading the enemy to the assault. He thus relates the incident which has made his name famous in history:—"Levelling my arquebuse where I saw the thickest crowd of the enemy, I discharged it with a deliberate aim at a person who seemed to be lifted above the rest; but the mist prevented me from distinguishing whether he was on horseback or on foot. Then, turning suddenly about to Alessandro and Cecchino, I bade them fire off their pieces, and showed them how to escape every shot of the besiegers. Having accordingly fired twice for the enemy's once, I cautiously approached the walls, and perceived that there was an extraordinary confusion among the assailants, occasioned by our having shot the Duke of Bourbon; he was, as I understood afterwards, that chief personage whom I saw raised above the rest." Cellini and his brave companions regained the walls with some difficulty; and the former, having reached the ramparts of St. Angelo, found the gunners deserting their posts; "which vexed me to such a degree," he says, "that I took one of the matches, and getting some people to assist me, I directed the fire of the artillery where I saw occasion, and killed a considerable number of the enemy." The Imperialists were now entering the city, through which they spread terror and desolation. Cellini defended the castle by his own exertions until the evening, when Santa Croce was appointed to the command by Pope Clement, and posted him with five guns on the highest part of the fortress.

The castle was besieged from the 6th of May to the 5th of June, during which time slaughter and desolation, with every frightful accompaniment, devastated the city. During all this time, Cellini kept up a harassing fire on the Imperialists, and contributed much to the prolongation of the siege. When submission became inevitable, the pope, before flying to Orvieto, employed Cellini to remove his jewels from their settings, and melt down the gold. A

few days afterwards the castle was surrendered, and the artist returned to Florence. Though he succeeded in compromising the magistrates the affair which had caused him to fly from his native city, he remained there only a short time, and then set out for Mantua. There he only remained four months, during which time he made a silver ornament for the duke and a signet ring for Cardinal Gonzaga. His restlessness led him to return to Florence, where his father had died of the plague during his absence; and in that city he now resided some time, and was much employed by the Florentine aristocracy in setting jewels. At this time he made the acquaintance of Michael Angelo, of whom he speaks in terms of the highest praise.

Being informed that Pope Clement was desirous of employing him, Cellini again repaired to Rome, where he received a commission for a button for the pontifical cope; and executed it much to the pope's satisfaction, that, besides being liberally remunerated, he was appointed to the lucrative post of stamp-master to the mint. His brother Francesco was killed about this time in an affray near Rome; and the incident affords a picture of the lawlessness of the times, and the ease with which crimes were compromised by those who had money or influence to protect them. Cellini ascertained the name of the soldier by whom his brother had been shot, and attacking him in the street, wounded him in two places, and left him for dead. Yet no judicial inquiry was made, and Cellini, after concealing himself for a few days, showed himself at the Vatican again without being rebuked, and was about his accustomed avocations.

In 1531 Cellini was appointed one of the papal mace-bearers, an office which he held four years, and which added above two hundred crowns to his annual income. His holiness had promised him more lucrative preferment, but was often displeased by Cellini's proud and independent bearing; and when the seal-office was vacant, he conferred it on Sebastian del Piombo, the eminent painter. Partly through annoyance at this preference, it seems, and partly on account of some rough treatment he experienced from Cardinal Salviati, whom the pope had appointed his legate during a visit he made in 1532 to Bologna, Cellini delayed finishing a gold chalice, for which he had made a beautiful design. The warmth with which the pope reprimanded him on his return still further irritated the artist, and the chalice remained unfinished, Cellini declaring that he could not proceed without more gold, and his holiness refusing to supply him with it. At this time a goldsmith named Tobbia, who had been condemned to death for obtaining his freedom, was reprieved by Cardinal Salviati, and recommended by him to the pope, who gave him a commission which Cellini had expected himself. Shortly afterwards, in consequence of the calumnies of a rival artist, Cellini was deprived of his office of stamp-master to the mint, and ordered to send the unfinished chalice to the papal palace. This, however, he firmly refused to do, alleging that it was his own property, and all that his holiness could demand of him was five hundred crowns which he had received on account. The pope endeavoured to frighten him, by first ordering his arrest and afterwards requiring him to pay the five hundred crowns immediately; but, finding that threats had no effect upon the artist's unbending nature, and that the money was forthcoming, he was obliged to be content with ordering him to finish the chalice as soon as he could.

The impetuosity of Cellini's temper led him into an act, soon afterwards, which compelled him to seek safety in flight, as on a former occasion. In the course of an altercation between an ingenious workman whom he had taken into partnership, and a notary named Benedetto, the latter applied an abusive epithet to Cellini, who threw a stone at him, which, striking him on the head, caused such an effusion of blood that the bystanders thought him killed. Pope Clement, the jeweller who had before calumniated Cellini, happening to pass saw what had taken place, and, hurrying to the palace, informed the pope that Cellini had slain Tobbia, the goldsmith. His holiness, in great rage, ordered him to be arrested and hanged on the spot; while the papal guards were looking for him, he was already on his way to Naples.

Pope Clement no sooner discovered that he had been misinformed than he recalled Cellini to Rome, took him into favour again, and employed him to execute two medals, for which the artist

ready furnished the designs. Just as they were completed, however, his holiness died, and was succeeded by Paul III. This misfortune was followed by a fatal adventure, which we will let Cellini tell in his own words. He had learnt that Pompeo had employed some Neapolitan bravos to assassinate him, and on the evening of the adventure to which we allude, Pompeo had publicly insulted him. Pompeo," says he, "entered an apothecary's shop, at the corner of the Chiaveca, about some business, and stayed there some time; was told that he had boasted of having bullied me; but it turned out a fatal adventure to him. Just as I arrived at that quarter, he was coming out of the shop, and his bravos, having made an evening, formed a circle round him. I thereupon clapped my hand on a sharp dagger, and having forced my way through the file of pians, laid hold of him by the throat so quickly, and with such essence of mind, that not one of his friends could defend him. I killed him towards me, to give him a blow in front, but he turned his face about through excess of terror, so that I wounded him actually under the ear: and upon repeating my blow he fell down dead."

We have in what followed another curious illustration of the state of society in Italy at that period. Cardinal Cornaro sent sixty soldiers to protect the homicide, who tells us that more than an equal number of young gentlemen added themselves to the escort; and the pope gave him a safe conduct to continue in Rome until he could be pardoned. Finding, however, that his life was not safe, through the enmity of Pompeo's relatives and friends, he proceeded to Florence, and from thence set out for Venice. He was engaged in two brawls at Ferrara, and the vindictiveness of his character as displayed when he stopped at Choggia, on his return to Florence, here, receiving an affront from his host, he cut up four beds in the night, and decamped. Referring to these exploits, he says: "My fellow-traveller thought I had been a bad companion to him, because he had shown some resentment, and defended myself against those who would have used us ill; while I looked upon him in a worse light, for neglecting to assist me upon those occasions: let the impartial reader determine who was in the right."

On his return to Florence, he was appointed master of the mint by Duke Alessandro de Medici, who made him a present of a curious gun; but on receiving a promise of pardon from Pope Paul III., and an invitation to enter his service again, he returned to Rome. On the occasion of the visit of the emperor Charles V., he made a magnificent crucifix of gold, and a book-cover of the same rich material, chased and gemmed, which were presented by the pope to the emperor and empress. Charles made Cellini a present of five hundred crowns, and the artist was employed to set the valuable diamond which the emperor had given to the pontiff. Under the impression that he had been ill-remunerated for those works, Cellini resolved to leave Italy, and made a journey to France, hoping to obtain employment from Francis I. He had an interview with that monarch at Fontainebleau, but, owing to the campaign which was then about to be commenced, it led to nothing, beyond obtaining for the artist the patronage of Cardinal d'Este.

He therefore returned immediately to Rome, and on his arrival here was accused of having robbed the castle of St. Angelo of a great treasure, when the city was sacked by the Imperial troops. He was arrested, and confined in the castle, where he underwent an examination before the governor of Rome and other magistrates. The king of France interposed in his behalf, but the Pope declared he would keep him in confinement all his life; and, finding there was no other help for it, Cellini resolved to make his escape. This was accomplished by forcing open the door of his cell, and lowering himself into the yard by means of the sheets off his bed, cut into strips, which were then knotted together. He had two other walls to pass by the same means, and in descending the second he fell, and broke his right leg, besides receiving other injuries. In this condition he was seen by a servant of Cardinal Cornaro, who, on being informed of the circumstance, had him taken into his palace, and attended by an eminent surgeon. The cardinal then went to the Pope to intercede for Cellini's pardon, and by a promise of clemency was induced to give him up; upon which he was again committed to the castle of St. Angelo, and treated with the utmost severity.

After enduring much suffering and hardship, his liberation was

obtained by the intercession of Cardinal d'Este, with whom he journeyed to Paris, having received an invitation from Francis I. On the way he had an altercation with the postmaster of Camollia, whom he shot dead with his carbine, which, according to his own account, was discharged by accident. At Ferrara he met with a very gracious reception from the duke; but a misunderstanding arose between him and the duke's servants, attended with many unpleasant circumstances; and, resuming his journey, he at length arrived safely at Fontainebleau, where the French monarch was then residing. Madame d'Etampes was present when Cellini waited on Francis, and having knelt down and kissed his knee, displayed the cup and basin of gold, richly chased, which his friend the cardinal had caused him to execute for presentation to the king. He accompanied Francis during a tour in Dauphiné; but he was anxious to be employed, and at length the king empowered the cardinal to make arrangements with him. The terms offered were so inconsiderable, however, that, in a moment of disgust, he set out upon a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

The cardinal was so fearful of drawing the king's displeasure upon himself, that he sent a messenger in pursuit of Cellini, who returned to Fontainebleau, where Francis assigned him seven hundred crowns per annum, the same salary as had been received by Leonardo da Vinci, with five hundred for the expenses of his journey, a house in Paris, and an annual allowance of a hundred crowns for each of the two assistants the artist had brought with him from Italy. This munificence put him in high spirits; and he began to work immediately upon twelve high candlesticks of silver, which were to represent heathen deities. He took several journeymen into his employment, but was constantly changing them, probably through his hot and overbearing temper. Besides the candlesticks, he executed at this time a gold salt-cellar of exquisite workmanship, a silver flagon, and a bronze head of Julius Cæsar, from an antique model. Francis visited him several times, praising his workmanship, and conversing with him with much affability; but he had the misfortune to displease the royal favourite, Madame d'Etampes, by neglecting to submit his designs to her inspection, and she became his enemy. He intended to present her with a silver vase, in the hope of mollifying her; but she kept him waiting so long when he waited upon her with it, that he left the house in anger and disgust, and presented the vase to the Cardinal of Lorraine.

Shortly afterwards he involved himself in a law-suit with a person whom he had ejected from a tenement which formed part of the premises assigned him by the king, and complains bitterly in his memoirs of the chicanery of French courts of justice and the use of false witnesses. Finding the suit going against him, he gave way to the natural impetuosity of his temper, and attacking both the plaintiff and his attorney in the street, wounded them so severely that they abandoned the suit through fear of his vengeance. "For this and every other success," says he, "I returned thanks to the Supreme Being, and began to conceive hopes that I should be for some time unmolested."

His next vexation was a quarrel with a fellow-countryman and brother artist, named Primaticcio, who had undertaken, at the instigation of Madame d'Etampes, to execute some of Cellini's designs. He had some trouble in getting his salary, the blame of which he throws upon Cardinal d'Este; and the enmity of Madame d'Etampes still pursued him. She obtained leave from the king for a perfumer to take possession of a tennis-court within the premises of Cellini, who offered resistance, and obliged the man to remove. She used every means to prejudice the king against him; and on the occasion represented in our third illustration (p. 349), she accompanied Francis to the artist's house, where the monarch reprimanded him for having engaged in so many works, while he had only completed one of the twelve silver candlesticks, for which alone he had given him a commission. Cellini knelt down, and kissing his mantle, excused himself in the best manner he could, and requested permission to return to Italy. This the king refused, but made the artist rise, and expressed himself satisfied with what he had done, and much pleased with the design he had made for the gates of the palace at Fontainebleau.

Unable to obtain the regular payment of his salary, and per-

secuted by Madame d'Etampes and his rivals, Cellini at length made up his mind to quit France, and returned to Florence, where he was graciously received by Cosmo de' Medici, the grand duke. After some delay, a house to live in and a salary of 200 crowns per year were assigned him, and he immediately made the model for his admirable statue of Perseus (p. 345), which he afterwards cast in bronze. He relates that he met with great difficulty in carrying on the work, through the jealousy of the sculptor Bandinello; and at one time a conspiracy was formed to charge him with a horrible crime, which induced him to leave Florence for a time, and take

Perseus first. In this he at length succeeded; and, in order to prove that he could work in marble as well as in metal, he commenced statues of Apollo, Hyacinthus, and Narcissus, which, however, he does not appear to have ever finished. He also executed a bronze bust of Altoviti, a merchant of Rome; and, while on a visit to that city to obtain payment, in which he was unsuccessful, he renewed his acquaintance with the celebrated Michael Angelo.

On his return to Florence from this visit, he experienced a cold reception from the duke, who had been prejudiced against him by his steward; and scarcely had he recovered the duke's favour when



CELLINI IN HIS STUDIO.

up his residence in Venice, where he passed most of his time in the society of the painter Titian and the sculptor and architect Sansovino.

After a short stay he returned to Florence. The Perseus proceeded slowly, owing to various difficulties which were thrown in his way; and he complained to the duke, which for a time had the desired effect. He made some small silver vases, and set some jewels for the duchess, who wished to occupy him entirely in that kind of work; but he was so desirous to prove himself the equal of Bandinello in sculpture, that he chose to complete the statue of

he lost that of the duchess, for whom, with a lamentable want of principle, he represented an inferior string of pearls to the duke's being of great value, the duchess having set her mind on the ornament, and promised him two hundred crowns for the service. The duke possessed sufficient knowledge of pearls to know that Cellini was endeavouring to deceive him; and on being accused he confessed the whole affair, and thus rendered the duchess his implacable enemy. The breach was widened by his refusing to gratify her by placing the bronze figures intended to ornament the base of the statue of Perseus in her own apartment, and the artist after

gretted having left France. The Perseus was at length set up in the great square, and elicited universal admiration. The pleasure which this afforded him was embittered by disputes with the duke about the remuneration he was to receive for the statue and his ornaments; and though his demand of ten thousand ducats was reduced by arbitration to three thousand five hundred gold crowns, the sum was paid him by small instalments, and a balance of five hundred was never liquidated.

The next great work of Cellini was a figure of Christ in white marble, upon a crucifix of black marble, which was greatly admired, and which he originally intended to have placed above his own tomb; but receiving an offer of fifteen hundred crowns for it

from the duchess, he was induced to part with it, and it was placed in the Palazzo Pitti.

On the 16th of March, 1563, Cellini had the melancholy honour of being deputed to attend the obsequies of his friend, the illustrious Michael Angelo Buonarroti. The sculptor Ammanati was associated with him in this honour, while the painters of Florence were represented on the solemn occasion by Giorgio Vasari and Agnolo di Cosimo, called Bronzino.

He himself died on the 15th of February, 1570, and was buried, by his own direction, in the chapter-house of the Nunziata, with a grand funeral ceremony, which was attended by all the members of the Academy of Drawing.



CELLINI ON HIS KNEES BEFORE FRANCIS I.

SELF-DENIAL;
OR,
PASSAGES OF A LIFE.

BY A WAYFARER.

II.

I KNOCKED. A quiet, almost timid voice bade me enter. I opened the door and found myself in a garret. It was very scantily furnished. There was a bed of very unpromising appearance, a rickety chest of drawers, a small table covered with books near the window, at which sat a tall, pale, almost cadaverous-looking youth.

"Ogilvy," said I hurriedly, "can this be you?"

"Ted," he replied, rising, and a faint blush crossing his handsome face, "I may ask you the same question—jolly Edward Markham, dust-worn and weary, why?"

"Charles," I cried, shaking his hand heartily "I have run away from home. Let me sit down."

"Run away from home!" he cried, almost with a shriek. "Edward, my dear boy, you must be mad!"

"Hush," I replied; "hear my story first. But I am hungry and thirsty."

A burning blush suffused his features, and he covered his face

with his hands. I heard him sob. I was alarmed, though the true reason did not strike me.

"Charles, what is the matter?" I cried, seizing his hand; "speak to me. Are you ill?"

"Edward," he replied, in a faint and choking voice, "I am a wretch. You come to me hungry and thirsty, and I cannot even offer you a crust of bread.

Fortunately I was not without the means of supplying his wants as well as my own for a time. We arranged to live together, and before long he managed to obtain full employment for himself, and a literary engagement for me upon a weekly newspaper. I had received too good an education not to write correctly, and thus began my career as an author. I gave satisfaction, and supplying an occasional article had my salary raised in a very short time. This continued for about two months, when an event occurred of immense importance to me. I was in the habit, the first week in every month, of going to a coffee-house, and there perusing the magazines; after which I served up to the readers of the "Weekly Slasher," a couple of columns of comment. Imagine my surprise and delight when, turning over the pages of the "Magazine," I found a tale of mine, which I had written in my leisure hours.

A young mother gazing on her first child, a penniless vagabond coming into a rich estate, a reprieved criminal, have all their own peculiar sensations; but the young author who sees himself in print for the first time, is elated beyond all power of description. Pride, surprise, a long and brilliant future, fame, a rosy dream of rapture, fill his heart. He would fain rush upon a stranger, show him the awful page, and cry, in tones of exultation, "That is *mine*—my article—my tale!" I thought everybody was looking at me in the coffee-house, and I could not remain there. I rushed out, bought a ——— magazine, and flew home. I was in a state of mind bordering on madness.

Charles was not at home, but Edith, the housekeeper's daughter, for whom I had long cherished a secret affection, was setting the room to-rights. I know not what possessed me—I kissed that angelic girl. Miss Ellis pushed me away, half angry, half laughing. She saw that something had happened. I showed her the tale; it had my name to it. Have I not said, "What mighty causes spring from trifles!"

"Miss Edith," said I boldly, "I am certain to succeed now. I have an opening; the thin end of the wedge is in. I may now speak frankly. I love you with all my heart and soul. I have only, by-the-by, the home of a poor and struggling author to offer you. But nothing can stop me. If you, dearest Edith, will cheer my path with your bright smile, I shall shrink from no labour, no amount of work—I must prosper. Say, Edith, will you be mine?"

She made no reply. I fell on my knees; I talked nonsense—I talked sensibly; I was cool—I was calm: still no reply. I became incoherent.

"Edward," said she, sobbing, "you are an excellent young man, industrious, and full of self-denial. When you can give me a home, and Charles is comfortable, I will be your wife."

Before I had time to reply, I caught sight of Charles Ogilvy. He was leaning against the door-post; his face was deadly pale; his eyes were wild. We started like two guilty creatures.

"And have I nursed a serpent in my bosom?" he said, in a tone of agony and reproach I never shall forget.

For a moment I felt all the shame and mortification of one detected in some disgraceful crime. I stood, wishing myself annihilated, while Edith sank into a chair. There was a moment of dead silence, of silence quite painful. I felt it could not last, and I was anxious to break it myself. Charles prevented me.

"Ever since I have been in this house, six months before you came here, Edward, I loved this girl. For her it is I have had courage, for her it is I have striven; and now that I come the herald of somewhat better news, I find my hopes dashed to the ground."

"Mr. Ogilvy," said Edith, rising, and though suffused with blushes, speaking in a firm and resolute tone, "I never had the least suspicion of this."

"Then why were you my friend, why did you defend me against your mother, and keep me here though I was a pauper?"

'Twas pity—pity for the poor starving student. Ha! ha! The mighty pleasant and consoling!"

"Mr. Ogilvy," again said the dear girl—her face showing all the pain she felt—"I always respected you as a friend. It induced my mother to let your rent run on—it was because I knew you would honourably pay her. There was no occasion for pity."

"Edith," said Charles, taking her hand, and bursting into tears, "you are an angel. The past cannot be recalled. I should have been the timid fool I have."

"I assure you, Mr. Ogilvy—I never thought—I never suspected—"

"And why should you?" resumed he, with one of his old laughs. "Dumb courtships, I see, my dear Edward, will not do. But come, let us sit down and talk the matter over. You have settled the matter in a rapid way I never should have dreamt of. No excuses, no apologies. It is I who beg your pardon for my violence. But you see, Edward, for the dream of a whole year to vanish in one moment was, to say the least, trying. It is over now. You are a brave, good couple; may you be happy!"

"Generous and good always!" I cried.

"A truce to compliments. What I want to know is, how this came about. I suppose you have had some good news to elate you, eh?"

I told him the exact truth.

"I am very glad to hear it," he said, when I had finished—"very glad. Now for my news. My mother has had a legacy left her, quite unexpectedly. She has sent me fifty pounds of it. Now, young people, I am for marrying at once. Mr. Edward here has about a pound a-week, he is clever, he has an opening. He will make his way. I suppose all you will want will be a couple of rooms. I will furnish them, and the author must pay me when he can."

I would not hear of such a sacrifice. But Charles insisted gravely and so earnestly, that we gave way; and then came the great question of the parents. I felt sick at heart as I reflected that I could not communicate with my father and mother. This marriage I felt they would never give their consent. I was not sorry, therefore, to be spared the pain of being refused.

"I will undertake Mrs. Ellis," said Charles, smiling. "I am going to pay her in advance until Christmas. That will give me weight, I can tell you. Are you engaged this afternoon, Edith?"

"No," said the young girl, blushing.

"Here is a ticket to see the Panorama of London," he continued. "Go and get ready, and ask Mrs. Ellis to have her receipt ready up to Christmas."

Edith, glad to find herself free, escaped with the utmost rapidity. We were alone.

"Edward," said my earnest friend, "I love you more than ever. It was a bitter discovery to make; but she is a noble girl, and she has chosen well. Now, Edward, take my advice. Begin very humbly. The career of a literary man is one of the most difficult. It is a rough and tortuous one; and yet it has its pleasures and advantages. You will succeed, if you are not in a hurry."

"But already am I falling into debt, my dear Charles," I replied.

"There is no such thing as debt between real friends. You will do for me what I have done for you, when you can. Recollect that I shall be always to be found; and as you love me, Edward, never borrow half-a-crown of an acquaintance. Most men will lend: but a half-crown borrowed inconsiderately has cost many a man months of idleness. You cannot deny yourself to a man to whom you owe money. There is much truth in what Shakspeare makes old Polonius say to his son, Laertes:—

'Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulleth the edge of husbandry.'"

"You speak warmly, Charles," I said.

"I speak from experience. Debt is the curse of the idle improvident—a mill-stone about the neck of many a struggling sufferer, who has to pay all his life long the penalty of his youthful folly and extravagance."

"You don't think of yourself, Charles," I said; "your whole thoughts are on us. You will remain here?"

"Certainly. I shall continue to reside with your mother-in-law, who is a very excellent woman at heart, Edward. She is a lady born and bred; but letting lodgings would, I think, have spoilt even the best of us. Nobody should start in it but those who have had experience in childhood. To be continually on the watch for money, suspicious and exacting, often to be deceived, is terrible work."

"And Ellis himself?" I asked.

"He has been an officer and, I believe, a gentleman. He was reared on half-pay, I fear from too great liking for the bottle. He was in a drinking regiment, and learnt the habit. He's not, and you, a regular drunkard, but he wastes a small income at the tavern. He fancies himself at the mess-table. Besides, the house is all let but the kitchen, and the poor man is half driven out."

I looked very grave at this description. It was to many of the worse habits unfortunately contracted by too many on entering the army at an early age that my father had objected. He had ainted the fatal weakness of young men in giving way in a manner that I thought exaggerated.

"Edward," he had said in conclusion, "my ambition is to see my son a good man and a Christian; therefore it is that I prefer a profession where there is less temptation."

All this made little or no impression on me at the time, but now his words rose in judgment against me. Here I saw a practical proof of the possibility of what my father feared. I knew that it was wrong to condemn a whole body for the faults of a few; still I could not deny that my father was right to keep me out of temptation.

Edith returned shortly, dressed in a plain white frock that became her much. She was rosy with blushes, and, as I thought, never had looked so beautiful. It was little then to be wondered at, that all regrets vanished as I descended the stairs with my dear little affianced wife.

It is hard to say which is the happiest day of our lives, when there are really so very many that are happy. But I believe we are generally right when we select that on which we first knew of the gentle affection of a woman, as at all events one of the happiest. It is one of those dates we never forget, and to look back upon it is always pleasant in the most arid and gloomy hour of existence.

I do not believe either of us saw much of the sight we went to see. For my part I recollected nothing about it the same evening. We wandered about, her arm leaning on mine, sometimes talking of the future, but oftener silent, unless when we joined to sing the praises of our friend and benefactor. At last we remembered that it was time to return.

Edith turned a little pale, and I could tell that her heart was beating violently as we came up to the door of No. 13. I cheered her up as well as I could, though, to say the truth, I did feel a little like a soldier going into his first engagement. But it was my duty to support and cheer her. I therefore assumed the virtue which of all others I had not at that moment.

"Courage, dearest," said I, with a very poor attempt at a confident smile. "All will be well. Charles is a good friend. I fear nothing."

He himself opened the door.

"All goes well," he exclaimed, as his eyes beamed with delight.

I pressed his hand, but could not find words. He said no more himself, but opened the door of the front parlour, at that moment unlet, and we were ushered into the presence of the parents. The father was a handsome man of about forty-seven, with a countenance which I appeared to have seen before. He was a little shabby, and a little flurried, but he was quite sober, though there was a bottle of brandy before him.

Mrs. Ellis was a little round, good-tempered woman, with, however, a look of care on her countenance, which was in part explained by her battle with the world. The poor woman had seven children, of whom Edith was the eldest. It was in order to keep them, and provide them with schooling, that Mrs. Ellis let lodgings.

"I am proud, sir, to make your acquaintance," said the ex-captain, in a voice that would have been musical, had it not been husky from drink. "Mr. Ogilvy has apprised us of the honour you desire to confer upon us."

"Rather abrupt," thought I. But I supposed the captain had not improved his perceptions in the parlour of the "Lamb."

"George," exclaimed Mrs. Ellis, reproachfully, "this gentleman has come to take a quiet cup of tea with us."

"No, madam," I began. "I am very glad Mr. Ellis has put me at my ease. It is with a view to request the inestimable favour of becoming a member of your family, that I have claimed the honour—the—the—"

"Sit down," said Charles, with a laugh; "it's all settled. I have talked Mr. and Mrs. Ellis over, and all they require is, that you should make their child happy. I have given you an immense character—you have got to keep up to it!"

"You are both very young," put in Mrs. Ellis, so gently, so tenderly, I could not believe it was the same person who spoke so shrilly on the stairs to noisy lodgers and crying children; "and yet, if you have industry and courage, it is perhaps best so. Mr. Ogilvy talks of a month hence. You are very soon then to leave me, Edith."

"I never said I would marry in a month," began Edith, looking quite frightened.

"But," said Charles, rather gravely, "as a favour to me——"

Edith bowed her head, rosy with blushes—half smiles, half tears—and made no reply.

"I think it necessary," I began, as a sudden thought struck me, "to explain, that having run away from home, for private reasons, I have come to London under a feigned name. My real appellation is Edward Mildmay."

The husband and wife glanced at each other with a strange look, which, however, did not prevent my continuing:

"And I am the eldest son of the Reverend Edward Mildmay. At my mother's death, I am entitled to three hundred a-year."

There was a profound silence for a moment, and then Mr. and Mrs. Ellis left the room, taking Charles with them. Edith and I were left alone. The abruptness of her parents certainly surprised the dear girl, but I left her little time to think. My tongue was loosened at last, and I gave it full swing. I repeated a dozen times the same thing. I painted our happy little home. I built a thousand castles in the air, and so drew her attention by my words that she forgot all else.

Presently, after quite an hour's absence, they came back.

"Edward," said Charles, gravely, "Mr. and Mrs. Ellis consider it necessary to reciprocate your confidence. If Edith becomes your wife, it must be as Miss Farnham. Family reasons, principally pride about lodging letting, have induced them to take an assumed name. But Edith must, like yourself, be married in her real one."

I listened with considerable surprise, a faint glimmering of some strange fancy coming over me as I heard the words; but as Charles gave no further explanation, I did not give utterance to my thoughts, but sat down at the invitation of my new friends to tea. Edith made it, and blushed a good deal, too, at her father's sly looks. He joked her in the most quiet way possible about her matronly look at the tea-table; wondered what the world was come to, when children of sixteen thought of marriage, and kept the poor girl in a state of half-pleased, half-vexed confusion.

Charles, in one of his rambles, had found a quiet floor in a cottage in the suburbs of London. I was quite sure he had looked at it with a view to taking it for himself and the same dear girl, who now was to be mine. But I never even hinted at anything of the kind. The poor fellow had so innocently believed the absorbing one idea of his soul was well known, that he had taken Edith's many kindnesses as acceptance of his suit.

I saw a deep blush suffuse his face, as Mrs. Brown asked when the wedding was to be. I turned away, not to hear his reply. I knew, however, that he had taken the lodging; and next time we went to see it, it was neatly, though plainly furnished.

I received £6 for my article, and I drew £5 from my paper, on account of extra articles. With this I paid the expenses of the wedding, and began housekeeping with my rent paid for a quarter in advance, my little home neatly furnished, and four sovereigns in my wife's little purse.

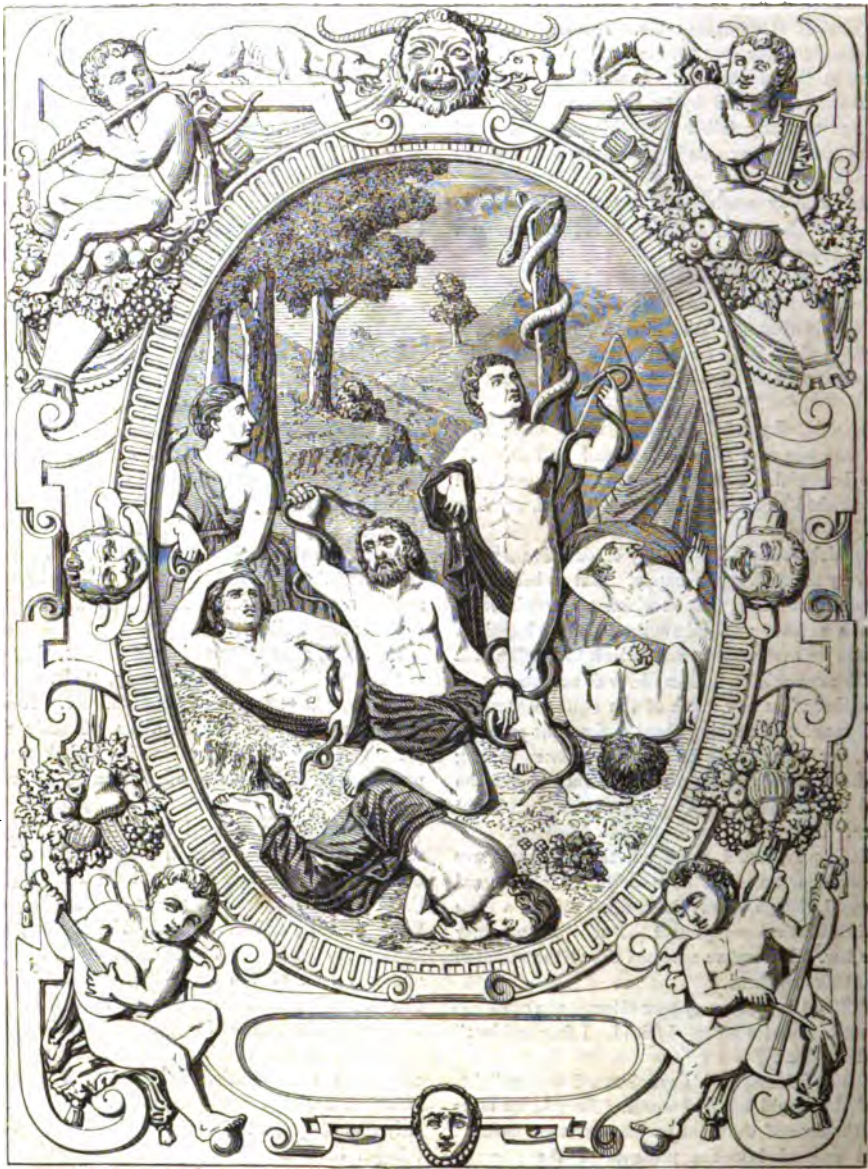
I was a married man, with another now dependent on my exertions.

ENAMEL PAINTING.

THE engraving which we now present to our readers, is taken from a beautiful specimen of enamel preserved in the Museum of the Louvre. It is a large rectangular plate, containing an oval medallion about twenty inches in length and sixteen in breadth. It is the work of the celebrated Bernard Palissy, and represents the destruction of the Israelites by fiery flying serpents. The flesh of the various figures introduced is of white enamel; the vestments are coloured either brown or green. The figure that lies upon the

a third with a lute, and a fourth with a pipe or flute. The figures in the lower corners of the piece are separated by a long medallion of an oval form. The variety of colours introduced presents a very pleasing appearance to the eye. The ground-work of the plate is blue. The reverse is not in enamel. The frame is of carved oak.

The style of the composition, and the general beauty both of the colouring and execution, render this work of the great Palissy particularly interesting; but, apart from the merit of the work itself,



THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ISRAELITES BY THE FIERY SERPENTS.—FROM AN ENAMEL BY BERNARD PALISSY.

earth in the very front of the design, and whose form is half covered by a robe, is particularly well executed, the garment, which is yellow, contrasting well with the other tones of the colouring. The vestments of the female figure near the trees is blue. The whole composition is contained within an ornamental border; it is decorated with a variety of devices in yellow, here and there enriched with a fantastic head in yellow bistre. At the corners of the enamel are represented full-length figures playing on various musical instruments—one with a species of bass-viol, another with a guitar,

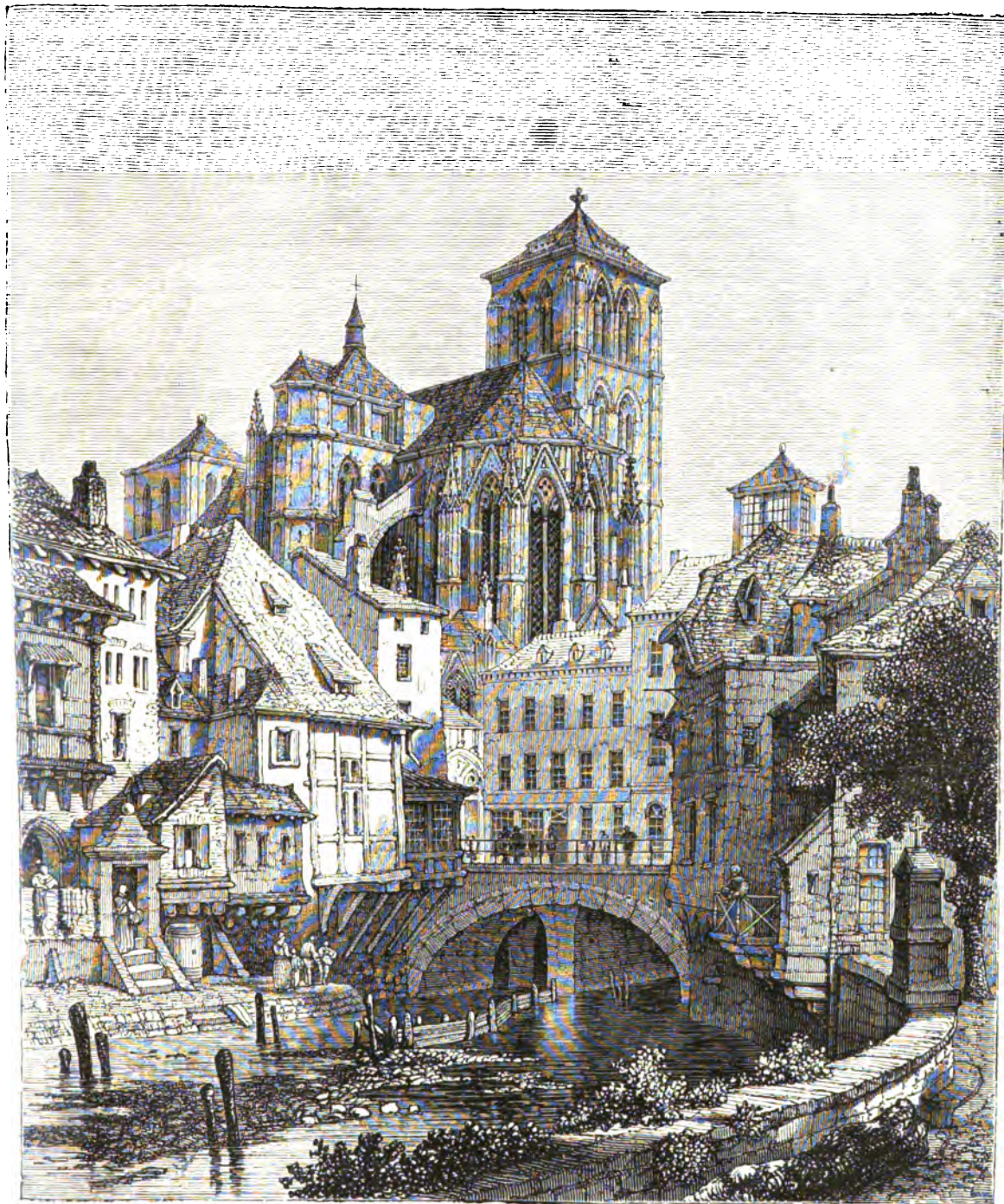
the fact of its being the production of the potter would be enough to render it valuable. The story of the life of "poor Master Bernard of the Tuileries" is full of interest and instruction. The struggle of the good man to perfect his art, the troubles he endured to complete his experiments, and the sorrows which came upon Master Bernard for conscience sake, that sent him to the Bastille, and were nigh dragging him from thence to meet the flames;—all these things have made Master Palissy a hero—a hero of the right kind.

THE TOWN OF HUY.

Huy, a town of Belgium, in the province of Liege, stands on the shores of the little river Hoyoux, from which it derives its name. The position of the town is remarkably picturesque, and the hills around are clothed with luxuriant vines. The quaint old houses,

picture not easily surpassed for beauty, and not readily forgotten when once seen.

The chroniclers of the middle ages, and writers of modern times as well, claim for the town of Huy a good old age; it was founded,



THE TOWN OF HUY, IN BELGIUM.

the heavy roofs, the casement windows, the small bridge with its light railing, the little stream, so clear and still, the trees and creeping plants that have overgrown the rustic wall, and, towering above everything else, the church of Notre Dame—a noble building that has stood there for more than seven centuries—present a

so they say, in the first century of the Christian era, but for this assertion they appear to have no very conclusive evidence; however, that it was known in the seventh century, there can be no doubt at all. It was a great place in the days of Charles the Simple, and the most important town in the Bishopric of Liege. But long ago

its glory has departed. Before the year 1795 it contained fourteen parishes, one collegiate church, two abbeys, and seventeen convents; now the number of parishes is reduced to five, and the population is estimated at eight thousand.

In the Church of the Crusaders is the tomb of Peter the Hermit, but the Church of Notre Dame is the principal ecclesiastical edifice. The castle, built upon a rock, commands the city and the river Meuse, which divides the town into two parts and is spanned by a stone bridge of seven arches. This castle is of very ancient origin, but a great part of the first building was destroyed by Henry II. of France.

SIGNS AND OMENS.

ALONG with our Saxon ancestors there came into England some of the strangest notions and oddest fancies that we can well conceive. Albion had, without doubt, plenty of wild, unearthly stories when her sons ranged the forest, before those forests echoed to the tramp of the Roman legions. And no doubt from the City of the Seven Hills there came new superstitions, more wild and terrible than the wood-coloured savages had ever heard of before. Druidical serpent-eggs, and the rest of the mistletoe mysteries, were followed by the nymphs of the fountains, at the very sight of whom sane men were driven mad. But with the Saxons came an entirely new class of superstitions, some of them full of horror, some light and cheerful, some terrible as was ever giant-goblin story to a child's fancy; others beautiful and gay as the fairies that slept in the bell-flowers and floated on the zephyr. The chief part of the fancies, however, being those we are about to mention here, were connected with the most ordinary affairs of life, and invested every little circumstance with a peculiar and awful meaning. They beset the daily life of every man, woman and child in the country; and many of them are still preserved amongst us. Of course these things are now slighted, and, except he be a very unlettered peasant indeed, a man does not turn back in dismay at the sight of three magpies; but once these things were received as positively true, and were regarded with as much certainty as we might count on a tide or a change of the moon.

Imagine a man believing that all these little circumstances—the falling of a stone, the ticking of a death-watch, a tingling in the ear, a shivering sensation in the back, or any other similar trivial occurrence—really betokened some good or evil fortune, what a strange sort of a life he must lead!

A stork settles on a gable of his house. Welcome. To kill the bird would be open sacrilege, for the stork is a harbinger of happiness. He receives the visit with a feeling of delight, and hails it as a promise of good luck. When he goes out, a strange dog follows him: here again is another sign of prosperous fortune. A strange dog never follows any person without good luck speedily coming on the favoured one. Welcome to the dog. When night sets in, the man looks up on the shining points in the heavens, the jewels of the night, and notices a shooting star. Good luck again. He forms a wish before the star has disappeared, and the wish is certain to be gratified. Moreover, our friend is lucky altogether: he was born with a caul, and this is certain to render him remarkably fortunate, besides having the extraordinary effect of preserving anybody who buys it from a watery grave. People now-a-days are short of faith, and prefer life-preservers of another sort—such, for instance, as cork jackets. But our lucky friend, besides being born with a caul, having a stork on his house, a strange dog at his heels, and wishing himself good fortune as a shooting star flits over the face of the heavens, has found, unawares, some four-leaved clover, and on this account, as well as all the rest, is entitled to the best of luck all his life long. Fortunately, too, he has been seated, inadvertently, between a married couple at a dinner table, and this ensures a

"Home, and in the cup of life
That honey drop, a pleasing wife"

And at no distant date—within the twelvemonth, as sure as the zodiac.

But our friend suffers from rheumatism. What is he to do?

Go to the doctor!—nothing of the sort. Let him steal a potato, or if he objects to steal one, let him beg, but on no account buy, etc. If he prefers a chestnut to a potato, a chestnut will answer just as well. As long as he retains either in his possession, he is a safe man. Still accidents may happen, and sitting next his dearest friend, our lucky man lets fall some grains of salt upon the table. Spilling salt betokens a strife between the person who spills it and the person next to whom he sits. What is our friend to do in order to avert the omen? He must lift up carefully, very carefully, not leaving a single grain, the salt that is spilt, with his knife, and throw it over his shoulder. Nothing else will avert disaster. But what if he upsets the salt-cellar altogether! This signifies a shipwreck, and our friend may look out for squalls: there is fine weather now, but a storm is brewing, and the gallant little "Triton," with a goodly cargo, will meet with accident—no doubt of that.

While our friend is thinking of these things, and trembling for his "Triton," bound to the bottom as sure as ever scuttled ship was doomed, he feels a tingling in his ear. This satisfies him that some are talking about him. But what can they be saying? Are they telling up his good deeds, numbering his excellent qualities, writing up his virtues—like tombstone grief; or are they pointing out his weaknesses, condemning his vices, ridiculing his absurdities, and writing him down an ass? Which ear is it tingles? The right: then are his excellencies exalted. A tingling in the right ear is always a good omen. But, unfortunately, it is in the left—there is no mistake about it; the most subtle casuist cannot make left right, and right left. The talker talks with no respect of persons; he condemns our friend as a scoundrel, whispers all the idle gossip of the town, tells all the prattle—such prattle as people love to hear, though it be foul and dirty, and black as ink. All the stories that our friend would have kept secret are blazing forth, and he knows very well that the circle of listeners,

"Whatever they hear are sure to spread
East and west and north and south,
Like the ball which, according to Captain Z.,
Went in at his ear and came out at his mouth."

When the left ear tingles, people talk ill of us; if it be so, some people's left ears must never leave off tingling. But what is to be done! Charm for charm. Our friend must bite his little finger; the evil speaker's tongue will be in the same predicament. Don't spare the little finger.

Our friend has been relating a remarkable story, the visitors have been all listening anxiously. "Is it true, is he quite satisfied of its authenticity?" Quite. Up stands our friend, when his chair falls backward, and falls on the ground with a crash. There is an audible titter. Our friend colours "ruddier than the cherry." What does it mean? The falling of a chair is a sure sign that the person who sat in it has been guilty of untruth. Our friend is about to present a very choice knife to a fair acquaintance, but he knows very well that it may sever their friendship for ever. To give cold steel, scissors or knives, separates friendship between even the dearest friends. Therefore, some money, no matter how small a piece, must be paid—duly paid—and the affair be regarded as a purchase. Salt, also, must not be given; it must be bought, else unthought-of calamity is sure to follow. Our friend has plucked a water lily, that spread its broad leaves and white and yellow cups upon the water. No harm is done by this; but he has unfortunately slipped and fallen while he had it in his hand. What will be the result? Perhaps a bruise or two; nothing of the sort—but he will now be subject to fits. Moreover, he happens to have cut his finger rather deeply, and the manner which he takes to cure the wound is as simple as it is remarkable. He anoints the knife with oil, puts it into a drawer, and allows it to remain there for some days. Sympathetically the cut is cured. Our friend, likewise, entertains the notion that if he goes under a ladder he stands the chance of being hanged; that the consequence of such an imprudent act will in all probability be a long cord and a short shrift. Then, being once or twice detected talking to himself—like a modern Prince of Denmark—he is confirmed in the idea, for to soliloquise is the sure precursor of a violent death. And as our friend occasionally feels a cold shivering sensation in his back,

he begins to understand that his time is near, and that somebody is walking over his grave.

Such are a few of the odd fancies which our Saxon forefathers left us as an heir-loom. Signs and omens, such as ancient Romans might have gathered from the flight of birds, and ancient Britons from the writhings of a sacrificial victim, our Saxon ancestors detected in every trifling circumstance of daily life. Such fancies are still

retained in Holland and in Germany, and here, in England, are not forgotten. It seems strange, indeed, that at any time such

"Trifles light as air"

should have affected the mind of man, but that they have done so is beyond all dispute, and such folk lore forms an extensive chapter in the delusions of the olden time.

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

MUCH controversy has taken place among men of science as to the physical character of the ancient Egyptians. It may be thought that of a people so ancient abundant testimony would be found in the works of the Greek travellers and historians, but the difficulty has been created by the conflicting statements of those writers, rather than by their silence on the subject. Volney maintains that they were negroes, and founds his opinion on passages in the works of Herodotus, Æschylus, and Lucian. Ammianus Marcellinus says they were, for the most part, of a brownish colour; and in an old Egyptian document in the Berlin Museum, in which the contracting parties are described by their external appearance, one is called black or dark brown (the word may be rendered either way), and the other yellow or honey-coloured. Dr. Prichard infers from these accounts, that the ancient Egyptians were a dark-coloured people, and that, at the same time, great varieties of colour existed among them, as is the case with the modern Hindoos and Abyssinians.

Denon gives the following description, founded upon a personal examination of Egyptian statues, busts, and bas-reliefs: "Full, but delicate and voluptuous forms; countenances sedate and placid; round and soft features; with eyes long, almond-shaped, half-shut, and languishing, and turned up at the outer angles, as if habitually fatigued by the light and heat of the sun; cheeks round; thick lips, full and prominent; mouths large, but cheerful and smiling; complexions dark, ruddy, and coppery; and the whole aspect displaying, as one of the most graphic delineators among modern travellers has observed, the genuine African character, of which the negro is the exaggerated and extreme representation."

The figures which illustrate this article afford some specimens of the characters exhibited by Egyptian sculptures. The originals are in the Egyptian Gallery in the Louvre. Fig. 1 represents two unknown personages, probably husband and wife, as may be indicated by the figure of a child between them. There is nothing to indicate that these figures represent deities, royal personages, or indeed any persons of distinction; probably the man held some civil employment under the Pharaohs.

Fig. 2 is a statue in black granite, without a head, of which it has been deprived by accident. It was found on the site of the ancient Saïs, and is considered a fine specimen of ancient Egyptian art. The attitude and the execution are superior to the majority of Egyptian statues; and we may here remark that the sculptors of ancient Egypt represented upright figures less often than those which are seated. There is an inscription on this statue, from which we learn that it represents Horus, the son of Psammetichus, and a military chief.

The ancient Egyptian artists sometimes represented men kneeling before a kind of altar on which their deities were represented in relief. We give two examples of this kind of sculpture. Fig. 3 is a statuette in stone, of heavy workmanship, representing a high functionary, called in the inscription, "Basilicus Grannatus, chief of the cavalry of the lord of two worlds, and guardian of the royal legs," kneeling before an altar, in a niche of which is a figure in relief of the god Osiris. Fig. 4 is a kneeling figure in black granite, supporting before him a sort of bench, on which three divinities are seated. The inscription on the upright slab at the back of the kneeling figure intimates that it is that of Bnsanor, the son of Auwrrer, who, among other titles, is called, "Chief of the gates of the meridional country."

Fig. 5 represents an individual called in the hieroglyphic inscription, Sepa, a prophet and priest of the white bull. The prophets were not in the first rank of the sacerdotal class, but took rank after the arch-prophets and the grand-priests attached to the worship of deified kings. This statue, which is regarded as one of

the most precious *morceaux* of the Louvre collection, is in calcareous stone, and appears to have been executed in the earliest period of Egyptian art. The position is simple, and the style of execution rude. The head is round, the shoulders rather high; the body presents an appearance of strength; the articulation of the knees is robust. The somewhat remarkable head-dress is painted black, and a green band is drawn under the eyes.

Fig. 6 is a representation of a bas-relief in calcareous stone from the tomb of Seti I., founder of the nineteenth dynasty, and a famous warrior, who succeeded to the throne towards the end of the sixth century before the Christian era. The figures are those of Seti and the goddess Hathor, supposed by Champollion to have been the Egyptian Venus, but more probably another name for Isis. Though both figures are in profile, the eyes, as was usual with the ancient artists, are represented full. The king has a youthful appearance; he wears a kind of scarf, the fringe of which is ornamented with two serpents, and sandals terminating in a point. His head-dress is adorned in front with a serpent, and he wears bracelets on his wrists, and a collar of four rows about his neck. His right hand holds the left hand of the goddess, and his left receives the collar which she holds out to him. The head-dress of the goddess is of great richness, and is surmounted by a solar disc between two cow's horns, from which a serpent hangs. She wears a collar of similar form to the king's. Her arms are bare, and adorned with bracelets and armlets; her feet are also bare, and ornamented with anklets. Her robe fits very closely to her form, and is curiously ornamented with lozenges and inscribed characters in alternate rows; the latter may be thus translated:—"Establisher of justice! we accord to thee many years, and power like that of the sun. Offspring of the sun! friend of the gods! Seti, the friend of Phthas! live for ever! Lord of two worlds, establisher of justice, we give thee many years and thousands of panegyrics. Beloved offspring of the sun! lord of diadems! Seti, the friend of Phthas, eternal as the sun! lord of two worlds, beloved by Hathor, inhabit always the land of peace and truth."

Phthas means one by whom events are decreed, and was used by the ancient Egyptians to designate the power or principle by which the universe was originated and presided over. Sometimes it was called Cneph, denoting a good genius; and it was represented symbolically by the figure of a serpent with its tail in its mouth—an emblem of eternity.

Figure 7 is a fragment of a bas-relief in calcareous stone, representing a funeral scene. The mother of the deceased lifts her hand to her head, with grief expressed in her countenance, perhaps to cover her hair with dust, according to ancient usage. A priest chants the funeral hymn, and behind him three persons utter exclamations of grief, or repeat the chorus of the hymn. In another compartment aquatic birds and plants are represented, and Charon's boat conveys the defunct across the sable waters of the lake of death. In a representation of a funeral on a tomb from the ruins of Thebes, the figures of the deceased and his sister are seated under a canopy, before a table covered with offerings; a priest pronounces their eulogy, and proclaims their right to be admitted into the realms of the blessed.

If we may form an idea of the complexion of the ancient Egyptians from the paintings found in their temples and tombs, the colouring of their statues and bas-reliefs, and of the sycamore cases in which their mummies are found enclosed, we must come to the conclusion that they were of a reddish-brown colour, like the existing Foulah and Kafir tribes. The male-figures are invariably painted with this colour, and the female figures sometimes of a lighter shade of the same colour, and sometimes yellow or yellowish-



FIG. 1.—EGYPTIAN FIGURES (UNKNOWN).



FIG. 3.—FIGURE BEFORE AN ALTAR (BASILICUS GRASSATUS).



FIG. 2.—STATUE OF HORUS.



FIG. 4.—KNEELING FIGURE (ENSANOR).

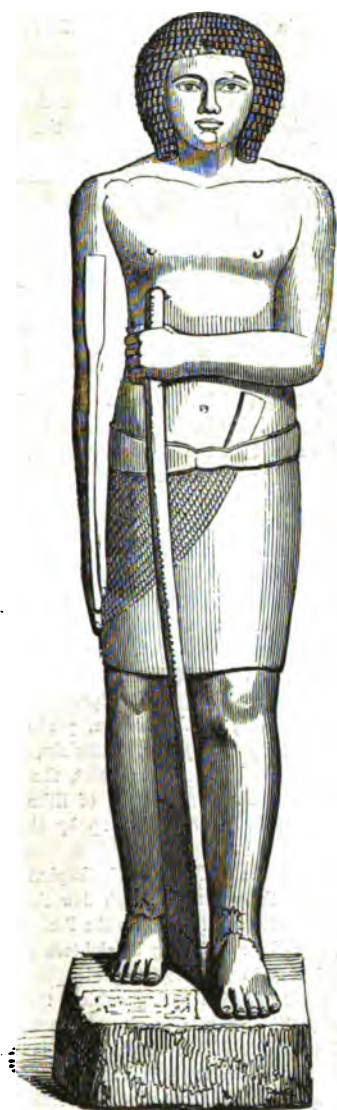


FIG. 5.—STATUE OF SEPA.



FIG. 6.—BAS-RELIEF FROM THE TOMB OF SETI I.



FIG. 7.—BAS-RELIEF REPRESENTING A FUNERAL SCENE.

brown. "This red colour," says Dr. Prichard, "is evidently intended to represent the complexion of the people, and is not put on in the want of a lighter paint, or flesh colour; for when the limbs or bodies are represented as seen through a thin veil, the tint used resembles the complexion of Europeans. The same shade might have been generally adopted if a darker one had not been preferred, as more truly representing the national complexion of the Egyptian race."

The Copts, who are well known to be the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, have yellowish-brown complexions, and features which bear considerable resemblance to those of mulattoes; and Denon says he was struck with the resemblance of the Copts to the old Egyptian sculptures. Mr. Ledyard, whose testimony is the more valuable as he had no theory to support, says: "I suspect the Copts to have been the origin of the negro race; the nose and lips correspond with those of the negro. The hair, wherever I can see it among the people here, is curled, not like that of the negroes, but like the mulattoes." This description agrees with those of Volney, Larry, and Pagnet; and the preservation of their language shows that the Coptic race has undergone very little change since the days of the Pharaohs.

CELEBRATED SPRINGS.

SPRINGS are interesting objects, whether we regard them as entering into the composition of picturesque scenery, in which character they appeal to the eye of the artist and the lover of the beautiful in nature, or as associated with classical and modern poetry, or with the bygone events chronicled by the historians of the olden time. Whether gushing forth from the rock, and sparkling in the sunlight as their waters fall into their natural basin—or murmuring in the seclusion of some deep glen, half concealed by feathery ferns—or rising in the arid desert, to slake the thirst of the camel and his tawny rider, to whom the palm which invariably grows beside it affords a welcome shade—a spring is one of the most beautiful objects in nature. No wonder, then, that the active and poetic imagination of the old Greeks placed the springs of their country under the guardianship of the Naiads, and that their feeling of the beautiful led them to believe that the nymphs were grieved and displeased by the pollution of the sparkling waters which the gods had placed under their protection. What reader of classical literature has not heard of the fountain to which Ulysses was directed to go, to find his herdsman, when he returned to his native country? This fountain,

"Where Arethusa's sable waters glide,"

is about six miles in the interior of the island, the road leading to it ascending all the way. The water is continually percolating through the superincumbent rock at the top of a ravine, and falls into a small basin. The sides of the ravine are covered with evergreens and odoriferous shrubs, and before the spring stands a broken and crumbling arch, through which may be seen the blue waters of the Ægean sea. The summit of the rock, above the spring, commands an extensive and beautiful view of the islands and distant mountains of Greece. The goat-herds of the islands quench their thirst at this spring, which flows as brightly now as in the days of Homer, three thousand years ago.

Dodwell, who visited this spot, describes its waters as clear and good, trickling gently from a small cave in the rock, which is covered with a smooth and downy moss. It has formed a pool four feet deep, against which a modern wall is built, to check its overflowing. After oozing through an orifice in the wall, it falls into a wooden trough, placed there for cattle. In the winter it overflows, and finds its way, in a thin stream, through the glen to the sea. The French had possession of Ithaca in 1798, and the rocks of the Arethusan fountains are covered with republican inscriptions.

Who also has not heard of the Castalian spring on Mount Parnassus, in which the priestess of Delphos laved her limbs, and from which she was supposed to derive her inspiration? Of the former magnificence of the city and temple which in ancient times occupied this site not a vestige can now be discovered; but Parnassus still rears its rocky summit to the sky, and the Castalian spring still pours forth its sparkling waters.

"The shrine hath shrunk! but thou—unchanged art thou!
Mount of the voice and vision, robed with dreams!
Unchanged, and rushing through the radiant air,
With thy dark waving pines, and flashing streams,
And all thy founts of song! Their bright course seems
With inspiration yet; and each dim haze,
Or golden cloud, which floats around thee, seems
As with its mantle veiling from our gaze
The mysteries of the past, the gods of elder days!"

A small shallow basin on the margin of the rill is pointed out as the bath of the Pythoness, which is fed by the cascade descending through a cleft of Parnassus, as the snow on its summit is dissolved. This probably accounts for the extreme coldness of the water. The poetic expression, "Castalian dew," refers to the spray of the cascade. In accordance with the common practice of erecting edifices for Christian worship on the spots consecrated by the traditions and myths of the elder creed, a chapel, dedicated to St. John, now rises by the side of the Castalian spring, the picturesque of which is further increased by a large fig-tree, which produces an agreeable shade, and a profusion of flowering shrubs and trailing or pendant ivy.

In the desert of Northern Arabia may still be observed some of the springs at which the Israelites halted in their long and toilsome journey from Egypt to Palestine, still shaded by a few palms, and objects of contention to the wild tribes who wander from oasis to oasis with their flocks and herds. Sometimes the water is bitter and brackish; and we read in the Mosaic narrative, that "when they came to Marah, they could not drink of the waters, for they were bitter." The juice of a plant, however, rendered them palatable. There is reason for supposing the spot mentioned to be the spring Hawārah, a small basin of brackish and rather bitter water, near which Dr. Robinson found several bushes of a large-growing, thorny plant, producing red berries of an acid flavour, which are found a corrective to the unpleasant qualities of the water. "And they came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm-trees." This spot has been identified with Wady Gharandel, a slight depression in the wide desert, with a copious spring in the bottom, producing a small rivulet, and surrounded by date-palms, tamarisks, and acacias. Though twelve wells cannot be traced at present, the circumstance does not militate against the identification of Elim with Wady Gharandel, as wells are frequently filled up by the drifting of the sand.

In the upper part of the Valley of Jehoshaphat is a spring dedicated to the Virgin, the waters of which flow through a subterranean channel cut in the solid rock into the Pool of Siloam, an artificial reservoir, fifty-three feet long by eighteen broad. From thence the water is led off to irrigate the gardens and orchards in the valley. The waters of this spring exhibit the remarkable phenomenon of flowing at intervals, in a manner analogous to the flux and reflux of the tides of the ocean. Jerome first called attention to the circumstance, towards the close of the fourth century; but most modern travellers have discredited the story. Among the inhabitants of Jerusalem, however, the belief in the ebb and flow of the water is universal; and Dr. Robinson was enabled, a few years ago, to verify it by his own observations.

"As we were preparing to measure the basin of the upper fountain," says he, "and explore the passage leading from it, my companion was standing on the lower step, with one foot on it, and the other on a loose stone lying in the basin. All at once he perceived the water running into his shoe; and, supposing the stone had rolled, he withdrew his foot to the step, which, however, was also covered with water. This instantly excited our curiosity; and we now perceived the water rapidly bubbling up from under the lower step. In less than five minutes it had risen in the basin nearly or quite a foot, and we could hear it gurgling off through the interior passage. In ten minutes more it had ceased to flow, and the water in the basin was again reduced to its former level. Thrusting my staff in under the lower step, whence the water appeared to come, I found that there was here a large hollow space; but no further examination could be made without removing the steps. Meanwhile, a woman of Kefi Selwan came to wash at the fountain. She was accustomed to frequent the place

every day; and from her we learnt that the flowing of the water occurs at irregular intervals—sometimes two or three times a day, and sometimes, in summer, once in two or three days. She said, she had seen the fountain dry, and men and flocks, dependent upon it, gathered around and suffering from thirst; when all at once the water would begin to boil up from under the steps, and

(as she said) from the bottom in the interior part, and flow off in a copious stream."

The Pool of Siloam may therefore be classed among ebbing and flowing wells, of which some examples are found in England, though the phenomenon does not appear to have any regular periodicity.

THE MALAYAN SUN-BEAR.

(*HELARCTOS MALAYANUS*.)

Nor many years have elapsed since the appearance of a dancing bear, with the indispensable accompaniment of a monkey, was by no means an uncommon occurrence in the streets of London. But the march of progress has introduced new police acts, and before these many of the sights and sounds familiar to our childhood have either wholly disappeared, or become very unfrequent. None appear to have succumbed more completely to the strong hand of the law than our shaggy friend, Bruin. Punch occasionally gets an audience together at the corner of some side street, where the old jokes appear to have lost none of their piquancy; the Fantoccini, with its wonderful dancing skeleton that falls to pieces, and throws its head up to the top of the stage in such a surprising manner, is still to be seen now and then in our thoroughfares; the monkeys even have held their ground to a certain extent, but the bear and the camel, the most wonderful of our early street reminiscences, appear to have departed for ever.

Our children can only make the acquaintance of these animals in menageries and zoological gardens; but here we have abundance of evidence that the ursine race has not lost one particle of its popularity—the bear-pit is always surrounded by a delighted troop of youngsters, watching with the greatest interest the uncouth movements of the shaggy brutes which often look like a burlesque upon human actions, and enticing them up to their uncomfortable position at the top of the pole by the irresistible temptation of half a bun. But if the rising generation have some just cause for regret that their street opportunities of picking up a knowledge of natural history are somewhat curtailed, this disadvantage is certainly more than compensated for by the facilities afforded by the zoological gardens of the present day. Here, instead of the wandering showman with his scanty troop of animals, they may visit a magnificent collection of the rarest and most interesting creatures from all quarters of the globe; and for a guide in their inspection, instead of the "History of Three Hundred Animals," which was almost the only attainable zoological reading of our younger days, there are innumerable handbooks, of various degrees of excellence, which furnish the reader with the most recent information on the natural history of the animal creation.

The common bear of Europe (*Ursus arctos*), like all his relatives in the northern regions of the earth, is clothed, as is well known, with a thick coat of long, shaggy hair, which serves to protect him from the severe cold to which he is so frequently exposed. But the bears inhabiting the countries lying between the tropics are usually destitute of this shaggy covering, and present a sleek and comfortable appearance, which contrasts favourably with the rough exterior of our northern species. This is, however, by no means universally the case, for some of the bears from hot climates are as shaggy as their northern brethren, but these appear generally to inhabit mountainous districts, where they are exposed to considerable cold.

Of the short-haired bears of the Eastern Archipelago, for which Dr. Horsfield has proposed the formation of a genus, which he calls *Helarctos*, or sun-bear, from its tropical habitation, two species are known. One of these, the Malayan sun-bear (*Helarctos Malayanus*), was first described by Sir Stamford Raffles, in the year 1821; and a specimen of it appears to have been brought to England about two years previously. This bear is found in the peninsula of Malacca, in the kingdom of Pegu, and in the islands of Java and Sumatra. It is called *bruang* by the Malays, a name which has a singular resemblance to our English *bruin*. The second species, the Bornean sun-bear (*Helarctos eurypilus*), considered by some zoologists as a mere variety of the Malayan bear, is found in the great island of Borneo, and was described by Dr. Horsfield in 1825,

from a specimen then living in the Royal Menagerie in the Tower of London, of the habits of which he gives a most interesting account. Both these species present a very striking similarity in form and colouring; both are of a deep glossy black, with the muzzle yellowish brown, and both have a large pale mark on the chest; but this in the Malayan bear is of a white colour, and usually takes the form of an irregular crescent, whilst in the Bornean species it is almost square and of deep orange colour.

From the northern bear, and especially from the great white bear of the arctic regions (*Thalassarctos maritimus*), which appears in its structure as in its habitation to present the greatest contrast with these tropical species, the Malayan and Bornean bears are especially distinguished by the great breadth of the skull, the portion occupied by the brain being almost globular, whilst in the northern species it is more oblong. In their manners and disposition, also, these animals contrast most favourably with their polar relative, and in a less degree with the intervening species. Dr. Horsfield has drawn a pleasing parallel between the two extremes. "The polar bear," he says, "lives in the most distant regions of the north, near the ocean, among ice and tempests. Its food is exclusively of an animal nature, and is supplied by fishes, seals, and the carcasses of whales. It passes more than half the year in a torpid state, and when it awakes exhibits an unconquerable ferocity of disposition. Although repeatedly taken in a young state, no individual has ever been even partially domesticated. The voyages to the northern regions abound with accounts of its courage and fierceness. It has often been found a dangerous and destructive enemy to man. The *Helarctos*, on the contrary, inhabits the most delightful and fertile regions of the globe. The range both of the Malayan and Bornean species appears to be limited to within a few degrees of the equator, and it is therefore with propriety designated as the equinoctial bear. Its food is almost exclusively vegetable, and it is often attracted to the society of man, by its fondness for the young protruding summits of the cocoa-nut trees. It appears therefore, not unfrequently at the villages, and has in many instances been taken and made to submit to the confinements of a domestic life." It is to be observed, however, that the bears, although belonging to the order of carnivorous animals, generally subsist to a great extent upon vegetables, and that the polar bear is perhaps the only species confined exclusively to a flesh diet. The fondness of these animals for honey is proverbial, and the tropical species are not only endowed with the same taste, but appear to have many opportunities for indulging it. Several species of wild bees inhabit those favoured regions, and the bears will climb the highest trees with great agility in search of the sweet stores laid up by those industrious creatures, in devouring which their tongues, which are long, slender and flexible, appear to be of great service to them.

One remarkable peculiarity of these bears consists in the loose fleshy structure of the upper lip, which is capable of being protruded in the form of a short proboscis. When any article of food is held a little way beyond his reach, the animal will frequently extend this, as if to seize it, expanding his nostrils and moving his nose at the same time, in a manner which, as Dr. Horsfield observes, is very ludicrous. In this respect, however, the Malayan and Bornean bears are greatly surpassed by a species from the continent of India, called the Juggler's bear (*Prochilus labiatus*), from its being carried about for exhibition by the Indian jugglers. In its general structure this species very closely resembles its insular relatives, but still presents sufficient differences to have caused the formation of a separate genus for its reception, to which, from the great extensibility of the lips, the name of *Prochilus* has been given. Unlike the sun-bears, this

animal is covered with long shaggy hair, so that he bears a considerable resemblance, in external appearance, to the common European bear. This animal, on its first arrival in Europe, was the subject of a most absurd blunder. A specimen was exhibited in England, in the year 1790, when it was examined by Pennant, and the other authorities in zoological matters in those days. The specimen had lost its front teeth, probably, as Baron Cuvier supposes, from age, and these gentlemen, struck with the circumstance, chose to overrule all its other characters, and immediately pronounced the animal to be a new species of sloth (in which the incisors are naturally deficient), which they described as the Ursine or Five-toed sloth (*Bradypus ursinator pentadactylus*). Shaw even goes so far as to tell his readers that "it is not otherwise related to the bear, than by its size and habit, or mere exterior outline;" and in accordance with the dictum of that distinguished compiler, the

do so; but it violently resents abuse and ill-treatment, and, having been irritated, refuses to be courted while the offending person remains in sight." A bear does not seem likely to prove a very amiable domestic pet; but Sir Stamford Raffles' account of the behaviour of a tame specimen of the Malayan species which lived for about two years in his possession, may go a long way towards removing our objections to such an inmate. "He was brought up in the nursery with the children; and when admitted to my table, as was frequently the case, gave proof of his taste by refusing to eat any fruit but mangosteens, or to drink any wine but champagne. The only time I ever knew him to be out of humour was when no champagne was forthcoming. He was naturally of a playful disposition, and it was never found necessary to chain or chastise him. It was usual for this bear, the cat, the dog, and a small blue mountain-bird, or Lory of New Holland, to mess together and eat out of



THE MALAYAN SUN-BEAR (*HELARCTOS MALAYANUS*).

animal appeared for some years as a sloth in all works on natural history; and in that delectable compilation, "The History of Three Hundred Animals," it figures under the more mysterious appellation of the "Anonymous Animal." Subsequent researches, however, showed that the absence of the front teeth in the first specimen was entirely an accidental circumstance, and that the creature was a genuine bear.

In captivity, all these tropical bears appear to be of a mild and often playful disposition. The Bornean bear in the Tower exhibited, according to Dr. Horsfield, a great consciousness of the kind treatment it received from its keeper. "On seeing him," says the Doctor, "it often places itself in a variety of attitudes, to court his attention and caresses, extending its nose and anterior feet, or suddenly turning round, exposing the back, and waiting for several minutes in this attitude, with the head placed on the ground. It delights in being patted and rubbed, and even allows strangers to

the same dish. His favourite playfellow was the dog, whose teasing and worrying was always borne and returned with the utmost good humour and playfulness. As he grew up he became a very powerful animal, and in his rambles in the garden, he would lay hold of the largest plantains, the stems of which he could scarcely embrace, and tear them up by the roots." With these qualities—omitting, perhaps, the last-mentioned—we might almost expect the sun-bears to become fashionable pets; but their size, unfortunately, is rather against them. They measure some three or four feet in length; and when standing upon the hind legs, which they can do with ease, reach to a height of five or six feet. The natives of the countries which they inhabit apply them to a more useful purpose, employing their skins in the formation of articles of dress. Their claws, also, which are very long, are frequently strung together into necklaces by these people, or attached to their clothes and weapons by way of ornament.

THE COLONISATION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

the inefficacy of force in matters of conscience was well exemplified in the case of the celebrated William Penn, whose name is

Oxford, he was fined for non-conformity, and afterwards expelled the college. His father, Admiral Penn, who was high in the



PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.



PENN TAKING LEAVE OF THE COLONISTS.

better known in connexion with the propagation of Quakerism, than even that of its founder, George Fox. Imbibing the doctrines of the new sect while a youth of sixteen, at the university or
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favour of Charles II. and the Duke of York, and anxious for his advancement at court, was deeply offended with him; and finding remonstrances and arguments ineffectual to wean his son from his

new opinions, he inflicted personal chastisement upon him, and turned him out of the house. Awakening, however, to a sense of either the impolicy or the injustice of this treatment, he provided him shortly afterwards with the means of passing two years in France and Italy; and on his return sent him to Ireland to manage his property there—a step which proves that he had confidence in his judgment and steadiness, for the future founder of Pennsylvania was then only in his twenty-second year. While at Cork, he attended a meeting of the Society of Friends, when the preacher, Thomas Lee, with whom he had become acquainted at Oxford, delivered so impressive a discourse on faith and spiritual-mindedness, that he became still more imbued with their doctrines.

Admiral Penn immediately sent for him to London, and again remonstrated and threatened, but without effect; ending, as before, with turning him out of doors. He now began to preach and write in support of his religious opinions, and his zeal in a short time caused him to be imprisoned in the Tower, where he remained nearly seven months. On his liberation, his father once more received him into favour, and he again repaired to Ireland to superintend the family estates, remaining there about twelve months. He returned to London just as the Conventicle Act had been passed, and the Friends expelled from their meeting-houses. He had not been long in the metropolis when he was arrested on the charge of preaching to "a riotous and seditious assembly"—that is, an open-air gathering of the Friends—and committed to Newgate. He defended himself on his trial with great ability, and though the judge directed the jury to convict him, they had the honesty and courage to return a verdict of acquittal. The bench fined the jury, and ordered them to be imprisoned until the fines were paid; but the Court of Common Pleas pronounced the proceeding illegal and quashed it.

Admiral Penn died shortly afterwards, perfectly reconciled to his son, to whom he left a considerable estate; but he had scarcely succeeded to it, when he was again committed to Newgate for six months for preaching. On his liberation, he married the daughter of Sir William Springett, and the next five years were spent in the calm and felicity of rural retirement.

He now began to look for a land in which he and his co-religionists might live in peace and security, unvexed by Exchequer prosecutions and the scoffs of the worldly-minded. America was then the haven in which all who were persecuted for conscience-sake sought refuge and rest. A sum of £16,000 was due to him from the crown, on account of money advanced by his father for the use of the navy; and Penn petitioned for a grant of a tract of land on the west bank of the Delaware, to him and his heirs for ever, in consideration of his claim. Charles gave a ready assent to this arrangement, and the Duke of York ceded an adjoining tract, lower down the Delaware, in addition. The royal patent was dated March the 4th, 1681, constituting Penn absolute proprietor and governor of the province, which received from Charles, in honour of the founder and his father, the name of Pennsylvania.

A settlement had been made by the Swedes on the shores of Chesapeake Bay, in 1627, which, after being some time in the possession of the Dutch, had been ceded in 1664 to England. Several other small settlements were scattered along both sides of the bay. Three vessels sailed with emigrants, chiefly Quakers, as soon as the preliminary arrangements could be effected; and Penn followed in the autumn of 1682, leaving his wife and children in England. The voyage across the wide Atlantic was made in safety; and his first act was to assemble the colonists and the Indians under an immense elm near the spot where Philadelphia was afterwards founded, and arrange the treaty according to which he became proprietor of the territory, by what he rightly considered a better title than could be conferred by King Charles.

The constitution which Penn had drawn up before leaving England was submitted to a general assembly of the colonists at Chester, in December, 1682, and received their approval and confirmation. So largely did it breathe the spirit of civil and religious liberty, and so humane and equitable were the laws founded upon it, that thousands were attracted to the new colony from most parts of Europe, but chiefly from Germany, descendants from natives of which country now constitute a fourth of the whole population of Pennsylvania. There were also many from Holland. No less

than fifty vessels arrived with emigrants during the two years following Penn's arrival in the country. All of them settled in the south-eastern part of the province, along the banks of the Delaware, and on the undulating plains which stretch towards the Blue Mountains, leaving the country between the mountains and the valley of the Ohio in the possession of the Indians. The Swedes had already built a church at the confluence of the Schuylkill with the Delaware; and Penn thought the situation such a pleasant one, that it was determined to build there Philadelphia—the City of Brotherly Love. Eighty houses were built in the course of 1683, and in two years the population amounted to 2,500. In three years it had made greater progress than New York in half a century.

In the summer of 1684, Penn returned to England, leaving the great seal in the hands of his friend Lloyd, one of the principal Quakers of the colony, and the executive power in those of a committee of the council.

Poverty retarded his return to Pennsylvania, which did not take place till 1699, when he was accompanied by his second wife and children. He had not been more than eighteen months in America, when an attempt of the home government to convert the proprietary governments into royal ones recalled him to England. The bill was abandoned, through the exertions of Penn and his friends, and the accession of Queen Anne restored him to favour at court. Before his departure from Pennsylvania, which he was never to revisit again, the constitution of the province underwent a revision, and continued in this improved form as long as the proprietary government lasted. The legislative power was vested in the governor and assembly, the latter being elected annually, and the people had the power of appointing sheriffs and coroners. "And now," says Bancroft, "having divested himself and his successors of any power to injure, he had founded a democracy. By the necessities of the case, he remained the feudal sovereign; for only as such could he grant or have maintained the charter of colonial liberties. But time and the people would remove the inconsistency. Having then given freedom and popular power to his provinces, no strife remaining but strifes about property, happily for himself, he departed from the young country of his affections."

THE WALLACHIAN ROBBER.—IV.

Micklos had heard and judged rightly in the main, though not in every particular. There were two huntsmen who had separated from their companions, taken the wrong road, and kept getting further and further from the valley of the Temes, to which they thought they were approaching, as they vainly attempted to make their companions hear by incessant firing and shouting.

Undecided which way to go, they moved forward a little to the brink of a precipice, to see if they could discover any human dwelling in the valley below. Suddenly the elder seized his companion's arm and whispered in French, "Look down there!" The project which the young man's attention was called was not very inviting. By a fire were encamped five or six men of savage appearance. The huntsmen saw it was impossible to escape from them, so they put the best face upon the matter, and walked with an air of apparent indifference up to the desperadoes.

The men near the fire were Petru Bagya and some of his. The two young men were taken by surprise at the reception they met with. In a moment they were deprived of their weapons, with a show of courtesy that seemed like politeness. A giant, who in size and strength resembled the Hercules of the fables, took the elder by the collar of his coat. With his fingers he unbuttoned the overcoat, under which the young man drew a sword. The Hercules in red trousers went back a step, and the young man drew his sword. He said, "Stop, comrades! There is more to be got from them than they carry about them. Do you see this star? Do you know what such a thing means? On an old man it denotes a commander of high rank; on a young one, a prince. The stranger is, therefore, a prince, and the other is his brother, if we may judge from their looks. The gentlemen cannot deny this."

The two huntsmen understood the dialects of the country.

olerably well. The elder, without hesitation, answered: "We have not learnt to disown our name, and will not disgrace ourselves so far for your sake. I am Francis, Duke of Lorraine, and this is my brother Charles. You shall be worthily recompensed if you will conduct us back to the camp."

The sum of money which Petru demanded for his companions was by no means too great to be raised. For himself he required a large mansion in the district of Szlatina, which, he said, was to be had cheap; ready money to the amount of a hundred ducats; and lastly, the reversion of the office of governor of New Orsova.

"So far as I am concerned," said the duke, still smiling, "you shall have your wish, if it is at all possible."

The robber chief undertook to be their guide and protector on the faith of this promise. Just as he was moving off to escort the wanderers, the warlike Maruschka with the Hungarian suddenly appeared on the scene, heated with running, and red with fury to find the two princes under Petru's protection, after having exerted herself so much to get them into her own power. Duke Francis beheld the stately amazon with more interest than was quite proper for one who had been married two years. "A fine woman, indeed!" he exclaimed. Charles checked him good-naturedly, and he was quickly cured of his momentary wandering of affection.

"Holla, there! where are you off to?" cried Maruschka to her husband.

"To Karansebes," was his reply; and he explained to her all the circumstances of the case.

Maruschka flew into a violent rage, which completely changed the aspect of her features. "A curse," said she, "upon the emperor and all that belong to him; they have murdered my brave Dobru, and I must have revenge."

"Poor young fellow!" said Petru with great indifference; "he would have made a first-rate robber."

"He was one already," continued the furious amazon; "I am determined to have vengeance for him. The heads of these two must go to Stamboul."

"Gently, gently, my dear!" cried the robber-chief; "don't you know who they are?"

"You haven't told me their names yet."

"One is the emperor's son-in-law, and the other is the latter's brother. Such heads are not for the executioner."

These words acted like an electric shock upon Maruschka's agitated frame. With eager haste she called her husband to her side, and whispered in his ear—"You monstrous fool! do you mean to give up such a fine catch for a glass of liquor and a few shillings? Don't you understand how to reckon better than that? The Turks will pay us more for the two than they have in their pockets. I will guarantee you ten thousand florins for your share alone."

"Ten thousand florins!" muttered Petru thoughtfully.

"Besides, you shall be governor of New Orsova," added his wife.

The two princes did not understand a word of the conversation which was going on between the gigantic pair, but they were filled with sad forebodings, for Petru kept glancing at them in a very suspicious way, and Maruschka was evidently in good train for winning him over to her purpose.

Resolved, if possible, to ward off the danger without a moment's delay, the princes went up to the chief and his wife; but the danger was over already, for just as they got up to them, Petru pushed his way through the crowd, and, with an air of indignation, "I have given you a good deal, but I don't like to see you for the sake of paltry money."

"What a villain!" cried Francis. He might, however, have spared his praise, for Petru's wrath was not excited by any shock to his sense of honour.

Maruschka had given vent to her spiteful jealousy by telling him of Wantecha's betrothment to Dschurdschu, and by so doing, she at once brought the negotiation to an unfavourable conclusion. "Away with you, you detestable hag!" roared Petru, at the same time seizing the hilt of his sword in a threatening manner.

Maruschka cautiously got out of his reach, well knowing his violent temper. She cast a glance of indescribable malice at Duke Francis, and cried as she went off: "Before the sun sinks behind the mountains I will press the fine lad to my heart, to reward him for the tenderness with which he greeted me at first. I am not

ungrateful, my dear lamb, but Maruschka will keep the rich reward for herself. Petru shall not get a farthing of it." With these words she disappeared in the wood. Petru laughed aloud after her as she went off.

"You need not laugh," said Micklos, going up to him, "the woman has twenty Turks by the Witches' Well, and the pass is completely blocked up, so that we cannot possibly get through."

Petru was dreadfully alarmed, almost as much so as his two *protégés*, but he showed it much less than they. "It is well for us that we know it," said he; "we must go round a little, to avoid falling into the hands of the Turks. But first give me my drinking-cup; we will pledge our guests with a draught, that they may be sure of our fidelity." The cup was brought to be handed round. It contained nothing but spring-water; yet the abstemious draught filled the hearts of the princes with a cheerful courage, such as no wine or other intoxicating beverage ever inspired.

The pathless course which the fugitives took was as rough and difficult as can well be imagined—always through the thickest bushes, straight up steep mountain sides and down abrupt crags, sometimes on one side of the Temes, at others on the opposite side, and every now and then in a backward direction, like the doubling of a hare with the hounds close at hand. And this laborious caution was anything but needless, as the princes had many opportunities of learning in the course of a two days' wandering; for more than once they saw, at a safe distance, the infuriated Maruschka going with a strong guard of Turks through an opening in the wood which they had themselves crossed only an hour before; and even more frequently Petru's companions, who had been sent out to explore, brought word of the near approach of the pursuers, who, with wonderful cunning and activity, endeavoured to cut off all way of escape. But the robber-chief was more than a match for them. He always managed to have got on before, when Maruschka thought she was sure of catching him.

On the third day, Duke Francis could hardly stir another step. His legs were aching with fatigue, and his feet were quite sore. But a trifle of this sort did not occasion the chief any embarrassment. He gave his gun to one of his companions, and took the young prince on his broad shoulders with the greatest ease; in consequence of which their pace amazingly quickened, the other prince being no less swift of foot than the sons of the forest themselves.

From an eminence the fugitives beheld their pursuers in a valley scarcely a quarter of an hour behind them.

"Thank God they are there!" cried Petru.

"Why thank God?" asked Francis in astonishment. "The nearness of the Turks is anything but agreeable to me."

"They are behind us," replied Petru smiling; "and now I know well enough they cannot intercept us on our way to Szlatina. They have seen us: now for it—run for your lives!"

The active chief ran with his valuable burden over stumps and stones, till at last he reached the edge of the wood, and the steep rock near which the small church now stands. "We are saved!" cried he with a loud voice, when he saw the imperialist tents and the roving dragoons. The sight once more restored the courage of Duke Francis, yet he did not stop to feast his eyes upon the agreeable prospect. He slipped from the shoulders of his bearer, and ran with all haste to his men.

Maruschka, Selim, Dschurdschu, and their companions had, indeed, caught sight of the fugitives in the valley. They had observed that Petru was carrying one of the princes, and, thinking themselves all the more certain of success, they redoubled their efforts. But they had reckoned without their host; for when they reached the edge of the wood, they were only just in time to hear the shout of triumph with which the rescued princes were received by their impatient countrymen.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that Petru obtained from the generous gratitude of him whom he had rescued, a far nobler return than he either demanded or expected. He was invested by charter with the reversion of the governorship of New Orsova, "as soon as the stronghold should be taken from the Turks." With this expectation, the former robber-chief died at a good old age as a peaceful husbandman; and among his last words was the expression of a wish, that he might live long enough to witness the recovery of New Orsova.

FRENCH HAY; OR, LOST AND FOUND.

A TALE OF ENGLISH VILLAGE LIFE.

BY MRS. BURBURY, AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE SACKVILLE," "THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL BOYS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER III.

STANDING beside the neat little table in the broad sunlight which streamed through the open window of the parlour, was found Blanche, who, with an exclamation of pleasure, came forward to me, saying—

"Ah, Mrs. Norman, Mrs. Norman, this is too bad. You are in a plot with mamma and Sybil to hold up my housekeeping to derision, and worse even than Edgar Ravenswood, descend upon the barren land, without giving me poor Caleb's refuge of an excuse. Well, never mind—your punishment be upon your own head, for I have not even the 'auld chuckie' to fall back upon."

"May be not," cried Sybil, entering with something carefully held in her tiny apron; "but if you have not the 'auld chuckie,' I have what is far better, the 'auld chuckie's' eggs. See what Jerry has found," she continued, spreading her apron wide, and exhibiting its contents, "our truant's nest, in which she has just deposited this lovely white ball in honour of her old mistress. Behold, Mrs. Norman, what a tribute Bröwnie has paid to you. Now for my *début* in cooking; by-the-by, I wonder whether that is to be one of the accomplishments in which I shall be expected to instruct my 'sweet little friends.' If it is, shades of Mrs. Rumford and Eliza Acton be my help, for I am almost as innocent as the poor old king who wondered how the apples got inside the dumplings. Ah, you may smile, Mrs. Norman, and be as unbelieving as you like; but only ask Blanche if I did not make the bread last week, and forgot the yeast."

"A libel, Mrs. Norman! a libel. You should tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, Sybil. She was trying an experiment, testing the virtues of some wonderful leavening powder which old Judy recommended; a delicate compliment—"

"Which nearly cost me my batch of bread and reputation too. Well, never mind; I mean now to redeem my character signally by the preparation of this egg. Two minutes and a-half, or three minutes, Mrs. Norman? No, don't protest against giving me the trouble, for that would only involve the utterance of all sorts of commonplaces, which I think ladies who have been raised to the dignity of preceptresses should hold themselves above."

"Poor Sybil," said her mother when she had left the room, "she has chosen a hard portion. I fear those spirits are forced. She hopes to support mine, by feigning that her own are light."

"I think not," I answered. "I think she is really lighter of heart and happier now than she has been for some time. She feels that she is doing right, following the path of duty; and, to such a mind as hers, that reflection is sufficient to brighten any fate."

"I believe it, I do believe it," replied Mrs. Vivyan with emphasis; "but sad as our lot has been, it has fallen peculiarly hard on Sybil. How true it is that adversity is the real touchstone of character. Never, until sorrow came upon her, had I any idea of the firmness and courage latent in her disposition. Upon Blanche I always relied, for she was ever calm and brave; but Sybil has been so petted, so idolised, so sheltered from even childish ills, that my heart trembled for her when fortune first, and then he in whom she had garnered her whole heart, failed her; yet see how she has risen, not merely to meet the storm but to overcome it. Who could have imagined—"

"Stay, my dear madam, stay," I exclaimed hastily; "you are, I fear, proceeding in error, supposing that I have been honoured with more of your daughter's confidence than she has thought fit to bestow: Miss Sybil has never mentioned the past to me, nor any matter personal to herself."

"Indeed! then, indeed I thank you for checking me. I had fancied it impossible for so young a girl, and one, too, so complete a novice in the school of affliction, to avoid speaking to so kind a friend as yourself, of a grief of which I know her heart is full. But it seems that I know not all her self conquest and control even yet."

"No; nor do I think she herself is fully conscious of them. Within her mind lie the elements of a great and noble character, which adverse circumstances will develop, but of which at present she is ignorant."

"Then, oh! if the knowledge can only be obtained through suffering, may God grant her to remain in ignorance."

"Oh, surely not, dear madam," I cried earnestly; "all that is great and holy is purified by the keen fire of affliction, and surely no price is too large or hard to pay, for a closer likeness to HIM whom name we bear. Ah! if I had still a child, if it had pleased God to spare even one, my tenderest and best beloved, I would rather have chosen for her that sharp lot out of which, like silver from the refiner's furnace, pure things are fashioned, than that quiet, easy, velvet path which sluggards love, and in which great natures perish."

"Right, Mrs. Norman," exclaimed Sybil, who had entered unseen as I spoke, and now stood before us, her bright eyes kindling, and her figure dilating with the energy of her speech; "death in harness, death in the breach, rather ten million times, than that inglorious sloth in which the lives of one half God's people, born with souls to save or lose, are wasted shamefully. Oh, those glorious lines of Longfellow's! those earnest, human lines! how my heart bounds to them, like the Swiss to their battle-cry."

And with the mellowest, sweetest tones of a voice whose music I never heard equalled, she repeated the following verses from that exquisite little poem, the author of which, even if he had never written another line, would have been immortal.

Upon the lines I have italicised, her voice lingered fondly, as indeed her ear loved and her heart echoed the words:—

*Life is real! life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.*

*Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us further than to-day.*

*In the world's broad field of battle
In the bivouac of life,
Do not like dumb driven cattle;
Be a hero in the strife.*

*Trust no Future, how'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present,
Heart within, and God o'erhead!*

*Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;*

*Footprints that perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again*

*Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for every day;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to look to the day.*

"Poetry! poetry! Oh, Sybil," cried Blanche, returning with a dash, and her face overshadowed the window. "Here is the pride of my cocky growing colder and colder, while you regale Mrs. Norman and mamma upon poetry. What promises did you not beguile me with, when I entrusted my coffee-pot to your mercy?"

"Did I? Ah, well, I will redeem them. But I am not all to blame; I only followed where Mrs. Norman led."

A gay dialogue now ensued, in the course of which I learnt

the first time that little Mary had been dismissed, and that—to use the phrase she would herself have employed—“barrin sich help as her own tin fingers, God prosper ‘em! could give, mornins and nights, jist to do sich bits o’ jobs as the ladies, Heaven be their

powerful weapons against my opposition to her plan. It does grieve me so much to see dear mamma exerting herself, not only beyond her strength, but in matters so wholly unworthy of her, that I could not long resist any proposal which had her relief for its



SYBIL ABOUT TO ENTER ON NEW DUTIES.

bed I could not foul their hands wid," they had no domestic assistant save old Judy.

"We could not afford it," said Blanche frankly, "and that—see how weak and silly we brave ones are—was one of Sybil's most

object. Now, however, Sybil will reap the first fruits of her self-sacrifice, in the pleasure of recalling poor little Mary, and thus restoring mamma to some portion of her former comfort. Dear, generous Sybil, if it were possible to envy her one particle of the

gratification and reward she is to purchase so dearly, it would be the delight she will now experience."

"But you will share it."

"Oh yes, yes, and largely. Do you know, Mrs. Norman, that Sybil and I often remind me of the legend which in Corsica is said to attach to twins—that nothing of joy or sorrow shall happen to one, without the other, at however great a distance, participating in it; only, instead of the pain being reflected, and therefore weaker, I think we each feel the other's grief more keenly than we should feel our own."

"Yes, next to the love of a mother for her children, there is no love on earth so strong and beautiful as that of sisterhood. It is the only relationship for which I ever pined."

"Indeed—I fancied—I thought I had heard you speak of a sister."

"No; I never was so happy as to have the life of one spared long enough to know her; although once, many many years ago, when I was a girl, I had a friend whom I loved almost, if not quite, as well as you love Sybil, but from whom the chances of life separated me in early youth."

"But if she lives, even although apart, you may still derive as much happiness from corresponding with each other, and interchanging thoughts and feelings, as sisters can, whom the fate of marriage separates."

"Yes, under ordinary circumstances I might; as it is, that consolation is denied me. After the second year of our parting I lost sight of her, and whether she is yet alive I know not."

"That is indeed sad, especially as, loving her as you describe, you have, of course, exerted every effort to find her?"

"Yes, but there were many impediments in the way of my success. I was very young, without a mother to take an interest in, or promote my wishes, without money to prosecute inquiries myself, with an aged father whose cares and affections were almost wholly monopolised by his parish, and who thought, I dare say, that the absence of my gay and merry friend was a great addition to the peace and quiet of the old Parsonage. Communication with India, too, was not so frequent then as now; and having no friends or even acquaintances there, it was not so easy to trace a girl whose married name I did not even know."

"Could not her relatives here have aided you?"

"She had none—she was an orphan."

"And you her only friend? Poor girl! her lot was hard. Is it not strange though, that she, in whose way were none of the obstacles which fettered you, and who knew so well where to find you, did not write?"

"It is; and therefore I am sure that she is dead. We shall meet no more, until we stand together before God."

"His will be done," replied Blanche reverently; "but you must not despair; joy on earth there are often strange and glad meetings, all the more joyous because unexpected, and I have a faith that all trials well and truly borne for his sake who lays them on us, have a bright ending; and you have a right to look for one, since you have suffered much."

"I have indeed; some day, when we sit together and you can muster time and patience, you shall hear the story of my life. Now, however, we must leave the past for the present, since it is nearly twelve o'clock, and I promised to lend Sybil a few old books which she may require."

The words were scarcely spoken when she to whom they related, equipped for her expedition, entered through the garden-door. Her face was very pale, but in her eye was the bright resolute gleam which gave so peculiar an expression to her countenance, and seemed to say, that, come what struggle might, she would be ready.

"Thanks, thanks!" she said, as I handed her the old volumes of which I had spoken; "armed with these venerable authorities, I begin to feel myself rather more dignified and important. Good-bye, Blanche, don't look as if I were going to execution. Good-bye, Mrs. Norman; I'll come and tell you how I get on;" and without another word or glance, she hurried through the little passage, opened the front door and went out.

For a moment Blanche stood gazing up the road along which her sister had passed, then she turned, and saying quietly, "I will go to mamma," left me.

Oh, what a long, long morning that was, and how often I went to the window—not expecting, of course, to see Sybil return, but from sheer restlessness and inability to sit still. Try as I would, I could settle to nothing. I went into the garden—the peaches and grapes hung ripe and temptingly, but I scarcely heeded them; into the kitchen, but long before I had beaten the eggs for old Susan's pudding, I left it to look at the clock, and compare it with the church. I brought out my knitting, but dropped so many stitches, that at last, after making Jacob's ladders innumerable, I put it down in despair; then I turned to the bundle of linen I had promised to out out for the clothing club, but after at least a dozen vain attempts to make baby's nightgowns into school-frocks, I relinquished that too. Then I pounced upon a duster and attacked my little bookcase, but after putting everything out of place, turning the volumes topsy-turvy, and getting as fidgety as possible, I gave that up also, and finally marched up stairs, threw the front-room window open, and seating myself upon the chair beside it, tried to be quiet.

Fate was, however, against me; for just as I had settled myself and counted over for the twentieth time the number of things Sybil would have to do, and the exact time they ought to take her, the little gate of my garden swung back, and looking down I saw the figure of a gentleman come to the door. Without a moment's delay it was opened, not by Betty, but by the stranger, and before I could feel alarm or surprise, a fine manly voice cried,

"Hollo, hollo! Mrs. Norman, Mrs. Norman."

Then came a whistle, a clear mellow whistle—I knew it in a moment, and hurrying fast down stairs, crying out, "I'm here, I'm coming," was seized upon at the bottom, and kissed over and over again, so vehemently, that my breath seemed in danger of being stopped.

"My dear boy, my dear Master Guy!" I cried, when I could speak, and in tones almost as excited as his own. "So it is you—how you are grown! but not a bit altered, not a bit changed. How glad I am!"

"So am I, and how well you are looking! better than ever, I do believe. There must be something wonderfully rejuvenising in this French Hay air; you seem scarcely ten years older than when you taught me A, B, C, while my poor dear mother looks so haggard and worn, that it makes my heart ache to see her."

"Does she!—is she no better?" I asked sorrowfully—*happier* I would have said, but that I durst not.

"No," answered he, "nor ever will be on this side heaven. Oh, Norry (the pet name he used to give me in his infancy before he could speak plain, and which he had learnt from his mother), what evil hap married her to such a fate!—what madness could possess her—you—everybody?"

"I do not know. I do not know. We did it for the best—her heart was so set upon it. She loved him so much; and he seemed so worthy of it, that it would have taken harder natures than any who were about her then, to deny her."

"Poor mother! she has met denials enough since—it would have been well had they commenced earlier."

"So it seems; but we cannot tell. We are no better judges now than we were then; and your father's manner had a fascination in it, and an apparent devotion to her, which would have won him friends from the most prejudiced."

"Ah, that manner," cried the young man bitterly. "he has it now. Cold, polished tyrant as he is, he has a certain blandness and grace, while to her—good heaven!—all this same fair specimen of a man, who she thought she was so devoted to, seemed so cold and so cruel, that she was dead, safe in the knowledge that she was not her son, but free—to revenge her wrongs, and give her rest;" and turning sharply round, he threw himself into a chair, covering his face with his hands.

"Is it still so bad, then?" I asked softly; for while my love for the sufferer overcame my sense of right, and I knew how blameable was my questioning a son of his father, I yet could not refrain. "Is it still so bad?"

"Worse and worse. No slave who ever toiled under a driver's whip, no hunted felon, no guilty wretch set upon by the whole charitable world, ever led a more wretched life than my mother does; and yet she is surrounded by wealth and luxury, with every-

ing about her to cheat the world into believing her happy, but without the power which the meanest servant in the house possesses to use or claim a single fraction. Whatever she loves, is, first upon excuse, then upon another, taken from her; and latterly, upon pretence that her letters disturbed my mind in the discharge of duties, she has been forbidden to write to me."

"Impossible?"

"You may well say so, but it is true."

"How does she bear it?"

"Patiently, as an angel would endure the tyranny of sin; hopefully, as a flower would bear the loss of light and air. She was strong."

"Oh, good heavens! Oh, Master Guy?"

"Why, what else could be expected? For what else was this attempt adopted?"

"Oh, good heavens! can there be such infamy—and you?"

"Went to hear the moment I suspected the cause of her silence; and my father in his murderous cruelty, and so far as I was concerned, rescued her from it. She is free to write to me now."

"But how did you accomplish it?"

"I cannot tell you—by concessions I hate to think of. However, they are nothing, so she is comforted. But to think that any man so absolutely a fiend, should debar a mother, and such a one as mine, of the privilege of corresponding with her child, the youngest, the only one left to her alive out of a whole family, and that too for no reason but the love of torture, is beyond belief."

"It is, indeed; how is she now?"

"Better, much better. Pale, and worn, and sorrowful, of course, but better in heart and spirits. She gave me a letter to you, which is among my traps at the Hall. I could not stay to rummage them, but like a child came off, you see, the instant I arrived. And now tell me about yourself. How have you been? how are Betty and Jerry, and have they made up a match of it yet? and our old protégée, Peggy Morton? and how do the French Hay people get on?—and—"

"Patience, patience! you are as great a rattle as ever, I'm afraid. How do you think I am to answer all this host of questions at once? Betty and Jerry are quite well, and, although in the same state of single-blessedness as when you left them, will be in ecstasies at the sight of you; poor Peggy is dead, and her grandson, the lad who used to carry your fishing-tackle, gone to sea."

"So far, so good; and now for the neighbours. How are the grandees? I haven't heard of the locomotion of the Pyramids, but has the next most wonderful thing in the world happened? Have the French Hay people become civilised?"

"Not a bit. I think they are worse."

"Well, that's pleasant, certainly."

"Very; only fortunately it doesn't matter."

"Not a rap; if they like to be uncomfortable and ridiculous, why shouldn't they. You and I don't envy the privilege, or covet an extension of the indulgence."

"No, but does that mean that you are coming among us?" I said eagerly.

"Only for a day or two—my leave has nearly expired."

"Cannot you get it extended? It is so long since I saw you, and it is absolutely cruel to come only to run away."

"Oh, you thankless individual; here have I come a hundred miles out of my way to indulge you with a peep at my blooming person, and you go and run away!"

"Thankless? Why you're as good as a ghost."

"Why don't you ask me to come?"

"But would you stay?"

"Wouldn't I? I do not intend to go to a single place, except this and the Hall, while I am down; so, if you don't take compassion on me now and then, and give me a feed, my blooming countenance is likely to wax even paler than it is. Now don't make the least bit of a fuss, Norry, but treat me just as you used when I was a boy, and ran in from fishing to eat up all the cakes and tarts, and bread and butter that I could lay my wicked little hands on; while Betty, who had not the heart to stop me, used to stand by and watch the operation, crying out, 'Bless my dear little heart! what an appetite he has, surely!' And, by-the-by, that

reminds me that that identical cheffionier is the place where the almond-cakes were kept. I wonder if there are any there now; and the famous red-currant wine—is the receipt still in existence?"

"Try," I said, as I placed the well-remembered decanter and old china dish before him, and with feelings half sorrow, half joy, perused the bright, manly countenance I had known so well in boyhood, the only living offspring of my last and dearest pupil, whom I had dressed for her bridal, and over whose sad lot I had mourned so long and bitterly.

Sweet Eleanor Olive! as I sat gazing upon her son, how vividly her image returned to me! how clearly before my memory rose the vision of that day, when, a bereaved and desolate widow, I, with my helpless children, sat in this very room, weeping bitterly,—while she whom I had so recently aided to attire for her marriage, left all the gay and noble company who were assembled to greet her, and gliding in like a spirit from heaven, threw her arms round my neck, and prayed me to take comfort, promising—dear, deceived, and injured darling!—that, while she lived, my children should never need a friend!

Now where were all the group?

Dead or broken-hearted; while I, to all earthly foresight then, the most wretched and hopeless of the party, was the only one now left alive, and at peace.

It was a solemn thought; and as I dwelt upon it, my visitor and all things present grew dim and indistinct; little by little the space seemed peopled with shadows; and voices, long since hushed in the grave, whispered old words of endearment and love. The dead and absent had come back, and gathering round me, I was once more a mother and a friend.

It was a short trance and a happy one—a bright dream quickly over.

The world and its realities speedily claimed their due, and I was suddenly and thoroughly aroused by Guy Forrester's voice, exclaiming—

"Your hand has not lost its cunning, Norry, nor your cakes their flavour. Betty will guess who has been your visitor when she sees the havoc he has made—but saints and angels! what a beautiful face!" he cried, springing from his chair, "who is she? do you know her?"

"Who? what?" I asked, startled by his vehemence.

"This—this. By Jove, she's coming here."

I looked up, and then lifting the latch of the little wicket-gate, saw Sybil. In a moment all the anxieties which the joy of the recent meeting had for a time obscured, rushed on my mind, and, full of self-reproach for my involuntary forgetfulness, I murmured some indistinct apology and hurried out to meet her.

She was coming up the path with a hasty step, and smiled faintly as I met her.

"I must not stay," she said, pressing the hand I extended. "Mamma will be so anxious; only I thought that, by coming in this way and going through the paddock, I should lose no time, and could tell you how I have sped."

"Thank you—thank you; and how has it been?" I said, walking on fast, to keep pace with her.

"Tolerably well."

"But on the whole?"

"I don't know—I can't tell yet—better and worse than I anticipated."

"Worse?"

"Yes; Mrs. Warrenne has broken our compact; she and a visitor were present almost the whole time I stayed."

"Abominable! when the contrary was so expressly stipulated."

"Yes; and besides that it is such a wanton breach of faith, it fetters me sadly with the children, and does them an immensity of harm. They are nice little creatures, and would, I think, be very good and endearing; but their mother's constant interference destroys all subordination and respect."

"Of course; but did she offer no apology?"

"No."

"Was she courteous?" I asked timidly; for although I longed above all things to know this, I feared to ask it.

"Well, yes; tolerably at last—but it seemed put on, as if she were playing the amiable before her visitor."

"And the teaching, the business about which after all you went?"

"Oh, I managed admirably, although that is saying sadly little; for, poor children, they are so wretchedly ignorant, that I really think your Betty, or our little Mary, would be quite competent to meet all their requirements. They certainly can read and write, but in such a fashion, that it would have been infinitely better if the knowledge had been spared. But good bye—I must not delay any longer. See, there are mamma and Blanche in the garden looking for me. Good bye—I will come in again some time during the evening, if you will have me;" and without waiting for a reply, she hastened on.

Returned to the parlour, I found my guest in a state of considerable excitement. Like all his race, he was a passionate admirer of beauty, and Sybil's rare loveliness had struck him powerfully. As he had done once before that day, he poured question upon question upon me, until, perfectly bewildered by their multitude and diversity, I gave up all attempt at replying, as being a feat of hopeless accomplishment, and crossing my hands, sat down and waited patiently.

He laughed.

"How provoking you are, Norry; why don't you answer me?"

"Because I have but one mouth and one brain, neither of which has capacity for understanding and replying to more than one thing at a time."

"Oh, you tease. Well, one question at a time then. Who is that Eastern Hourri you have been spiriting away?"

"What Eastern Hourri?" I said demurely; "I have seen no infidel ghost here."

He shook his closed hand at me.

"Well then, that very nice-looking young lady you marched off with just now?"

"Ah, now you are intelligible. That young lady is my friend and neighbour, Miss Sybil Vyvian."

He pulled a face, one of the shocking boy's tricks which I do believe he will never leave off.

"Sybil! what a villainous name! her papa and mamma ought to be extinguished. Sybil Jenkins, or Tomkins, which?"

"Neither; Sybil Vyvian, and I warn you, I will not have a word said against the name—it's a grand name, and it suits her."

"Whew! Does she tell fortunes then? If so, she's a faithless prophetess, or she'd have foretold my visit to-day."

"How do you know that she didn't?"

"Because the slightest hint of such an honour would have excited Betty to the instant sacrifice of the fatted calf, even if you had remained insensible to the duty, and I should not have been reduced to demolish a plate of gingerbread in despair. But you've only answered one of my questions: Where does she live?"

"At the White Cottage."

"A resident?"

"Yes."

"With whom? Cassandra? Now don't be affronted, Norry; it is such a desperate name—so thoroughly absurd and French Hayish, that I can't help laughing at it."

"I see nothing absurd about it, and the Vyvians do not belong to French Hay."

"Phocians, perhaps? that alters the case. But seriously, who is she?"

"Miss Sybil Vyvian."

"You told me that before."

"Then why do you ask the same question again? I can tell you no more."

"Yes, you can. I want to know who her parents are, and why, if she doesn't belong to this amiable place, she lives in it."

"Her father was a lawyer; and her mother, sister, and herself came here to live economically."

"Did you know them before?"

"No."

"Are they——?"

"Now, Master Guy, you have been well brought up; and you have been long enough out of French Hay to know better than to ask impertinent questions."

"So I have, Norry, so I have. I stand corrected; but as one doesn't see anything so exquisite as your friend with the heathenish

name, above once or twice in one's life, it is but natural to desire to know something of such a rarity. Answer me this one question, and then I'll try to be contented. Is her sister like her—is she as beautiful?"

"In a different way, yes. Once I thought her the more beautiful."

"And their mother?"

"Just what the mother of such girls should be."

"What a trio! enough to turn a man's brain. But of course you don't expect me to take all this upon trust; you intend to steady me under your wing, give me a good character, and introduce me."

"Impossible! I could not take such a liberty. They never visit."

"Oh yes they do. They visit you."

"But a gentleman—strangers."

"I'm only a boy, and you were a stranger once," he answered coolly. "It's of no use making excuses, Norry, for see these Paris, or Houris, or Sybils, I will. If you won't introduce me in a respectable way, I shall be under the necessity either of falling down in a fainting-fit at their door, and compelling them to take me in, or mistaking the White Cottage for the Parsonage, and taking them in, by some plausible story which I shall invent as I go on, and then call upon you to corroborate."

"But if you are going in a day or two—"

"There won't be time to do any great mischief, either in the way of losing my own heart, or running off with theirs."

"But really now, Master Guy," I said earnestly; for besides that I shrank from appearing to presume upon Mrs. Vyvian by introducing a stranger without her permission, I really dreaded the consequences of throwing so young and evidently susceptible a man into the society of two such girls as Blanche and Sybil; "you must consider."

"Oh, I have, all the time we've been talking. I have thought it well over, and made up my mind deliberately. I never do things in a hurry."

"Well, then," I said, reduced to an extremity, "you must take the responsibility on yourself; I cannot."

Rap, tap, tap, upon the door.

CHAPTER IV.

"Come in," I answered impatiently, thinking of course that it was Betty with some domestic trouble, and therefore never turning my head, until I saw Guy spring from his chair, when rising also, I perceived, to my inexpressible dismay, Blanche Vyvian standing in the doorway.

She blushed slightly upon seeing a stranger, but was far less embarrassed than myself, who felt as if, in sending her there, that Fate had done her worst; and advancing gracefully, said—

"You must forgive me for intruding, dear Mrs. Norman; but I did not know that you were engaged. I come with a message from mamma. Sybil has a violent headache, and mamma thinks that if you would kindly reverse the terms of the engagement she made with you just now, and come to us this evening instead of Sybil coming to you, that it would spare her an exertion she does not appear very well able to encounter."

How dreadfully provoked I felt, the more so as I saw from the demure mischief in Guy's downcast glance, that whatever I said or did, he would twist to the advancement of his own will while Blanche, puzzled by my silence, to which she had caught the faintest clue, would think me rude.

At last I managed to stammer out something about the engagement, which was instantly—

"Oh, pray do not let me be an obstacle to MRS. VYVIAN'S WISH. Betty will take care of me."

Blanche looked from one to the other of us, with a glance full of wonderment, evidently perplexed to know who this cool young gentleman, whom she had never seen, or even heard of before, could be.

Guy saw and interpreted the look, and gave me a quiet smile of triumph, which said, as plainly as any words could have done,

"You'll be obliged to introduce me; so do it with a good grace at once."

How angry I was, but it was useless to show it; and so, making the best of the dilemma, I said,

"Miss Vyvian, will you permit me to introduce Mr. Forrester to you."

A bright gleam of pleasure lighted up Blanche's features as she exclaimed,

hours, and quite half the time she has been wishing me at the antipodes—not secretly and quietly, but evidently."

"Indeed! I fear that she is far more likely to wish me there, for my unwelcome intrusion."



SYDNEY'S FIRST MORNING AT MRS. WARREN'S.

"Mr. Forrester! the son of your 'dear young lady,' as you call her, Mrs. Norman? I do, indeed, congratulate you."

"Thank you, Miss Vyvian; that is more than Mrs. Norman does for herself, I assure you. I have scarcely been in the house two

Guy replied with a compliment so delicately framed that it was impossible to be displeased. Blanche answered—and in an inconceivably short time they were talking away with the most perfect ease and frankness.

it was the first time I had seen Blanche in any society except that of home, and although I believe that I had always fully appreciated the sweetness of her manners then, yet I confess I was scarcely prepared for the high-bred grace, and gentle feminine dignity, which, combined with the complete self-possession of one used to the best society, distinguished her now.

In a room, unless when Sybil was strongly excited, Blanche was certainly more generally attractive than her sister; she was more placid, more English; less impulsive, and consequently less subject to external impressions; and while Sybil's knight, had she lived in the days of chivalry, might fearlessly have challenged all Southern Europe to produce his mistress's equal in beauty, Blanche might fitly have sat for the representative of all which English hearts hold dear.

And this girl, so lovely, so good, and so endearing, surrounded by circumstances which to every true and generous heart only added the warmth and bond of sympathy to her other attractions, was now thrown into the society of one, who, if he inherited his sweet mother's admiration of the beautiful and the good, would be only too susceptible of her claims, and too apt to recognise them at the expense of prudence, obedience and duty. For there could be no doubt in the mind of any who knew General Forrester, that, if all the charms and virtues which have adorned the sex from Eve downward until now could have been concentrated in one individual, they would not have compensated to him for the want of rank and wealth.

If Guy, therefore, choosing beauty and goodness, instead of riches and title, should give his heart to such a girl as she upon whom he now sat gazing so intently, it needed no prophet to foretell the end.

How long I sat musing upon the possibility of this new trouble arising, I do not know, for lately I have become sadly addicted to reveries; but at length I was aroused by Blanche's voice saying,

"Good bye, Mrs. Norman; when mamma and Sybil learn who is your guest, they will, I am sure, hold you exonerated from your engagement to us."

"No, no. I will not hear of it. I will not consent to be in the way. I have hosts of things to do, which I can accomplish very well this evening, and leave Mrs. Norman free from all hospitable cares on my account."

Poor Blanche! here was a dilemma! To one or other of us, or somebody, she must be rude. The right thing, and that which her own impulse suggested, was of course to extend the invitation to Guy, and so put an end to all difficulties at once; and had he been older, uglier, less attractive, she would have obeyed it at once; but a kind of instinct forbade the world, and she hesitated painfully.

Guy saw the perplexity, and, like every man of the world, understood it; but instead of trying to lessen it by suggesting some arrangement which would relieve us of his presence, without involving Blanche or myself in a charge of inhospitality, he remained provokingly silent.

At length, nothing settled, Blanche rose to go, and with hat in hand Guy was instantly at the door, evidently determined to escort her.

This cool determination irritated, while it amused me, and I exclaimed—

"Do not disturb yourself, Master Guy; I will walk with Miss Vyvian through the garden."

I might as well have talked to the table.

A faint smile and a deep blush appeared upon Blanche's countenance as she passed through the door so courteously held open, and turning to me, she said—

"Will you show me your new Dahlia, to-day?"

But if Blanche expected by this hint to deter her persevering cavalier from attendance, it only displayed her ignorance of mankind in general, and the Forresters in particular.

Guy stood as if he were deaf and dumb, hearing and saying nothing.

After another half minute's delay we went into the garden. I led the way to the new Dahlia; but as Blanche and I had watched it very carefully ever since the first bud began to burst, even until now, there was nothing particularly attractive or novel in the sight to either of us.

That Guy saw thoroughly through the attempt to shake him off, and was resolved to baffle it, I knew by the peculiar quiver which every now and then contracted his lip, betraying his strong inclination to smile; and that the power to carry his point was in his own hands, I saw also.

Now, as there are few things I dislike so much as being conquered, I always make a point of yielding as soon as I am convinced of the hopelessness of my case, or the impossibility of carrying on the contest successfully. In some instances I yield, to fight again under better auspices and with more powerful weapons; in others, I give up at once and for ever; always, however, in both cases, doing so early enough to save my credit and spare myself the mortification of a defeat.

No sooner, therefore, was I convinced from Guy's manner that he was resolved to obtain an introduction to Mrs. Vyvian, than I decided to let matters go their own way, and without facilitating, refrain from offering the least open opposition to his plan.

Making no further delay or hesitation, therefore, I opened the gate into the paddock, relinquished the latch to Guy as a matter of course, and walked on with Blanche. In a few steps he was beside us, talking of old days, poor Nanny whom he remembered perfectly, and all well-beloved and unforgetten people, and things, of whom few still left on earth could now talk to me as intimately as himself.

Every tree, every gap seemed to have lived in his memory, and it was truly remarkable how he, whose habits and occupations had taken him into so many and so widely different scenes, should be able to recall so perfectly, places and things not seen for years. At first, I dare say the conversation was begun in the hope of propitiating me, and from no real care for the subject; but as it went on, and talking of them, seemed to bring departed friends and silent voices back again, Guy grew really and truly interested, and re-assuming his own warm-hearted, affectionate manner, became an infinitely more delightful and dangerous companion than before. Something, too, there was in the reminiscences which awoke in the young man's mind, the feelings, as well as the memories of other days, the almost filial regard he then entertained for me, and smitten, I suppose, with a sudden contrition for his present perversity, he stopped when we reached the gap in Mrs. Vyvian's hedge, and raising his hat gracefully to Blanche, bade her good bye, and suffered her to pass through, without making any attempt to follow.

I was puzzled at first, taking this for some new form of obstinacy; but the next glimpse of his truthful eyes explained all, and with a deep joy at finding the darling child I had loved so well, still as genuine and honest-hearted as in boyhood, I walked on silently.

He had his reward.

With the pudding-plates came in a tiny note from Mrs. Vyvian. I read it, and then handed it to Guy. There was the least possible shadow of triumph in his smile, as, after perusing it, he said, "Of course, she could not do otherwise," and then returned to the discussion of his apricots.

It was a little note, and contained but few words, though in them was the seed of great events.

The contents were simply these:

"My dear Mrs. Norman,

"Sybil has so bad a headache that I fear she would not be able to go to you this evening, or prove an agreeable companion if she did. As, however, she has set her heart upon seeing you, and talking over the occurrences of the morning, will you kindly let her come to us, and giving us the pleasure of her company? It is very selfish to ask this, with a guest in the person of a dear friend, but I am sure you will accompany you, and find excuses. I shall be very welcome which any friend of yours is certain to receive from us, we shall be delighted to see him.—Ever yours, B. VYVIAN."

In the old White Cottage garden there was a charming summer-house, covered with all the sweet-scented creepers, which compensate to English people for the rich almond-groves and gorgeous perfumes of sunnier lands; and here, leaning back in one of the great old-fashioned rustic chairs, her eyes fixed almost mournfully upon the glowing evening sky, I found Sybil.

I had hoped to find her with her mother and sister; but an inquiry I was told that she was alone in the summer-house, much

better, and had begged that when I came, I might be asked to go to her.

Vexed as I was at the fate which seemed determined to thwart me, and throw Blanche and Guy together, there was no alternative ; so, leaving him to hold the basket into which Mrs. Vyvian and her eldest daughter were gathering grapes, I went in search of Sybil.

She had evidently been suffering much, for her eyes were heavy and the lids swollen and dark ; but the acuteness of the attack had passed, and little save the dull aching heaviness and lassitude which succeeds extreme pain was left.

For some time after the first greetings and inquiries were exchanged, we remained silent. The day had been full of events to both of us, and the talkativeness which is born of vacuum was absent.

At length, rousing herself from her abstraction, Sybil said thoughtfully, her eyes still fixed on the pale sky—

"What creature of fiction is it, and how we veer with our opinions ! To-day when I am looking at the aspect of things, I feel as if I had been given a new maxim in a week, under the influence of the feelings and speculations, if not of the words of some one. Six months ago, my own existence was not a clearer fact to me, than was my belief in the truth of Madame Maintenon's assertion, that 'will is power.'"

"And have you lost your belief?"

"Almost, if not entirely."

"There you are wrong. Whenever will is *not* power, it is where it has been bent upon the achievement of impossibilities, upon ends which no rational being, possessed of God's greatest gift, common sense, would propose to himself; and then the failure has been in proportion to the absurdity of the aim. But where thorough self-knowledge, which in all cases should precede the assertion of an independent will, and which alone gives the right to use it—prompts to any enterprise or line of conduct, then will is power, and he only fails of success who is wavering or unsteady in his pursuit."

"You speak encouragingly."

"I speak as I think and know. The world and all creation is full of encouragement. We have great trials, great sorrows, great obstacles to bear and overcome, but never since man's first difficulty was presented and conquered, has God laid upon His creatures a lot which it was impossible for them to bear, or placed them in circumstances capable of improvement, and giving them the will, denied them the power to use it."

"Then how is it that so many clever, earnest-minded people fail in their undertakings?"

"I do not know that they do."

"Well, not clever people, perhaps, but certainly earnest-minded ones."

"Did you never see or hear of persons striving earnestly after an impossibility, or struggling with heart and soul to do or gain something, which you, the disinterested stander-by, saw was as much beyond their capabilities, and therefore *their power*, as if an ant should say, 'I will rebuild the Coliseum?'"

"Oh yes, often."

"Then your own experience is your answer. Nobody can say or think that the rebuilding of the Coliseum is an impossibility ; but everybody must see that the emmet who should talk of, or set his heart upon doing it, must be an idiot. Will is only power when they who exert it apply it to ends which their self-knowledge tells them they can master. With all the will in the world, no ugly duckling could make itself a swan ; but he, who, knowing and judging himself honestly, fixes upon an eminence which his capacities can reach, has only his own feebleness and infirmity of purpose to blame, if, to him, will is not power."

"I must take courage then, for surely I have not fixed upon an impossible eminence."

"No ; and therefore you will succeed if you choose, and if you persevere."

"Ah ! but the subjection of oneself, one's own passions and feelings, is a harder battle to fight and win, than anything wrested from the world ; and in this it is, that, wishing with all my heart to conquer, I find that I have not the power."

"You are not well, and therefore desponding, to-night, or you would never say that while a human being has voice or heart to

pray, she has not the power to conquer herself. But precept is easier than practice, you will think ; and that I, who talk so well, am far less self-controlled and well-disciplined than those whom I presume thus to lecture."

"Oh, no, no."

"You might justly and truly say so. I feel ashamed of my own conceit, and, as a fitting punishment, will change a subject which is one of my especial favourites. Now tell me, therefore, what has made you so melancholy to-day ? I fear the morning's trial was a hard one."

"Yes ; but what vexes me the most now is, that I allowed myself to be so vexed, and suffered so contemptible a person as my own sense tells me Mrs. Warrenne is, to distress me. My will to rise superior to her petty insolence is good, but my power—ah ! Mrs. Norman, how true is Rochefoucault's maxim, that philosophy triumphs easily over past and future evils, but that present evils triumph over philosophy."

"Yes, most wise sayings seem true until they are matched with an opposite, and Le Duc was a shrewd, clever man. How is it though, by chance or design, that every time we approach the discussion of this morning's events, we wander away as if afraid of it?"

"I cannot tell. A natural repugnance to repeat annoyances, I suppose. But I don't think avoiding an unpleasant subject, which sooner or later *must* be entered upon, is wise ; do you ?"

"You have given me one saw ; I'll give you another :

"Tender-handed, touch a nettle ;
It will sting you for your pains ;
Seize it like a man of mettle,
And harmless it remains."

"Which is equivalent, I imagine, to saying that vexations vanish in the telling. I will try the experiment, although I am not very sanguine as to its success. And now, to begin at the beginning."

"It was rather earlier than the time appointed when I reached the Yew Tree, and therefore, I suppose, found everything in the most outrageous confusion ; children, dogs, nursemaids, and a parrot, all screaming and romping together. Not a chair or table was free from litter, not one of all the party in a presentable shape. Something shocked, I suppose, by the aspect of matters and the opinion which a stranger would be likely to form of the establishment, the servant who opened the hall-door went before me, crying, 'Hush, hush !' But the trickling of a rivulet would stand as fair a chance of being heard amid the roar of Niagara, as that girl's voice did of piercing the clamour against which she protested ; and it was not until she administered 'a good shaking,' as she called it, to the most riotous of my pupils, that her presence and mine was detected. Provoked as I was, I could not help laughing at the instant dismay and silence which succeeded the discovery, nor the looks, half-terror, half-defiance, which the children directed to me, while the nurses, pushing, quarrelling, and busting, speedily commenced clearing away and putting things a little in order."

"My involuntary laugh re-assured the children, who, finding that I was not going to scold, soon began to laugh too, and approach nearer and nearer, until, both talking at once, I learned that Susan's sisters had come to see her, that she had brought them in to have a good game, that mamma was out, but would be so angry if she knew, and that the big white dog was Georgy's, and the parrot Addy's ; all which information I received patiently, and as far as I could, gratefully."

"Presently, however, and before order could be restored, a tremendous peal at the great door-bell startled us all, and then came one general cry of, 'It's mamma, it's missis.'"

"Perhaps, as you know something of Mrs. Warrenne, and the style of her household, you may imagine the increased uproar and outcry which this announcement caused. As for me, I stood utterly bewildered and deafened, and my discomfort was not removed when the door was thrown widely open, and the lady herself, followed by a visitor, sailed in."

"Whether she had been annoyed by anything before, or whether my sudden introduction into such a scene of riot mortified her, of course I cannot guess ; but with so little notice of me as almost amounted to none at all, she commenced scolding the servants vehemently, giving first one and then another warning to leave, in wholesale fashion, upbraiding the children for being the very worst and

most unmanageable creatures in the world, and pitying herself for the constant wear and tear of spirits she was condemned to undergo; concluding by turning angrily to me, and saying, that, having desired me to be in attendance at half-past eleven o'clock, she would thank me to keep my time for the future, as she could not suffer her domestic arrangements to be thrown into disorder at the caprice of any one.

"My parlour-maid tells me that you have been in the house a quarter of an hour already, Miss Vyvian; an unpunctuality which I must request you to understand I cannot allow to be repeated. I can make some allowances for your natural anxiety to be here, but it is due to myself not to permit my indulgence to extend beyond a certain point; therefore it is better you should clearly comprehend that from henceforth your services will not be required—unless especially desired by myself—either after or before the hours I engaged you for."

"Oh, how these words sent the blood to my cheeks, and the passion to my lips. I felt reddening all over. A moment more, one other word, and I should have thrown up my engagement—*my place*—for ever; but the visitor, seeing, I suppose, that her sweet hostess was going rather too far, and moreover being probably touched with some kind of shame for her, interposed with a remark which drew off Mrs. Warrenne's attention, and gave me time to think. Meanwhile the servants, taking advantage of the diversion in their favour, left the room, and the children, looking as rough as Shetland ponies, and as puzzled between the contending authorities as possible, stood by.

"They were evidently pondering upon the scene which had just passed, and settling in their own minds the position I was to take; debating how far it would be safe to defy my authority, and whether, judging from my countenance, it would be worth while to obey me, and take the chance of my turning out not quite so capricious as Susan, or so indifferent as mamma.

"How the question would have been decided, I cannot tell; for, partly restored to good humour by the conversation of her friend, Mrs. Warrenne went out of the room, saying to me:—

"You may get the children's books out, and by the time you have arranged them I shall return; I wish Mrs. Howard to give me her opinion of your teaching."

"Now this was going beyond even my endurance, newly strengthened as it had been, and the passionate and indignant reply it had cost me so much to control, was again bursting from my lips, when the door closed noisily, and my tormentor was gone.

"For a moment I stood trying with might and main to resist the violent inclination which prompted me to march out of the house at once and for ever, and the impulse would most certainly have conquered, but for one of those little accidents which seem to come so often, as if God-sent, between ourselves and ruin. Obstructing my way to the door was a heap of toys, and one with broken wires being entangled in my dress, I stooped to extricate myself, and while doing so, was alarmed by a shrill scream of pain.

"On looking up, I found that the cry proceeded from a pretty little girl who had come in through the open French window from the garden, and holding her hand towards us, was weeping bitterly. To throw the plaything down and run to the child, was of course my first impulse, when I discovered that the cause of her suffering arose from the sting of a wasp, which, buried in a plum, she had inadvertently seized and crushed in her hand. Without a moment's hesitation or delay, to inquire my patroness's pleasure, I despatched the frightened nurse for the necessary agents of relief, and taking the child in my arms, soothed and comforted her as well as I could, until the blue-bag and honey arrived. Very fortunately, both were quickly procured, and soon afforded ease, while I, intent upon the occupation, entirely forgot my irritation, and the impertinence which had so exasperated me.

"At last I was recalled to a remembrance of both, by the servant saying,

"Please to let me do Miss Lizzie's hand now, while you get ready for the lessons, or missis will come back before you have taken your things off, and then she'll be so cross."

"With a sort of impulse—I am sure it was not by the exertion of a deliberate will—I rose and took off my bonnet and mantle, and drawing a chair to the table, sat down, placing one of my pupils on each

side. I do not know how I felt; I had always expected to find myself, upon my first essay, perfectly bewildered and at a loss what to do, and how to manage; but now I forgot everything, except that I seemed in a maze, knowing and feeling nothing distinctly.

"I suppose I got on pretty well, for the children were very attentive, and I heard myself asking and answering questions, although, now, I know no more what they were about, than if they had been spoken in childhood, and fifty years had gone between. I was quite quiet and quite calm; it seems to me that if an earthquake had opened the ground at my feet, and swallowed up the table from before me, I should not have felt any surprise or alarm; the one surprise of finding myself there at all, extinguished every other. In this dreamy way things went on for a while, until Mrs. Warrenne and her friend came in.

"Then we all grew restless and uncomfortable, the trance began to pass away, and I became suddenly conscious and alive to everything—the children's impatience, my own discomfort, and their mamma's interference.

"Of all these, I might have chosen to play the learner.

"I might, frame my questions how I might, and set me right so continually, that I might have said, 'I might as well have been a dumb-bell.' But, first I was sadly disposed to laugh, at last, seeing the bad impression it made upon the children, I became once more thoroughly provoked, while Mrs. Warrenne, fancying that she had silenced, and struck me dumb with admiration, grew quite facetious and condescending, encouraging me by expressing a patronising hope that after a time I should get on very well, and promising *before the children* to show me every indulgence and forbearance.

"Now only fancy, Mrs. Norton, if you can, any woman one degree removed from an absolute simpleton, speaking in this way to her children's instructress *before them*.

"Well, at last the lessons were over, and my mistress having talked herself into good humour, absolutely gave me permission to partake of the bread-and-cheese luncheon which was brought in for the children, and afterwards to walk round the garden with nurse, and see—she did not say *gather*—the fruit. I have an idea that she was about to add a caution against taking the peaches or grapes, for she certainly commenced some speech which had a marvellous tendency that way; but I felt my eyes lighten as I rose from my chair, and without speaking tied on my bonnet; and that, I suppose, deterred her from proceeding.

"With the fewest possible words and most distant farewell which indignation could frame, I took my leave, not trusting myself to notice her hospitality even by declining it; although I do firmly believe, so strange is her social obliquity, that in asking me to lunch she fancied she was behaving in the most admirable and amiable manner possible, and displaying the greatest amount of generosity. But the annoyances of the morning were not over; for while searching in the hall for my parasol, which had been removed from the stand upon which I had hung it, I encountered Mr. Warrenne, whose rude stare and officious assistance were even more intolerable than his wife's patronising impertinences. To her, too, they seemed as objectionable as to me; for when, following me with her friend, she passed through the hall and observed her husband's manner, she interposed with a haughty inquiry as to what I was waiting for, giving him at the same time the very unnecessary information that I was *only the new nursery governess*.

"To do the man justice, however, this intelligence, so perfectly conclusive in his lady-wife's opinion, of my want of title to my attention whatever, made no difference in his civility, rather increasing it than otherwise, as with a laugh he exclaimed—

"Oh, Georgy and Addy's governess! Ah, well, there'll be something worth going for into the nursery then; so, Mamselle, if I find you your lost property now, you must pay me the debt by giving me a lesson with the children to-morrow."

"Nonsense, my dear," replied Mrs. Warrenne loftily; "you know that I allow no one to be present during the hours of study."

"Except yourself," interrupted the gentleman, with a disagreeable laugh.

"And if Miss Vyvian has lost anything, the proper person to apply to is the servant, whose duty it is to attend to the bill. Luncheon is waiting for us."

NICHOLAS BERGHEM.



In passing through a gallery of the Dutch masters, the landscapes of Berghem may be recognised at a glance. Among these pictures of villages, and of marine and canal scenery, under the cold, gray sky of the North, those of this master may be distinguished by the poetic character with which his genius has invested them—the truthfulness of his foliage, the brightness of his skies, and the lightness of his clouds, which seem to be really floating through the atmosphere. While Everdingen, Ruysdael, Isaac Ostade, Hobbema,



choly was unknown to him, and he has imbued his landscapes with the joyousness and warmth of his own nature.

Few painters have had more masters than Berghem. He received his first lessons in the art from his father, an artist of mediocre ability, who chiefly painted fish, fruit, silver vases, and similar objects of still life. This was a poor school for an artist of such intelligence and genius; but he acquired under his father only the first rudiments of the art. The various masters under whom he afterwards studied perfected his knowledge of painting and developed his talent. From Van Goyen he learnt to paint marine scenery; Peter Grebber, a good painter of history and portraits, taught him how to group his figures and give expression to their countenances; under Nicholas Moyaert and John Wils he acquired proficiency in landscape painting; and the example of John Baptist Weenix, his uncle, inspired him with the taste for painting the ships and boats, the merchandise, and the Oriental figures that are shown in his views of seaports.

With regard to the right name of this artist, the opinions of authors who have treated of art are much divided. Descamps says that the family name was Van Haarlem, but the assertions of this writer are little to be depended upon. The Chevalier Karel de Moor gives the same name, however, and relates the circumstance from which he received the name of Berghem, by which he is commonly known. During the time he studied under Van Goyen, his father, irritated by some juvenile indiscretion, pursued him into the house of his master, with the purpose of chastising him; Van Goyen, perceiving his father's purpose, and being desirous of screening his favourite pupil, called out to his other scholars, "*Berg hem! berg hem!*" which signifies "Hide him! hide him!" This is, according to the Chevalier, the origin of the name by which he was afterwards known. Stanley, in his additions to Bryan, says that the family name was Claas or Klaas, and that his father was called Peter Claas Van Haarlem, probably to distinguish him from another painter of the same name.

Born at Haarlem, in 1624, Berghem had for contemporaries the most eminent landscape-painters of Holland—Ruysdael, Both, Everdingen, Wouwermans, and Weenix. He lived on terms of

and Van Goyen, are sparing of their light, and paint their dark pines and oaks against a sombre and gloom-inspiring sky, such as characterises the cold regions of the North, Berghem has striven to make his gray tints more warm and his bright ones more vivid. A sombre sky did not accord with the gaiety of his disposition; the scenes of wildness and gloom, which had such an attraction for the melancholy nature of his friend and associate, Ruysdael, had no charm for one of so cheerful a temperament as Berghem. Melan-

intimate friendship with all of them, and married the daughter of Weeninx, but without adding thereby to his happiness. His wife was imperious in her manners, avaricious and niggardly in her disposition; and the artist's character was so different, that harmony was impossible between them. Berghem passed his time before his easel, or in the society of his friends. Pastoral subjects were those which he most frequently painted, because they harmonised with the tendency of his genius to the ideal and the poetic. Some of his pictures represent shepherdesses with their flocks reposing among ruins, or wading through shallow streams, or dancing to the music of the flute; in others he painted travellers in some wild country, struggling with dangers, or alighting at houses of entertainment; occasionally, too, his figures are taken from the higher kind of poetry, or from scenes in the Old Testament. As a rule, his paintings are composed of forms derived from southern nature, and are rarely based upon the scenery of his own country; in all of them, however, these forms are treated in that ideal and brilliant style which we have described; the eye rejoices in the harmony of his lights, and in the richness and power of his pencil; yet his compositions seldom possess the freedom and simplicity which might be desired in such scenes: we are frequently sensible that the artist has designedly contrasted the pastoral feeling of his scenery with the prosaic circumstances of ordinary life.

Less natural than Paul Potter, he is more spiritual, more varied, and more rich. He has imbued common objects with the poetry which he felt in his soul, and yet painted them with a truthfulness to nature which has seldom been surpassed. His animals—oxen, asses, sheep, goats, dogs—are painted with remarkable fidelity. He had a clearness and strength of judgment which, combined with his appreciation of the poetic in nature, led to a judicious selection of subjects; and he possessed remarkable power and ease in expressing the ideas which he wished to transfer to the canvas. His manner of painting was easy and rapid, and he gave to all his works as much of beauty and gracefulness as the subject would admit. Elegance of composition, correctness of design and perspective, just gradation of distances, brilliancy and harmony of colour, nice distribution of the lights, are the characteristics by which the works of this master may be recognised. Though he painted with such ease and rapidity, every part of his pictures is so well done that it is difficult to say in which of the details he chiefly excelled. The truth and beauty of his foliage, each tree having that which is proper to it, and of the clouds that seem to move slowly across his bright skies, have never been excelled.

If the word picturesque had not previously existed, it would have been necessary to have invented it to characterise the genius of Berghem. There is not a picture of this master, heroic or familiar, which does not charm the eye by an agreeable disproportion, more pleasing in a landscape than perfect symmetry. Berghem avoided with care, perhaps only with the instinct of his genius, the parallel figures, the continuation of the same lines, the equal contours, which are seen in the works of some of the older painters. For example, if a drove of oxen are crossing a river, as in the charming little "Ford" in the gallery of the Louvre, their uniformity is broken by a herdsman astride on one of them, and by the capricious course which two or three have taken towards the other bank. The smaller compositions of Berghem, those which his brush or his etching-point dashed off in a moment of happy inspiration, bear the impression of an exquisite sense of the picturesque. When he would express the heat of the summer sun, the cattle are stretched upon the grass, but the monotony of the horizontal lines presented by their crouched forms is interrupted by an ass, standing up and erecting his ears. In colouring, too, he always kept in view the effect to be produced; thus, in a drove or group of cattle, he opposed the black-and-white sides of one to the fawn-coloured coat of a neighbouring animal, or to the lighter-coloured wool of a sheep. It was not without reason that Berghem manifested so marked a predilection for the oak in his landscapes. "The bark of the oak," says M. Lecarpentier, on the subject of this painter, in his "*Essai sur le Paysage*," is rough to the sight; it is dark gray, wine-coloured, or brown, according to the nature of the soil in which it is planted. Its surface is furrowed in the form of interlaced cords, which gives it a rough and hard character. Very often a hoary appearance relieves the sad colour of the bark, and is sometimes extended over

the outstretched branches, which, little resembling those of other trees, are nearly always fancifully twisted and distorted."

In the management of light and shade, the delicate gradation of aerial perspective, and the treatment of water, Berghem was eminently happy. His masses of rocks and trees are skilfully arranged with a view to scenic effect, in the production of which he never fails. The grouping of his cattle, the contrast of their colours, the manner in which the lights are made to fall on them, have all the same object. His water has the transparency which is so hard to attain in painting, and the manner in which the waving trees and the passing clouds are reflected on its surface has a degree of reality which nearly approaches that of nature.

That this eminent landscape-painter visited Italy in his youth, there can be little doubt, though Descamps claims for him the merit of never having been out of Holland. It is scarcely conceivable that Berghem, who painted only the level meadows, low sand-hills, flat pastures, and the like of his native country, could have painted the rugged and sublime scenery of Italy by his imagination alone. Where could he have found the imposing ruins, the blue mountains, the dark forests, which give such a dreary aspect to the landscapes of Wynant? Berghem borders his seas with green terraces; and his clear skies and pellucid waters have more of Italy in them than of the more northern clime of his birth. It is scarcely credible that his "Ancient Harbour of Genoa," his "View of the Coast of Nice," and his "Gulf of Tarento," were painted from engravings, or from the descriptions of travellers. Those bright skies and sun-dyed clouds must have been seen before the artist could have represented them with such marvellous truthfulness. Under the title of "The Labours of the Sheepfold," who would expect more than humble cottages and a wild country? Berghem gives us a picture of a lofty promontory, on the summit of which are the pillars of a circular temple, dedicated to Venus, surmounted by mutilated statues; under the ruined peristyle some figures promenade, while the wild rustics pursue their pastoral labours in the foreground. The colouring is warm, and a bright light is diffused over the picture. It has all the characteristics of Berghem's style, its poetry, its brilliance, and its warmth.

In the grand style, Berghem did not attain pre-eminence in his figures. One day, he wished to paint the "Rape of Europa." But the lady had more the air of a Dutch farmer's wife, than of a nymph whom Jupiter had thought worthy of his love. The buskin in vain replaced the shoe; the drapery, raised by the wind, showed the familiar bodice of a Zealand village girl. This is only another instance of the difficulty of achieving distinction in two separate branches of the art. It has happened that historical painters of the highest eminence have produced landscapes of the first order of excellence, as Annibale Caracci, Domenichino, Rubens, and Nicholas Poussin did; but to arrive at eminence in historical painting, a considerable degree of ability in both landscape and portrait painting is necessary, and thus the fact is accounted for. But for an artist possessing an admirable genius for landscape painting to obtain equal renown as a painter of history is a very different matter, and Berghem was no exception to the general rule.

There is at the bottom of the human soul a sentiment, which certain aspects of nature have the power of evoking from the depths in which it dwells; it is melancholy. Under the sun of Italy, for example, this sentiment is never developed, and we find no trace of it in the great masters of that country. The landscapes of Salvator Rosa are frightfully rude and savage, conveying the idea of wildness and desolation; but they are never melancholy. Those of Claude Lorraine have the sunniness which belongs to the land of the artist, and, however various in their subjects and the aerial gradations of their tints, have, as Mrs. Jameson has remarked, "something almost cloying in its perpetual and delicious beauty, 'breathing on earth the air of Paradise.'" Melancholy is the fruit of the North—of lead-coloured skies, and fogs and mists which the sun does not penetrate. Though no painter of the northern school has expressed this feeling so largely as Ruysdael, the works of most of them bear traces of the influences of those sombre skies. The exceptions are those who travelled and resided some time in

Italy; as Berghem, Karel Dujardin, and John Both. The soul of Berghem was never agitated by those profound reveries into which we are plunged by gazing on the dark groves of Hobbema, the rushing floods of Ruysdael, or the wild torrents and sombre pines of Everdingen. Even the season of darkness and sleep is invested in his pictures with an air of gaiety and cheerfulness. Under light fleecy clouds, which half hide the moon, whose beams silver and enliven their edges, travellers journey through a woody country, or cattle ruminant and rest. Or it is a coast scene which is thus partially illumined, and two peasants have kindled a fire of brushwood to catch crabs or lobsters by its light. Sometimes the moon shines feebly; and while the summits of the distant mountains reflect its pale light, the red glare of a fire in the foreground or the middle distance is thrown upon the water, or the beach, or marsh. This contrast of two lights, as in the picture of the "Night," is seen in several of the master's works.

Another peculiarity of his style is the contrast of the moonlight and the light of the sun. In one of his pictures, a herdsman is seen mounted on horseback from a mass of trees, and the scene is illuminated by the moonbeams, while the light of a torch is thrown upon an ass loaded with paniers, and a dog playing with his shadow. Here we have the deep tranquillity of Elsheimer, united with the agreeable lightness of Van Lair.

Berghem has displayed his peculiar turn of mind in the vigorously painted picture, so full of beautiful effects, which one of the brothers Wischer has engraved under the name of "Night." Other painters, in representing the season of repose, have displayed the sleep of nature. Their moonlit lakes and rivers, half-shaded by trees—their humble cottages by the side of sedgy streams, just touched by the beams of the orb of night—convey the idea of solitude and profound stillness. Of this character are some of the landscapes of Van der Neer, which represent a lonely canal, whose tranquil surface reflects the light of the moon; or a city in repose, steeped in the quiet moonlight. Berghem, on the contrary, has given animation to his picture of night, and diffused over it an air of gaiety; a belated herdsman plays cheerfully on his pipe of reeds, and awakens the echoes of the rocks, and cattle and horses give the scene the life and animation which is wanting in the still moonlight of Van der Neer.

The pictures which Berghem produced in the early part of his life have some resemblance to those of his master Weenix, but are touched with more delicacy. Most of these represent seaports and embarkations. His later manner—that which may more properly be called his own—was different and more interesting; it is to this period that those delightful landscapes belong, which present us with classical ruins and charming groups of figures and cattle. The landscapes which he painted in this manner are superior to those of any other painter of the Dutch school, except, perhaps, those of his contemporary, John Both, between whom and Berghem there appears to have been a certain degree of rivalry, which did not interrupt the friendship in which they lived.

Concerning this rivalry, it is related that M. Vanderhulk, the burgomaster of Dort, who was a magnificent patron of the arts, engaged Berghem and Both to paint each a picture, for which he gave them a liberal remuneration, and stipulated at the same time to award a handsome premium to the artist whose picture should seem to him the most worthy of it. Animated by a spirit of friendly emulation, both the great painters exerted themselves to the utmost. Berghem produced a picture of great beauty, representing a grand mountainous landscape, with a great many figures, oxen, sheep, and goats, drawn in his best manner and beautifully coloured. His rival painted a charming Italian scene, glowing under the clear, warm sky of that sunny land, and painted with that brightness for which he was so distinguished. Berghem had produced a masterpiece, and the effort of Both was no less successful. When the two artists submitted their works to their patron, he pronounced his judgment upon them in terms as honourable to himself as they were creditable to the talents of the artists. After an attentive examination of both pictures, and praising them in terms of the warmest admiration, he assured the two painters that the display of talent on both sides was so equal as to deprive him of the possibility of preference, without being unduly partial; and that, as they had both exhibited a degree of eminence which he regarded as

the perfection of the art, they were both entitled to the premium, the reward of genius.

In the retirement of the château of Bentheim, this eminent painter lived peacefully and happily, for the natural gaiety of his disposition and a philosophic equanimity of temper enabled him to triumph over the ills of life, from which the happiest are not entirely exempt. From the windows of his studio he had an extensive view of the green meadows in the midst of which the château was situated, which afforded him, without quitting his studio, abundant opportunities of sketching the groups of cattle which he has introduced into so many of his charming landscapes, as they lay down on the level greensward, stood in the shade of the spreading oaks, or drank at the stream that sparkled in the sunlight.

His pictures were in such demand that he was usually paid for them before he commenced painting; and though he was so industrious that very often, in the summer season, he was before his easel from four o'clock in the morning until sunset, his pictures are seldom to be met with, and always command high prices. His wife, whose avarice we have noticed, knowing his passion for old prints, would not allow him to retain the money he received for his pictures, and aware of the facility with which he painted, whether the subject were a woodland scene, a marine view, the passage of a ford, a seaport, or a skirmish of cavalry, she allowed him not an instant of undisturbed relaxation. Seated in a chamber adjoining his studio, she was in the habit of striking against the wall to urge this most industrious and prolific of artists to renewed exertions. Tranquil and resigned, Berghem laboured on, singing cheerfully at his easel the long day through; and often when his wife thought he was sleeping, he was doubtless occupied in observing the changing forms of the clouds, as they floated over the verdant meadows outspread before him, and the varied effects of light and shade which they produced in the landscape, as they intercepted in their course the beams of the sun.

Berghem purchased a great number of the finest prints and designs of the Italian masters, as a means of improving his taste; and after his death the rich collection which he had formed was sold by his wife, and realised a considerable sum. Among the prints in this sale was a proof of the "Massacre of the Innocents," engraved by Mark Antoine, after the picture by Raffaele, and for which Berghem had given sixty florins.

Although the manner of Berghem is easily recognised, he could imitate that of other artists so well as to deceive even connoisseurs, and sometimes made a free excursion in the manner of Philip Wouvermans. For example, the "Surprise of a Convoy by the Cavaliers," which is now in the museum at the Hague, and which was sold for £555 16s. 8d., can only be recognised as the work of Berghem by the lightness of the touch and the manner in which the light is thrown in broken masses over the scene of combat.

Berghem had a great many pupils, of whom the most distinguished were Peter de Hooghe, John Glauber, Abraham Begyn, Dirck-Maas, who engraved some of his pictures; Soolemaker, and Carree, who have imitated him; Theodore Vischer, John Sibrecht, Van der Meer, and probably also the great painter, Karel Dujardin. In the midst of his pupils, and singing cheerfully as he worked, the great landscape painter lived till 1683, having attained the age of fifty-nine. The ingenious Hagedorn has called him the Theocritus of the Netherlands; and without doubt, if we may associate painting with poetry, no other artist of the Dutch school has imitated so successfully the Idyls of the Greek poet.

He was not only an admirable painter, but possessed considerable skill and ability as an engraver. The many exquisite etchings he has left are executed in a much more finished manner than is usually presented by the point of a painter; and, with his numerous drawings, have amply contributed to the portfolios of curious collectors. There is a descriptive catalogue of his etchings, by Henry de Winter, published at Amsterdam in 1762. The following is a list of the most celebrated:—

Six plates of cows, with the title, called "The Milkmaid: C. Berghem fec. et exc.," 1634 to 1644.

Six of sheep; in the title print, a woman sitting on a stone.

Six of goats; in the title print, a man sitting with a dog.

Eight of sheep; in the title print, a woman standing near a rock.

Eight of sheep and goats; in the title print, a man.

Five larger plates upright, one dated 1652; all marked "Berghem fec."

Four smaller plates of different animals, lengthways; marked "N. B."

Six heads of sheep, goats, etc., small; scarce.

"A Cow Drinking: Berghem fec., 1680."

"A Cow: C. P. Berghem inv. et fec.;" fine and rare.

"A Landscape," with two cows lying, and one standing: "Berghem fec."

"A Landscape," with cows, and a man riding on an ass: "N. Berghem fec."

"A Landscape," with a woman bathing her feet in a brook, and a man behind leaning on a stick; with animals and figures, and a ruin in the distance.

"A Boy riding on an Ass, speaking to another Boy, who is playing on the Bagpipes;" called "The Bagpiper;" fine.

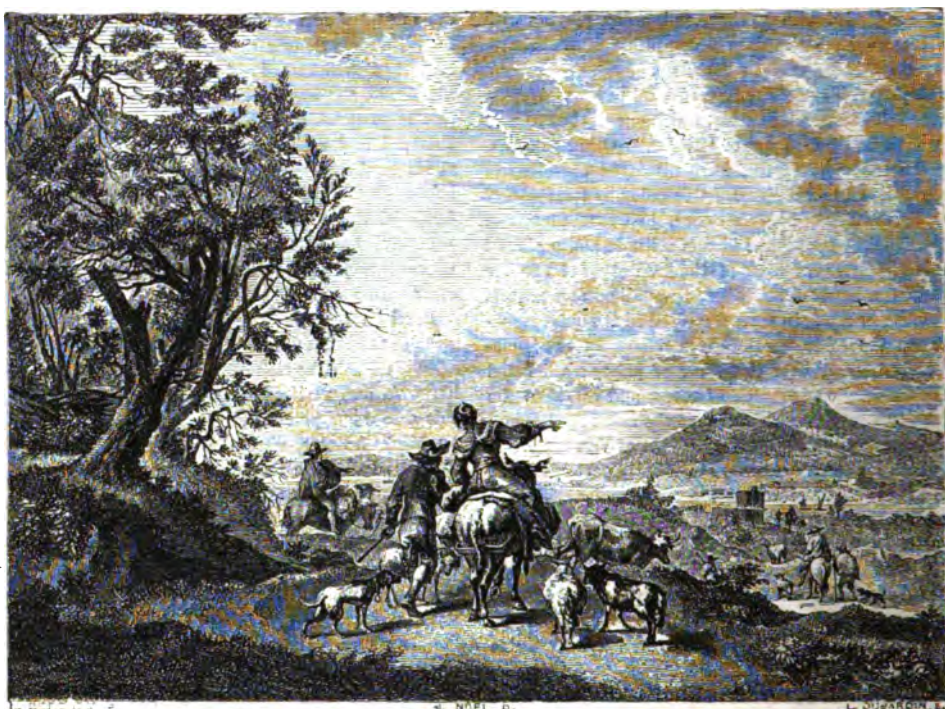
"A Landscape," with a man playing on the flute, and a woman sitting; without a mark; scarce.

"A Landscape," with a man standing, and a woman seated, suckling a child; without a mark; very scarce.

There is a picture by this master in the Royal Council-Chamber, at Windsor Castle, representing a landscape, with figures and cattle. In the foreground, near the centre of the picture, two men, one of whom is mounted on an ass, are driving four cows and six sheep over a road. Blue mountains are seen in the distance, and light fleecy vapours rest in their hollows, conveying the effect of early morning.

There is another in the Royal Gallery at Hampton Court; the subject—"A Woman Milking a Goat."

The Dulwich Gallery contains five Berghems:—1. "A Farrier Shoeing an Ass." A woman mounted on a mule, and a ruined building in the background: a very brilliant picture. 2. "A Wood Scene;" very rich and beautiful. 3. "A Landscape," with figures. A woman milking a red cow, and another washing linen in a stream: a picture, which has become very dark and dingy. 4. "A Landscape." A woman crossing a brook, with a child on her back, and a man near her; and a group of cattle. 5. "A Landscape." A woman washing linen at a stone fountain, and other women, one of whom is milking.



CONVERSATION ON A JOURNEY.—FROM A PAINTING BY BERGHEM.

The designs left by Berghem are done in Indian ink or in bistre, and display remarkable vigour and a fine taste. He painted both on canvas and wood, and sometimes, though rarely, on copper; his works are oftener of small than of large dimensions.

The pictures of Berghem are to be found in all the principal galleries of Europe; but no collection has a great number of them—a circumstance which shows the high estimation in which they are held. The gallery of the Hermitage, an imperial palace at St. Petersburg, contains the greatest number—eighteen, which are all hung in one room, called by the painter's name. Among them are "The Rape of Europa," some fine Italian landscapes, and the picture which, according to Descamps, is the *chef-d'œuvre* of Berghem—"A Halt of Chasseurs."

Some of the finest pictures of this master are contained in the Imperial Gallery at Vienna; and the Royal Galleries of Berlin, Munich, and Dresden, also possess a number of his beautiful pastoral subjects and views of the scenery of Italy.

The Gallery of the Louvre contains twelve, among which are "The Ferry," which has been valued at £960; "The Ford;" and "The Return to the Farm;" all veritable *chef-d'œuvre*.

sheep, two goats, a kid, and a dog, complete the composition: a brilliant and beautiful little picture. The last two have been engraved by Dequevauviller.

Six pictures by this master, which, we believe, have since been removed to Buckingham Palace, are thus described by Dr. Waagen, as forming part of the collection of George IV.:—1. A group of peasants with cattle, among whom a woman on a gray horse is the most conspicuous, cross the foreground of an extensive landscape, traversed by a river. The impression of evening distance is admirably expressed in this bright, clear picture, which is subdued in the colours, and lightly, yet carefully executed. 2. A hilly landscape, enlivened in the foreground by animals and figures: three women with rushes, and two cows, particularly attract notice. A carefully-finished, pretty picture, in a warm evening light. 3. A very mountainous landscape, with a stream. In the foreground, three shepherds, one of whom is on horseback, with their flock. A carefully-executed picture, of brilliant colouring and clear gradations of the mountains. 4. A bare country, with an extensive prospect. In the foreground, a herd of four cows, an ass, and a sheep, with a herdsman on horseback and two

foot; groups of cattle also in the middle distance. A picture of his later period; the animals admirably coloured. 5. In a very mountainous landscape, a shepherdess, accompanied by a goat and a dog, wades through a piece of water, in which two cows are standing. A picture of striking effect; more true to nature than usual, and great elegance of execution. 6. A landscape of beautiful leading lines; the distance closed by blue mountains. In the foreground, a peasant woman on horseback, a drover, and some cows. An elegant little picture, charmingly fresh, clear, and cool.

The Duke of Devonshire possesses four Berghems, two of which are at Devonshire House :—1. "A Landscape." A river flows at the foot of mountains; the setting sun produces very defined lights and shades. Among the numerous figures which adorn the picture the most striking are two gentlemen on horseback, and a girl on an ass. The design is remarkably rich, and the *impasto* admirable; the shadows have become dark. 2. "The Shepherd." In a mountainous landscape, a shepherdess is accompanied by a goat and a dog, wades through a piece of water, in which two cows are standing. A picture of striking effect; more true to nature than usual, and great elegance of execution. 3. "A Landscape." A river flows at the foot of mountains; the setting sun produces very defined lights and shades. Among the numerous figures which adorn the picture the most striking are two gentlemen on horseback, and a girl on an ass. The design is remarkably rich, and the *impasto* admirable; the shadows have become dark. 4. "The Shepherd." In a mountainous landscape, a shepherdess is accompanied by a goat and a dog, wades through a piece of water, in which two cows are standing. A picture of striking effect; more true to nature than usual, and great elegance of execution. 5. "A Landscape." A river flows at the foot of mountains; the setting sun produces very defined lights and shades. Among the numerous figures which adorn the picture the most striking are two gentlemen on horseback, and a girl on an ass. The design is remarkably rich, and the *impasto* admirable; the shadows have become dark. 6. "A Landscape." A river flows at the foot of mountains; the setting sun produces very defined lights and shades. Among the numerous figures which adorn the picture the most striking are two gentlemen on horseback, and a girl on an ass. The design is remarkably rich, and the *impasto* admirable; the shadows have become dark.

three cows. Singularly clear and brilliant, in a glowing evening light. 3. By the side of a cool piece of water, which runs along wooded rocks, are a satyr and two nymphs; near them two cows, and goats, which are more true to nature than is often the case. Very delicate in the execution—the distance in particular softly mellowed off. 4. In a landscape with rich, verdant rocks, herdsmen with their cattle, among whom a woman riding on an ass is the principal figure, are returning home along a road. The picture is admirably impasted in a warm evening light, the effect of which, however, is rather injured by the too dark mass in the foreground. 5. A river runs along a range of lofty, rocky mountains. Among the numerous figures, we have again his favourite, a woman riding on an ass. In this picture, the cold, blue, and heavy tone, which is no favourite, and the motley effect, predominate."

The collection of the Marquis of Westminster contains only a single specimen of this master—a rich, rocky landscape, with a meadow in the foreground, in which two women and a man are dancing to the tambourine. Though the execution is very careful for the size (for this is one of Berghem's largest compositions), it is,



RURAL EMPLOYMENT.—FROM A PAINTING BY BERGHEM.

picture is in the collection of M. Steengracht, at the Hague. The other two are at the duke's villa at Chiswick :—1. "A Ferry." Cattle about to pass a river, which winds through a landscape, where a ruin is seen. This is thought to be one of the artist's finest productions, but, unfortunately, it is much damaged. 2. "A Landscape." Cattle by the water-side—the time evening; painted with great care in a blueish tone.

The Bridgewater Gallery contains five Berghems, which are thus described by Dr. Waagen :—1. A long bridge is thrown over a piece of water which traverses a flat country, with an extensive distance. A hawking party, and country people, animate the landscape, illumined with the warm glow of evening, and all nature sunk into a calm. The clearness and force of this effect, the delicacy of the touch, admirably impasted, the refined taste in the disposition, the correct drawing, show the master in the highest perfection of the qualities for which he is so greatly esteemed. This gem formerly adorned the Slingelandt and Colonna collections. 2. In a bare landscape, in which rises a mass of rocks, there is in front a woman upon an ass, with its foal, and a herdsman with

both in tone and feeling, one of his coldest pictures. It was formerly in the collection of W. A. Ellis, Esq.

Mr. Hope also possesses a single Berghem—a waterfall between high rocks, on which stands the temple of the Sibyl. Among the figures in the foreground, a woman, a cow, and some sheep, are the most striking. The execution is particularly careful and elegant, but it is rather complicated in the composition, and cold and heavy in the tone.

Lord Ashburton's collection, at his mansion in Piccadilly, contains three Berghems :—1. At the foot of the ruins of a stately edifice, a herdsman with cows, by the side of a piece of water, in which a woman is engaged in washing. The warm evening sun gilds all with its rays. In the glow and depths of the colouring, and in elegance of treatment, this is one of the artist's finest productions, and excites in the beholder the poetical feeling of a warm evening. Purchased from the Dijouval collection for £367 10s. 2. "The Lobster Catchers." Four men are engaged in the lobster fishery on a sea-coast, surrounded by lofty rocks; the beams of the rising sun give a warm tinge to the vapours rising from the waters against the

rocks; the foreground breathes the freshness of early morning. The delicacy of the execution, and the magical effects of light in this picture, are indescribable. Purchased at the Talleyrand sale for £262 10s. 3. In the foreground of a bare country, the remote distance of which is closed by blue mountains, a man is carrying a bundle of wood; at his side is a woman on horseback, driving some cows. The time of day is a cool afternoon. Few pictures excite, like this, the yearning after distance, and are at the same time so attractive by the energy of the colouring, and the spirit and precision of the touch. It is in pictures such as this, that we see what Berghem was capable of doing. It was purchased at the Talleyrand sale for £600.

The Marquis of Bute's collection, at Luton House, contains three pictures by this master:—1. A very rich landscape, with steep rocks and lofty trees, beneath which a woman is riding on a mule. Though the sun is already low, and forms large masses of shade, the general tone of the picture is cool. It is a large picture, but superior to most of the artist's productions of similar dimensions in clearness and careful execution of all the parts. 2. In a mountainous landscape, animated with numerous figures of men and cattle, a stream rushes between broken rocks. A warm, harmonious, evening tone is diffused over every object. This rich picture is very carefully finished in all its parts. 3. A winter landscape. Many figures and two horses are on a frozen river, over which there is a rustic bridge. The cold wintry tone is as admirably carried through as in Berghem's "Winter Landscape," in the Royal Gallery at Berlin.

The pictures of Berghem have been engraved by Lebas, Aliamet, the brothers Wischer, Danckers, Laurent, Martenasi, etc. The prices which they have obtained, in every instance when they have been submitted to public competition, affords a good criterion of the estimation in which they are held. It will be seen that their value is increasing in proportion as they are less frequently brought to auction.

At the sale of the collection of M. de Lorangère, directed by Gersaint, in 1744, a very fine landscape, on panel, by Berghem, was sold for £24; while another produced only £6. At that of the Chevalier la Roque, in 1745, a very beautiful landscape, with figures and animals, in the best style of Berghem, was sold for £7; another for £10 10s.; and a third for £12. It was not only the pictures of Berghem which were sold at such low prices at that period: the works of other masters of the Dutch school obtained only proportionate amounts. But as the taste of amateurs underwent a change, Berghem's pictures commanded prices commensurate with their merits. The charm of their composition, the brightness of the colouring, and their usually small dimensions, now cause them to be much sought after by wealthy amateurs.

At the sale of M. de la Live de Jolly, in 1770, a picture of this master, representing a woman riding on a horse, a man on a mule,

and another woman with a child, was sold for £412 10s. Another, engraved by Aliamet under the title of "The Travellers," obtained £85.

At the sale of the Lempereur collection in 1773, a Berghem, representing a man playing on a guitar, to which two women are listening, was sold for £255. At that of the Marquis of Brunoy, in 1776, a landscape by Berghem, engraved by Lebas under the title of a "View in the Environs of Sienna," was sold for £100.

When the rich collection of M. Blondel de Gagny was brought to the hammer in 1776, "The Château of Bentheim," which Germain regarded as one of Berghem's finest productions, realised £575. At the sale of the Prince of Conti's collection, in 1777, two views of seaports, enriched with figures, ships, and animals, which have been engraved by Lebas, were sold for £150 each. Another landscape, on panel, by the artist, formerly in the cabinet of the Duke of Orleans, was sold for £100. "The Bird-catcher," engraved by Aliamet, was sold for £100.

At the sale of the collection of the Duke of Orleans, in 1778, a picture representing a peasant accompanied by a dog, and carrying a large faggot, followed by a village scene, with cows, was pushed up to £600. At that of M. Lapeyrouse, in 1779, "A View of a Village in Holland," a beautiful landscape, formerly in the cabinet of M. de Tolazan, obtained the still higher price of £800. "The Passage of the Mountains" reached £570, and "Morning," a landscape, enriched with figures, £605.

When the Duke of Choiseul's rich collection was sold, in 1823, a marine view by Berghem was purchased by Mr. Beckford, of "Vathek" and Fonthill celebrity, for £813 15s. This picture, which has been engraved by Lebas, is thus described by Dr. Waagen:—"Several persons are engaged on a sea-coast in embarking fish, while others are variously employed. A bay is animated with vessels of different sizes. In the background a chain of mountains. In richness, precise and spirited touch, and carrying through of the warm tone of a summer evening, this is one of the finest works of Berghem."

"The Ancient Harbour of Genoa," which we have reproduced in one of our illustrations (p. 380), was formerly in the same collection, and was sold for £880. It was purchased for the Duke of Berri, and resold, in 1837, at the reduced price of £680.

At the sale of the Chevalier Brard's collection in 1832, "A Stag Hunt" was sold for £750; and "A Seaport" for £330 10s. At that of Cardinal Fesch, at Rome, in 1844, "The Passage of the Mountains," a landscape of beautiful execution, was sold for £459. A pastoral landscape, a very admirable specimen of this master, produced £328; a winter scene, somewhat feeble in effect, £325; and a "View in the Mountains," in Berghem's best manner, £312.

Berghem always signed his pictures, and nearly always his plates, sometimes *Berghem* and sometimes *Berchem*. His various signatures and monograms are faithfully represented below.

A Berghem f 1680. NB = B
Berchem f Berchem f
Berghem f

EXHIBITION OF THE FINE ARTS AT BRUSSELS.

Among the works of Belgian artists in this exhibition, we may notice a fine historical picture by M. Lies, called "The Court of Margaret of Austria," a composition full of talent, spirit, and brilliant local colouring. It is a good specimen of what Sir Joshua Reynolds calls the composite style, in which a certain elegance and grace are blended with grandeur, rather than of the grand style proper, the aim of which is to act on the mind, through the eye, by simplicity and completeness—by the uniformity of the leading lines and richness of colouring, rather than by ornament and brilliancy.

"The Widow," painted by M. Willems, appeared last year in the Paris exhibition. It is a small composition, revealing the poetry of art, and finely executed. It is destined, we understand, to adorn a gallery which is already one of the finest in Brussels, that of M. Van Praet, who holds an important appointment in the royal household.

M. Madou contributes one of the most amusing pictures in the exhibition; it is called "The Trouble-Fêtes." Two young men, very poor, if we may judge from their appearance, have arrived at a village during the celebration of a *fête*, and have the temerity to

solicit, as their partner in the dance, the prettiest of the assembled villagers. The young girl looks more pleased than angry; but her friends exclaim against the audacity of the strangers, and refer the matter to the authorities. The burgomaster, by his air of ludicrous pomposity, seems determined to avenge the outraged morality of the village. The appearance of the strangers, despite their poverty, seems to have created a sensation among the fair peasants; but the stir does not distract the attention of a group of piquet-players on the left from their game, and an old man, seated on a cask, smokes his pipe and looks on with the characteristic imperturbability of a Flemish burgher. The figures are numerous, and each one seems a character. The hand of a master is discernible in the most minute details; the touch, moreover, is delicate, and the colouring bright and harmonious.

M. F. de Braekeleer also holds a conspicuous place among the Belgian painters of the present day, and his "Children at Play" is a notable picture. It is one of those pictures which speak for themselves, and is worthy of a place in the collection of the Louvre. The "Blind Man" of the same artist, exhibited at Antwerp in 1852, and is now in the collection of the Louvre.

M. Alfred Stevens contributes two good pictures to the exhibition, "The Siesta" and "The Music Lesson," both coloured with remarkable richness. But in subjects of this kind no Belgian painter of the present day has succeeded better than M. Adolphe Dillens, who treats rural life in particular with great felicity and spirit. In the present exhibition he has four pictures, of which the two best are "The Toll," in which a young peasant is about to kiss the blooming cheek of a buxom Dutch girl whom he has overtaken upon a narrow wooden bridge; and "The Dike of Westcappel," one of those landscapes peculiar to the level scenery of Holland, with the whole of a plump and joyous-looking family out for a ride in a heavy Zealand cart, drawn by horses as robust and well-fed as the holiday folks themselves. Both pictures are drawn with an easy and graceful touch, and coloured with harmony and brilliancy. M. Génisson has some interiors of churches, painted with his usual felicity in treating such subjects; but the gem of the exhibition, as regards architectural pictures, is "The House of Charity at Malines," by M. Stroobant. The perspective and *chiaroscuro* of this picture merit the highest praise.

While the modern artists of Belgium have, until recently, followed the romantic school of France, founded by the celebrated David, those of Holland, on the contrary, have chosen the path trodden so worthily by their ancestors of the seventeenth century, and followed it out with considerable success. They number among them artists distinguished by the fidelity to nature which characterised the old Dutch painters, and who have obtained a high reputation, particularly in the branches of landscape and *genre* painting.

The Dutch artists are less numerous represented in the Brussels Exhibition than those of France and Germany, but among their productions are some of remarkable beauty. M. Van Hove exhibits two pictures, replete with the poesy which distinguishes the works of this artist, and which constitutes their chief merit. There are many pictures of still life; but, however great the amount of talent displayed in such productions, they must always be regarded as occupying the lowest grade among the emanations of the painter's genius. Groups of flowers and fruit, such as Huisum painted, charm us by their fidelity to nature, of which they are the most beautiful forms, and by the brilliancy and richness of the colours; but a cauliflower and a bunch of carrots, or a cut ham and a loaf of bread, however truthfully they may be represented, excite none

of the finer feelings which it is the mission of the painter, equally with the poet, to evoke. Pictures of this class are as much below the drunken boors and card-players of Brauwer and Ostade as the latter are inferior to the grand compositions of Raffaele and Michael Angelo.

The French school has undergone no change since the first revolution. The pupils and followers of David have successfully entered the regions of history, of poetry, and of dramatic romance; they have imbibed his enthusiasm for the epic style of composition, and have produced, and are still producing, as the present exhibition bears witness, works of dignity and sentiment. Foremost among the productions of French artists, we must notice "The Marriage of Henry IV." by M. Isabey, a picture spirited in execution, and finely coloured; and two pictures of more than ordinary merit by M. Compté—"Henry III. in his Menagerie," and "The Arrest of the Cardinal of Guise." Inferior to these in some respects, but not lightly to be passed over, is "The Battle of Moscow," by M. Bellange, a subject which possesses a peculiar interest for Frenchmen now that their countrymen are once more engaged in war with the soldiers of the Czar, and the disasters of 1812 have been avenged on the Alma.

Like those of Holland, the French artists contribute a great number of *genre* pictures, but few of them are of the first order. M. Lepoittevin, in his "Spring," though he has not produced a first-class picture, has done more to sustain his reputation than M. Justin Aurrié, whose "Street in Amsterdam" would do equally well for a street in Venice. Among the works most deserving of praise we may enumerate a very good one, but badly placed, by M. Jongkond; a very finely-touched composition by M. Vetter, called "A quarter of an hour with Rabelais;" "Absence," a charming picture by M. Roux; a very meritorious composition by M. Coulon, called "The New Lord of the Manor;" and two delightful little pictures by M. Delfosse, which have elicited much admiration from amateurs. We must not forget the contributions of MM. Pico and Hammon, two artists who possess largely the pleasing qualities of *hauteur*, sentiment, and spirit, which compensate in a great measure for their deficiency in colour. M. Marchal, a young French artist, has made his *début* this season, and the picture which he exhibits, "Vandyck in the Studio of Rubens," fully merits the warm encomiums that have been pronounced upon it. The anecdote to which it has reference is as follows:—Rubens having left a picture unfinished one night, and gone out on the following morning, his pupils took the opportunity of sporting about the room; when one more unfortunate than the rest, in striking at one of his companions with a maulstick, threw down the picture, which, not being dry, received some damage. Vandyck, who was studying under Rubens at the time, being at work in the next room, was prevailed upon, as the best able to do so, to repair the mischief; and when Rubens came next morning to his work, and contemplated the picture from a distance, as is usual with painters, he observed that he liked it much better than he did before.

German art does not make a very brilliant figure in the exhibition. Karl Hübner, of Düsseldorf, has sent two pictures, viz. "The Surprise" (a mother discovering her daughters *elle-à-elle* with their lovers) and "A Conflagration;" in both the drawing is meritorious, but the colouring is weak and inharmonious. The best productions of German artists are two pictures by M. Petenkov, of Vienna; the subjects are, "A Bivouac," and an "Arrest of a Deceiver," and both in composition, vigour of drawing, and harmony of colour, they evince a considerable share of genius and an admirable taste.

CORNELIUS HUYSMANS.

WITH the exception of the beautiful country around Liege, and the hilly district of Namur, Belgium presents an unbroken and monotonous level, little calculated to awaken a love of the picturesque in nature, or to afford the artist opportunities for the exercise of his talent in landscape delineation. In the environs of Antwerp, of Vilyorde, or of Malines, he may find quiet rural spots, which derive interest from a rustic bridge or an old-fashioned farmhouse, rendered picturesque by the knotted trunks of trees, bending over

a pool of stagnant water; but he will find it difficult to obtain grand effects, and scenery which inspires the poetry of art. How can he convey to others, without having himself received it, the impression of dark woods, broken and piled-up rocks, and gloomy ravines? Yet, notwithstanding the difficulty of all this, it has been achieved by a painter of the Flemish school, in the midst of a level country; this painter was Cornelius Huysmans.

When we are lost in the gloom of a thick forest, and after follow

have the aspect of mementoes of the antediluvian epoch. What separates this master from Berghem and Claude is the manner in which he has treated his skies. Claude paints the forms of earth, indeed, but he veils them in an ethereal drapery, such as is only at moments visible to our eyes; he paints that worship of the Creator which nature solemnises, and in which man and his work are only included as accessories. Hills, trees, ruins are but the external features of his pictures, and they form only the framework by means of which he sets before us the true creative power of nature, shown in the effects of air, and in the brilliant and vivid workings of light. In the landscapes of Huysmans, the sky and the clouds are made subordinate to the rocks and trees, and are painted so as to increase the effect of the latter. The delicate shadows which distinguish the hours of the day, the silent sweep of clouds across a clear sky, the soft mists of evening, and the brilliant gleams of night, were

on his landscapes, in spite of the beautiful forms of his trees, and the grandeur of the scenery amid which they are represented. They have a character which resembles neither the joyousness of Berghem, the melancholy of Ruysdael, nor the solemn splendour of John Both. At the first glance, we may believe that his majestic and sombre woods conceal in their deep shades one of those temples of the olden times from which the inspired priestess gave forth her mysterious oracles; but, instead of the circular colonnade, and the fountain which invites to repose the nymphs of the train of Diana, we discover only a rude and simple hut, the lonely dwelling of a poacher.

The figures of Huysmans, though all of this rustic character, were drawn so naturally, and with such facility and address, that the other landscape-painters of his country had recourse to him for the figures with which they animated their woods and heaths



THE RAVINE.—FROM A PAINTING BY HUYSMANS.

not, in the mind of this master, essential to the production of a grand and striking picture. He relied for effect on the boldness of his masses of foliage, the deep shadows of his forests, and the strong light which he throws on his foregrounds. Yet we have in his ravines and forest-glades abundant evidence of his powers of managing light and shade, of which the picture we have engraved above is an admirable example.

One of the characteristics of Huysmans, which distinguishes him from nearly all other painters, is the entire absence of other than rustic figures in his landscapes. Under the spreading boughs of his majestic oaks, he has introduced only the herdsmen who drive their cattle through the glen, and the labourers who rest or pursue their rustic occupations on the borders of the forest. His figures and cattle are well drawn and pleasingly grouped. The prevailing rusticity of the former impresses their peculiar character

Anthony Van der Meulen, the celebrated painter of the battles and sieges of the reign of Louis XIV., was introduced to Huysmans while on a visit to Brussels, his native city. Seeing that the landscapes of Huysmans were characterised by an air of grandeur, he thought that the talent of the artist could not fail to be appreciated at the court of Versailles, and proposed to introduce him there, that he might paint the landscape portion of the representations of battles, sieges, encampments, and pompous marches, which he was then engaged in executing. But the artist, probably thinking that such an arrangement would place him in a subordinate position, declined the offer, alleging as his motive that he was ignorant of the French language, and did not wish to leave Malines. However, at the solicitation of Van der Meulen, he painted for that master, with astonishing freedom and vigour, the views of Luxemburg and Dinant, and the environs of those places. Being taken from an

elevated position, these views spread out like a panorama, and the charm of art has not robbed them of their topographical accuracy. These pictures, which now adorn the gallery of the Louvre, have been much admired; and so perfect is the harmony between the landscapes of Huysmans and the charging squadrons and opposing battalions of Van der Meulen, that it is difficult to believe that both were not painted by the same hand.

The pictures of this master are not numerous, and unfortunately they have become very dark, and now exhibit a reddish brown appearance, which has considerably diminished their value. Otherwise they are masterly productions. On this account it is difficult, at the present day, to form an estimate of his merits as a colourist, though he has been praised for them by writers who had seen his pictures in their pristine condition. Their *chiaroscuro* recalls productions of Rembrandt, and the effect of his landscapes is imposing, owing to their boldness and grandeur. He has shown that the perfection of the art is the correct representation of the forms of nature, however great may be the differences of manner resulting from the individual temperaments of different masters.

Huysmans died at Malines in 1727, having attained the venerable age of seventy-nine.

As already stated, the pictures of this master are not numerous, either in public galleries, or in the collections of private individuals. There are several of his compositions in the museum and the churches of Malines; and the Royal Gallery at Brussels possesses a landscape, enriched with figures. The Munich Gallery contains a seaport and several landscapes, and the Louvre possesses four fine landscapes, in addition to the pictures which he painted in conjunction with Van der Meulen.

There is a small landscape by this master in the writing-closet at Hampton Court, and another in the collection of the Duke of Bridgewater; but neither of them can be considered as a favourable specimen of his style and manner.

The pictures of Huysmans have seldom commanded a high price; while they preserved their original beauty, works of that character were not appreciated as their merits entitled them to be, and now their value is depreciated by the darkening of the colours. At the sale of the Chevalier Laroque, at Paris, in 1745, two landscapes by Huysmans, in frames elaborately carved and richly gilt, were sold for £3; and two others, in the same style, produced only eighteen shillings. Two landscapes, enriched with figures and animals, from the cabinet of M. de Mesnard, were sold for the sum of £4 the pair.

Justice was rendered to Huysmans, however, at the sale of M. de Calonne, in 1788, when a landscape, enriched with figures and animals, realised the sum of £120. His pictures did not long retain the favour of amateurs, however; for in 1823, at the sale of M. de St. Victor, a landscape of warm tone, with figures and animals, was sold for £2. At that of M. Brun, in 1841, a magnificent landscape by this master, considered one of the best he ever painted, was sold for £9. In the following year, one of his landscapes was sold for £6, at the sale of M. Etienne Leroy; and in 1845, at the sale of M. Meffre, two others were sold for £6 10s.

The works of Huysmans have never been engraved. None of them have either signature or mark.

THE BEGINNINGS OF ART.

To find the rude beginnings of the arts of design, we must go back to a very early age, to the monuments of Assyria and Egypt—so soon did the human mind aspire to the representation of the things which occupied it, and which excited the imagination into action. The faculty of imitation is evidenced remarkably in these arts, in which the images that fill the mind are exhibited to the eye in all the reality of form and colour. While society was yet in the pastoral stage, Laban had his sculptured gods; and the walls of the buried palaces of Nineveh, the oldest city of the world, show that the arts of design were known and practised at a very early period. The researches of Botta and Layard have made us acquainted with the degree of proficiency attained by the Assyrian artists, which all who have seen the reproduction of a portion of the palace of Sennacherib in the Pycham Palace, or the original

bas-reliefs in the British Museum, must acknowledge to have been remarkable for the period.

The human-headed bulls which adorned the portals of the Ninevite palaces, the statues of their gods and departed kings, and the bas-reliefs which covered the interior walls of the royal chambers, were all coloured; and this with pigments so bright and enduring, as to be perceptible after the lapse of more than three thousand years. We find mention also, in profane history, of colossal statues of Ninus and Semiramis, in gold and brass; and in sacred history of the golden statue, sixty cubits high, which Nebuchadnezzar set up in the plain of Dura, to compel the captive Jews to bow down before and worship it. The walls of Babylon appear also to have been decorated with bas-reliefs, representing hunting scenes, which were executed and painted on the surfaces of the bricks before they were burnt, and consequently must have been vitrified—the earliest approach which we can trace to enamelling.

The ancient Egyptians practised the sculptor's art extensively, and in a style similar to that of the Assyrians, which shows the first rude efforts of man to embody his feeling of the beautiful and sublime. The works of art belonging to the earliest ages are analogous to the first attempts of children—imperfect in conception, rude in execution, without any attention to perspective, and appealing to the eye by bright and strongly-contrasted colours. The constant aspiration to represent the human form, and the use of colours before the art of tracing with correctness any of the forms of nature has been acquired, also remind us of our own juvenile attempts. The general proportions of the human form are roughly given; but there is no attempt at elegance, or to portray individual differences of character. An evidence of their ignorance of the true principles of drawing may be seen in the kneeling figure of the large Egyptian fragment in the British Museum, where, amongst other errors, the eye, but half of which can be seen in profile, is shown in full, the same as it would appear in a front view. As a general rule, it may be observed, that their animals are more correctly represented than their human figures, and that, among the latter, their female forms are superior to those of the other sex. The most comprehensive view of Egyptian art is seen in the plates to Rosellini's great work on the monuments of Egypt and Nubia; but the collection of Egyptian antiquities in the British Museum is now quite adequate to convey a correct idea of its style and characteristics.

The Greeks, who received their first ideas of painting and sculpture from the Egyptians, attained the greatest proficiency in the latter art, as a walk through the Greek court of the Sydenham Palace, where the finest emanations of the sculptor's genius are reproduced in plaster, will convince every observer. But their first attempts were as crude and imperfect as those of their teachers. The figures on the early Grecian vases are characterised by the same stiffness and conventionality as those which appear in the Nineveh bas-reliefs and the sculptured obelisks of Egypt. The first essays of the artist were simple outlines, such as are now known as silhouettes; the next step was to add the parts within the outline, but still without light or shade, which Pliny says was first done by Cleophantus of Corinth; and from this an advance was made to monochromatic painting, such as may be seen on the vases in the British Museum. Eumarus was, according to Pliny, the first who gave to each sex its characteristic style of design, so as to illustrate the attributes of each by the figure and complexion, giving a robust and vigorous form to the males, and making the females slither and more delicate.

Cimon of Cleonae, whose period was anterior to that of Polygnotus by at least a century, improved upon the method of Eumarus by giving variety to the attitudes of his figures, and exhibiting the muscular articulations, the veins, and the folds of the drapery. The most ancient paintings extant are the four on marble tablets discovered at Herculaneum, and now in the museum at Naples: the designs are defaced in some parts, and the colours have been nearly destroyed by heat. The same museum contains two other pictures from Herculaneum, two from Stabia, and one from Pompeii, but these are of later date; the subjects are all taken from the Greek mythology. The Vatican contains a stucco painting, discovered on the Esquiline mount; this is a work of considerable

merit in composition, drawing, and colour, and is executed with much freedom. A well-marked gradation of improvement may be observed in the early vases, the Naples marbles, and the later pictures in the same collection.

Sculpture made the same gradual progress, from the human-headed bulls and hawk-headed kings of Assyria, and the massive sphinxes and gigantic sitting figures of Egypt, to the Belvedere Apollo, the Farnese Hercules, and the Medicean Venus, those models of ideal beauty which are regarded as showing at once the perfection of the art and of the human form. Some of the earliest specimens of Greek sculpture are now in the British Museum; these are bas-reliefs from a monument at Xanthus, which probably belongs to the sixth century before Christ, not far from the period of the destruction of Nineveh. Here the eyes are in full, though the figures are in profile, and the drapery has the same character; but an *apollon* is seen in the folds of his hair. An

...ing to the time of ... a female figure mounting a ... and a cast of which will be found in ... The metopes recently found at Selinus, in ... and now in the museum at Palermo, are in very high relief, coated over with plaster, and coloured so as to soften the appearance of the surface. The faces are represented in full, while the limbs are shown sideways; a very close resemblance may be traced between these figures and the large ones between the bulls on the outer wall of the palace of Sardanapalus. As Selinus was destroyed by the Carthaginians 409 B.C., these bas-reliefs must have been executed some time, probably a very considerable time, previous to that period.

Much controversy has lately taken place on the question, whether the ancients coloured their statues, as is contended by Mr. Owen Jones. That the practice was general, would perhaps be difficult to prove. That the Assyrians coloured their bas-reliefs is not disputed since traces of the pigment were discovered by Mr. Layard. That the statues of the Greeks were often painted, in imitation of nature, may be gathered from passages in Pausanias, Plutarch, and Plato; and that the practice extended to the whole of the statue is evident from the last-named writer, who says, that it is not by applying a rich or beautiful colour to any particular part, but by giving its local colour to each part, that the whole is made beautiful. That

the practice was not general, however, appears from Lucian, who, in the dialogue between Lycinus and Polystратus, informs us that the Venus of Cnidus by Praxiteles, and other celebrated statues, were not coloured.

Mr. Wornum, after mature consideration of this interesting question, has arrived at the conclusion, that "the practice of colouring statues is undoubtedly as ancient as the art of Statuary itself; although they were perhaps originally coloured more from a love of colour than from any design of improving the resemblance of the representation." * This agrees with what we have said upon the love of colour which is displayed in all first attempts. We learn from Pliny that the statue of Jupiter, placed in the Capitol by Tarquinius Priscus, was coloured with minium. What was first done from a love of colour was afterwards followed with a view to effect. "The naked form," says the writer just quoted, "was most probably merely varnished, the colouring being applied only to the eyes, eyebrows, lips, and hair, to the draperies, and the various ornaments of dress; and there can be little doubt that fine statues, especially of females, when carefully and tastefully coloured in this way, must have been extremely beautiful; the encaustic varnish upon the white marble must have had very much the effect of a pale, transparent flesh. Gold was also abundantly employed upon ancient statues; the hair of the Venus de' Medicis was gilded, and, in some, glass eyes and eyelashes of copper were inserted, examples of which are still extant." In statues of bronze, the eyes were often of silver; and in the "Boy extracting a Thorn from his Foot," the original of which is at Rome, the sockets are vacant, in which condition they were found when the statue was discovered.

The earliest productions of the sculptor were undoubtedly the figures of the gods worshipped by the pagan nations of antiquity, and the material first used was clay, the plastic nature of which would readily suggest its employment for the purpose. Clay figures, the work of early Italian artists, are still extant ; and clay tablets and seals have been found in the mounds of Khorsabad and Kouyunjik. At a later period wood came into use, and marble was not used until the art had made considerable progress. Metal was used for ornamental purposes and for covering statues long before the process of casting was known, the work being executed by means of the hammer.

* Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, art. Pictura, page 905.

FRESCO PAINTING IN FLORENCE.

THE convent of St. Onofre, at Florence, was originally designed as a refuge for poor women. But since its foundation it was enriched by so many donations, that instead of being a simple plain home for the homeless, it became both rich and influential. At the end of the last century it was sold, and the sisterhood dissolved. A silk manufactory was then established on the premises, and busy hands soon gave a new aspect to the place. A few years passed and then one Tommaso Masi, a coachmaker, took a lease of the building. He set about repairing it at once, and in cleaning the walls of that part which had once been the refectory of the convent, discovered the dim outlines of a fresco painting. Happily his curiosity was excited, and with the utmost caution he proceeded to remove the coating of dust and dirt which had settled down upon it. Tommaso Masi succeeded to perfection, and the design of some great master shone forth once more in its accustomed place. The next step was to call in a well-qualified jury of artists to determine as to the worth and character of the picture; and Luigi, Sabutelli, Guiseppe, Bezzuoli, Alessandro Saraolini, President of the Society of Artists at Sienna, and Professor Dupre, made a careful examination of the composition. This was in 1843. They found it very difficult to estimate the real value of the picture in the state it was then in, and hesitated to express an opinion further than as to the very remarkable character of the work. Patient and diligent exertion was used to restore the painting, and one after another the connoisseurs came to the conviction that it must have owed its origin to Perigino; to him therefore was the meed of praise awarded.

But the artists were wrong, and it was not the first time, perhaps.

that critics had blundered. Other artists of celebrity and numerous amateurs examined the picture; and in 1845 two young artists, Zotti and Della Porta, having examined the work with particular care, avowed their opinion to be that the production was that of the great Raffaele.

The painting represents the Last Supper of Jesus Christ with his Disciples, a subject which is universally selected as appropriate to the refectories of convents. We give a rough sketch of the figures at the table, to convey an idea of the general disposition of the piece. But this is not the whole of the work. A species of canopy surmounts the group, and is enriched with beautiful foliage. The architecture is composed of slight pilasters and graceful arabesque ornaments. Between two of the pilasters, behind the figure of the Saviour a landscape is seen representing the Mount of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane. An angel is seen presenting the cup to Jesus, and at a little distance are the disciples asleep. A border of foliage and medallions surrounds the design.

The attitudes of the principal figures in the chief group demand particular attention, and the character that is thrown into each physiognomy has induced us to present sketches of some of the heads. The Saviour is seated at the centre of the table; his left hand rests upon St. John, the beloved disciple, who is half-reclining on the board, and appears asleep; his other hand is raised as in warning; the expression of the face is thoughtful, mild yet commanding; it is the moment when he utters the words—"One of you shall betray me!" In uttering these words, his glance wanders around the table, and then rests upon the figure of the apostle

immediately opposite to St. John. That apostle is Judas Iscariot. The figure of this man is boldly relieved, and separated from the rest of the group; one of his hands rests on the table, and with the

of the intensest malignity, baseness, and disquietude, exhibited in the features of this betrayer. The contrast of these two principal figures is peculiarly striking; and the faces brought thus



THE LAST SUPPER.



OUR SAVIOUR.



JUDAS.



ST. JOHN.

other he holds the bag of money—the means of his temptation. His head is averted from the penetrating glance of the Master, and is turned fully towards the spectators. There is an expression

closely together—one so full of highest virtue, the other so vicious and depraved—demand particular attention. The figures of the other apostles are all boldly designed, and are thoroughly charac-

teristic of the men. St. Peter sits to the right of the Saviour; St. Andrew, St. James the Greater, and St. Bartholomew, have their glances fixed upon Judas. St. Peter holds a knife in his hand, and the strongest indignation is written on his countenance; the expression of St. Andrew is severe, of St. James melancholy, St. Bartholomew resentful yet full of pity. The rest of the apostles are, for the most part, calm and indifferent; two, however, should be carefully regarded. The first, St. James the Less, sits at the extreme

engraved by Perpetti; upon the border of the gown of the Madonna, in the picture painted for Lorenzo Nasi; upon the robes of "The Holy Family," in the Palace Rinucci; and also upon various frescoes. In the last year of his life, Raffaele signed his name in full.

The figure of St. James the Less is said to be a portrait of Raffaele, and the same as that in the celebrated picture called "The Contest at the Holy Sacrament."

In 1505 Raffaele was at Florence. At that time he painted



ST. PETER.



ST. BARTHOLOMEW OR ST. JAMES.

left of the table; his profile is gracefully turned towards the spectator, and is remarkably beautiful in its design: the other, St. Thomas, is not less fine; he is represented pouring wine into a cup or glass.

A vast number of connoisseurs were admitted to view the fresco, and, for the most part, they agreed with Zotti and Della Porta, as to the picture being the production of Raffaele himself. Some of

portraits of Angelo and Madeleine Doni. A member of this family, early in that year, became superior of the Convent of St. Onofre. This circumstance explains how the young painter obtained the commission to paint "The Last Supper" on the convent walls.

Among the heads of the saints represented on the medals which adorn the foliage is to be noticed a portrait of St. Bernard, for whom Raffaele professed particular devotion.



ST. THOMAS.



ST. JAMES THE LESS.

the reasons which led them to this conclusion may not be uninteresting.

On the collar of the tunic of St. Thomas are the following letters in gold:—*Α, Ρ* and *Λ* united, *υ, κ* and *σ*, *ο* a little effaced, *Α Μ Δ V*. This is translated: "Raphael Urbinas, Anno Domini 1505."

Raffaele was, it is well known, in the habit of thus signing many of his pictures. It is thus written on the robe of the Virgin,

The names of the disciples, placed by the painter under the figures of the apostles, are written in the dialect of Urbino, where Raffaele was born.

The foliage and other ornaments which surround the picture resemble those to be met with in other works of the same master; and the delicate painting of Olivet and Gethsemane, together with the figures which are introduced, remind the spectator of those

beautiful compositions of Raffaele which adorn the walls of the Vatican.

A painter, M. Giulio Piatti, and the sculptor Emilio Santarelli, possessed for a long time designs which were always attributed to Raffaele, and which represented several of the figures—St. Peter with a knife in his hand, St. James the Less, and St. Andrew—the same in every particular as they appear in the fresco.

Upon these proofs, it has been generally concluded that "The Last Supper" of St. Onofre is the undoubted work of Raffaele. But, as we have presented our readers with the evidence in favour of its authenticity, it is but fair to represent the other side of the question.

An Italian writer, named Gargani, believed that he had discovered the author of the painting to be none other than Neri di Bici, on account of a manuscript, bearing date 1461, declaring that a picture of "The Last Supper" was painted on the walls of the refectory of St. Onofre by that artist. On further examination, however, it appears that there were two refectories, the old and the new, and that the one in which the fresco was discovered is certainly more modern than the other. Besides this, there is evidence of the other painting having been destroyed. But, if no other evidence existed but the painting itself, the grouping of the design, the style of the whole, the delicacy of finish, would be enough to prove that it was not painted at the period of Neri di Bici—there being a vast difference between pictures of 1461 and 1505. In the interval between those two epochs, painting made immense progress, and a complete revolution in art took place; and a more positive contrast can scarcely be imagined than exists between the productions of those two ages.

A celebrated German artist, having seen and greatly admired the picture, wrote to MM. Della Porta and Zotti, assuring them that he had no doubt of the authenticity of the painting; that the construction of the piece, the expression of the various faces, all pointed out Raffaele as their author. The objection urged on the ground of its not being mentioned in any of the catalogues of Raffaele's works was easily met by the fact, that many well-attested works of that master were omitted in these lists; that at the period when Raffaele must have executed this work, he was a young and comparatively unknown man; and that the silence of his biographers on this particular work was not to be taken into account.

A great deal of controversy was originated by the discovery of the picture; but at length the critics came to an almost unanimous conclusion that the painting was the work of the great Raffaele. However plain and simple the sketches may be, this fact is, we think, enough to warrant us in presenting our readers with the designs.

The picture was with great difficulty removed from the convent wall. It was sold to the Tuscan government for £13,000.

FINE ART EXHIBITION AT GENEVA.

THE biennial exhibition of works of art at Geneva was established, some years ago, by a society of artists and amateurs, whose efforts to promote the study of the fine arts, and to encourage and reward those devoted to them, have caused the subject to be taken into the serious consideration of the government. Placed, as it is, amid the romantic scenery which has given birth to one of the most celebrated schools of landscape-painting, represented by such able artists as MM. Diday and Calame, Geneva, so famous for the intelligence and commercial activity of its citizens, promises to become one of the centres of art. In the sublime scenery of their fatherland, and no less in the heroic achievements of their forefathers, the artists of Switzerland have a fertile and, indeed, inexhaustible field for the exercise of their talents. Among the most promising artists of the Genevese school, we may enumerate M. Gleyre, the painter of that poetical composition, "The Night of Life," which has been so much admired in the Luxembourg Gallery; M. Lugardon, the interpreter of Swiss history; and Leopold Robert, one of the meditative school of landscape-painters, which had its best exponent in Ruysdael. But what has been wanting to Swiss art has been appreciation and encouragement, for

want of which the beautiful and the picturesque have to be pursued amid difficulties, and fame alone has rewarded the success that has been attained by self-denial. The times are past when such munificence was displayed as that of the senate of Basil, which offered Holbein an annual pension of 1,200 florins to induce him to fix his residence in his native town. Yet, with all these discouraging circumstances, we feel assured that, one day or another, the landscape school of Geneva will acquire renown; and, with this feeling, it was not without disappointment and regret that we walked through the saloon of the exhibition without observing a single picture by Calame—an artist too enthusiastic, and too truly Swiss in his nature, not to have contributed, with all the force of his genius, to the honour of his country.

M. Diday, however, has the honour of giving to the exhibition the *éclat* of his great talent and high reputation as a landscape-painter, by sending two pictures of the highest merit. "The Aar at Handeck" is a beautiful view, full of grandeur, and drawn with truthfulness and vigour. The foaming torrent bounds from rock to rock, and rushes angrily through the sombre valley; the dark branches of the tall pines are shaken and distorted by the wind; and the clouds, black and heavy, cast their shadows on the sides of the mountain. It is a grand picture, showing nature in a wild and stormy mood, and bears internal evidence of having been sketched on the spot, when dark clouds have rolled over the mountain, and the stream has been swelled by rain into a torrent. The other picture, "Lake Leman," is of a character entirely different. In this the calmness and serenity of nature are depicted, and the artist has shown great ability in producing two pictures of such diverse character, and at the same time of so much truthfulness and beauty. It is a rich composition, drawn with equal freedom and vigour, and evincing a profound study of nature, and knowledge of her varied forms. The brushwood and wild plants growing on the borders of the lake are drawn with wonderful fidelity to nature. The colouring is clear, but somewhat deficient in warmth; otherwise it is a masterly composition.

Near these two pictures we perceive several landscapes by M. Salzman, a young artist of Almas, who has acquired in Italy, where he resided some time, a manner of composition and execution full of boldness and vigour. "A Souvenir of Provence," the best of the three pictures which he exhibits, is marked by those qualities in a high degree, and the clearness and harmony of the colouring deserve the praise which is freely bestowed. The composition is simple: a heath, a rocky bank, and some fine trees, form the landscape, which is animated by some figures evincing a taste for the antique, and drawn with the freedom and vigour which are characteristic of the whole design. The other two productions of this artist are of inferior merit, and have a reddishness of tone which gives them an unpleasant effect.

M. Humbert contributes to the exhibition a series of landscapes, with figures of animals, which do credit to himself and to the school to which he belongs. Lightness and beauty, truthfulness to nature, and splendour of colouring, are their characteristics. His skies are bright and clear, recalling those of Claude; his distances correct; and his animals richly coloured, and grouped in a picturesque and effective manner. His best picture represents "A Mountain Pasture," with a goat and several cows; it is of large dimensions, and characterised by all the qualities we have ascribed to him. The light clouds which sweep slowly across the sky, the cool misty air of early morning, and the glistening dew upon the herbage, are finely represented. The picture derives a grand effect from the transparency of the shadows; and nothing can be better than the grouping and colours of the cattle, by which the effect of contrast is obtained, without injury to the harmony of the composition. "A Landscape," with animals, is somewhat similar in design, and resembles it in the transparency of the veil of mist and the truthfulness to nature of the animals.

M. Thuiller, a distinguished landscape-painter, contributes a grand view of the "Lake of Annay." This picture has a pleasing effect at first sight, but on a more attentive view, the spectator is struck by a peculiarity in the treatment of the sky. It is possible that the scene represented, may, in certain conditions of the atmosphere, present a similar aspect, but its representation evinces a want of taste on the part of the artist. The effect produced is

far from good; and the figures and animals, moreover, are executed with reprehensible negligence.

M. Albert Lugardon, a young Genevese artist, in his "Carman of Verrier," has made his *début* as a painter of animals, in which class he is fairly entitled to a place in the first rank, by the vigour and truthfulness of his delineations. The subject is a simple one: one of the hardy and adventurous carmen of Verrier, near Geneva, is leading down a very steep path two oxen attached to a loaded stone-car, used to convey stone from the quarry. The chained wheel, the attitudes of the oxen and of the man, who looks anxiously down the steep path before him, show the difficulties and dangers of the descent. In the background, a man is seen at work with a pick-axe, and masses of rock rise on both sides. The same artist exhibits several other pictures of animals, all displaying the same truthfulness and vigour.

The exhibition is particularly rich in landscapes, and few of them are without merit; but we are compelled to confine our notice to the best, and we must pass on to the painters of history and *genre*. We ought not, however, to pass over "A Torrent in the Upper Alps," by M. Castan, an agreeable picture, painted with great care.

The historical pictures are comparatively few in number, and none of them display a high order of talent. M. Ulman exhibits a scene from "The Martyrs" of Chateaubriand—"Velleda and Eudora," a picture harmonious in design and colouring, but with many defects. In the figure of Velleda there is a want of taste in the proportions, and the posture of Eudora has too much nonchalance; neither does the countenance sufficiently reflect the feelings that should be inspired by affection for Velleda.

In passing through the saloon, the attention of the spectator cannot fail to be arrested by a charming little composition of M. Gleyre; it is called "A Bacchante;" but the artist has used mythological forms to convey a moral. His conceptions are always happy, and in the present instance he is particularly so. The picture represents a beautiful female riding on a goat, which is led by a faun bearing a torch, while Cupid flies from her, covering his face with his hands. The meaning which is intended to be thus allegorically conveyed is, that when the fair sex suffer themselves to be carried away by bad passions, they repel love, and the better feelings of our nature lose their empire over their hearts. The idea is well carried out, and, both in composition and execution, the picture merits the admiration it elicits. Another production of this artist, "Ruth the Moabite," though not without merit, is scarcely equal to the little circular composition we have described.

M. Favas exhibits a portrait of General Duffour, which is a striking likeness of that officer, but not remarkable as a work of art. Its defects in this respect, however, are amply compensated in the portrait of an old man, by the same artist—a vigorous and striking picture, deserving the highest encomiums. Before passing from portrait to *genre* painting, justice and gallantry alike require us to notice a beautiful portrait of a lady, executed in pastel, by Madame Archinard; and another by Mademoiselle Durand, a very tasteful and praiseworthy production.

M. Hébert is known here as the painter of several pictures, which may be described as holding an intermediate place between history and *genre*. He has in the exhibition "The Family of a Condottiero," one of those hardy soldiers of fortune who figure so conspicuously in the history of Italy during the middle ages; the composition of the picture is good, but in the article of colour it is very deficient. In the same category with M. Hébert we may place M. Gaudon, who exhibits a charming military scene; and M. Zuber Buhler, who has sent a picture called "First Education," which marks him as an artist of considerable promise.

"The Separation," by M. Kunkler, is a sweet and pleasing picture, representing a butcher offering to purchase of a peasant the pet sheep of his little daughter, who implores her father not to deprive her of her favourite. The innocent face of the child, full of solicitude and apprehension, is exquisite; and all that the picture requires to render it perfect is a little more vividness in the lights.

Among other pictures of this class, we must not forget "The Love of Study," one of several beautiful compositions by M. Paget; "The Indigent Family," by M. Grosclaude, a picture full of sentiment and interest; and "The Prisoner's Wife," a beautiful conception of M. Van Muyden, painted with extreme care. Nor must we pass over in silence the beautiful specimens of painting in enamel, which the watch and jewellery trade of Geneva has fostered and encouraged, and for which that city has become as famous as Lyons is for its fruit and flower painters. M. Baud exhibits a copy of "The Hyrens" of M. Meun, of the highest finish; and his miniature portraits are remarkable for the truth and vigour displayed in their microscopic proportions. The beautiful landscape designs of MM. Delapleine, Fontanesi, and Prévost, attract attention by their fidelity to nature and delicacy of finish. The fine groups of fruit and flowers, done in water-colours by M. Lays, a Lyonnese artist, are also deserving of notice.

Sculpture forms a comparatively small portion of the exhibition, and there are only a few contributions which call for special notice. M. Dorcière exhibits three groups in marble: "Hagar and Ishmael," "Maternity," and "Confidence," in all of which the sentiment is good, and evinces considerable knowledge of human nature, and ability in representing the softer feelings of the heart. "A Bacchante," by M. Fitting, is conceived with taste; but designs of this kind do not appeal to the heart, like the productions of M. Dorcière, though the eye is gratified by their ideal beauty. Among a series of Swiss subjects in terra cotta, we observed "A Chamais Hunter," full of character, and executed in a very good style.

The Genevese exhibition has this year created considerable interest, both in and out of Switzerland; and its effect in promoting and encouraging the study of the fine arts cannot fail to be proportionately felt. Living artists need not leave their own country in search of the picturesque; on the shores of their own lakes, in the valleys which surround with the roar of the torrent, and in the passes of their mountains, they will always find both subjects and inspiration.

A PORTRAIT, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

THIS magnificent portrait hangs in the gallery appropriated to the works of the Italian masters in that unrivalled collection, the Louvre at Paris. Its beauty as a work of art is not seen at the first glance; it is a picture which requires to be surveyed with attention. It is not by the grandeur of the outlines, nor by the beauty of the colouring, nor by the elegance of the costume, that this head fixes the attention of the spectator. It is by the expression of deep thought which is read in those delicate features, and which Leonardo da Vinci, the greatest of the predecessors of Raffaele, was the first to excel in representing.

It is uncertain whether this portrait is that of Charles VIII. or of his successor, Louis XII. The artist did not take up his residence in France, at the invitation of François I., until 1515, and only survived the change of abode five years, during which he suffered almost continually from ill health. Both the monarchs,

whom it has been supposed this portrait may represent, visited Italy, but in the character of hostile invaders. Charles VIII. was at Florence, where Leonardo da Vinci then resided, in 1494, and at which period the artist may have painted his portrait. Charles died in 1498, and though his successor invaded Italy, in order to carry out his ambitious designs on the kingdom of Naples, it does not appear that he ever resided at Florence. Moreover, he was held in execration by the Italians, on account of the calamities which he brought upon their country, the horrors of the storming of Brescia, the cruel execution of Count Avogadro and his two sons for their patriotic resistance to the invader, and other atrocities. For all these reasons, it is much more probable that the portrait is that of Charles VIII. than of his cruel and ambitious successor.

Leonardo da Vinci may be regarded as the first painter who attempted to reconcile minute and elaborate finish with grandeur

of idea and dignity of form. In the expression of character, and the just delineation of the affections and emotions, he surpassed every painter who had preceded him; and it detracts nothing from his merit to acknowledge, that he was excelled in this sublime department of art by Raffaele, who rose into celebrity as Leonardo disappeared from the stage which he had trod so worthily.

Fuseli thus sums up the character of Leonardo as a painter:—"The universality of Leonardo da Vinci is become proverbial; but though possessed of every element, he rather gave glimpses than a standard of form; though full of energy, he had not powers effectually to court the various graces he pursued. His line was

strength of his execution lay in the delineation of male heads: those of his females owe nearly all their charms to *chiaroscuro*, which he is the supposed inventor; they are seldom more discriminated than the children they fondle; they are sisters of family." Some of the best works of this master were executed during his second residence in Florence, which was probably the period when he painted the portrait we have engraved. His execution is elaborate and careful; and he left many of his works in what he considered an unfinished state, though others could see no defect in them. In subjects which he undertook to complete, he not only imitated the brightness of the eyes, the roots of the



PORTRAIT BY LEONARDO DA VINCI; SUPPOSED TO BE OF CHARLES VIII. OR LOUIS XII.

free from meagreness, and his forms presented volume; but he appears not to have ever been much acquainted, or to have sedulously sought much acquaintance, with the antique. Character was his favourite study; and character he has often raised from an individual to a species, and as often depressed to caricature. The

hair, the pores of the skin, and even the beating of the arteries, but portrayed each separate garment and every accessory with the same minuteness. At the same time he led the way to a more enlarged and dignified style, and smoothed the path, so to speak, for the appearance of Raffaele.

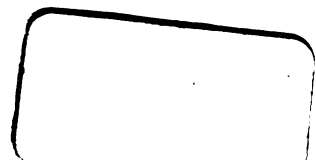
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